For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California, 1915, Section 623.

√ 225498

Collier's

TEN CENTS

OCTOBER 3, 1942

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

225198



HOW ANTI-BRITISH TALE

BY COLONEL DEMAS T. CRAW OFFICIAL A

PUBLIC LIBR
BURLINGAME
CALIF

A
62345
1/38

2JA43

"Coca-Cola goes along"

Drink Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Delicious and Refreshing





It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Coca-Cola and Coke mean the same thing . . . *the real thing* . . . "a single thing coming from a single source, and well known to the community".

5¢

Ice-cold Coca-Cola gets a hearty welcome. It's the answer to thirst that adds refreshment. Coca-Cola has *that extra something* to do the job of complete refreshment. It has a taste that's uniquely satisfying —a quality that's unmistakable. That's why the only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola itself. Thirst asks nothing more.

RIGHT 1942, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.
225498

"JUNIOR Stand up Straight!"

THROW back your shoulders, son; don't look so sad! Things a lot bigger and a lot more important than old suits are headed your way. You're going to get some of the most precious hand-me-downs in history—things like liberty and democracy, the right to say what you think and to worship where you please. In fact, we're so determined to pass them along, Junior, that every one of us is pledging his life to *make sure* you *get them!*

No alterations needed, either. In fact, they're the only things of their kind that will fit an American—and woe to the geopolitical tailor who tries to cut them down!

But one of the best hand-me-downs you'll get is the fact that Americans have never been satisfied to pass along *everything* to the next generation. Liberty, freedom—things like that—you bet! But there are other things that are not for you.

Why? Because we can do better. That's how it's always been in America. No one can improve on freedom, but we can improve some of the things that let us express it. Air conditioning in our homes, for example, to give us free choice of the climate we want. Television that will free us from the spot where we are and let us see beyond the horizon.

These, Junior, and lots more. Some in the fascinating new science of electronics—s[illegible] in the field of new materials like plastics and new met[illegible]lloys—*all* of them things that will make your life freer [illegible]d richer.

It's an exciting, w[illegible]d you're growing up to, Junior. Because we're making sure that we hand down the same fine things that have always made America big and strong—and because we're adding to these some new things that will make it even more wonderful. And remember, when you're thinking about those better hand-me-downs, think of us. We're thinking of you. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

☆ ☆ ☆

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-353K-211

Picture OF THE MONTH

Ronald Colman • Greer Garson

in

"RANDOM HARVEST"

DIRECTED BY: ..... *Mervyn LeRoy*

PRODUCED BY: ..... *Sidney Franklin*

WITH: *Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Henry Travers, Reginald Owen, Edmund Gwenn, Bramwell Fletcher*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis*

BASED UPON THE NOVEL BY: *James Hilton*

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
A Mervyn LeRoy Production



CAPSULE REVIEW: James Hilton's best-selling novel has been done right by. The producing studios are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—we almost said "of course". For that leading company has allowed little grass to grow on the neat record recently started by "Mrs. Miniver". Indeed, it is "Mrs. M." herself in the person of Greer Garson—this time in company with the ever-certain Ronald Colman who gathers in the random harvest of further success.

Somewhere behind every good thing on the screen there is a harmony of collaboration betwixt producer and director and those two "super-visionaries" Sidney Franklin, producer, Mervyn LeRoy, director, reveal their fine Hollywood hands in "Random Harvest".

The story of a mental twist and the dual life is always provocative, but those of you who remember the recent novel will agree that the treatment here given is most original and refreshing. Great drama has resulted and the cast is absolutely superb.

Not since his performance in "Tale of Two Cities" has Ronald Colman been so good as his Charles Rainier of "Random Harvest". Greer Garson's Paula is just what he needs to create a beautiful adult love story replete with novelty and with event.

This adaptation is even better than in the case of the screenization of James Hilton's "Goodbye, Mr. Chips". Mr. Hilton is fortunate in M-G-M hands.

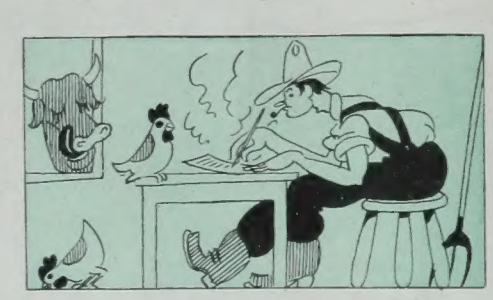
POSTSCRIPT: When the movies are at their best they are sheer delight. We're a big Hollywood booster when we see things like "Random Harvest".

AN EXCELLENT TRIO: A similar line-up of adaptors worked on "Mrs. Miniver": Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just had a sorry little chat with a fellow who has returned from an American Legion Convention. He bids us to avoid them if we have any regard at all for personal morale. "Somehow," sighed he, "it is difficult to rise and cheer for our victories at Saint-Mihiel, the Argonne, Belleau Wood, the Marne. Somehow the words of Over There and Tipperary stick in your throat. So don't go. Just sit at home and think—and buy War Bonds. I've just come from one. There were several young reporters present to spread the news of what we did who almost made Democracy unassailable. One of them came to me asking me to interpret Soissons, Hill 204, the Hindenburg Line and other scenes of 1918 for him. He was a very young reporter, probably twenty, and he kept saying 'Gosh' and 'Gee Whiz' and 'Yessir' as I retold the saga of the first A. E. F. But there was no life in his voice and I suddenly realized that mine was as dead as his, my thoughts as far away from 1918 as his were. He told me that he was 1A in the draft. He is to report for his physical soon. So when I had told him all I could remember, we shook hands and I said, 'Well, good luck, son!' and he smiled for the first time and replied, 'Thanks, and good luck to *you*, sir.' I didn't wait for the final session of the convention. Somehow, I couldn't, because back in my hotel room the radio was roaring of the Solomons, Dieppe, Stalingrad, Cairo, the Caucasus and the Aleutians."



MR. IGNAZ JASCAWISCH is a South Dakota farmer who finds it "a trouble to write leter." Nevertheless, he has written one and we're glad it was to us. "4 leters come," writes Mr. Jascawisch, "to say I am good man if I will vote for them and send my dues becas they will get more mony from the Army and the government for the crops and to sit tite becas government and Army needs crops and must pay. But I am a Polish born. I am American naturalized. I am a farmer. I do not take shotgun and say pay me more mony for crops Uncle Sam becas this is a stickup. Two sons by me are in the Army. I do not write yes I vote for you and I send more dues becas you make Uncle Sam pay me more mony for the crops. I say go to hell and by God I will give Uncle Sam my crops if it help knock hell out of Hitler and Jap. I say by God I give my sons for fight. I say by God I give myself if Uncle Sam want sons' old man. I say by God to them I would not vote rat catcher. I say by God I am Polish born American farmer, two good sons and one good farm thank God. Where I once liv in Poland is gone in German fire. Good neighbors I know there are dead by German army. It is a trouble to write leter. Please excuse me but I write to them go to hell becas I no vote for stickup for my wheat just becas anyway I am American not politician so go to hell by God I tell them."

OUR war correspondent on the Delaware front sends us a flash on the hostilities in that sector. He is Mr. C. A. Bell and he wires from Wilmington that one of the patriots on R. F. D. No. 2 recently had a couple of rooms of his house plastered. He was not at all satisfied with this plastering and called up the plasterer. After some words, the house owner told the plasterer that the job was plain lousy. "You can't talk that way to me," replied the plasterer. "I'm about to join the Army and just for practice I'll come over and punch you in the nose." Replied the house owner, "Well, if you can't punch noses any better than you can plaster, you dime-store Commando, come on over." Mr. Bell reports that actual hostilities have not yet begun, both sides maneuvering for position, but that he'll keep us posted.

WE STARTED out this week more or less determined to keep war out of this column. We had intended to write rather bitterly about the fate of our Thanksgiving dinner which we hope to eat anyway, whatever the circumstances and however phony and hollow the proclamations may sound. But we had just got a notice from Washington that due to exigencies of war there will be an almost complete absence of nutmeg, cinnamon, cassia, celery seed, blue poppy seed, French thyme and sage, cloves, mace, allspice, caraway and paprika. The writer of this doleful news bids us bear up, saying that after all, life must go on—unspiced if need be. But the idea falls flat and we say the hell with it. Several of us won't care, including Mrs. Joan Lamm of Pasadena, California. Mrs. Lamm, being a farsighted woman, has raised two pigs and several turkeys which she thought would come in right handy for Thanksgiving and Christmas. But her three children have fallen in love with the creatures and have announced that they'll eat none of them. So she informs us that the turkeys and pigs can die of old age for all she cares because she's fallen in love with the animals herself. . . .

W. D.

Vol. 110, No. 14. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managin
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Direc

THIS WEE

OCTOBER 3, 1

SHORT STORIES

WALTER DURANTY and MARY LOOS
Dancing Feat. One thing the didn't know.

ROBERT RICHARDS
Mars and the Bright Blue Stal boy does his part for his cou

MICHAEL FOSTER
The Lady and the Artist. changes one's viewpoint.

KYLE CRICHTON
The Distant Glory. A man wh a lie.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Hot at Paramount, by Milt G

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Action by Night. The ninth parts.

KATHLEEN NORRIS
An Apple for Eve. The t twelve parts.

ARTICLES

COL. DEMAS T. CRAW
How Anti-British Tales Star nel Craw scotches some vic mors.

RICHARD ENGLISH
The Magic Marines. Now it' wood's turn to stare.

FRANK MORRIS
First Lap on Tokyo. An ey story of the conquest of t mons.

CLARENCE H. ROY
Up Ship! The toughest salv in history.

VICTOR I. SEROFF
The Boy Who Didn't Like Shostakovich's symphonies a 'round the world.

NORD RILEY
The Barrymore Brat. Diana to the "Royal Family" tradit

JIM MARSHALL
Coast Defender. General Jo Witt guards our Pacific Co

RICHARD HALLET
The Trail of Bambi. Wal transplants the Maine woo

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
High into the Sun. How A win their wings.

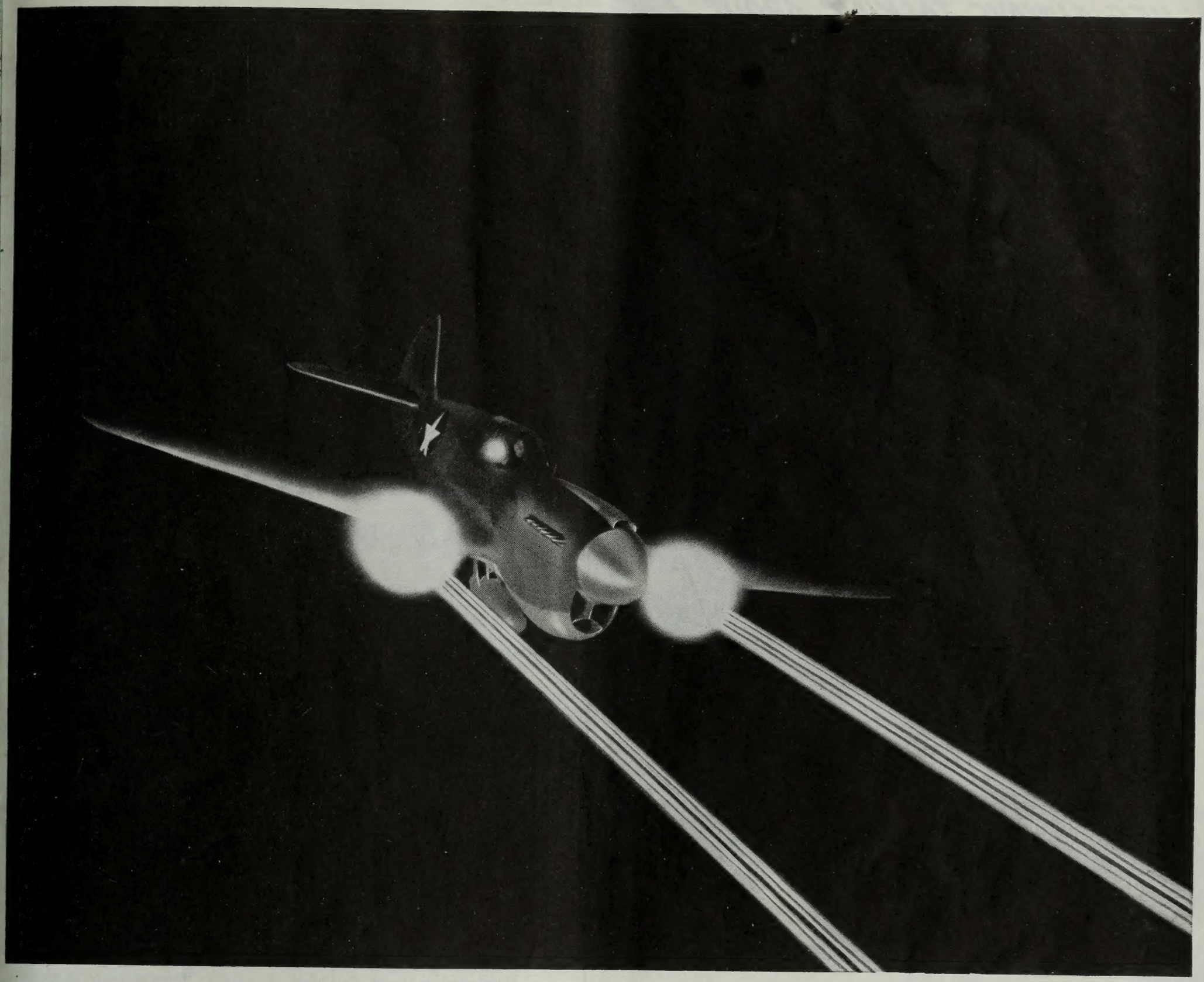
●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS.

COVER HENRY R



He's firing telephone wire at a Zero!

THIS fighter plane, with its six wing guns spitting fire, uses up enough copper every minute to make several miles of telephone line.

That's the right use for copper now — and it's the reason why we can't continue to expand our facilities to take care of the expanding Long Distance telephone traffic.

Right now, our lines are flooded with Long Distance calls. Most of them have to do with the war — they must have the right of way.

Will you help us keep the wires clear for war calls — industrial calls that send a plane down the assembly line — military calls that send it into the air against the enemy?

You can do it by keeping your own calls as few and as brief as possible. And you'll be bringing Victory that much nearer.

Bell Telephone System



For years hog bristle made the best brushes...then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's *PROLON*

Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog—there is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"

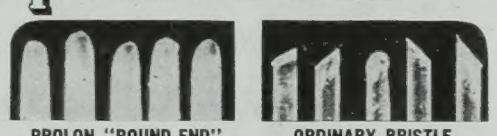
When you hear competitive tooth brush claims, think this over: du Pont is "tops" when it comes to making synthetic bristle! And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for du Pont's finest grade.

So, how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, clean better or last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

The only Tooth Brush in the World with:

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE



PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE

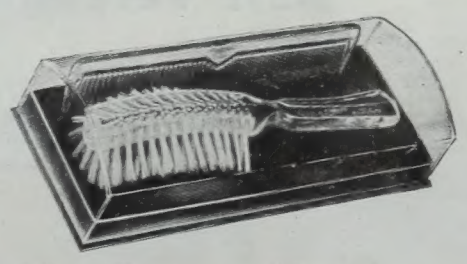
Actual Photo-Micrographs

2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you . . . maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

. . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb. $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

One of the greatest demonstrations of the power of suggestion took place before a group of European physicians in Paris in 1932. After a blindfolded male subject was told that his right arm had been burned, a large red spot, surmounted by a blister, soon developed above the elbow, although he had not been touched at all.—*By Anne Love, Colorado Springs, Colorado.*

Left-handedness occurs twice as often among individuals of twin birth as among those of single birth and with about the same frequency in fraternal as in identical twins. Neither of these tendencies is fully understood by geneticists.

On May 19, 1936, the legal profession of the United States, at the instigation of the American Bar Association, presented a stained glass window to the Cathedral of Tréguier, France, in memory of St. Yves, the patron saint of lawyers, who is buried beside this church. Yves was canonized in 1347 because he was "a lawyer and not a thief, a marvel to the people."—*By Mamie Meredith, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

One of the largest bird's nests on record was that of an eyrie of eagles built on the top of a large tree near Vermilion, Ohio, in 1891. When the tree crashed during a bad storm in 1926, this nest, still occupied by the same family of birds, was found to be nearly nine feet in diameter, twelve feet in height and two tons in weight.—*By James Deer, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Between 1915 and 1940, more than sixty-seven per cent of the total tonnage of cargo that passed through the Panama Canal traveled from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

America already has at least 110 organizations that are devoted exclusively to the study of possible situations, conditions and potentialities which may arise in the postwar world.

The human senses vary greatly in their ability to distinguish between different degrees of sensation. While the eye can recognize a one per cent difference in illumination, the arm three per cent in lifted weight and the skin five per cent in pressure, the ear requires a change of ten per cent in tone, and the nose a thirty per cent change in intensity of smell in order to be detectable.

Leprosy, which afflicts 260 men for every 100 women, has the longest incubation period of any disease. While the minimum time between infection and manifestation is about six years, there is one case on record of a man who became leprous forty years after his last exposure to the infection.

The cost of transporting wild animals from Africa to Europe, even in times of peace, is tremendous. For instance, it increases the value of a giraffe from $50 to $700, an elephant from $100 to $1,500, a rhinoceros from $100 to $3,000 and a young lion from $5 to $600.

Probably more royal personages were produced by the House of Bourbon than by any other family in history. Since its origin in France in the year 861, more than a thousand of its descendants have served as monarchs, at one time or another, in eight countries: Austria, Belgium, England, France, Italy, Portugal, Spain and Turkey. —*By Eleanor M. Sweeney, Wheeling, West Virginia.*

Ultraviolet lamps, using the band of light that kills bacteria, are now employed in one American hospital to form invisible "lethal curtains" between the beds; and one bank has them installed over each teller's window to produce a "purification wall" between the clerks and the customers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



SYNTHETIC RUBBER— SUBSTITUTE OR SUCCESSOR?

THERE are so many conflicting stories about synthetic rubber, that many people think of it only as a chemical makeshift that may tide America over until the rubber plantations are recaptured.

But such belief ignores the fact that synthetics like Goodyear's Chemigum have been successfully used—*for the past four years*—to handle oil, gasoline and other solvents destructive to natural rubber!

It fails to consider that tires made of Chemigum back in 1940 delivered longer tread-wear in road tests than the best natural rubber tires.

Nor does it recognize that specially-compounded Chemigum control-fittings in stratosphere bombers remain pliant and flexible at sub-zero temperatures where natural rubber turns stiff and brittle.

The fact is, the chemist can vary the basic structure of synthetic rubber in manufacture, to give it specific properties that make it superior to the best natural rubber compounds for many uses, though not all.

The reason why Chemigum and other synthetics have not been more widely employed is that high cost of production has up to now limited their use to those applications, mostly industrial, where natural rubber never functioned satisfactorily.

The war is changing that. Today new mass production facilities are already providing Chemigum tires and other rubber needs of the military services at a cost far below what once seemed possible.

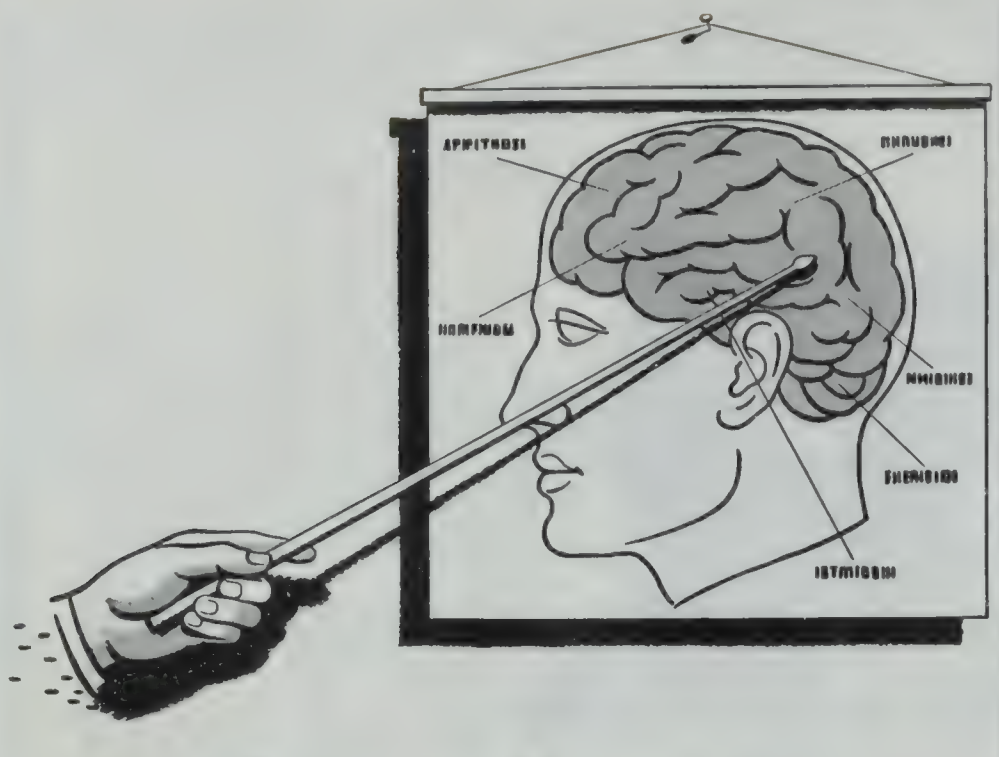
With still greater expansion now under way, it is not inconceivable that in years to come synthetic rubber may not only cost less to produce than natural gum, but may supplant it in the many uses where it is superior by pre-determination, making America independent of foreign supplies.

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



You can't ration BRAINS!

EVEN the brutalitarian dictators can't ration *brains!*

• But, unfortunately, millions of individuals never make *all-out* use of the brains that God gives them. They go through life on one or two mental cylinders. Because the smartest man in the world can't operate a lathe, or read a blueprint, or design a new dive-bomber unless he has acquired TRAINING in a particular line of work.

• How about *your* mental machinery—is lack of practical, modern training the monkey-wrench in the gears? Are you "just as smart" as men making two or three times your income in better jobs? Then mail this coupon, and learn how a low-cost I.C.S. Course can make you a trained man in a few months—without interfering with your present job.

• Join the thousands of *successful* men who got their training the I.C.S. way!

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 4096-C, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X: ★

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Air Brake	☐ Contracting and Building	☐ Marine Engines	☐ Sheet Metal Work
☐ Air Conditioning	☐ Cotton Manufacturing	☐ Mechanical Drafting	☐ Ship Drafting
☐ Airplane Drafting	☐ Diesel Engines	☐ Mechanical Engineering	☐ Shipfitting
☐ Architectural Drafting	☐ Electrical Drafting	☐ Mine Foreman	☐ Shop Practice
☐ Architecture	☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Mold Loft Work	☐ Steam Electric
☐ Auto Engine Tune-up	☐ Electrician	☐ Navigation ☐ Plastics	☐ Steam Engines
☐ Auto Technician	☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Patternm'k'g ☐ Plumbing	☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Aviation	☐ Foundryman ☐ Heating	☐ Pulp and Paper Making	☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Aviation Mechanic	☐ Heat Treatment of Metals	☐ Radio Operating	☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Blueprint Reading	☐ Highway Engineering	☐ Radio Servicing	☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Boilermaking	☐ House Planning	☐ R. R. Section Foreman	☐ Telegraphy ☐ Telephony
☐ Bridge Engr. ☐ Chemistry	☐ Industrial Metallurgy	☐ R. R. Signalman	☐ Textile Designing
☐ Civil Engr. ☐ Coal Mining	☐ Locomotive Engineer	☐ Refrigeration	☐ Toolmaking ☐ Welding
☐ Concrete Engineering	☐ Machinist ☐ Inspector	☐ Sanitary Engineering	☐ Woolen Manufacturing

BUSINESS COURSES

☐ Accounting ☐ Advertising	☐ College Preparatory	☐ Foremanship ☐ French	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Commercial	☐ Good English	☐ Secretarial ☐ Spanish
☐ Business Correspondence	☐ Cost Accounting	☐ High School ☐ Illustrating	☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Business Management	☐ C. P. Accounting	☐ Managing Men at Work	☐ Traffic Management
☐ Cartooning ☐ Civil Service	☐ First Year College	☐ Railway Postal Clerk	

HOME ECONOMICS COURSES

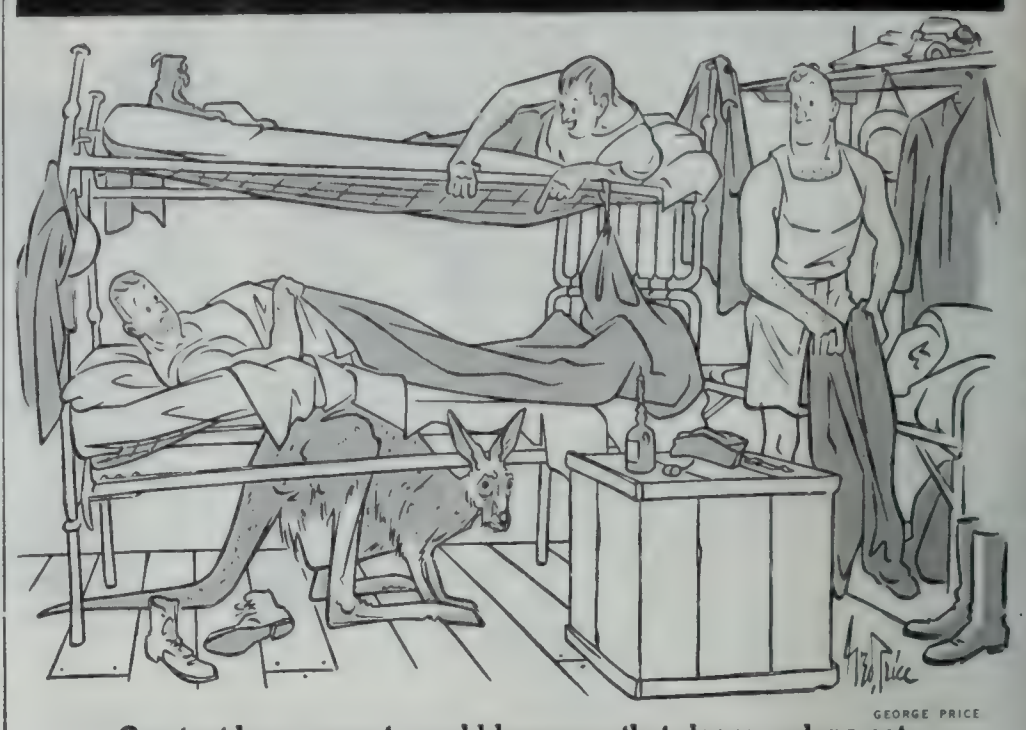
☐ Advanced Dressmaking ☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering
☐ Foods and Cookery ☐ Professional Dressmaking and Designing

Name..... Age..... Address.....

City..... State..... Present Position.....

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada
British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England

WING TALK



GEORGE PRICE

One tent has a mascot, an old kangaroo that sleeps under a cot

PORT DARWIN, Northern Territory, Australia: Military organizations are proud; none changes its traditional and beloved hallmark without a very good reason. Of course you've noticed that the red inner circle has disappeared from the insignia of the United States Army Air Corps. Now it's just a white star on blue. The desirability—nay, the stark necessity—for that simplification first became apparent down here. In the mad days of last midwinter, during the great retreat from the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies, when Yank warbirds initially flew to the continent of Australia, that little red core grew larger and larger in the imaginations of the jittery Aussie flak gunners until it looked mighty like the big red spot on the Rising Sun planes. So they were popping at our lads. Yank pilots upon landing reached for a paint can instead of a beer.

SPEAKING of military secrets, Australia has the only cat in the world that is one. A boy cat, he threatens to add the first Yank accent to the back fences of M—, if and when the health department accepts him as a friendly alien. Australia, rabies-free and determined to stay that way, has a permanent thumbs down on the importation of animals. Aussies from the Middle East, as well as Yanks, have had all their pets snatched at the docks. The Secret Cat, however, came in on his own. Workmen, uncrating a plane, found him inside the case. Evidently he had been nailed therein at his home town, where the B—l and the C—s W—t pursuits are made. Forty-five or more days he had lived by licking grease from dural surfaces, and drinking rainwater that leaked into the deck-lashed crate. The workman who unpacked him took the cat home for his two children. Next day, the Law showed up, and the feline Captain Bligh will have to stay in quarantine at least 60 days at one bob, or shilling, a day. Meanwhile, if anyone in B—o, New York, is missing a large black and white and resourceful tomcat, they can have information with regard to same by writing to Mr. T—t, 377 C—s Street, M—e, Australia. But not the cat. Mr. T's kids love it.

THEY don't get the best or, proportionately, the most American planes to fight with on the desolate "invasion corner" of Australia. But of all Yank pilots on our score or more of globe-scattered air fronts, these are the boys whose mothers would have most difficulty in recognizing them now.

The Darwin area is about as far from Sydney and Melbourne as Death Valley is from New York. It is probably wilder in nature and ruder in its white men than any other part of earth under a United Nations flag. Even the Australians, unusually sensitive about references to whatever section of their country, admit it's "bloody godforsaken." But it's home, for the time being at least, to many Yank bomber and pursuit kids whose advanced flying bases, hacked from the desert scrub and the moribund red earth by their own engineers and labor battalions, white and Negro, dot the "bush" hereabouts.

So very young and lean, habitually wearing only shorts and rubber sneakers, cooked to a partridge brown, raising as much beard as they can, with huge pistols dangling from web belts, these rakish and raffish airmen look, after a couple of weeks, like student pirates.

They have to be tough and ingenious to survive down here—the flies, the mosquitoes, the snakes, the heat and the eye-splitting glare that makes the inside of your head raw, the unbearable loneliness of life without women. They eat only Aussie chow—and second best on that. When they get lump sugar, they mark it with ink for use as playing cards or dominoes. The difficulties of transportation have bogged down most of the commissary, recreational and morale services of our own Army. Cigarettes and other amenities are likely to be stolen before they can pass the long overland trek from our base ports. When staff officers fly in for visits, they usually load their planes with comforts for the Yanks here—magazines, candy, playing cards, cigarettes and the like. I saw a whole group jump away from unfinished dinner, with shouts of boyish glee, when General Ralph Royce produced out of his plane a baseball, a bat and some fielders' mitts.

THEIR toughness they take out on the Nips. The only superiority we have in the air of the Southwest Pacific is skill and heart. Their ingenuity is expressed in little ways at once familiar and endearing to an American visitor. For example:

Northern Territory is the Land of the

(Continued on page 35)



FIRST OFFICER CLAYTON BROWN, of United Air Lines, prescribes a sure cure for his doctor's transportation troubles. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. Brown *know their Cessnas.* They eloped in one.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

"Doctor, when this war is over *You'll be Beating the Stork* In Your Own Family Car of the Air"

"No wonder the stork has always had a running start on you doctors," says Clayton Brown. "He flies! But you'll be able to beat him at his own game in your Family Car of the Air.

"You see, ever since I've been a pilot, I've felt sure that some day someone would design a plane so far ahead of anything you see in the air today, that anyone could fly it as easily as you drive your automobile now. And I'm not surprised that Cessna is one outfit that's all primed and ready to do it as soon as this war is won.

"I've flown Cessnas a lot and I know what really great planes they've always built. Personally, I've always felt that when I bought a plane of my own it would have to be a Cessna. And now that the Cessna Family Car of the Air is ready to be built the day peace comes, I know it."



Yourself In This Picture of Tomorrow

tter still, put your whole family in it. There's lots of room in mily Car of the Air. All set? Now push the starter button and away as easily as you drive away from the curb in your car. e to? Well, that's the big surprise. To anywhere your heart de- . . coast to coast . . . Canada to South America. Six hundred miles easy half-a-day ride. And what used to be a once-a-year vacation ill be just a week-end jaunt in your Family Car of the Air . . . the ne that *you can buy and fly.*

COPR 1942 CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.

Cessna

WICHITA KANSAS

Where *Twins* Are Born *Every Day*



It's in Wichita, where the Cessna Twins —those husky, twin-engined Bobcats and Cranes—are rolling out on a 24-hour-a-day schedule. Those Cessna Twins are flying over 16 million miles a month in the service of the U. S. Army Air Corps and the British Empire Joint Training Program.

That's our only job today—to help win the war—and as soon as that is done we will start right in to build the Family Car of the Air for you.

KEEP 'EM FLYING — CESSNA

FREE!

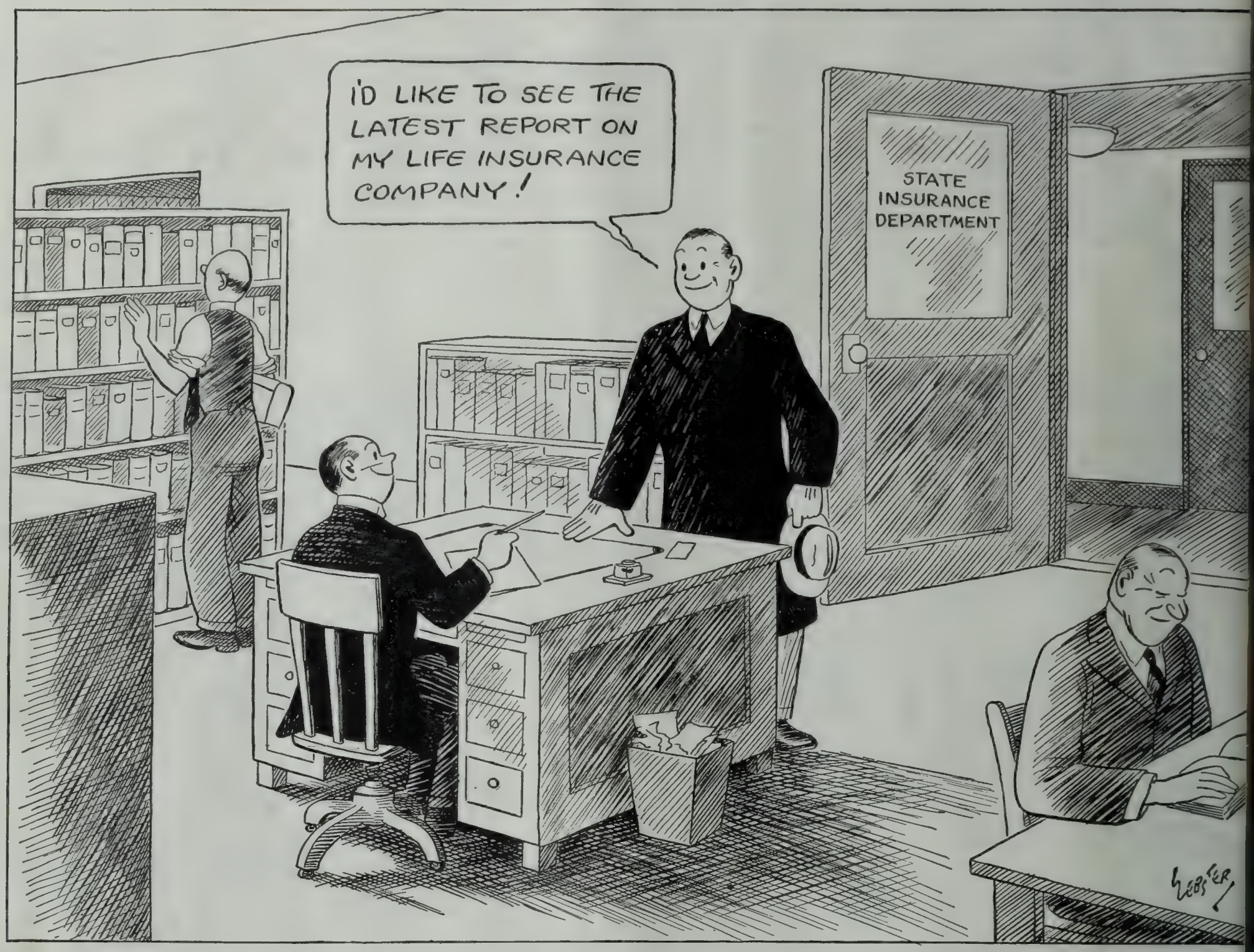
"Keep 'Em Flying" Wings

Take a sock at Schicklgruber, and wear your wings to show you did it. You get these smart, metal "Keep 'Em Flying" wings and a Jap Hunting License *free* when you send 10 cents for a U. S. War Savings Stamp to—

CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY,
Dept. C, Box 1616, Wichita, Kansas

Cessna

SYMBOL OF *Aircraftsmanship* FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS



Where does this happen except in a Free Country?

LIFE INSURANCE thrives only where men are free to plan their own futures. About 70% of all the world's life insurance is owned today in the United States, where life insurance is truly a servant of the people.

▶As a protection for its citizens, the laws of each state require that its insurance-supervising officials shall examine into the financial condition and business methods of life insurance companies of that state. These examinations are conducted at periodic intervals, usually at least once every three years.

The supervising officials also have the authority to examine any company doing business in the state, at any other time that the interests of policyholders require it. They are officers of the State Government and are responsible to the citizens of their state for the protection of the interests of policyholders.

Of course, not every state examines every company, but in order that all the interested states may be represented in the examinations, the National Association of Insurance Commissioners has divided the states into six zones. The insurance commissioner of one state in each zone is named to represent all the states of that zone when the zone takes part in an examination of a company.

Since Metropolitan is licensed in every state and in the District of Columbia, representatives of all these jurisdictions take part in an examination of Metropolitan.

▶After such an examination, an exhaustive report is written, and copies are sent to the supervising authorities of the states, the District of Columbia, and the Dominion of Canada and its Provinces in which the Company does business. At the offices of these supervising authorities, this report is available to all who care to see it.

You may never meet him, but the insurance-supervising official of your state is a man you ought to know about. He and the members of his department are supervising insurance companies in behalf of policyholders.

It goes without saying that Metropolitan, and other life insurance companies, welcome these examinations and the opportunity to review their affairs with the supervisory officials.

It is only right that life insurance dollars... the most important dollars many men ever put aside... should be safeguarded in every practical way.

COPYRIGHT 1942—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 53 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 3, 1942



She stopped and smiled before them. The applause was like a storm, and someone flung a rose which became a deluge of flowers

DANCING FEAT

By Walter Duranty and Mary Loos

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

There was more reason than rhyme in her performance that night—when she danced for the lives of ten thousand men

AS THE notes of the bugle died, the whole camp leaped into movement. Men and women with heavy burdens, or leading ponies and mules, passed swiftly between the tree trunks. They carried saddles and bridles, sacks of hand grenades, rifles and tommy guns, bags and belts of ammunition and, most important of all, bundles of big felt shoes to muffle the animals' feet as they neared the point of attack. Children ran about yelling, wild with excitement and joy, and the small, picked group of raiders strolled gravely to and fro, pausing to tighten a girth strap or test a machine gun's action.

For months they had all been idle, ever since winter had calmed the storm of fighting along the Russian front and given the Germans a chance to clamp their iron network round the Yugoslav guerrillas. Before that, things had been easy, a series of swift sharp forays against the invading troops, Italians for the most part. In those days the Chetnik fires winked freely from the hilltops, signaling in a code that was old before Morse was born.

The guerrillas fed well on food they had looted from the foe, and wore with conscious pride his uniforms and greatcoats. What need of telephone, telegraph or radio when they had their signal fires, and with the peasants on their side to bring news of a moving convoy or tell them where to strike whenever an enemy post had been temporarily weakened? The change came in December, with an influx of Nazi guards, Himmler's black-clad hangmen, who burned and slew without pity. And the still more dreaded airplanes, German eyes by night and day, spotting the telltale fires and the Chetnik camps and columns on the bare Croatian hills.

Dimitrof had chosen well the eyrie for his band, high on a mountain plateau where a grove of evergreen oaks gave cover from the planes. But they'd had to tighten their belts and eat up most of their horses, and, what was harder still, wait inactive in hiding. Even disciplined troops get soft and demoralized if they have nothing to do, but Dimitrof's hand was firm and he held the grumblers down. The women were the worst. They raged to see their children grow pale and thin from hunger, and secretly they blamed Dimitrof's American wife, Estelle, the slim blond dancer, so different from themselves, unable to shoot or ride, or even cook meals for her husband.

The women's hearts were more bitter because the men of the band thought of Estelle as their mascot since the night many months before the German invasion when she gave Dimitrof word of a German munition train from Budapest to Nish, and they'd caught it in the night and seized enough material to arm a dozen bands. "What does it matter to us," they said to their murmuring wives, "if she talks with him in English, or dances for his delight? Our captain speaks English too; did he not visit America to study and learn the knowledge which has made America great?"

And Dimitrof had good lieutenants, who had fought in the hills before. One of them, Yak Fomich, was seventy-five years old. He had served as a boy at Plevna when the Russians broke the Turks, but still was tough and fresh as an evergreen oak, despite three bullet wounds and a scar across his face. That was an Austrian saber wound received in the retreat



through the crags of Montenegro in the winter of 1915, when typhus and hunger killed ten of the Serbian soldiers for every one slain in battle. It was not a pretty scar, and went red when he was angry; but Yak Fomich was proud of it.

Now winter and grumbles were ended, since today there had come good news, of a convoy without much escort that would pass along a road only twenty miles from the camp. Here was a chance at last, and in a few more minutes a second bugle call would give the signal to start.

The leader, Mikhail Dimitrof, stood at the door of his dugout watching the busy scene. He had no more orders to give until the bugle sounded. Estelle was close in his arms, her head against his shoulder.

"How thin you are," he said. "I told you this was no place—"

"Now, Mike, don't begin that again! You're not so fat yourself." She stroked the gaunt line of his chin. "But never mind about that—you know that I've been happy, and tomorrow we'll have a feast, or will it be the next day?"

"With luck, before noon tomorrow. At the rate they seem to be moving, they will reach the defile about two. We ambush them quick like that"—he snapped his fingers sharply—"and begin the ride back before dawn."

"Try and catch me a turkey. I dreamed of one last night, Thanksgiving dinner at home, and I know that's a sign of luck. But, darling, take care of yourself; if anything happened to you . . ."

"Have you really been happy here? Life so hard, and those stupid women—"

The bugle cut short his words.

THE bandage was clumsy and Marfa pulled the knot too tight, but Dimitrof could laugh at pain. In the pride and joy of success, what mattered a cut on the forearm missing artery and bone? Eight wagonloads of food, flour sacks and oil and wine, red carcasses of oxen, live pigs and turkeys and sheep. His band would feast well today. The woman shared his thought.

"All that food, my captain!" she said as she rose from her knees. "It is good to kill those devils—I shot one of them myself—but better to eat their food."

"It is better to kill than to eat," he said abruptly. "Go see if Yak Fomich is coming, we can't stay here all night."

"Why so?" she said, laughing harshly. "Not one of them escaped."

He looked after her with distaste as she plunged down the steep hillside, like a cow, he thought to himself, heavy and shapeless as a cow. Thank heaven Estelle *was* different, despite the trouble it made. This woman, Marfa Petrovna, loyal though she was, had grumbled louder than any. Once she had ventured to say when Estelle did a native dance and the men were all wild with delight, "If she's as good as that, why doesn't she go to one of the towns to practice her profession and pick up some information that would be of use to the band?" But that was all over now, with this successful raid.

A shout rang through the dusk, "Halloo, Dimitrof! Where are you? I bring you two bottles of wine and a fine cold roasted chicken from the commander's car."

"Yak Fomich!" cried Dimitrof. "It is late, we have no time to eat."

"An old dog always eats, and best when he is hungry. Besides, it will take some time to finish unloading the lorries and pack the food on our carts. We still have two hours till dawn, we are far from any village, and not one of them escaped."

"All right," Dimitrof agreed, "we can eat while you make your report." Hunger was sharp within him, and his mouth was dry with thirst.

"And so," the old man concluded, "you were right and I was wrong. You have a clear brain, my boy, in your thick Macedonian skull. The barricade we set up at the bottom of the valley checked them like a wall. There were three open cars in the lead; we blasted them with grenades. Then two lorries full of soldiers. We let them have it too, but they were out in the road like a flash, and storming back up here, just as you had foreseen. They saw it was hopeless there; the cliff on both sides was too steep. Then came the lorries of food, then three more full of soldiers."

"I told you," said Dimitrof. "I knew it would be like that, they were bound to double back. But our men along the defile reduced their number to half, and though some of them tried to climb it, not one reached the top alive. Did you lose any men?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Young Luzics got excited and fell off the edge of the cliff. They said he had broken his neck, but perhaps it was only his leg; and another one shot through the head. But I see you are hurt yourself."

"Oh, just the graze of a bullet. I have one man dead and two wounded lightly enough. . . . Did you get any documents?"

"Only the usual stuff, lading bills for the convoy."

"Did you search the commander's car?"

"Of course I did, with a toothcomb, and his body, what was left of it. He had this nice gold ring," he held out a sinewy hand, "and a cigarette case to match—both, you see, with a baron's crest. I think he was a colonel, but . . . his uniform was rags, and—"

"Halloo there, Captain! Where are you? I bring you a little present."

A youngster came up to them with a bandage round his head. He wore a smart pair of German riding breeches and high boots, and swung a leather satchel by its strap.

"Hey, Luzics!" cried Yak Fomich. "They said you'd broken your neck."

The boy said, "I cut my head. But here's what I found in the ditch, where the cliff overhangs, close by the commander's car. He must have thrown it out when our first shot was fired."

DIMITROF grabbed the bloodstained pouch. It was locked, but he ripped it open. "Rotten leather the Germans use. Hello, Fomich! Here's his money!" He pulled out thick wads of notes. "Is that all? No, wait a minute!" He slid a zipper back and put his hand in the opening. "Aha, this is interesting!"

Fomich bent forward to see, then threw back his head in disgust. "I can't read that filthy German language."

"But I can," muttered Dimitrof. "And mighty lucky it is. Say, we've got something here! Oh, boy, I'll say we have something!"

Fomich watched him with eager intentness as he read through three yellow sheets of typescript. "Well, chief what is it?" he cried as Dimitrof folded the paper.

Dimitrof stared at him blankly. "I must get this through to headquarters . . . What is it? Oh, just this. It's a plan complete with detail for a comprehensive drive to crush the guerrilla movement. Three columns sweeping fanwise through the country from north to south to converge in the region of Skoplje The spearhead will be German, three divisions, moving through Zagreb. Four Hungarian divisions through Belgrade

(Continued on page 52)

"The barricade we set up in the valley checked them. We blasted the cars with grenades. Then we let the soldiers have it too"

How Anti-British Tales Start

By Colonel Demas T. Craw

OFFICIAL A.A.F. OBSERVER

Colonel Demas T. Craw of the Army Air Forces, one of our most experienced foreign observers, has been stationed in the East for almost three years, during which he has seen action in China, Libya, Egypt, Greece, Albania, Russia and with the British fleet air arm, and has visited Turkey, Rumania, Syria, Iran and Iraq. Col. Craw has participated in 21 Allied bombing raids, and been under fire a total of 136 times. Lieutenant General Delos Emmons once called him "our most valuable foreign observer"



ACME

British soldiers in Libya rolling tires to a collection depot for salvage

THE youngster looked clean and trim in his R.A.F. uniform, strolling through the filth and flies of Cairo. His fresh clothing contrasted pleasantly with the dirt-stiffened garments of the natives, and with the grimy work clothes of the active desert soldiers.

He was the complete dandy, the personification of the dilettante British officers I had heard so much about, who fought the Libyan campaign in the luxury of the Continental Savoy bar. He had arrived six days before, to participate as a pilot in an offensive that was then just in its fifth day. At the most, he could have spent only four days at the front—and here he was in town again, on leave.

I walked up beside the boy and we talked a while, of planes and men and food and the war, and finally I asked him how he was lucky enough to get a holiday so quickly. He looked at me for a moment, and I suppose it was the brilliant white reflection of the sun that made his eyes seem wild and frightened.

"Yes, I was at the front only four days," he said. "I made 11 sorties a day in Spitfires. We had to fly low and strafe Hun columns with machine guns. We'd fly up and down the columns, all guns going at once.

"The Nazis never even scattered. Sometimes they didn't even lie down. They just stood and shot back at us with rifles and machine guns. We mowed them down by the hundreds, back and forth, eleven times a day.

"It was only four days. Forty-four sorties." His voice cracked, went into the adolescent falsetto he had lost only a few years before, and he clutched my arm as he talked. "But I killed many. I personally destroyed hundreds, and I had to rest up."

The boy was shaking when he finished, yet he was a normally brave young man. I saw him fly, and I know. He had less regard for his own life than for those he destroyed. But he was tired. It was his first exposure to the fierceness of all-out war, and while it was only four days at the front, they were days of unrelenting action that began at 4:30 in the morning and ended at 10:30 at night, four days of danger and tension that would impress a veteran professional soldier. Without a respite, his nerves would have fallen apart; with it, he returned to the front a superb fighter, and the last I heard, he was raging across the desert with the courageous ruthlessness characteristic of the R.A.F.

Yet this young man was cited to me time and again in Cairo as a symbol of the leisurely fashion in which Britain conducts its war. Every officer seen with a pretty girl and a gin-and-tonic in Shepheard's stirred up similar stories. No wonder, the gossips said, the British were so vigorously pushed by Rommel. Rommel and his men fought at the front; the British at a bar.

As a special project, I checked on the leave record for the British army in Libya. I found it below the leave schedule we have planned for wartime, and far below the schedules we actually had in Paris during the last war. And I have never met an American officer who thought he had too much time off when he fought in France. Repeatedly I found that the officers looking so elegant in Cairo had just come in from six solid months of vicious fighting in the Libyan Desert. I know that desert, and I know that after six months of it, any man is entitled to head for the nearest spot where he can get a bath, a clean uniform, a drink and pleasant companionship. But the fifth column in the Middle East portrays him in sneering whispers as a slacker.

The chatterings of this fifth column

(Continued on page 46)

In Greece, and in Crete, the R.A.F. performed heroically with inadequate equipment, but had to withdraw its planes in the face of Nazi superiority. These British pilots were rowed out to a rescuing Sunderland Flying Boat



BRITISH COMBINE

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

Maintenance men fight the battle behind the battle. A crew of the Royal Tank Regiment repairs one of the treads of a General Grant tank in the Libyan Desert

THE MAGIC MARINES

By Richard English

Have you ever seen a tree walking? Or a haystack doing a column right? Hollywood never had, either. Which explains why, in the back lots today, the stars stare at the Marines

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM KELLEY



Spider traps are four-foot holes dug i choice spots and dedicated to mass mu der. They are equipped with manho covers. The Marine inside waits for enem columns to pass, cuts loose at them fro behind and then does a disappearing a

HOLLYWOOD'S sacred portals, mec of tourist hordes and countless pr files in search of a camera, ha finally been crashed—but good! The M rines have landed and have the Cellulo Coast well in hand. They have erected tight, military city on 20th Century-Fo back lot, and the biggest producers and sta are wistfully peering through the fence the days, wondering what's cooking. We'll l them in on a little secret. The Mari Camouflage School is in session. Anyo wishing further details should bring his ov bayonet.

Not content with being the home Messrs. Zanuck, Ameche and Power, 20 Century-Fox is further distinguished by ha ing golf courses on two sides. Shaken go ers were the first to report that somethi odd was taking place next door. Golfe came in with soaring scores, panting th just as they were making a crucial putt th saw a tree walking. One reported a hu haystack that suddenly appeared on t horizon, executed a column right, and turn into a dummy plane. In the Marines' b half, we indignantly deny all this. The M rines are there on grim business, which do not include furnishing nineteenth-hole alib

Leathernecks off for Hollywood

The Corps' olive tents have been erect in Hollywood's back yard for very sou reasons. While the art of concealment h long been one of the Marines' deadlier a complishments, they wish to become ev more lethal. Reasoning that the studi could furnish expert advice in confusing t enemy, the Leathernecks brought their s bags and problems to Hollywood.

They were received with open arms. huge school and recreation tent promp appeared at one end of the company stre Expert advice and material were theirs the asking.

"Our job is to turn out camouflage instru tors," the tanned commanding officer sa Like so many Marines, the young C.O. is from the ranks and learned his camoufla values the hard way. "We're striving competent men who can go back and instru their own units in all branches of the Cor Every three weeks a new class of candida comes in. So far we've turned out a la number of competent instructors."

A work party in tropic helmets was do in a valley where we could watch them p ting up dummy buildings: innocent lit houses whose walls can be knocked flat two to seven seconds. The roof goes off a the antiaircraft goes up. For the furt entertainment of enemy fliers the Mari furnish them with life-size dummy pla that can be stowed away in a sea b Sticklers for detail, the boys have even bu a 70-foot observation tower. From its hei they can study the terrain, making certai appears wholly natural and twice as in cent.

"We prefer farm boys and hunters," officer said, "men who have been close nature and understand the harmony scenes and colors. And, of course, we h artists and photographers of all kinds." grinned. "It keeps us pretty busy. W we may become camouflage experts, w the Marines, fighting still comes first. we need boys here who will be able to w all day and fight all night."

Outside the company office a do Leathernecks were gathered around an structor. With a pointer, he was illustrat camouflage theory on a miniature town t had been built to scale on a table. The b had already spent their morning working "greenery," which means using foliage shrubs where they will do the enemy least good. We came across some of it natural we're still not sure we haven't cau poison ivy.

Above all things, successful camoufl



For the further deception of the enemy, the Marines offer this rustic setting, complete with props. At propitious moment (below), the dummy house is knocked flat, fighters appear, guns go into action



Like everything else a camouflage student lays his hands on, tree trunks and bushes are not to be trusted. Snipers lurking in them, dressed in mottled green and brown, would present a terrifying sight—if any. That's a dummy plane in the background

unnatural. The Marines aren't satisfied unless their boys can turn out trees and nets that fool even the makers. We discovered one grass shack so completely Tahitian that we peered inside, seeking Dorothy Lamour. We found a machine gun and a Leatherneck who was just itching to use it. Fortunately we're not wearing our slant eyes this season.

Down the hill there were camouflage nets concealing large gun emplacements. These "flat tops" with their dangling foliage, cast just the right amount of shadow, blending perfectly with the surroundings. There were also some big rocks strewn around, but you couldn't trust them either. Mud. It's quite disconcerting to discover a Marine shoveling himself a rock that will fit him like a dress uniform.

The camouflage students also major in tree trunks which will hold one sniper and a tommy gun, just in case the pickings are good. The snipers' suits, mottled green and brown, and worn with headnets over their helmets, would send Laird Cregar scampering right under his bed. With the studio's aid, the Marines have perfected facial makeups that blend with varied surroundings, and every man is his own make-up artist.

In learning the art that first became famous when used in the Trojan Horse, the Marines do it from the bricks up. How to break up outlines and shadows, make their own paints and use dyes and colors, is only part of the curriculum. Every man becomes his own painter, carpenter, net maker, sniper and make-up man.

Quite a few of the boys will be doing their tricks as para-Marines and they'll be ready for any terrain upon which they happen to float down. The jungles and the deserts have but one thing in common: few props will be available. Our Hollywood graduates will be prepared to make their own snares and decoctions, utilizing whatever is on hand.

After their tough "boot" training, Hollywood hospitality and having their own free movie boxes, pool tables and previews make the young Leathernecks very happy parties indeed.

"You don't need to tell me we're lucky," beamed one sergeant. "Half the fellows in the service are dying to see Hollywood, and here we are living right in a studio. The first day we were in school, the lieutenant showed us around the studio, so we could pick up tips as on construction. And you know what? The stars were staring at us!"

The Deadly Spider Traps

They would stare even more if they saw what the sergeant was up to on that back lot. Our first glimpse of him had been when he popped right out of the ground, wearing a bush for a hat. The sergeant had been learning the mysteries of spider traps, foxhole holes that are dug in advantageous places and dedicated to mass murder. Spider traps, where snipers can be left with enough food and water for days on end, have manhole-type covers which can look like anything from sandy mounds to just plain grass. They are especially effective when planted along enemy roadsides. The boys wait for enemy columns to pass and then give them that Chicago treatment from behind. Having cut loose with the greatest possible malice, they promptly sink out of sight, becoming just another bush among bushes.

While the discipline is what you expect of Marine traditions, the boys still have their fun. A young Houston cartoonist found a use for his talents. His cartoons are part of the school course, driving home the "do's" and "don't's" of successful camouflaging.

We mentioned them to the commanding officer. "They're a good thing," he said cheerfully. "They comically put in a man's mind the danger of having his head shot off if he doesn't watch what he's doing."

As if the Marines didn't! ★★★





To all appearances, the Marine above has been left for dead. But the saber wound is his own handiwork and, as no enemy will ever live to tell you (see below), his gun still speaks with authority



FIRST LAP ON TOKYO

By Frank D. Morris

WITH PACIFIC FLEET TASK FORCE
RADIOED VIA HONOLULU

When the United States Navy successfully landed on the Solomon Islands in its first occupation of enemy-held territory in the Pacific, Collier's representative went along. From a ringside seat, high up the mast of a destroyer of the task force, he witnessed attack and counterattack. Here is one of the most vivid and complete pictures of action at sea that have come out of this war



ACME

Don't let this cool calmness confuse you. Before the battle began the Marines displayed none of their deadly earnestness. They saved that for fighting the Japanese in the Solomon Islands. The boy with the gun just can't wait



ACME



ACME

EUROPEAN



Under an umbrella of planes and protected by a barrage from the fleet's heavy guns, the Marines take to their landing barges as the invasion gets under way

The bosun pipes: "Prepare to rep[el] the enemy." It's a sweet so[ng] to this antiaircraft crew whi[ch] has been training intensely [for] months for this, its first bat[tle]

READY for action!" We had started out looking for trouble. For months the Navy had been preparing for the first offensive. Now it was ready to strike. Naturally the plan and place of our attack was a secret sacred to admirals, but soon every man aboard ship from the lookouts in the sky control to the oilers deep in the boiler rooms, knew that this was not to be a routine operation. Their response was a unanimous "Let's go!"

Days later, our task force steamed into the harbor of one of those South Sea Island ports whose chief prewar products were copra, bananas and round-the-world tourists. It was a friendly colonial port bearing in a romantic tongue a rolling name which for military reasons can't be revealed. The carrier and her escort of cruisers a[nd] destroyers filed slowly up the narr[ow] channel, past the coral reef toward [the] distant fringe of tall palm trees, b[ut] standard equipment for harbors in t[his] part of the world.

The harbor offered plenty of elb[ow] room, not only for our ships but a[lso] for the sizable force already ancho[red] there. Some distance away, anot[her] group of ships was moored.

Peel the dark gray uniform off one [of] them, forget the deck guns, and [you] would recognize it as the luxury li[ner] that carried you and your wife on t[he] all-expense cruise to the tropics a y[ear] ago. Nowadays her booking lists [are] filled to overflowing with troops. C[ity] shipboard parties have been repla[ced] by Marine landing parties. Space



Accurate ack-ack fire over Guadalcanal drove off Jap planes to make possible troop landings. One of our destroyers alone accounted for twelve of the enemy's planes

merly allotted to deck tennis and a swimming pool is now crowded with landing barges painted the same dull gray. Your luxury liner has a war job.

The shrill music of the bosun's pipe was drowned out by the clank of heavy chain as the anchor plunged down past the startled tropical fish. Our ship settled down and made herself comfortable. A jangling phone announced that the engine room had been secured; the officer of the deck transferred his authority from the bridge to the starboard gangway.

A message from the carrier brought a groan from the signal-bridge crew as they read: "There shall be no communication with beach." That meant no shore trips for any of the ship's boats, no liberty for any of her crew, no chance that a careless word be dropped and give away the purpose of our secret mission.

There was grumbling, of course, but the restraining order actually appealed to the vanity of the men since it made each a party to this hush-hush plot. Our observation planes glided down to a graceful water landing, taxied up to the ship and were hoisted aboard. They had been catapulted to fly ahead of us as a submarine patrol. The pilots reported they had circled low over the island before coming in.

The town hugged the shore line several miles away. A not too impressive semicircle of coconut palms fronted it with a picket-fence effect, and through the clump in the center could be seen an imposing building which would pass for a country club in Westchester or Beverly Hills. This and the few other frame buildings visible from the ship were now used as headquarters by our Army.

A supply barge pulled alongside, loaded with crates and cases of provisions. This was a strange-looking barge, apparently a type peculiar to these waters, with propelling power supplied by the biggest outboard motor we'd ever seen. The motor itself looked like a giant Diesel farm tractor without wheels and had a direct drive to a propeller proportionate in size to the power plant and it made a terrific racket, but the din was compensated for by the maneuverability of the craft which handled as easily as a canoe.

The red burgee pennant fluttered at the foretop, and the bosun's mate passed along the word "out smoking lamp." The ammunition ship was delivering antiaircraft shells aboard for our secondary battery. The fueling officer from the tanker arrived to discuss plans for "topping off our tanks," the Navy equivalent for "Fill her up, Joe." Food for the guns, drink for the boilers, we were packing a full hamper for this picnic we'd planned.

A Tropical Squall

The squall started as a small dark patch in a blue sky striped with white clouds. Five minutes later, a thick black curtain was draped around us. The wind howled; rain pelted down with the intensity of machine-gun fire. Stand-by crews at the deck AA guns hastily pulled tarpaulins over the mounts. Hatches and ports were closed and dogged down.

In the middle of the tempest, a Navy tanker pulled alongside, and a pair of fat black pythons passed between the two ships—fueling lines.

A megaphone debate between the bosums of the respective ships followed: "Watch that spring line! Over the side with the fenders! Bear a hand now!" Our bosun won handily. His voice had been trained on an ocean-going tug.

Standing quietly in the background, enjoying the show, was the chief engineer. If you moved close, you could hear him repeat softly a ditty he always chanted on fueling day: "Shoot the sherbet to me, Herbert."

In dripping oilskins at the starboard gangway, the officer of the deck hailed a launch approaching us from the shore.

To his amazement, the challenge was answered in a clear soprano: "I want to see Private Howard Smith of the Marine Corps." Looking down, he saw a girl in a white uniform and blue cape standing in the stern sheets of the bobbing boat. "They told me he's aboard this ship," she added.

Just then a Marine rushed up beside the OD and called over the rail, "Hiya, Sis! What you doing 'way down here?"

Sis, an Army nurse, hadn't seen her brother since the family gave them a joint farewell party in Hartford, Connecticut, last January, just before both reported for duty. Now she was one of the nurses stationed at this Army outpost, the last place in the world where Howard had expected to meet her again.

Twenty minutes later the Smith family reunion was broken up by the order for our ship to get under way immediately. The tanker had cast off. We weighed anchor and stood out in the channel. Some of the other ships in our force already had cleared the harbor, and the group of transports was nowhere to be seen.

Well before dawn next day, the ship awoke with a chip on its steel shoulder.

"All hands man your battle stations!" The bosun's mate was announcing a grim game our wartime Navy plays, the game called "general quarters."

It is a full dress rehearsal of that prospective tangle with the enemy which is always over the horizon. All over the blacked-out ship (and nothing is blacker on a moonless night) half-awake sailors scramble up slippery steel ladders and squeeze through narrow passageways to reach the stations they will man when the real shooting begins.

"Main and secondary batteries manned and ready. Plotting room manned and ready." As usual, nothing untoward happened but it was full daylight before the release from GQ was sounded. That gave the crew just time enough to get breakfast and do their ship-cleaning chores before drills and classes started.

From stem to stern, the ship is one big classroom. In the drill hall on the port side of the fo'c'sle, a group of dungareed seamen clustered around a rapid-fire antiaircraft gun. With quick strokes on a blackboard, a lecturing ensign shows them how to use it against enemy dive bombers and low-flying torpedo planes. Then each man in turn cocks and loads the gun while the lecturer checks his speed on a stop watch. Farther aft, a Marine gun crew has taken its weapon apart and is busy cleaning and oiling the mechanism. Only one gun of a type is permitted to be disassembled at a time, others being kept in readiness and manned, just in case.

There's more and noisier action amidships, where in turreted mounts the Big Berthas of the ship's antiaircraft defense are "burst firing." As you watch, one of these guns roars and its "boom" and a fist-sized puff of black smoke from an exploding shell float high over the ocean. Accuracy plus speed equals bull's-eyes.

Drills and Classes Aboard Ship

Below decks, all officers not on watch are attending a lantern-slide show. The slides show planes, and the features of each are pointed out by the class instructor, a junior officer who had specialized in identification. It's important to know whether that dot in the sky some ten miles away from you is a Mitsubishi dive bomber or one of your own planes. There's first-aid drill, fire-control drill, loading drill at the big guns on the main battery, "Abandon ship" drill, and, of course, each man has his eight-hour stint of watches to stand every day. There's no room for boredom here.

All classes and drills had been stowed by late afternoon of the day we were due to join the rest of our attack fleet. They arrived exactly on schedule. When the lookout reported, "Several ships sighted, hull down, bearing forty-five degrees; they appeared at first, even through the binoculars, as a handful of matchsticks piercing the horizon off our starboard bow. Gradually the matchsticks grew in size and numbers, and became a forest of masts.

It was a magnificent spectacle. Transports steamed toward us, followed by their train of supply ships. On either flank, light and heavy cruisers and destroyers formed a protective screen against submarine and aerial attacks. Fighters, bombers and torpedo planes from the carriers circled over us, as our

(Continued on page 56)



"Sounds all right to me," the colonel said. He examined Blue's hoofs. "He's got a temper," I said

Mars and the Bright Blue Stallion

By Robert Richards

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Harry had no monopoly on heroism. His kid brother fully deserved a medal, too

MY OLD man understands me better than most people do. He looked across the supper table, blinked both eyes, while he grabbed the potatoes. "Reckon, we'll just stick here and win the war on the farm, won't we, son?"

"Eat your spinach, Roy," my mother told me. "How many times must I tell you that? Don't you want to grow big and strong, like Harry?"

"I was almost as strong as Harry when he went off to the Army," I said. "I remember once when we were rassling down back of the barns. I pinned his shoulders."

"Well, he's got a medal now," my mother said. "He won a medal with his flying and all. Eat your spinach, son. Perhaps one of these days you'll get a medal, too, but not in a war, I hope."

"There ain't no other way to get a medal," I said, knowing my mother was awfully dumb about such things. "You gotta be in a war to win one, don't you, Pa?"

My old man grabbed another potato on the end of the fork and frowned at it. You might have thought that potato was a German, or a Jap, the way he carried on. "Why, no, Roy," he said. "You don't have to be a soldier to win a medal. You can win one anywhere—you could win one right here on this Tennessee farm."

There was something in my old man's voice, something troubled and churned like sour buttermilk, when he said that. I felt funny inside, I felt like I did the first day me and Harry smoked cornsilks. Something else was coming, I knew that plain as day. Whatever it was, it was coming after me—or my old man.

"What you mean, Pa?" I asked.

"Nothing, boy, eat your supper like your mother told you."

My mother was worried then—my mother can read my old man through and through without turning the pages. My mother ain't dumb except when you're talking about soldiers. "What is this all about, Charles?" she asked.

"Nothing," my old man said.

"Charlie Weatherford, don't you answer me like that," my mother said. "You tell me what this is all about. Haven't I enough to worry about with our Harry off there in Australia?"

My old man looked ashamed. He patted my mother's arm. "This ain't no worrying matter, honey," he said. "I was just thinking about something. I got a letter today from the Army remount man. He'll be dropping in on us 'fore long."

"To buy horses?" I asked.

"That's right, boy."

"What's that got to do with medals, Pa?"

"Nothing," my old man said, wolfing down another potato. "Keep quiet, son,

(Continued on page 33)

The Lady and the Artist

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He thought of himself as a kind and charitable man. But he didn't realize the truth till he fell in love

THE night the telegram came from Hollywood, there was a winter moon rising in a white sky. Walking home along the country roads, John watched the colors deepening with the early dusk. When he turned off onto the seaward trail, he could see the great trend of the coast, reaching away into cold and lonely distances. There were still patches of snow among the dead grass in the hollows of the sand dunes.

By the time he reached his shack, the eastern sky was the color of ashes of lilac, and the moon, floating higher, was beginning to be bright enough to cast faint shadows. A corner of the yellow telegraph envelope showed on the stone step where someone coming out from the village had pushed it under the cracked door.

Inside the shack, the air was stale and cold. He cleared a place on the edge of the oilcloth table by pushing back his breakfast dishes, and putting down his color box and block of heavy paper, went to the window to read the telegram in the last of the light close to the dusty pane, which shivered almost imperceptibly but steadily to the jarring of the surf. He read it twice, unbelievingly, and then began rolling a brown paper cigarette between fingers suddenly shaky.

Fumbling around in the gathering darkness, he lit the kerosene lamp and then his cigarette, and, going to the wood box in a corner of the shack, split some kindling for the stove. For supper he fried strips of mush with bacon, and propped a book open against the base of the lamp to read while he ate.

When he had finished, he shoved his plate back among the breakfast dishes and walked across the sagging floor to haul his suitcase out from behind a lot of canvases, shadowy against the wall. Throwing it open upon the cot, he began piling clothes and books into it. He didn't bother about packing the litter of paint tubes on the table, or putting anything away: they'd be there when he got back. He could wash the dishes then, too.

Changed from his corduroys and sweat shirt into the suit he wore when he had to go to town, he shoved the telegram into a coat pocket and picked up the suitcase. Then he blew out the lamp, and going out into the cold moonlight, locked the door behind him.

SO THAT now, two weeks later, a frog-eyed man, breathing deeply with importance, clutched a water-color sketch tagged *Scene 93 to 107* in one fat, highly manicured but hairy hand. Holding it off at arm's length, he raised his eyebrows very high and tilted his head to one side. This made a thickness of barbered jowl crease above his collar. Taking a chewed cigar out of his lips, he murmured:

"Exquisite!"

This, John thought, was being about as grotesque as all that he had ever read or heard about Hollywood. Through the Venetian blinds and through the gaudy red splashes of flowers on the window sills, a brilliant but curiously barren sunshine lanced in stripes across the dramatically oversized desk. The sunshine filled the enormous white office with opulent and glittering high lights on silver and glass and leather. Without expression—carefully without expression—John watched him.

"I'm glad if you like it, Mr. Gollech," he said coldly.

"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "It's dynamic, like these times we live in. It's a typical Dawson mood, hey, Tony?"

At the far end of the desk, Tony Quimber, the director, pulled a stick of chewing gum out of his vest pocket.

"Sure," he said. "That's right, Ben."

"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "It's things like this the industry needs. Something dynamic, like these times we live in. Something like this typical . . . er . . . Dawson mood."

Coldly defensive, John remained cynically aware that they didn't know anything whatever about him or his work except that they were paying a lot for a name that was being talked about—therefore, they had to build it up like this to themselves. They hadn't seen any of his painting, or read his book,



Marcia came in like an old friend and dropped into a chair. "Whew! I'm tired," she said. "Give me a cigarette, please"

except, possibly, Tony Quimber might have, at that, if a lifted eyebrow and a slow wink meant anything. Tony put the stick of gum in his mouth and said:

"Where's Marcia?"

"She'll be along," Mr. Gollech said. "I've sent for her. I think we ought to have more red in it, though."

"Eh?" John said. "Did you—"

"Yeah. More red," Mr. Gollech said. "This is a big scene in the picture. We got to give 'em a real subtle bang in the eye here. Red, that's what it takes. Hey, Tony? Wait a minute. Let me think."

"Attaboy, Ben," Tony said. "Think hard."

"Yeah. I see it all now," Mr. Gollech said. "Get this, Tony—we change this scene from where the guy and Marcia are saying goodby because they're never going to see each other any more, all in low voices and whispers and times when they don't say anything at all but just look at each other—that writer's too morbid, anyway—into a good musical number.

"What are you talking about now, Ben?" a cool voice asked behind John. He hadn't heard the door open.

"You ought to be making notes about this, while I'm thinking out loud, Tony," Mr. Gollech said. "This is dynamic, too. Can't you just see it in your mind's eye, Tony?"

"I'm afraid I can," Tony said. "Hello, Marcia."

TALL, and strolling with her hands in her jacket pockets, Marcia Dunning was much more distinguished in her own clothes than John had ever seen her on the screen.

"Marcia," Mr. Gollech said loudly, "I want you should meet Mr. . . . er . . ."

"Dawson," Tony said. "The fellow I told you about, Marcia."

She said, "How do you do?"

He finished the thought he had started on in the first place: without her screen mask, her face was not shadowed with artificial mystery, obvious and cheapening. Glamor, he believed, was the word; in Hollywood pronounced glamma.

"Er, yes," he said. "I—um, yes." Then he recollected his cold and detached attitude in this place, and murmured in his turn a politely disinterested, "How do you do?"

But her eyes, watching him, were not long and slinky, as they were gigantically on the screen; in this empty morning sunlight they were a very clear Irish hazel, uncomfortably common-sense (like his married sister's) but flecked with fascinating little golden motes which might have been the only signs of a secret, a devilish amusement.

She turned, and took the sketch out of Mr. Gollech's hand. The stripes of raw sunlight flickered over its deep and clashing colors as it moved.

For quite a long moment she stood looking at it in silence. Her face was alive and quick with intelligence. But of all the things that there were in the world to say about that design for a set, she said:

"Yes. Extraordinarily sensitive, isn't it?"

John grunted under his breath and looked away, out the window. He hadn't been in Hollywood very long, but long enough to have learned that "sensitive" was the newly discovered adjective of the year. Last year, it had been "creative." But that was out, now—passé but not yet quaint enough to be a dirty crack.

"You're very beautiful today, Marcia," Tony Quimber said in a voice shaky with amusement, though he was watching her gravely.

"Oh, Tony," she said absent-mindedly, but added with lovely earnestness: "I mean, it reminds one of the early Picasso, when he was doing those amazing sets for the . . . those Russian things, doesn't it? I think that Mr. . . . ah—"

"Dawson," Tony said. "What does it remind you of, Dawson?"

John made a noise in his throat, and scowled into the sunshine. But after a minute, he turned his head and looked at her with dislike. He decided that, after all, her brown hair was too smooth to be distinguished. Not careless enough. She was saying, choosing her words:

"But conceived with great sophistication. Terribly modern," Marcia said, a little lamely, a little awkwardly, as if she thought this was the sort of thing she ought to say, but wasn't very familiar with the patter.

It was fantastic, and silly. It was as fantastic, John thought, as all the rest of it—the large meaningless money which he wadded vaguely around in various pockets (when he was alive, he used to take a carefully folded dollar bill to lay on the counter of the village store to pay for a couple of days' groceries for the shack among the sand dunes).



"I warned Alfred to be careful, but he couldn't see any harm in just doing a little window shopping"

COLLIER'S F. HUMFREVILLE

HE GOT up, pushing back his chair. You might be in earnest about your work, it might mean quite a lot to you and you might slave at it, and finally know it was good, nearly right; but you couldn't ask these people about it, simply and in terms of work. Because a smart agent had suavely talked them into paying silly, unreal sums of money for something they could have had for nothing, for the love of the work, they must needs glamorize it to themselves with foul, secondhand phrases handed down to them from bored publicity men.

"Rr-rrmp!" John said. "If you're through, you'll excuse me."

"Oh. Of course. I'm sorry," Marcia Dunning said.

"Not at all," he murmured. On his way to the door, he found himself walking too stiffly and, trying to correct it, slouched miserably. He tried to pull out of that, too, by attempting offhand dignity over his shoulder at the door: "I'll go ahead, then, with the next sets, Mr. Gollech."

"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "And more red."

As he closed the door, softly, coldly and viciously behind him, he heard Marcia Dunning's voice ask:

"—but, Tony—what did I say to . . . I . . ."

He heard Tony Quimber strike a match. He heard Mr. Gollech say, "I think we got to handle this guy easy. I think he's a very sensitive guy. . . ."

HE WAS still angry, and feeling quite consciously bitter, and cynical—dramatizing it a bit for himself—when, in the undiminished sunshine of late afternoon, he saw her come out of the main gate of the lot, and with a gracious nod for the studio policeman, who touched his cap, get into her waiting car. The windows of his shop, far removed from the executive offices, were above the main gate. Three or four other men—he knew them by their nicknames, but hadn't been here long enough to know who they were except that, vaguely, they were old-timers in the art department—were sprawling around in chairs and on the davenport, waiting for someone to suggest that it was time to sneak down the back stairs and across the avenue for a drink. Watching Marcia Dunning get into her car, John laughed shortly, making a harsh sound in his throat.

The other men looked at him curiously, and after a minute or two one of them murmured, "Let's go over and have a drink."

He was still feeling that way, but uglier, when after a long taxi ride over palm-lined avenues and looking down into blue valleys filled with the scattered clear lights of the desert evening, he got back to the hotel and went up to his room. In cut-glass vases, square and heavy under the round wall mirror, the hotel had placed modernistic spears of salmon-colored gladioli, the only touches of color in his bedroom of white leather and linen and gleaming chromium. His laundry had been put away for him by the valet service—shirts beautifully clean and crisp and ironed. He looked at them in the drawer, after his shower; but with a bitter, theatrical tightening of the mouth—dramatizing himself on, again—he dragged out of his grip the last of those he had washed himself. An old frayed shirt, limp and wrinkled from a conscientious New England scrubbing.

Knotting a tie, he thought he would go down to their shining bar for a hot rum and butter before dinner. He didn't expect it to taste like the hot rum and butters he made out of his own teakettle, with honey from a stone pot he had bought at a waterside farm in Maine on a drowsy August afternoon. Their perfumed drinks here, though served in crystal, could never taste like a gulp out of a tin cup, lifted steaming, on the doorstep of the shack after a day's work. Oh, well, he reflected—tomorrow he was going to look for another shack, somewhere along this barren and sun-glaring beach, if there were honest shacks to be found somewhere beyond the gaudy miles of cabañas and surf-side palazzi.

"Sensitive, hey?" he thought. "Well, that's near enough. They've named it; they'll get it."

THE shack he found was eleven miles up the coast from Malibu Beach, quite a way beyond the place where a real-estate company had built some fake adobe ruins, very picturesque, on a dusty hillside along the highway. It was a shadeless, sand-drifted shack, with dried geranium stems in bright-colored broken flowerpots left by some former tenant on the window sills; but here he could be by himself, away from crowding people and noise, when he got back from the studio in the secondhand flivver he had bought, and he could eat his supper with a tin plate on one knee and a book on the other if he wanted to. So he was surprised when Sunday morning a big low-slung roadster, all shining and glittering in the sun, came lurching slowly down the deep sand road from the Coast Highway.

Standing at the back door with a cup and a dish towel in his hands, John saw that the man driving was Tony Quimber, lean and distinguished-looking with the streaks of gray in his hair around his sunburned ears and a gray-and-yellow striped jersey. The woman John didn't recognize for a minute, because with big sunglasses, and framed by the upturned lapels of a white coat, her face had the impassive masklike quality of anonymous ritziness that women's faces have in big low-slung roadsters in Hollywood. Then, as she smiled, he saw it was Marcia Dunning.

"Hi, boy," Tony called. "We've come for Sunday dinner."

"Oh," John said. "That's fine."

"I knew you'd appreciate it," Tony said. "After all the trouble you've taken to escape the shrill, bitter illusions of Hollywood. Now, I've been here eighteen years and I—"

"Oh, Tony," Marcia said. "No, really, Mr. Dawson. We haven't come for dinner. We were just out driving and—"

"—And Marcia wanted to see what kind of man it was, at home in the chaste though probably unsanitary shack for which he forsook the gauds and vanities of our world. That intrigued Marcia. . . . Here, better have a drink."

THE flask was dull, heavy silver bound in worn saddle leather, and it was filled with a fine, dry, aromatic Scotch. John drank quite a lot of it, methodically, and handed it back.

"Keep it," Tony said. "You'll need it. Because I'm going to leave Marcia here."

"Tony!" Marcia said, quietly.

"Pooh! Send her home on the bus after dinner," Tony said. "I've got a girl in Santa Barbara. We're thinking about opening a beer parlor there. I've got to go up and talk to her about it. Should we call it The Field of The Cloth of Gold, or just Lulu's Place? Oh, well. Get out, kid. So long."

Standing in the sand, watching the car lurch away again, Marcia said, "Great

(Continued on page 62)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



The Story Thus Far:

OLD Ben-Tim Howlett, who is living in Texas, suspects that something is wrong at his ranch—"Horsehead"—far to the north of the Lone Star State. Unable to make the long ride himself, he sends Tracy Coleman, his most trusted foreman, to investigate.

Coleman soon learns that Dan Stuart, a powerful cattleman, and Drew Trumbo (who is in love with Stuart's daughter, Ann) are plotting to steal the ranch; and within a short time, he finds himself engaged in a savage struggle with the two men.

Among the Texan's new acquaintances is a man named Ben Solvay. Courted by letter, an attractive girl—Valencia Wilder—comes a long distance to marry him. But, skeptical of her past, Solvay postpones the marriage; and Coleman (at Solvay's suggestion) takes her in as a house guest. . . .

With a number of their followers, Stuart and Trumbo make a sudden attack on Horsehead. Doña Gertrude, Howlett's faithful Mexican housekeeper, is accidentally killed; and, fearing that, if he continues to fight, Valencia may also be shot, Coleman reluctantly runs away. Accompanied by George Pairvent, his foreman, and the hands (Ray Miller, Ed Drum and Baldy Bickle), he rides high into the mountains.

Shocked by the cowardly attack on Horsehead, Ann Stuart (who is very fond of Coleman) leaves her father's home, vowing never to return. Then, finding Coleman, she urges him either to leave the country at once or return to Horsehead. Coleman (who respects the girl's judgment, and who is an unusually brave man) decides to ride back to the ranch. Unfortunately he and Ann, on the trail back, detach themselves from the rest of the party; and the Stuart-Trumbo forces kill Ray Miller and capture Pairvent, Ed Drum and Bickle. . . .

Trapped in a canyon—down which plunges a wild river that is full of dangerous rapids—Coleman and Ann find a boat. Realizing that if Coleman tries to row to safety *alone,* he will be shot, Ann follows him when he climbs into the frail little craft. Then, while Stuart, Trumbo and some of their men look on in horror, they are swept out of sight around a bend.

A few minutes later, Trumbo reports the tragic incident thus, to someone who had not been present: "Coleman went down the river in a boat. By this time, he's lodged against a couple of rocks, ten feet under water."

IX

ED AND Baldy showed the full force of the news; they looked at each other and the starch of their last hopes went out of them. It was visible to all the watching men. Pairvent, a tough and cross-grained character in his mildest moments, shrugged his shoulders. "We never should have left the ranch. That was his mistake." Then he paid his sultry respects to Stuart: "Your daughter no doubt led him into it, as she led us into this blind pocket. I wanted to keep goin' straight down the trail."

"No," said Trumbo, "she was in the same boat that went down with Coleman."

That affected Pairvent. He ran a hand across his dark jaws, drew a breath and he shook his head. "Then she was square after all. She liked Coleman."

"Yes," said Trumbo, dully furious at the thought, "she did."

Pairvent knew what lay ahead of him; it was the finish of a hard game—the only possible finish. Even so, he was tough enough to make an observation which ended any remote chance of mercy. "You boys," he said, "are sure tough on women."

Trumbo took it without an answer; and was shocked at himself. Stuart, all this while acting like a drugged man, suddenly straightened and walked at Pairvent with the red haze of murder in his eyes. "George," he said, "I'd like to stick a knife through that tongue of yours. I'd like to strangle you until it hung out, and cut it off." He raised his closed fist and swept it crosswise, catching Pairvent on the side of the head. Pairvent raised his hands in defense.

(Continued on page 38)

Coleman dug hard with the oars, making short chops into the water; he got the stern squared at the tumbling river before him, and poised the oars

UP SHIP!

By Clarence H. Roy

DRAWINGS BY LOGAN U. REAVIS

How the greatest job of marine salvage ever undertaken is transforming the Normandie into America's biggest and fastest ship—the U.S.S. Lafayette

YOU walk along 12th Avenue, the pier-studded street that fronts on the Hudson River. You present your credentials to the police and to the naval guards. You are permitted to go on toward 48th Street, and you come, all in a moment, to the open space between Piers 88 and 89.

And there, with the dramatic suddenness of a swiftly raised curtain, you come upon the whole great length of the U.S.S. Lafayette, the former Normandie, lying, gutted by fire and water, on her side in the swirling muddy water between the piers. Your first emotion is one of deep shock.

In her gray war paint, now streaked and blotched, and shorn of her soaring superstructure, her magnificent lines still sweep proudly above and through the clutter of lines and ladders and barges that cover and surround her. The two great starboard screws that once helped to drive her to a new record Atlantic crossing silently transfix the air.

Fire broke out in her main lounge on February 9th as she was being stripped for service as a transport, after she had been taken over by the Navy. The 6,000 tons of water poured into her by firefighters collected on the upper decks on the portside, causing her to list enough so that river water entered the ports on the lowering side; the incoming tide did the rest, sending her floundering over onto her side and creating the most difficult job in the history of marine salvage. It's a job that is already well under way.

The salvage of large ships offers extraordinary difficulties. A few years ago the liner Paris turned over at Le Havre and after several salvage attempts was broken up. In 1926 the "mail boat" Fontainebleau ran aground in the harbor of Djibouti and, after efforts to save her failed, was finally converted into an enormous pier by copious deposits of concrete.

Yet, as early as March 16th, the Navy, confident of saving the superliner, deposited $2,610,000 to pay New York City for the "maintenance, repair, renewal and alteration of Pier 88," at which the ship capsized. The pier was to be made the seat of salvage operations.

In the soft mud, divers had discovered the crushing of some of the pier's supporting piling by the impact of the vessel's keel; borings revealed the nearly fluid consistency of the underlying mud. The ship was found to have reached equilibrium at the edge of a rock shelf 46 feet below low water level; back at the stern there is a sheer drop of 160 feet owing to the downward slope of the rock toward the river's channel. Here hard sand was found to a depth of 55 feet above the rock. The stern has been sinking gradually, and the bow rising, and conceivably the vessel must plunge down the rock escarpment unless checked.

Favorable to the salvagers' hopes, through the timely closing of fire doors, is the comparative restriction of the fire's damage to the upper sun, boat and promenade decks. In the deep recesses of the hull, silt has worked in through open air and cargo ports, and the sweep of muddy water has dashed furniture, glass and other material throughout the vast hull, endangering the future operations of the divers. On the other hand, the region containing the boilers, turbo-alternators and motors are believed to have been less harmed by the flood.

Unwilling that the proposed enterprise be denounced as an extravagant folly, Secretary of the Navy Knox appointed, on April 20th, a committee of marine experts to conduct an independent investigation as to whether the ship could be salvaged or whether it should be demolished. Two days later dark rumors were already in circulation to the effect that the Normandie was a hopeless hulk, too expensive to salvage, and "shipping men acquainted with the condition of the big liner" were reported to have grave doubts as to the "practicability of salvaging the big hull."

When the Navy's official report was issued on May 21st it was affirmed that "the salvage of the U.S.S. Lafayette will undoubtedly exceed in magnitude and complexity any salvage operation hitherto undertaken." It certainly will.

Think of a small city housed in a structure some thousand feet long; wider than most city streets and about as high as a ten-story building. It is upset in mud and about 50 per cent flooded by water. How to right it? Can it be restored?

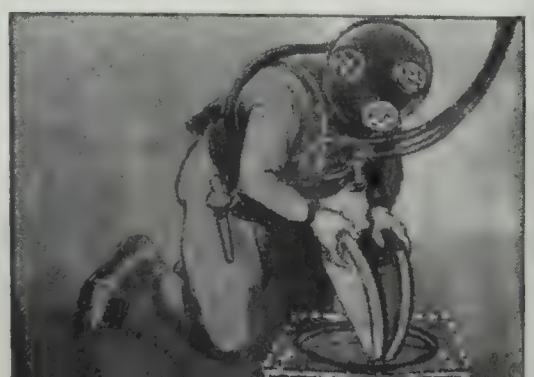
To Commander W. A. Sullivan, in charge of salvage operations, in his office with the Merritt, Chapman & Scott Corporation, the civilian contractors engaged by the Naval Salvage Service of the Navy's Bureau of Ships, came hundreds of suggestions for saving the ship. Many were fantastic: some advised balloons, rubber bags, greased winches, even ice cubes! Says the commander, a kindly man: "Most of the suggestions were logical if the ship were subject to ideal conditions."

How will it be accomplished? How long will it take? How much will it cost? To the last two queries the immediate answer is: No one knows exactly. One conservative estimate declares that the ship will be right side up in a year's time. In the office of the administration office on Pier 88, Lieutenant Commander Carl F. Chandler declares: "Difficult things we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer."



Here is the fire-and-water gutted hulk of the ex-Normandie, renamed the U.S.S. Lafayette, lying on her side her Hudson River Pier, as the preliminary activities involved in the stupendous job of raising her get under way. Her superstructure has been cleared away as far as the water level. For details, see keyed numbers on opposite page. Inset at top shows the Navy's diving school on pier, where young divers practice jobs to be encountere

Divers employ a "Tooker Patch" to seal underwater ports before pumping begins. When opened, the patch serves as a watertight dam against which concrete may be poured



The Normandie turned over because water from firefighters' hoses ran down to portside of upper decks, causing the ship to list. Actual capsizing was caused by incoming tide

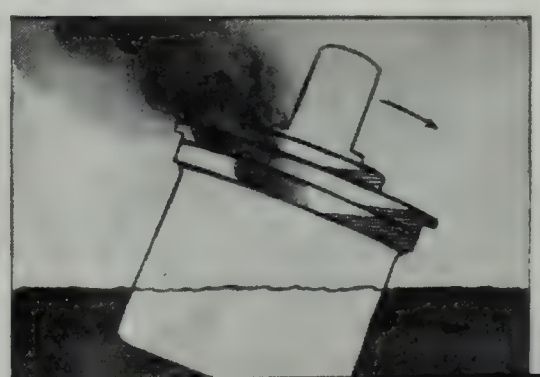
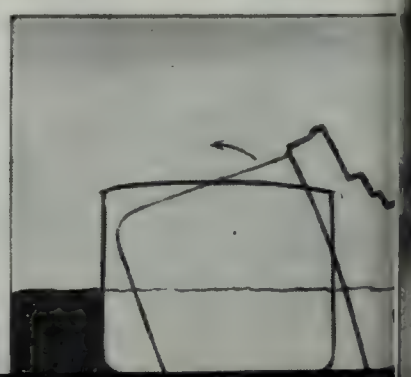


Diagram below illustrates ho removal of thousands of tons superstructure will aid eng neers in restoring normal ce ter of gravity in righting vess



The basic method of righting the Lafayette seems comparatively simple. Inclined at an angle of 80 degrees to the horizontal on its portside, the weight of the superstructure was somewhat balanced by the power plant below, with the dead weight of the water and mud stabilizing the hull on the bottom. The first task of the salvagers, therefore, is to clear the stacks and upper decks as far as the promenade deck, a job that is well toward completion, and then to exhaust the water and mud; create enough weight on the engine side of an imaginary vertical line drawn through the present center of gravity to enable the vessel automatically to swing over to an upright position. Gravity pulled her over; gravity will restore her.

Expressed in figures, the ship has been rated as having a dead weight of 56,000 tons. Something like 2,000 tons of the superstructure has already been removed, with an additional 1,000 tons, now mostly submerged, in process of elimination. Within the vessel there is

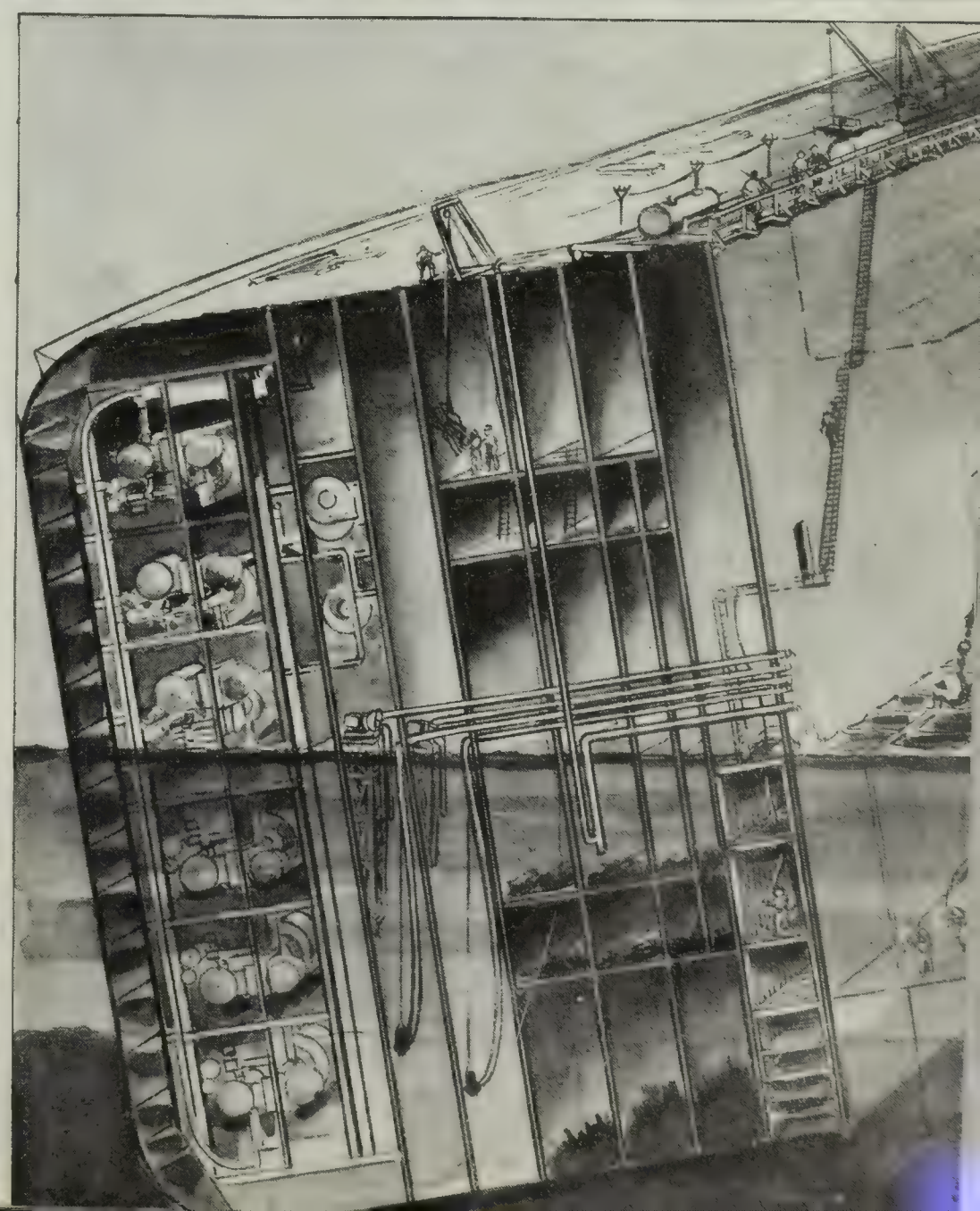
(Continued on page 43)

1. **Air supply tanks for divers at work inside hull.**
2. **Derricks lifting debris through side cargo ports.**
3. **Compressor pump installations.**
4. **Ramp from pier to ship leading to catwalks on edge of deck.**
5. **Branching trunk lines for water, air and fire control.**
6. **Ladder for access to interior.**
7. **Portion of pier that may have to be removed to prevent collision when ship rises.**
8. **Superstructure at water line being cleared away by divers and derricks.**
9. **Barges from which divers operate.**
10. **Barges for removing debris.**

A. Artist's cutaway showing extent of interior flooding.



Because the hull pivots on an underwater fulcrum of rock at point marked A, engineers created an area of buoyancy at B in order to prevent subsidence of the stern portion of the vessel into soft sand and mud that lie beneath it. At the right is an amidships cross section of the hull, showing compartmentation. Lowest section is engine room, not seriously damaged



An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



"You don't think it's the money?" Loveday asked, awed. "The actual money?" . . . "What else?" said Hugh

X

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her mother and her grandmother, in an old house near Indian Hill, California, Loveday Gurney often hears the story of her grandfather's lost fortune. The old gentleman, it appears, had died wealthy; but after his death his money was never found.

Another story to which the girl often listens revolves around her brother, Hugh, who, lost when he was five, had *apparently* died of exposure and starvation. . . .

Loveday's mother and grandmother both die. Then, when she is twenty, she marries "Larry" Ingersoll, an attractive but rather futile young man.

Several years pass. Loveday is the mother of three children when, to her amazement, she discovers that one of her friends—young Dr. Marc Villard, who believes he is a Frenchman, is—*her brother, Hugh!* Kidnaped, at the time of his supposed death, he had been taken to France; there he had been educated and cared for by a rich American woman, who had brought him to the States.

But what about the body that had been found—and "positively" identified? Hugh and Loveday interview the man who had found it—Al Harris. But they learn almost nothing. . . . Meanwhile, Loveday has learned that her husband simply cannot hold a good job; presently he enlists in the Canadian Air Force.

When Larry goes, Loveday finds herself confronted with a serious problem: "Chris" St. George, a noted playwright, has fallen in love with her. Again and again he calls on her, tells her that he adores her. Loveday admits that she loves him. She will not, however, promise to divorce Larry.

Then, one night when Chris is at the house, Al Harris comes in. He asks Loveday if he can spend the night in the barn. Loveday tells him that he can.

The hour is late, and Chris—who does not trust Harris—decides to sleep in the house. Loveday tells him good-night, and goes to her bedroom. *Larry is there;* he is in bed, asleep!

In the morning, Chris comes downstairs. Loveday greets him. "No excitements in the night?" he asks. Then he adds: "I'd make pretty sure today, if I were you, where Harris is." Loveday is silent for a moment. Then—"No excitements; no excitements," she says calmly, "but Larry's home."

LARRY'S *here!*"

"Yes. I didn't wake him because he told the girls he wanted to sleep." She managed a natural air as she poured the coffee, but Chris looked frankly astounded.

"When'd he come in?"

"Last night some time. I'm not sure when." No need to tell Chris that it was before he and she had separated for the evening.

"He didn't send you a wire," Chris commented. It was almost as if he were criticizing Larry, and Loveday too, for the omission. He was annoyed, though he tried not to show it; the atmosphere of the breakfast table changed. She was uncomfortably conscious of silences, spasmodic bursts of irrelevant talk, and of her own anxiety to get Chris out of the way, openly, and at the obviously proper moment without conspiracy or haste, but still out of the way.

Time went by; the clocks struck the half hour after eight; Chris said that he must go. Loveday tried for a protest, knew it to be unconvincing. And then of all pleasant and unexpected developments, Hugh came into the dining room, the children noisily swarming about him, and rain speckling the shoulders of his heavy Army overcoat. Somehow his appearance was of infinite reassurance to Loveday. She made her brother sit down at the breakfast table for a cup of coffee, kissed his dark hair as she passed behind him with a plate of fresh corn bread, laughed at his solemn round-eyed expression.

"Say, Loveday, I'm operating at ten. But I had to tell you. I've found Delia Dillon!"

"Oh, you and your clues, Hugh! And does she know anything about Grandfather's money?" She could laugh aloud in sheer relief.

"I don't know; I've not seen her yet. She lives in Portland. But d'you know how I found out about her? It was yesterday up at the hospital, when Father Burke came up to see a fellow who's pretty sick. The minute he heard my name he spoke of Grandfather Gurney and the odd chance that I had found out who I was—he knew all about it, of course—and then he spoke of all the family, asked about you, said he heard you had children— This is boring you, Chris?"

"Not at all," Chris said, recalled from somber abstraction.

"WELL, and it suddenly came to me that he might know Delia. So I asked him if he remembered a nice Irish maid my grandmother had and he said at once that he remembered her perfectly; she had married and gone away. I said that she hadn't left any traces that we could follow, through the post office and all that, and he said that she had been afraid of some man here who had been worrying her—"

"Harris, of course!"

"Harris. She'd sworn Father Burke into not telling anyone except a member of the family where she was, but he has her name, and he telephoned it to me this morning. So I've written to her in Portland and if she seems a likely—a likely—"

"Clue!" Loveday supplied, laughing.

"Lead," he substituted with dignity. "If she knows anything, I'll go up there the first chance I get. Hot work, huh, Chris?"

"And Larry's here, Hugh," Loveday said, as Chris appeared not to have heard. "Came in late last night."

"Larry, hey?" Hugh looked immensely pleased and relieved, and his sister knew why. She had seen the odd flash in his eyes, a flash that was there for but a fraction of a second, when he had opened the dining-room door upon Chris and herself at breakfast.

"What's the news with him?" he now asked.

"I don't know. He was terribly tired and he's still sound asleep." Oh, if only it could all go off in this everyday fashion! she thought, glancing surreptitiously at the clock. Quarter to nine; Chris must go soon. If by some miracle he left her to handle Larry alone she was afraid of nothing. With the passing minutes her heart began to rise on a steady wave of courage and hope. No matter how angry, how vociferous Larry was when he awakened, if nobody was in hearing she could somehow weather the storm. So Chris St. George had been spending the night there? her husband would ask. Yes; and for good reason.

At about nine o'clock that half-crazed Al Harris had turned up, and she hadn't wanted to be alone in the place with him wandering about. "Al Harris!" Larry would sneer; "you could throw him downstairs with one hand." "Well, that isn't a thing I especially want to do in the middle of the night, and I didn't want to lie awake wondering if every creak in the house was him coming upstairs, and I didn't want the children to

(Continued on page 26)



HEY JOHN, LOOK WHAT BETTY SENT ME...

AND DO I LOVE MILKY WAYS!

You bet he loves Milky Way candy bars and so does every last man of them! With each bite through the pure milk chocolate coating, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and the delightful center of chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk, he will thrill to the taste treat found only in Milky Ways. Not to mention its satisfying nourishment that is such a quick source of energy. Think what a whole box of Milky Ways will mean to your boy . . . sweet cheer from home.







John Hennessy doubled as mailman—but not in the approved Burmese style

MAIL FOR THE TIGERS

By John J. Hennessy

GENERAL CHENNAULT'S PERSONAL A.V.G. PILOT

As told to Gene Casey

WAS Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault's personal pilot while he was in command of the American Volunteer oup in China. The general's plane was last A.V.G. ship in and out of Lashio en the Japanese were blasting it off the p.

'he general wasn't with me that time; roommate Mickey Mickelson, A.V.G. ter pilot, was. Lashio had gone through big raids and another one was on the when I set my battered old plane down he flying field. The town was in pretty shape, but the flying field had come ough undamaged.

fter we landed, a R.A.F. pilot told us e there was some A.V.G. mail at the hio post office. "Wow!" Mickey yelled. t's get going!"

[one of us had received any letters from ie since the United States had gone to with Japan, four months before. We an unattended jeep, hopped in, and ded for the post office. The place was ed up tighter than a Burmese's pocketk, and when we inquired around we id an official who told us we'd have to out an application and get General nnault to sign it before we could get the l; so we felt a little beaten down, as we ted to drive back to the airfield.

hen, suddenly, I made a decision. "To with applications!" I said to Mickey kelson. "Let's go back and get that l anyway."

'm your boy," Mickey said with a wide

'e drove back, broke a pane of glass in post-office door, and let ourselves in. ryone was busy with his own evacuation problem and no attention was paid to us. Without knowing how many laws we were breaking, we sorted out the mail, taking only what was addressed to the A.V.G.

General Chennault's letters went to my inside pocket. Mickey and I each picked out our own and put the rest in the jeep. Then, back at the airfield, we abandoned the jeep and took off for Kunming before anyone could catch up with us.

General Chennault was getting ready to hold his staff meeting at four that afternoon and he called me into it. During a lull he asked me: "Been to Lashio today, Hennessy?"

"Yes, sir."

"When'd you leave?"

I told him.

"Did you know Lashio was practically blown off the map about two hours after you left?"

It was news to me but I figured this was a good time to tell him about breaking into the post office. The general is kind of stern-faced, but I noticed a small grin appearing at the corners of his mouth while I was talking. Then he demanded: "Any mail for me?"

I said, "Yes, sir!" and hauled it out of my pocket.

One of the staff officers said: "You'll probably get ten years for this, Hennessy."

"If he does," General Chennault said, "we'll all split up the sentence. There isn't a man in the A.V.G. who wouldn't be willing to serve part of it for one of these letters Jack brought back." Then he said to me, "Don't worry about it. The post office was probably blown off the map in that raid." ★★★

(Continued from page 24) wake up and be terrified!" she would answer.

While this imaginary exchange was formulating itself in her mind, she was smilingly superintending the men's breakfast, listening with half an ear for the sound of Larry's feet coming downstairs, and doling out directions, comfort, and odds and ends of post-breakfast toast and jam to the children, who were roaming at large.

Suppose Larry said, "What the blazes was Chris doing here anyway? How much are you seeing him?" Or suppose he coldly agreed to the divorce proposition at which she had hinted during their last angry talk, when he had left her stunned at her dressing table with the bitter reproach that as he could not give the children a home, and as they needed their mother, she held all the winning cards and might play them at her pleasure. Well, even then—?

SHE wanted to be free of Larry, of course. She glanced at Chris' serious, handsome, dark face and her heart stirred as it always did at the sight of him. But she did not want to be free on terms so shameful to herself as Larry's claim might make the events of the last few hours. She did not want Larry to be able to say what he might quite truthfully say of her, "because," her thoughts ran, "they aren't true! Chris is in love with me, of course, and Chris was here last night, but there was a good reason."

"Going, Chris?" The endless meal was over; Chris was on his feet; they all went with him to the door and down to the drive. Hugh got into his car and sped away; the children foraged among the shrubs and paths, the wind blowing the girls' soft curls into banners and whirls, stray leaves sailing down on the steps and the bricks. Chris stood by his car looking down at the rough old driving gloves he was pulling on his hands, his face a thundercloud.

"What's the matter?" Loveday asked, her heart sinking.

"Everything," he answered, with a brief glance.

"Not my fault," she said very low, hardly knowing what she said. The implication was, of course, that she had not wanted Larry to come home, and she did not quite mean that. What she really did mean was to have Chris safely off the place, and all explanations and apologies deferred until some later time.

"Not your fault? Whose fault is it that you haven't had an understanding with him, that you haven't made this sort of thing impossible?" the man beside her demanded. "You know how I feel. You know how any man who loves a woman would feel to have him—to have him—walk in here, go straight into your room—your room—!"

"Chris, Chris," she pleaded, for his dark face and the muscles of his throat were working painfully; she had never seen him like this before. "You must understand that nothing's settled yet—that after all, he's my husband—"

"He isn't giving me much chance to forget it!" Chris said darkly. And then restlessly, in a troubled voice, he added, "I'm sorry, Loveday, but what on earth am I to do? Joke and laugh over his coming back, breaking up all our plans? You told me that he left you in a fury, told you that you could get a divorce if you wanted one. What on earth's the explanation then of his coming in here unannounced, going right back to his old place—I tell you, Loveday, you've let one of us down, him or me! How can you possibly claim desertion now? You needn't," Chris interrupted himself to say scornfully, "you needn't keep looking up at those windows; there's nobody there; he isn't listening!"

"I did tell him you and I cared for each other," Loveday protested, her cheeks flaming, "but how could I say that while I was married to one man I was planning to marry another?"

"Why couldn't you? Isn't it done every day? Aren't the Reno hotels crowded with women who are doing exactly that? I'm sorry," he broke off to say sulkily, "I'll write you; I'll see you. I don't know that I ought to see you too soon; I'm all upset— I'm crazy, I guess. But I happen to love you. Will you—" he went on, seated in his open car now, with his gloved hands on the wheel, "will you please do one thing for me? Will you make things definite today, have an understanding with him, let me know where I stand? How I wish I didn't like you so much!"

The last inadequate phrase had the ring of a child's hopeless despair in it; it sounded in her ears for a long time after his car had disappeared down the drive. And yet it was with an enormously relieved heart that she turned back to the house.

The big dark hallways were gloomy and chilly. She thought that she would make a fire in the upstairs apartment the children called "Grandma's room," and keep the trio indoors until the weather was more settled; there had been gusts of rain, the trees and bushes were beaded with it. Now there was a lull for the moment, but it would be stupid to let them all get out and get wet, and so start the winter with heavy colds.

She kept herself busy, occasionally warning the children "not to wake Dad" in a tone whose wifeliness somehow held infinite reassurance for her, but not constraining herself to be particularly quiet. Larry must wake sometime, and perhaps the sooner the meeting was over the better. She hummed as she made up the beds, went to and fro between what had been her mother's room and the nursery. And presently she heard a sound from Larry that was half a shout and half a moan, and entering her own room with a fast-beating heart saw that he had rolled over on his back, carrying the covers like mummy wrappings about him, and that he was staring sleepily toward the door.

"Hello, Loveday!" he said easily. "Lord, I can feel it's late! What time is it?"

It couldn't be that he was going to be good-natured! That there need not be a scene?

"It's only a little after ten. Go back to sleep if you want to; Annie Lum's keeping the coffee hot."

"Oh, no," Larry said, with a long yawn; "I'll get up. I want to see the kids."

"And they want to see you." Anything for time! It might be an hour before she dared ask him the question that was burning in her soul: "When did you get home, Larry?"

THE children raced in. Larry quickly tired of their exuberance; as a father he was proud of them, but as companions he found them tiring. Loveday dismissed them, and began with as natural a manner as she could assume to make her own bed and get the room into order.

"Tell me everything, Larry. What brings you and how long can you stay?"

"Same old story. Pick up another bomber and take it back."

"Back to where? Toronto?"

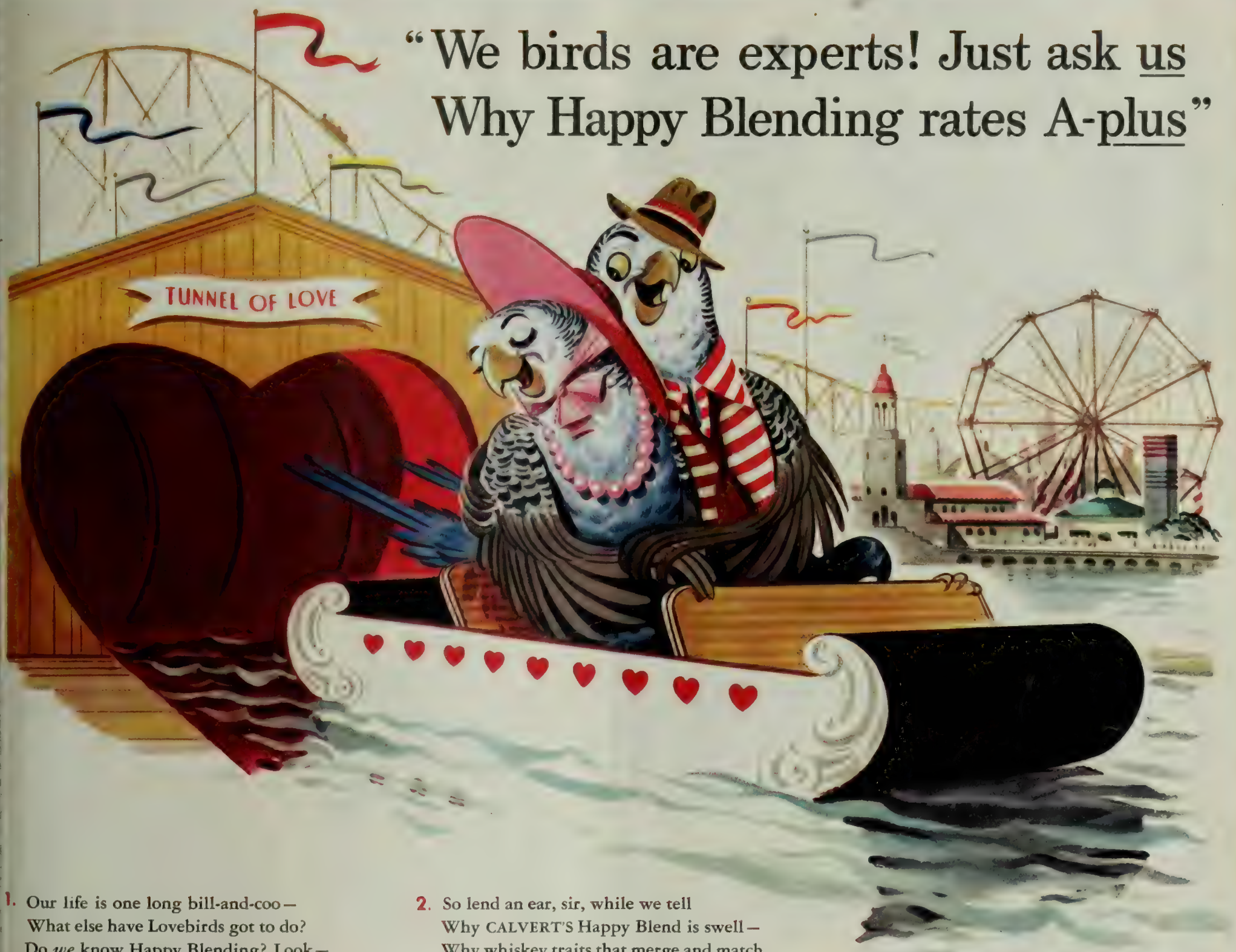
"Nope. I'm in our own service now. Transferred with a heck of a lot of red tape! Commissioned now in our Aviation Corps."

"Oh, and are you glad?"

"You bet your life I'm glad. I've been down in Pensacola right where I started. Only," Larry said, with a little touch of grim significance, of relish, "things are different now!"

"You mean you really are a flier now

"We birds are experts! Just ask us Why Happy Blending rates A-plus"



1. Our life is one long bill-and-coo—
What else have Lovebirds got to do?
Do *we* know Happy Blending? Look—
We're the birds who wrote the book!

2. So lend an ear, sir, while we tell
Why CALVERT'S Happy Blend is swell—
Why whiskey traits that merge and match
Make CALVERT better—down the hatch!





3. For whiskey traits don't all agree—
Some get along; some fight, you see.
So CALVERT scraps the scrappers, *quick*—
And weds just *happy* traits that click!

4. Here's *every* quality you seek—
That's why this whiskey is unique.
So ask for CALVERT . . . now . . . tonight!
A single sip will *prove* we're right!

Clear Heads Choose Calvert



THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"...

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



←If she's always "busy" like this . . .

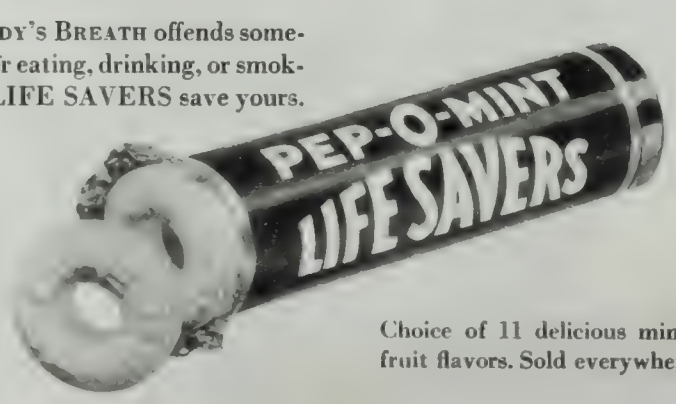
(when you and she should be like this)➡





←TRY THIS

➡ EVERYBODY'S BREATH offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.



Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

a good one, and they know it?" Loveday supplied eagerly.

"I always knew I was," he said simply.

"And you're on your way—where?"

"To Norfolk. That is, unless there are other instructions waiting me at San Diego." He stretched luxuriously in the warm bed. "Storm, hey?" he asked, looking at the windows that were occasionally shaken by petulant outbursts of wind, and at the almost leafless branches that tossed beyond. "You still having any trouble with the furnace?" he asked. "How are things going? Got money enough?"

But he did not listen attentively to her answers; his mind was on other things.

PRESENTLY, dressed and downstairs at breakfast Larry began to talk of his work and of the men with whom he was associating. Loveday waited on him, sat opposite him at the table and listened.

"You'll stay in the United States, though, Larry?"

"Well, I don't know. Nobody knows anything. We expected a pilot—friend of mine—named McNally, to go back with us the last time, but he went on."

"Went on where?"

"We don't know—all very hush-hush."

"Might they send you away?"

"Well, su-u-ure they might." He was enjoying his breakfast.

She refilled his cup, and he doubled a wedge of corn bread over a lump of butter and put it into his mouth.

"I didn't hear you come in. What time did you get here last night?" It was asked at last.

" 'Bout—I don't know, half past nine maybe. You and Chris St. George were sitting in there by the fire. But I was too dog-tired to bother with him—his kind of talk kind of makes me sick anyway—so I beat it up to bed. What does he do, stop here every time he goes up to the city?"

No suspicion, no jealousy, no resentment! She felt as if a shower of cold water had fallen over her; she caught her breath.

"He's staying at Del Monte now; they're making a picture at Pebble Beach."

"You kind of like his line, don't you?" Larry asked in mild curiosity. Loveday, with a keen recollection of his last visit at home, when she had actually proposed to him that she get a divorce to marry Chris, looked at him in stupefaction. He had bitterly implied that the easiest way out of the mess was for him to get himself killed as quickly as possible. But today he was apparently unconscious of anything irregular. He finished his breakfast and walked out to the terrace breathing complete satisfaction in every aspect of his being.

Hugh came back for lunch, and the conversation about Larry's aviation training camp in the East, Hugh's hospital camp at Indian Hill, their speculations as to other camps, military movements, naval action, armament production and air defense, reduced Loveday to the position of listener. She served a good meal; the children were by this time asleep, and a fire in the little-used dining-room grate made the general effect of hospitality and coziness accentuated by the wild winds outside.

"You're going to stay in this neighborhood, Hugh?" Larry asked.

"I don't see why not."

"Well, I hope you do. In case of any emergency or illness here, I'd like to feel that Loveday had you to turn to."

"Oh, I look 'em over every few days," Hugh said with his pleasant smile. "Even if I can't get home every night!"

"Before winter I wish we could get that furnace straightened out," Larry went on. "We fired it up a couple c times last spring, but there's somethin wrong. Has anything been done abou partitioning off an apartment upstairs Loveday was talking about that las summer."

This gave Hugh a chance to embar upon the subject of the lost Gurne fortune; he expatiated upon clues, lead suspicions, hopes. If they found th money, they would have the whol house done over and start the hospita as well. Loveday could see that Larr put small faith in their ever ending the particular quest.

"What I was thinking," he said, "wa that if you put a mortgage of—say, tw thousand, on the place, and rented th apartment for—what could you ge d'you suppose?"

"Two thousand!" Loveday protested "Two hundred is more like it."

Neither man paid her any attentio beyond an absent-minded glance.

"You could get a good rent," Hug said, "because there's not half enoug housing in Indian Hill for the familie of the men who are pouring in here They fell to figuring.

"You see, Hugh," Larry said finally "in two years it would be paid for. Ther with her rent, and what she could rais on the place, and you right here to kee an eye on things, she'd be fixed."

"But Larry," Hugh said, "there is a ways the chance of our having muc more!"

"Yes; all right, go ahead and find it" he conceded good-naturedly. "Well he went on, "there's the furnace the that ought to be fixed. And get an est mate on this apartment business, th is the time to do it. And another thing-Mr. St. George is still sending you fift or seventy-five or something ever month, isn't he, Loveday?"

"From the estate," Loveday said, fo some reason, obscure even to herself, little offended by the question.

" 'From the estate!' " Larry repeate in the tone of male superiority that sh hated. "All right. But of course th stops," he said to Hugh, "if anythin happens to the old man. That's just h generosity."

"You don't know that!" Loveday sai

Again Larry paid no attention to he he looked at her brother.

"I thought, if we found my grand father's money, Loveday could ver well tell him that she did not need it an more," Hugh said. Loveday's fac turned red. "Uncle Warren," Hugh wen on, "isn't young any more, and I imagin he'd like to retire one of these days."

THEIR conversation was making h feel singularly like a helpless depen ent fool, Loveday reflected resentfull Larry was going away, perhaps into wa certainly into danger, and treating h as an irresponsible child; in a busines like way he was getting his house order before he left.

Why couldn't she summon the cou age to crash into the plans of these me with an announcement of her own gli tering prospects?

"I'm sorry to seem unappreciativ gentlemen, but the truth is—"

She couldn't say it. But, she thought she could do it, and that would be eve better. If Chris came back, that is. F Chris had been angry when he we away; he had been made to feel strange like a fool, too. He had been caug red-handed as it were in a very com promising situation—alone at night another man's house with his arm abo that man's wife—

Her face was hot. Chris was too pro to like that predicament; he and she h done nothing wrong; they had contem plated nothing wrong; it was not fair have them put in this ridiculous po tion. Larry had known Chris was the and had not been sufficiently concern

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

even to come into the library and suggest an explanation. Chris could have met that challenge. But to Chris what Larry had done had been the insufferable thing: he had gone upstairs to Loveday's very room, had tumbled wearily into bed, and had gone off into deep and dreamless sleep, with his rival actually in the house.

"I wish they would all get out," she thought, and in her thoughts the last two words were fairly screamed, "and leave me to myself and let me think things out and decide without their interference!"

"Well, keep the home fires burning," Larry said, when the time came for him to go, and Hugh had offered to drive him to the airport. "Oh, and by the way, Loveday—"

They were on the outer steps below the front door. Hugh had gone down with the children to the car. The wind was still whirling leaves about madly; the air was wild and sweet and soft.

Loveday stopped, looked back at Larry on the step behind her.

"As far as Chris goes," he said, "he's the sort, I imagine, who's always hanging around other men's wives. I don't know, of course; you know him better than I do. But I don't worry about you; women like you can fool around a lot and get letters and wish they had the nerve to get away with things, but they're too scared to get very far. You're a good starter, but you don't want to get in too deep any more than he does.

"Now, about divorce," he added in a businesslike tone. "I talked to my mother—"

"You talked to your mother!"

"Yep. Why not?"

"Well, because—because, what business is it of hers?"

"The kids are her business."

"The children are *my* business!"

"Not if you're leaving them, to marry someone else."

"Larry, you said when you were last here—you said yourself," Loveday began breathlessly, "that you couldn't take them, that they belonged to me! Children those ages always go with the mother."

"Not always they don't! Things are different now, anyway. I'm getting paid; I'm in a job I can stay in, war or no war. Yep; I talked to Mom, and I think she talked to Marge. My father's not going to live very long; he's washed up, and Mother'll be awfully lonely. She'll have something, a couple of rents, and I'll be able to help out, and she wants the kids."

"Well, I like your mother, and she's always been nice to me," Loveday began, with tight lips, "but if she or anyone thinks for one minute I'd let them go—but it's ridiculous!"

Larry's tone was not argumentative.

"Mom would want them most of the time school time," he said. "They're so little now it doesn't matter. But afterward it's bad to keep jumping them in and out of schools."

"That's a silly way to talk," she said coldly. But she was shaking.

"Well, silly or not, that's the situation. You work it out. And Hugh'll get some figures on partitioning the house and making that apartment and see that they overhaul the furnace. That may cost you four or five hundred, but whatever it is a mortgage would cover that too. It isn't," Larry concluded in a kinder tone than he had been using, as they both went on down the steps "it isn't that I don't trust you. I know what you're made of. But I wouldn't trust Chris St. George as far as you could throw him with one hand. He's not the man I'd want to raise my kids. When you first sprung this on me I didn't have anything to say. I didn't know where I'd be, and Mom hadn't said anything about wanting the kids. It's different now."

HE KISSED the children, waved a hand at her.

"Behave yourselves now, and don't give your mother any trouble!" he called back from the front seat as he and Hugh drove away.

Her mind and senses a jumble of fear and anger and amazement, Loveday went automatically back into the house and took the children up to her mother's old room, now their playroom.

Suddenly, desperately, she needed Chris. She thought of the handsome dark face, the wise smiling eyes, the deliberately hesitant speech that still seemed to say so much more than anyone else ever said. Chris, pulling on his pipe, bringing his glance to hers, twisting just a little corner of his fine mouth, would solve all this. It would all seem right and simple when Chris and she talked it over.

The telephone rang sharply and she



"You're sure the Army won't mind my taking a picture of you, son?"

Collier's — LAWRENCE LARIAR

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel



Mrs. A: I should have known better than to let you go to the party as a clown! Clowns, my love, are supposed to make people *laugh.*

Mr. A: I know, I know. I was a first-class flop. But, gee, I just don't have the old yen for parties any more.



Mrs. A: "Yen," my eye. All you lack, my unhappy husband, is your quota of *pep appeal.* My hunch is that you're not eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And right now is a good time to start getting them. Let's go raid the pantry.



Mrs. A: Just dip your spoon into this bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP! It's a crunchy, toasty cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. *And* in it are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins, you know!

Mr. A: Ummmm! Why didn't you tell me how *swell-tasting* it is? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as this—say, I may turn out to be the life of the party yet.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B_1 (1/2 for children up to 5).

ran downstairs with her heart beating fast with apprehension.

It was a telegram. She asked the man to repeat it. It seemed too good to be true that Chris had been as hungry to see her as she had been to see him.

"May I come over on Sunday," it read. "Must settle everything now. Much love." Signed, "Chris."

"HUGH," Loveday said, only half listening to him, as they sat basking in the Sunday sunshine. "I've always been equal to anything that I had to face and anything I had to do, in the past, and now I'm not—I'm out at sea with no land in sight—I'm drifting about like a crazy woman!"

"Chris, eh?" Hugh asked, with a shrewd look.

"Chris, of course. Chris and I have loved each other almost since the first minute we met in Aunt Laura's house."

"And you never loved Larry." Hugh made it a quiet statement.

"No; you mustn't say that," she protested quickly. "I did. I loved him dearly in those first years in the little house on Buckingham Way. I used to love to have him come home tired and come into the kitchen and be glad that dinner was cooking, and kiss the girls and kiss me. He's— But Hugh, you know Larry! He was like an Airedale puppy, big and affectionate and not critical, and so easily hurt when things went wrong!"

"Did you tell him how it is between you and Chris before he left for Honolulu?" Hugh asked. Her eyes went to his in quick surprise.

"Honolulu? What makes you think Larry's going there?"

"What he said to me, driving to the station. He wasn't going back to Norfolk this time with a bomber. He was going on. That's the reason, I suppose, that he wanted to get things more or less straightened out here. Yes; he's probably there now."

"There now! But he only left last week! But flying, of course," Loveday said, considering, her eyes still alarmed. "Yes; he knew how it was between Chris and me."

"And he consented to—what? A divorce?"

Loveday was not listening. Her eyes were on the drive and the road that, visible from the terrace, wound away down the hill to the village.

"That's Chris' car!" she said, her face alight. "I know the engine! That's Chris!"

CHRIS came every Sunday and Loveday with a heart that trembled and soared lived through the weeks looking forward to that day.

Perhaps, when he arrived, he would settle himself by the fire, rustling the pages of the morning paper in comfortable domestic fashion, laughing at the children, stopping her as she went to and fro on household errands: or perhaps he would propose that they all take a bracing walk in the soft rain. But, unless the day was unusually bright, Loveday would protest against an outing.

"Oh, let's stay in where it's warm and comfortable! There's a terrible fog coming over the hill. This is my holiday anyway," she would say to Chris. "I never waste time like this when you're not here."

"As if you ever wasted a minute! Doing everything in this big place that old slow-freight Annie Lum doesn't do!"

Hugh and Warren St. George had arranged a mortgage. The changes upstairs were being made. The carpenters' and plasterers' work fascinated the children, and on Sundays Chris and Loveday usually inspected the rooms; doors had been cut through, windows closed or enlarged, the sewing room showed great gashes in the plaster where pipes had been placed, the furniture and curtains had been packed away in the old laboratory.

"Agnes Fayre asked me what the rent was to be, yesterday, Chris," Loveday said one Sunday, "and when I said seventy-five—because that's what Uncle Warren suggested—she said seriously that then she wanted to move in herself. It seems the place they have is noisy, radios going all around, and they've no storage space, whereas here they could have rooms and rooms for it. She wants to get out all her China stuff that is packed away; she adores this house, and of course it's paradise for the children."

"Don't go on making plans as if I weren't in the picture," Chris said. "In any case, how'd you like having her here all the time?"

"I think I'd like it. Until Captain Fayre comes back, we women might as well stick together. Both our husbands are away on duty."

"What on earth do you gain by waiting until Larry comes back? Isn't the sensible thing to get our affair settled and out of the way? I have to go back to the East right after the new year—that's six weeks from now. That just gives you time to go to Reno, get your divorce and follow me to New York. I'm horribly in earnest, darling, and I realize—what I'm afraid you don't—that the sooner we get all this finished the sooner everyone'll stop talking about it and begin to take it for granted."

HER forehead was faintly knitted—a familiar enough expression to her now when he pressed her to act.

"It's the children, Chris."

"How could he possibly do anything about taking away the children if, as Hugh says, he's flown to Honolulu?"

"Not this minute, no, of course not. But it would be hanging like a sword over my head, always—every time the telephone rang I'd think it was some lawyer telling me that Lawrence Ingersoll had put the case into his hands."

"He couldn't afford it, for one thing, Loveday. Children are expensive, and yours will get more and more so."

"That wouldn't worry Larry's mother. To her children only mean bread and peanut butter and public schools and ten cents for the movies every Saturday. She'd jump at the chance."

"She'd take them to spite you, you mean?"

"No; I don't think that. She was always kind to me. But she would resent my leaving Larry, getting a divorce when he was away on duty and couldn't contest it."

"IF WE get into this war, it may be years before Larry comes back," Chris offered.

"Yes; and he may never come back," Loveday added quietly.

"I want to say something to you," he said in a sudden angry tone, "and now is as good a time as any. We've said a thousand times that we love each other, that our lives together would be one long heaven. But we don't love each other the same way! Perhaps a man and a woman never do; I don't know. But you've got strings on your love, other things to think of, reservations. I haven't!"

Tears had sprung to Loveday's eyes; her expression as she turned to look at him was that of a hurt child. But she brushed them away with an impatient hand, and held her mouth steady as she answered him:

"I have children, Chris. You haven't."

"I know you have, dear," he said more gently, "and they would be as precious a responsibility to me as my own—and I want my own too!—could possibly be. But this is the difference. When I'm with you I'm mad with restlessness and impatience to have you come to some decision, make some plan, take the first step that will bring you nearer. And when I'm away from you I'm tortured to see you again. It's no use to tell myself that you're just a woman like any other, and that I can some day forget you. That's not true. You're in my skin and my brain and heart and spirit and eyes, every minute of my life I'm seeing you and hearing you. And I can't stand it, Loveday! It's got to be one thing or another."

A moment earlier they had been laughing; they had been sauntering through the newly constructed apartment discussing the placement of lights and the size of the refrigerator. Now suddenly the crisis was upon them, and Loveday knew in her soul that she had had her last chance to postpone this m ment.

"Chris, can't we be patient? After a you're only thirty-seven and I'm t years younger."

"No; I can't be patient," he sa grimly.

"Will you consider—look," she pleade "let's think it over this week, and deci finally exactly what we'll do."

"No; we'll not think it over this wee We've thought it over. We love ea other. The divorce is only the—on the seal on that, the guinea's stam Our love for each other is the gol Loveday, and it has a right to liv Either you promise me to write Lar the truth tonight—either you *promi* me—"

His face was dark with passion; t bitter sense of his wrongs was shaki his voice and bringing his breath sho and shallow. Loveday laid her ha on his arm but he shook it off, and s saw his nostrils dilate, and the gri line of his jaw.

"Tell me that you'll write Larry t night!" he said.

"That's an awful letter to write a m who is far away, risking his life pe haps."

"How risking his life?" Chris d manded scornfully.

"Well, he's in the Navy, flyi planes," she offered simply.

"Will you write him tonight?" Chr asked inflexibly.

"I'll think about it, truly I will. I let you know, Chris."

"You'll let me know now, this minut or you'll not see me again." Perha he had not meant to say that much, b it was said now, and there was nothi in Christopher's expression as he looke at her that suggested wavering.

"You—you don't mean that," s said, a little pale.

THEY had been walking down throug the house as they talked, now the were in the lower hall, and Chris, h with anger and determination, caug up his coat and cap. "I do mean it," I said, opening the door, turning to loo at her over his shoulder, "and I thi you know it! Goodby, Loveday."

He ran down the steps to his car wit out a backward glance. She saw hi fling his coat onto the spare seat, s in under the wheel; she saw that h strong brown hands were busy for a m ment with the gears. Chris, tall a handsome, with the smooth black ha and the lean, keen brown face; Chris the slow, deliberate, fascinating spee and the slow smile—gone! She felt h throat thicken, and her eyes filling wi tears. He couldn't have left her s He'd come back! He never went at th time! It was not yet three o'clock; t children were still asleep!

She got through the next half-ho like a woman in a dream telling herse only that he must come back. What f supper, if he did? Annie Lum was gon the kitchen was orderly and quie Loveday looked into the icebo Chickens had been cooked yesterday, that Chris might have a very speci club sandwich for his lunch. A sma bowl in the icebox held chicken liver An ideal supper for a hungry man, Lov day thought: chicken livers with baco a salad made from Friday's celery ro toasted biscuits from last night, coffe She would hurry the children throug their supper—

But supper time brought no Chri and Monday brought no letter. A du heaviness took possession of her hear sometimes she felt as if it were a phys cal weight dragging within her. Oh, I must write, he must come!

Every telephone call might be Chri from every one she turned back sic ened with hope deferred; it was nev Chris. The weather turned pure Indi



"—Another three dozen tennis balls, please"

Collier's JEFFERSON MACHAMER

ALL AMERICA KNOWS BUDWEISER.. BUT FEW KNOW THIS



..TO GUARD YOUR WELL-BEING

You owe it to yourself and to your country to keep well. Vitamins are an important part of the nation's health program. Did you know that Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's largest sources of natural B Complex Vitamins for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products? That it produces yeast vitamin concentrates for civilian and military hospitals?

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

addition to supplying the ed forces with glider assem-s, gun turret parts and food-ds, Anheuser-Busch produces terials which go into the nufacture of:

y Foods • Bakery Products fections • Yeasted Peanut Butter aged Foods • Ice Cream • Soda ntain Syrups • Hospital Diets min Preparations • Food Starches cs • Medicines • Animal Feeds eries • Rubber • Paper • Soap hine Parts • Inks • Gums s • Textiles • Adhesives • Flash-s • Carpets • Twine

VITAMIN D—Formerly America depended upon Norway and Japan for fish oils rich in Vitamin D. Today we produce from yeast enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—Anheuser-Busch is the biggest supplier of yeast vitamins to fortify animal feeds, thus improving the quality and propagation of cattle and poultry.

CANDIES—Corn syrup is an essential candy ingredient. Our Corn Products Division, an industry in itself, produces annually many millions of pounds of highest quality corn syrup, rich in food and energy value.

SYRUPS—(*for food—for medicine*)—In addition to fine table and confectionery syrups, Anheuser-Busch produces special syrups used as a basis for medicines.

STARCH—Thousands of food industries all over America choose Anheuser-Busch pure food corn starch for their products—millions of pounds each year. We also supply starch to the textile, paper and many other industries.

FRESHER FOODS—Retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over have equipment manufactured until recently by our Refrigeration Division. Today, however, this division is working all out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our armed forces.

BREAD—Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest suppliers of baker's standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup to make bread.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

COPYRIGHT 1942
HEUSER-BUSCH
AINT LOUIS

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IGNITION ENGINEERED



"SHECKS! AH TOLD COUSIN CLAD TO FETCH ME BACK A COUPLE O' PLUGS...AH FIGGERED THE DERN FOOL WOULD KNOW AH MEANT AUTO-LITES!"

AN EASY WAY TO HELP YOU—CARE FOR YOUR CAR FOR YOUR COUNTRY

Today, it's patriotic . . . and smart...to keep your car giving "like-new" performance. To help car owners do this easily, economically, Auto-Lite Spark Plug dealers offer "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. "Plug-Chek" makes it easy to see for yourself if spark plugs are causing gas waste, loss of power—points the way to restoring gas economy. Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service helped increase gas mileage as much as 12%. Often, simply cleaning and regapping your present spark plugs is all that is needed. Ask your service man for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. Care for your car for your country.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • SARNIA, ONTARIO



Color and condition tell if spark plugs are operating "too hot," or "too cold," or just right. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to spark-weary engines.



IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

summer. Even though nights and mornings were arctic, the days were warm and still. The children roved free again.

Agnes Fayre, finely bred, gentle, intelligent, came up with her children. Agnes' heroism in her temporary widowhood was so sincere, she so missed and loved her good husband, that Loveday felt sometimes envy and sometimes shame that she could not share the feeling.

But she could feel nothing but suspense—suspense that exhausted and unnerved her. She could not sleep; her appetite failed her completely; food had neither taste nor interest now; she looked at it apathetically, poured herself a cup of tea, toasted bread, forgot to touch either.

Phrases in a hundred possible letters went through her mind; she did not write one. She could not promise to write Larry the news that would anger and embitter him. Until she could promise that, to summon Chris would be mere coquetry, would justify his accusation that she was playing a woman's game. But her heart ached to know that his car was coming up the road again, ached for the right to sit at the little dining table by the library fire, and hear his voice with its haunting, dragging pauses; her eyes ached to look up and see his dark ones upon her and his mouth twisted in his own smile.

THE week dragged by and on Sunday, lingering always near the front of the house in her morning occupations so that she would not miss him, she heard a car coming, and the quiet November morning seemed to break into sparkles and to tremble like something made of impalpable shining mist. Oh, how much she had to say, and how infinitely satisfying and wonderful to say it! This one talk—this one hour would straighten everything! There would never be another week of silence between them again!

But it was Hugh's car, and it was Hugh, lugging a roped black box, who came panting up the steps.

"Look!" he shouted, half carrying half dragging the box, which was th size of two ordinary suitcases, and wa untidily wrapped in many thicknesse of frayed newspaper. "Do you kno what this is?"

The children gathered eagerly abou Christmas was some weeks off, but any thing in the way of a mysterious pack age was already interesting.

"This," he cried, "is the Owen Hug Gurney Memorial Hospital!"

"Not Grandfather's money!" For moment she could forget her own bitte disappointment.

"What else?" His brown thin nerv ous surgeon's hands were trembling; th box was securely roped with crosstie and many knots; Loveday brought rusty pair of scissors from her gardenin box on the side porch and sawed awa at the cords vigorously.

"Where'd you get this?"

"Delia Dillon. She sent it. I had letter from her on Thursday and telephoned her. She said that Grandfa ther—" Hugh breathed hard as a pa ticularly stubborn knot gave way. "Tha Grandfather," he began again, "ha taken this to her himself, all the way u to Portland, and put it in her attic. H told her that it was valuable and tha only a member of the family must hav it. I suppose she half forgot it all thes years; it was just 'some old junk Doctor Gurney's' to her. She says h said it was 'papers.' Papers—ha ejaculated Hugh in joyous scorn, as h tore the last of the binding cords fre and pulled open the brown paper wra pings that were underneath the thic layers of newspapers.

"You don't think it's the money? Loveday asked, awed. "The actu money?"

"What else?" The newspapers an the paper, old and yellowed, we thrown aside, and a black leather bo reinforced by wooden cleats, came view. Hugh pried away the cleats a the loosely hinged top was pushed u Both he and Loveday were breathles

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S

"Oh, boy, are they moving!"

SCOTT BROWN

Mars and the Bright Blue Stallion

Continued from page 18

and finish your spinach. Seems to me, you ask a lot of questions for a twelve-year-old."

Then I remembered Bright Blue. I remembered him standing there in the new stall that I had built for him myself. My old man said it was a good job, too. Bright Blue didn't like it much, though—it kept him from the other horses. It kept him from showing off in front of the fillies. He was handsome enough to show off in front of anybody, I reckon. We called him Blue, but he was really black. He was so black that when the sun caught him just right, he turned as blue as a good gun barrel. I sat there eating spinach, like my mother said, but all I could see was Blue shoving his nose inside my arm.

"You ain't thinking about selling Blue?" I said.

MY OLD man put down his fork, sat staring at me. "Why should I think about Blue, son?" he asked. "Blue ain't my stallion, is he?"

"No, sir, you gave him to me while he was still a colt," I said. "I remember what you told me. You said, 'Take the little rascal if you want him, boy. He ain't goin' to be but half a horse anyhow.' That's what you told me, Pa, when Blue was lying there in the wet grass of the pasture beside the old mare."

"I was wrong," my old man said.

"I ain't sellin' Blue," I said. "I ain't sellin'—Army or no Army."

"You quit sayin' ain't," my mother told me. "What good does it do me to send you to school?"

I didn't answer her.

"No one asked you to sell," my old man said. "Seems to me, I've been at his table all night and I ain't heard no one bidding for that Blue of yours."

We didn't talk about it any longer because my mother started in on the old man about going to prayer meetings every Wednesday night and he couldn't think about horses until she got through. She was still talking when I got up from the table and slipped out of doors.

Outside in the night, I flopped down beside the steps in the spot where me and Harry used to tell each other stories. I got to thinking about Harry way off here in Australia, and I got to thinking about how nice he must look behind that medal. I ain't jealous of Harry. He's older than I am and it's only right that he gets to do things that I can't do, like fighting the Japs and all. No, sir, I ain't jealous of Harry. I ain't jealous of his medal. I couldn't think much about Harry because I couldn't forget what the old man had said about Bright Blue being my horse. I remembered what he had said about folks besides soldiers, like Harry, winning medals. I knew what he meant by that. I knew all the time he was talking. "He wants me to sell that Blue," I said. "By golly, he wants me to sell!"

My old man came out later and sat on the porch smoking his pipe.

"Reckon you got plenty of horses to do, Pa?" I said.

"Not more than two or three."

"What about the others?"

"You can't run a farm without horses, son," my old man said. "You know that. Seems to me, you've been around here long enough to know that backward and forward."

"I'll let you use Bright Blue for plowing."

"With those thin legs of his, and all that spirit? Don't be foolish, boy. The man never lived who'll get Bright Blue to pull a plow, not without breaking him."

"That'd ruin him," I said.

"It would. It would ruin him before you could say Jack Robinson."

Then I thought about Harry over there riding around in an airplane, and I said, "How come they need horses any at all, Pa? Seems to me, they got enough tanks and planes to do things with. Seems to me they don't need horses any more. You don't see Harry riding no horse. No, sir!"

"Just the same, they use them," my old man said.

They my old man got up and went inside. He said he was going to bed and he said it was about time I went to bed, too.

I said, "All right, Pa, but I'm going down to the barn for a minute."

He stood in the door, watching me walk away. "You'll ruin that horse, bothering him at night," he said. "Why don't you let him alone?"

Bright Blue heard me coming and he reached into my pocket with the edge of his lip, looking for carrots. "They want you in the Army, boy," I said. "They want to take you away, Bright Blue, but they ain't gonna do it. Not unless it's over my dead body."

Funny thing was that my old man never mentioned it to me again. He never said anything else about the remount man coming to see us, from that night on. My old man believed in minding his own business, like he said that night at supper. He figgered if I didn't want to sell Blue, I didn't want to sell, and that was that. I saw him examining Blue once, running his hand up and down inside Blue's legs.

"There ain't nothing wrong with that horse," I said.

He looked at me with one of those half grins of his. "No, son, there's not a thing wrong."

I ain't the smartest boy in the world. I don't know half as much about anything as Harry. It took me a long time to figure out a way to keep Blue at home. I knew I wasn't going to let that horse go, but I didn't know just what to do to keep him.

THEN one day we were galloping down near the river—Blue and I—and I saw this thing crawling through the brush. Blue let out a gasp and tried to cakewalk on his hind legs. It was a sure-'nough rattler, the first I had seen for spring, and it was moving mighty slow—as if it had just pulled out of its winter sleep and didn't know exactly where to go.

I had my rifle on the saddle, next to my leg. I jumped to the ground, tied Blue to a tree, and went over and aimed real close at that ugly-shaped head. I shut one eye and pretended that I was my older brother, Harry, scooting around in a shark-faced plane, and here was a Jap squatting in the sights.

"You're dead, you Jap," I said, and I let the rattler have it right through the head.

Then I took a heavy stone and crushed the head until you couldn't tell whether the snake had been shot or chewed to pieces. Then I dragged the body from the brush, sprawled it across the trail. I knew the old man would come riding past sooner or later. He always took a canter early in the morning. I waited until I heard him coming and then I jumped back on Blue, taking the reins from the tree.

"What's up?" my old man asked.

"This old Blue horse just saved my life," I told him.

"How's that?" My old man looked scared at first until he saw I wasn't in-



From this package... the world's most delectable GINGERBREAD!



SURPASSES HOME MIXES . . . COSTS LESS!

APRICOT SHORT CAKE. Gingerbread, whipped cream and apricots—food for the gods! *And no work.* Add water to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix, bake in layer pans. When cool, add whipped cream and fruit. Your family will devour every crumb.

Made from the private recipe of George Washington's mother.

DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX

Try cup cakes, cookies, and piping hot squares topped with whipped cream! They come out perfect . . . utterly delicious . . . with this guaranteed mix. Wholesome too . . . a valuable energy food. *And actually costs less than home recipes!*

NEW!

CHOCOLATE STUDDED "GINGIES"

2-MINUTE RECIPE

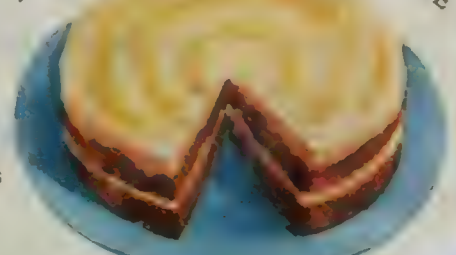
Whole pieces of chocolate in each delicious bite! Simply stir 1/3 cup water into Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Add 7 oz. package semi-sweet chocolate pieces (or cut up 7 oz. bar). Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes — 350° (moderate oven).

HURRAH! A MIX FOR RICH CHOCOLATEY DEVIL'S FOOD TOO!



Makes dark, velvety cake. Or crunchy, chocolatey cookies. *Always* comes out perfect!

JUST ADD WATER AND BAKE



LOOK AROUND

...and find what you're missing!



It may take a bit of looking around to get a Schick Electric Shaver these days. That's because our factory is all out on war production and the only Schicks now in stock were built before we went to work for Uncle Sam.

And, to take care of our *old* customers, we also built up a backlog of shearing heads and renewal parts for the nearly 4 million Schicks already in service.

So it's sure worth your while to hurry out and get *your* Schick Shaver *now*. And when you do get it, here's what you'll find.

You'll find that the ingenious 2-M Hollow-Ground Head of this marvelous shave-machine gently arches the skin surface to make your beard stand up. Then, along comes the Flying Shuttle Shearer—with its 14,000 cutting actions per minute—and slicks those whiskers off clean and close—right down to the base—with no chance of nicks, cuts, scrapes or burn!

Pictured above is the Schick Colonel—handsomely styled in rich ivory plastic, and powered by the speedy "Whiskwik" motor that operates on both AC and DC. Its price is only $15.* Get yours today. If, after 2 weeks' trial, you're not satisfied down to the last whisker, your dealer will refund every penny!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

**Slightly higher in Canada*

Specifications subject to change without notice

★★

...not forgetting Schick Owners!

No matter how long ago you bought your Schick, we want you to get the same slick shaves as when it was new. And you can, because renewal parts and expert service are being kept available. And if you want to bring your Schick Shaver right up to date with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head—you can do so for only $3 at the nearest office of Schick Service, Inc., listed here. *Free of charge, your shaver will also be cleaned, lubricated and adjusted by factory experts.*

ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
553 Andrews Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS, O.
633 Hunt'gton B'k Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
908 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind't'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
710 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
443 South Spring St.
MIAMI
129 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA
912 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PROVIDENCE
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS
23 Mezzanine, Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

CANADIAN OFFICES
TORONTO
78 Richmond St. West
CALGARY
112A Seventh Ave. West

SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

jured. Then he saw the dead snake and pushed his horse over to it. "Big feller, ain't it?"

"I was walking through the brush," I said. "I was going down to look at the river, Pa. This here rattler come up at me before I had time to think. Yes, sir. Blue reared up and let that snake have it with both feet. Yes, sir, Blue busted that snake twice, once with each foot, and it was all over."

"That was clever of Blue," my old man said.

"Blue ain't like other horses," I said. "He's a horse by himself."

We rode along, not talking much. Then I said, "I was thinking about letting the remount man have Blue, Pa. But a man can't get rid of the horse that saved his life, can he?"

The old man shook his head. "Hit that snake with both feet, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's funny," the old man said. "That's mighty odd, son. I could swear I smelled gunpowder down there in that bottomland. I thought I smelled it, plain as day."

He never said anything else about me selling that horse, though. My mother forgot all about it; she couldn't think for long about anything but Harry. I guess she worried more than we knew about Harry. I guess she worried when the rest of us were busy, or sleeping. I guess she laid there at night, wondering if everything was all right. "It's a good thing you ain't old enough to go, boy," she said. "I couldn't stand it with you both gone. I couldn't stand it if I knew you had the war to bother with, too. I'm glad it hasn't touched you, Roy."

MY OLD man looked across the table at me and I could tell he was thinking about the stallion. "You don't have to go to war, Ma, to have it touch you," he said.

The remount man came earlier than the old man expected. Before he was near enough for me to see him clearly, I knew who it was by the way he climbed from the car. His legs fanned out, and he walked like a man who hated to walk. I was standing down inside the barn and I went up to meet him. He said to me, "Where's your daddy, son?"

The old man came hurrying in from the upper pasture and he and the remount man slapped each other on the shoulder. "Glad to see you back, Colonel," the old man said.

"What kind of horses you holding, Charlie?" asked the colonel.

Another man had come up behind him. This man had a notebook in his hip pocket. He didn't slap my old man on the shoulder, he just said, "Hello Mr. Weatherford."

"I ain't got much this time," my old man said.

They looked at the horses about three hours, I guess. They bought two blacks, both geldings. They never got a chance to see Bright Blue. I kept him tight inside his stall. No one went into the barn but my old man, or me. The two officers stayed outside.

"Is that all you own, Charlie?" the colonel asked.

"That's my lot," the old man said. He didn't mention Bright Blue. He didn't look at me when he said it. My old man wasn't going to butt into my business.

The colonel blinked. "There was a blue horse here two years ago," he said. "I remember him very well. He was too young for the Army then. Did you sell him, Charlie?"

"No, I didn't sell him," my old man said.

"What happened?"

"I gave him away," the old man said. "As a matter of fact, he didn't belong to me when you saw him out in pasture before. He belongs to my boy. Every inch of him is Roy's."

The colonel looked at me, his gray eyes ran up and down me. "Where is he now?"

"He's in his stall," I said.

"Will you sell?"

"Why, you wouldn't want that horse, Colonel," I said. "He ain't half the horse he was two years ago. Don't reckon he'll stand more than fourteen hands."

"Undersize, eh?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Will you trot him out? Let's take a look, son, if you don't mind. Seems to me, he was a mighty fine horse."

"He ain't much," I said. "He ain't what you want, but I'll bring him out."

Blue butted me with his head when I entered the stall. He was feeling gay. He was glad that I was going to take him out. "Listen, don't you be too much horse," I said. "I don't want to sell you to no Army. You keep quiet, Blue. Don't you go showing off."

"He's not so little," the colonel said, and he measured Blue. "He's more than fourteen hands, son. Why, that horse is fifteen and a half, if he's an inch."

"His wind ain't so good," I said. "You'd be surprised about his wind."

"Trot him around the pasture," said the colonel. "Warm him up and then let him out a little."

I ran that Blue hard, I didn't give him a chance to get into the feel of the thing. I wanted him to be gasping when I brought him back. Once or twice,



"Well, working in the chemical department has one advantage".

Collier's LEONARD DOVE

booted him in the belly. "Pant, you fool horse," I told him. "Come on now, Blue, pant hard."

The colonel put his ear down to Blue's nose and listened. He called the captain over—the man with the notebook—and they listened together. "Sounds all right to me," the colonel said. He examined Blue's hoofs.

"He's got a temper," I said. "You ought to know about his temper before you buy. Sometimes he's a mighty mean horse, Colonel. He might kick a man."

The colonel grinned at the old man. "If a twelve-year-old can push him around, son, I guess the Army can."

"I know him," I said. "I know him better than most people do."

Then there was the sound of a whistle in the front yard, and it looked like the mailman, or somebody.

My old man looked at me; he saw how hard I was taking it. "You go see who it is, Roy," he said.

I was glad to get away from the colonel. I was about to cry.

"That's the best horse I've seen around these parts," I heard the colonel say when I was walking toward the house. "Yep, Charlie, that's a right good horse."

MY MOTHER was talking to the mailman, or whatever he was, when I came in. Her face was white. She didn't hear me coming. She was looking at a yellow piece of paper.

"What's up, Ma?" I said. "Tell me! What's the matter?"

She looked at me as if she didn't see me, as if she didn't know who I was. "He's missing," she said. "This thing says Harry is missing."

I took the yellow paper from her hand; it was a telegram. That's what it said all right. It said Harry was missing. I closed the door on the mailman, or whatever he was. I closed the door and he stood staring through the glass. "Don't you worry, Ma," I said. "You still got me."

My mother sat down then. She didn't cry, or anything. She just sat there staring.

I held the piece of yellow paper tight in my hand. I went out into the back yard. I went down to tell the old man.

"We won't take this horse, son," the colonel said. "If you want him, you keep him."

"You take him," I said, looking at Bright Blue but thinking about Harry. I rubbed Blue's nose and he blinked his eyes at me. "I guess you better join the Army, Blue," I said.

Then I told my old man about Harry. I told him quick, while the colonel and the other man listened. My old man turned to stone right then and there. Nobody could say anything to him. There wasn't anything to say. He looked as if he would never talk again.

The colonel left us then. "I'll mail you a check," he told me. He forgot to ask about the price. I forgot about it, too. I couldn't think about anything much but Harry. The colonel left and he took the other man with him.

My mother cried the next day. The old man said to leave her alone because it was better if she cried. My old man said it did folks good to loosen up. He didn't cry, though, not so you could see him. Sometimes his eyes looked red, but he never cried out loud.

I never cried either, not really. Once or twice, I let go a little, but not much. I couldn't see old Harry any other way but up there riding his plane, like he told us about in his letters. No matter what the yellow paper said, that's the way I saw him—shooting Japs, flying hard, and winning medals right and left.

"Well, anyway, you're out of it, Roy," my mother said. "It's good to know it won't touch you."

We heard the big trailer truck moving then. The one with the horses.

My mother asked, "What is that?"

My old man put a hand on my shoulder. "Nothing, Mother," he said.

Once I thought I heard Bright Blue calling, low and clear—the way he used to call when he saw me going off to school. I didn't listen, though. I didn't try to listen.

"Well," I said, "I hope they'll send him to Australia."

My old man pinched me hard. We walked into another room. "Damn!" I said. "Oh, damn!" But I said it low so my mother would not hear. She doesn't like for me to swear. My old man heard me, though, but he didn't care. My old man always understands.

THE END



Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

White Ant. These various termites build structures, some low mounds, some twenty-foot columns, until the plains around Darwin, seen in the moonlight, give you the impression of ruined castles and villages in miniature. The so-called "magnetic" nests are the most famous—tall, slabwise, sharply templed pillars, the ends of which always point exactly north and south. Woody substance inside, they are covered with fine clay that hardens into fortresses that repel all the termites' enemies. The Yanks found a use for these. They ax off the tops, chisel out a hollow in the bases—and have fine barbecue or picnic stoves!

THE chief unrationed recreation of the Yank airmen here is hunting—Nips in the air, kangaroos, snakes, dingoes or wild dogs, emus, ducks, buffalo, crocodiles on the ground. The kangaroo remains of greatest interest. The boys catch young ones and try to tame them; each plans to take a 'roo home with him. But they find the 'roos dumb and unresponsive; "just misshapen rabbits." One squad tent has a mascot—an old 'roo that, on his own, attached himself. He will eat food that's set on the ground. He comes in at night and sleeps under one of the cots. But if you try to pet him he runs out. At reveille he moves out about thirty feet from the tent; sits there all day, watching, sidestepping anyone who goes near him. In four months of this, no one has succeeded in touching him.

THE Yanks try to build up auxiliary air-raid warning services with their wild-pet friends. Goannas, a type of monitor lizard, are plentiful in all the camps—roam about all day on their business of catching insects, not allowing the advent of thousands of men to disturb their lives. They are not dangerous—except that if you stand motionless, one may think you are a tree and run up you, with unfortunate results to your clothes and skin from his knife-like claws. The goannas have a habit of standing on their hind legs, very still, following the sound merely by turning their heads, whenever planes go over.

The parrots, which also abound, are taught to squawk: "Air raid, air raid, shake your fannies, boys!"

Trouble is, they have no sense of good or bad. Can't seem to learn to tell our planes from the Nips'. W. B. C.

PATRIOTS will get a BANG out of this

THIS 1942 model shell casing pictured here differs from shell casings of the past in one important aspect:

There is no copper used in its manufacture. *It is made of steel.*

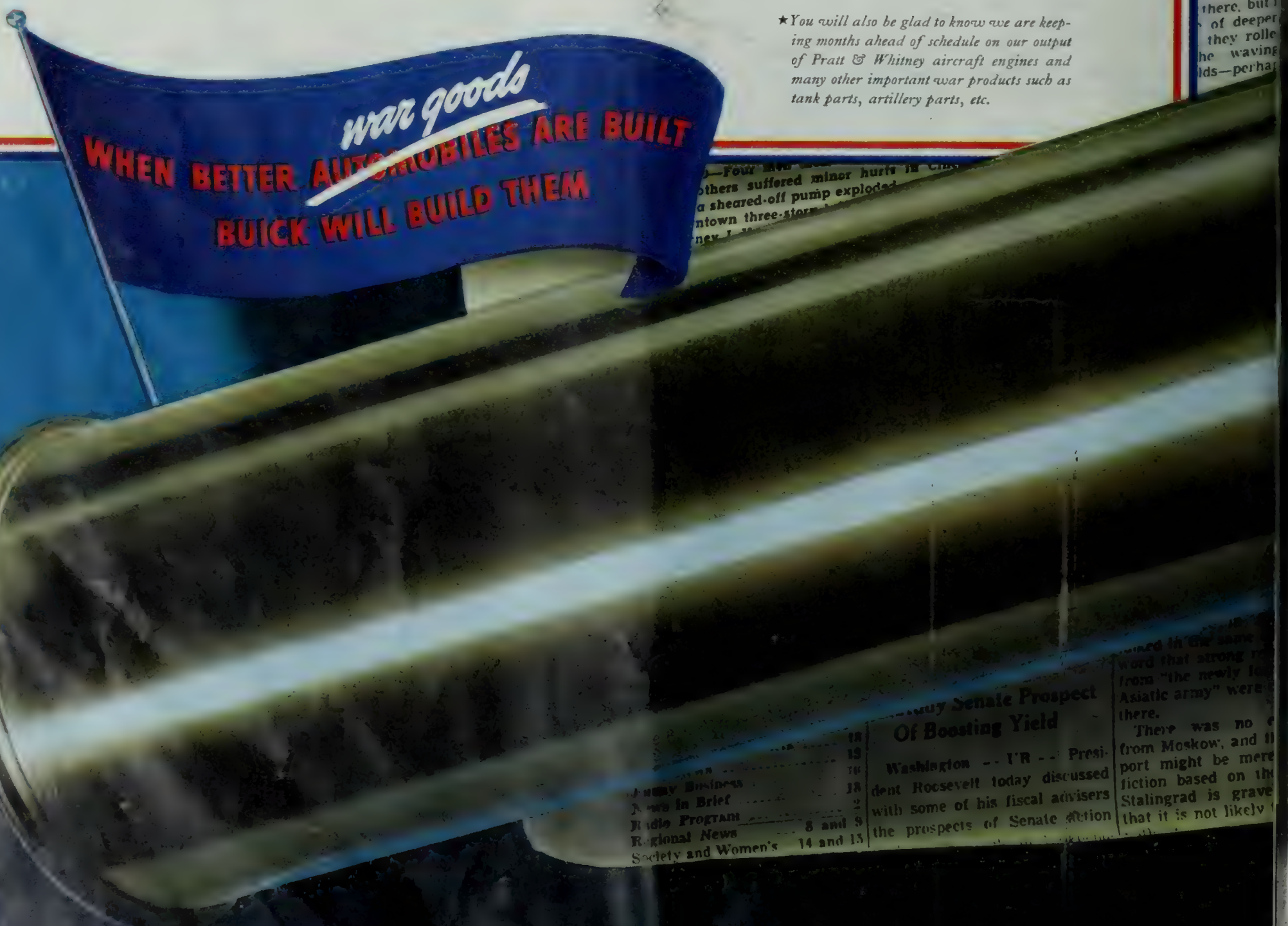
Over long months Buick, in cooperation with a special U.S. Army ordnance-industry committee, has worked on one of the special and ticklish processes of its production—and now that the job is rolling, all that's been learned of special processes and techniques is available for all shell-casing-makers to use if they desire.

It's a notably good shell casing. Tests in quantities already have been successfully concluded, and these steel cases are being turned out on an accelerating production basis.

With copper as desperately scarce as it is, and the millions of these shell casings that will be needed for the hungry guns, you can imagine what a first-rank contribution this is to our nation's war effort.

Buick is proud to have played a part in its development, proud to have worked hand in hand with the Army, glad to have demonstrated that in the pinch American ingenuity is still doing business at the same old stand.

★*You will also be glad to know we are keeping months ahead of schedule on our output of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines and many other important war products such as tank parts, artillery parts, etc.*



Flint Journal

Home Edition

Flint, Mich. Twenty-Two Pages ★ ★ Price Three Cents

s Steel Shell Cases



cases
deep-
d 30
and

New Process, Revealed Here, Saves Much Essential Copper

Already Being Produced, These Large Projectiles Successfully Withstand Strain in Severe Tests

Buick engineers, working with experts of the army ordnance department, have perfected a method for manufacturing larger caliber shell cases from pressed steel and have put a huge production program under way.

This was disclosed, with War department approval today, by Harlow H. Curtice, Buick general manager. The new process, he said, will mean the saving of millions of pounds of copper and other critical metals, and will protect Uncle Sam's gunners against shortage of heavy ammunition due to scarcity of those metals.

The Buick process, which has been under experiment for several months, with final tests successfully completed and production equipment now installed and in operation, produces a shell case capable of withstanding the high pressures of gunfire, capable of easy loading and ejection from the gun chamber, meeting the requirements of operation in both hot and cold guns and free from spark hazard and obturation.

According to Mr. Curtice, the development has been applied to several sizes of artillery shell cases for the army, including antiaircraft shells. He said the process is applicable to all the larger caliber shells and has been made available to the government for use by other manufacturers in shell production.

It requires no special steels or alloys needing critical metals, and may be produced in large quantities with the highest standards of quality, he said. At the same time it does not present a machinery and equipment problem, the manufacturing process being capable of utilizing much of existing facilities of munitions makers.

Buick technicians undertook the development at the instance of army ordnance officials and launched major experimental

...ision had ...ed on the time when he might make definite recommendations to Congress.

The basis of all policy on this problem, he asserts, is keeping the cost of living from going up.

Asked his reaction to the war labor board's recommendation that workers in little steel companies receive an additional 44 cents a day, equivalent to a 5½ per cent raise, the President remarked that for an article like steel a 5 per cent increase would not force up the living cost nearly so much as would a similar raise in a canning factory, for instance.

The whole thing is relative, he declared, and, he said, the whole thing must be kept as much in

...le ...ge ...lent ...rence

...eral Lee tanks, ...up

...violent Axis attacks on new-won advance positions in center of Alamein line.

Air War — RAF inaugurates sunset raids against Germany with giant bombers plastering Flensburg and Luebeck, Baltic U-boat nests.

Pacific — United States bombers raided Hankow, Japanese inland Chinese base.

Allied Bombers Blast Hankow

...of Russia was run- ...Red army's favor in ...our ratio of man-power ...ording to official Rus- ...stics for the last two ... combat.

...labut report under Ger- ...sorship said that Joseph ... whom Stalingrad was ...ad joined the chief of ...ian general staff at the ...y to take personal direc-

U S and Finns Near Break

Washington Asks Closing of Consulates

Washington—AP—Finland and the United States were one move short of an open break in diplomatic relations today, with the Helsinki government preparing to close all its consular offices in this country in compliance with a Washington "request [illegible]

The State depart... closing Thu... ...ked ...

...consular ...nd and was closing ...mediately" the consular section ...f the American legation in Helsinki.

The status of the American legation itself and that of the Finnish legation in Washington remain unchanged, but the ousting of the consulates was ominously reminiscent of a similar development in German-American relations. The closing ...consular offices in

Here's the detail — it's important

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Action by Night

Continued from page 21

He swayed from the blow—and suddenly struck back, knocking Stuart to the ground. Tap's gun raised, centering on Pairvent and Tap took a steady aim. He would have fired if Stuart had not yelled at him:

"Cut it out! That's the way he wants it." He got up and looked at the trees around him. He pointed at them: "Those will do. Sling the ropes over." He motioned his crew to be at it; he passed by Tap and murmured a word and went on. Tap turned, following him, with Trumbo watching that little by-play closely. These two were out near the trail and Stuart said some quiet thing in Tap's ear. Tap nodded, swinging back; he held his eyes steadily before him, looking straight into the trees, but by that deliberate training of his glance he gave himself away. Trumbo stirred on the saddle and pushed his hands against the horn. Star Cross had three ropes hanging down and Tap rode from rope to rope, forming the knot and the noose in each, adjusting the length of them as casually as though he were repairing a fence. Stuart said, "Bring up the horses."

TAP went back for the horses and led them up. He cut an extra piece of rope, four feet long, and unbraided it and used the single strands to catch and tie the hands of the Horsehead men. Pairvent lunged away from him whereupon Stuart lifted his gun. "Be still, George."

Drum and Baldy had given up, the closeness of death laying its frost on their nerves. Trumbo, still detached and sharp-eyed, observed this and wondered if death's forerunning chill always had the power to freeze the pain of the final passage. He hoped it was so, for he was a man cursed with an imagination, and his imagination had often visualized his own end. He hoped for a dullness just before the stroke came, but he was not sure. It seemed to depend on the man. Drum and Baldy were only half alive, while Pairvent, by contrast, stood straight and hated every soul around him with that bitterness which had been a constant thing in him.

Tap called the Star Cross men forward. They boosted Pairvent and Drum and Baldy to the horses. Tap mounted and rode forward with them, a black and wicked little man acting as death's chaperon and liking the job. He dropped the nooses over each man, he cinched the nooses and coolly tested the ropes. He rode back. He said, "Stand away." He was still Star Cross foreman, obedient to his owner, and waited now for Stuart's command.

Hoby Spade was sick. He wheeled his horse and trotted fifty yards into the trees, whereupon Tap looked at him with a zealot's intolerance. His glance came slowly back, touched Trumbo and paused, and Trumbo saw once more that distant and eager hatred grow bright. Stuart looked up at Pairvent.

"This is the end of a crooked outfit. If you're thinkin' the Basin will condemn me for this, you're wrong. The Basin would do it sooner or later." His anger whipped him and his basic brutality fed upon this scene. "I hope," he ground out, "the rope slips. I hope you strangle a little at a time."

"You can quit talkin'," said Pairvent.

The lines of Stuart's face deepened and all the evil of his soul filled them; he thought of one last malign thing and almost smiled as he thought of it. "Tap," he said, "George goes last. Let him see the other boys swing."

Tap moved behind Drum. He paused a moment, lifting his quirt, methodically setting himself; then he put his horse to a run, struck Drum's horse a hard blow with the quirt as he swept by. Drum's horse rushed on, dragging Drum from the saddle. His feet whipped and churned in the air, and broken sighs came out of him; his legs moved slower and slower, and ceased to move. Stuart called, "You like that, George?"

Pairvent said nothing. Tap swung behind Baldy, raised his quirt and ran forward again. Baldy let a last, violent yell out of him as he was swept from the horse and he struggled with his hands, trying to free them. His eyes grew large and his terribly congested



"I was president of this outfit until I found out what was goin' on!"

Collier's BANDEL LINN

stare hit Drew Trumbo. Trumbo clenched his teeth together, feeling Baldy's agony. Tap went behind Pairvent.

"You like that, George?" repeated Stuart.

Spade called out from the rear: "Stuart, a white man's a white man! Don't drag it out!"

TAP struck Pairvent's horse. But Pairvent, until now wholly still, suddenly made a leap upward from his stirrups, kicked himself violently free and fell with a force that broke his neck at once. The rope jerked him upward and gave a dull twang and whirled him a little; but he had died without delay. Stuart stared at Pairvent's full-length figure as it slowly swung and he spoke a lifeless phrase: "He beat me out."

Tap rode slowly into the center of the clearing. He had his back to Trumbo, he was looking at Stuart. Stuart said, "That's three of them. Now we have got to find Alvy. After that I want Ben Solvay. As for that Wilder woman, I will make sure she has left the country."

"Is that all?" asked Tap, still watching Stuart.

"No," said Stuart, "not all. Go ahead, Tap."

Tap used his legs and his left arm to bring his horse about; and, as he turned, his right hand dropped for his gun. He came thus face to face with Trumbo and he had half drawn on Trumbo. That was as far as he moved. Trumbo, thirty feet across the small clearing, had his revolver centered on Tap. He had known for ten minutes that this would come.

"Too late, Tap," he said.

Tap's face was alive with his desire. He held the gun half-risen, pointed at the earth; he held it still and waited and watched. Hoby Spade suddenly ran his horse forward and stopped near Trumbo. Spade was an outraged man, a common man made brave by desperation.

"You damned Piute! Ain't nothin' enough for you?"

"Hoby," said Stuart, reclaiming his old, arrogant manner, "stay out of this or you will go the same way. I've had to drag you through this by the heels. As for Drew, I told him to look out for himself. The two of you have made your own plans. I have made mine. Stay out of this and go home. You will never get an inch of Horsehead, either of you."

Spade called to his two riders. "Come here," he said, and waited until they had joined him. Now he added, "I see how it will be. You won't feel safe until you've got us out of the road. Trumbo and me will be dodgin' through timber the rest of our days. Might be well if we finish this business right here and now."

Stuart said sharply, "Don't be a fool, Hoby."

"Drew," said Spade, "you take Tap. I'll handle Stuart."

"Let them start it," said Trumbo. He looked at Stuart briefly, "Start it, Dan." and looked back at Tap.

Stuart's red color had returned. He watched Spade steadily, reading the man and guessing how close he was to a killing. He had no great opinion of Spade, but his opinion did not sufficiently reassure him now. Therefore he shrugged his shoulders, turned about and went to his horse, well knowing Spade would not fire at his back. He climbed to his horse. He said, "All right," and led the way from the grove, Star Cross following. Tap was last. Tap reluctantly holstered his gun, reluctantly gave up his desire. In a moment Star Cross vanished down the trail.

Spade ran a nervous hand over his face. "That's not the end of it."

"A thing like this never does end," said Trumbo.

"Then," said Spade, "I think we had better finish the thing. Stuart will hound us until we're dead. We had better get him first." He looked at Trumbo, hating Trumbo and despising himself. "You got me into this deal, Drew."

"Play your part, Hoby. You wanted some of Horsehead."

"That's true," murmured Spade. "I wanted it. Then when I saw what it meant, I didn't want it. Now it is entirely too late to mend anything." He caught the fleeting end of that thought with all its implications, and burst out: "A man can't ever quit in the middle."

"I said there never was an end, didn't I?" replied Trumbo.

"We've got to go after Stuart. That's the end of it."

TRUMBO shook his head. He sat on the saddle, a ruddy and handsome man darkened by his thoughts; a man condemned to know goodness and right without the strength to follow his knowledge. It was his tantalizing insight which controlled him now. "Stuart thinks he can wipe it all from his mind by destroying the men who know of it. You think you can set everything proper by destroying Stuart. None of that will help. This thing is like the seed pod of a thistle—a thousand seeds bein' scattered around. They'll root and grow everywhere—mostly in you and me and Stuart." He drew a heavy breath. "Doña Gertrude will outlive all of us."

"What?" asked Spade.

Trumbo shook his head and moved to the trail. Star Cross had gone downhill in the direction of Horsehead range, the dust of their passage still hanging in the bright air. He could not go that way, well knowing that from now on he would be under constant observation by Stuart; they had set out upon a course of destruction and had been partly successful. Yet he knew Stuart could never feel at ease until the last outsider participating in Doña Gertrude's death had been disposed of. Stuart would track him without conscience; neither he nor Spade could expect any relief from that.

Doña Gertrude would follow Stuart still. The time would come when Stuart, obsessed by it, would look upon his own crew as accusers; he would see in the eyes of his own men the memory of the act and then he would turn crazy, and try to destroy them. "No end," Trumbo thought. "No end at all." He turned south, moving toward Gateway. As he did so he felt for the first time in his life two alien sensations: the feeling of being hunted and the feeling of being alone.

BEN SOLVAY, camped off the trail near the summit, had been warned by the two shots, sounding in the north and not far away; and presently crouched in the timber, he seemed to be the center of a good deal of crisscross riding. When that died out he got to his

horse and ducked forward from tree to tree and so eventually spotted a group of men standing in a glade below him. Thus he was a witness to the hanging and was helpless to prevent it. Long later, after everybody had gone, he ventured forward and cut down the Horsehead men, immediately leaving the area. Back in deep shelter he considered his own situation and found it bad. Stuart and Trumbo had wiped out most of Horsehead and no doubt would next be after Coleman. But since he, too, had thrown in with Horsehead, it looked as though he was also a fugitive. Valencia had been right; he could not go back to the Basin as long as Stuart was in it.

He pondered this over a cigarette, very calm and very thorough; and at last he said to himself, "Why, to hell with them," and rose up, mentally buckling on his armor. He would find Coleman. He would fight.

COLEMAN dug hard with the oars, making deep, short chops into the water; he got the stern squared at the white tumbling river before him, and poised the oars. They swung out of the chute and scraped past a black-edged boulder and faced the wilderness of white rollers ahead. The boat dropped stern-first into a short cross trough, was thrown upward and slammed down again. Long gouts of spray curved aboard and the bottom was awash, and the thin planking of the boat began to squeal with the twisting and the straining given it.

The stern whipped aside and slowly swung beam to. Coleman dipped his oars and had them almost wrenched from his hands by the sudden seizure of the current. He tried to backwater with the right oar, but the river ran here so rapidly that he could not shove fast enough on that oar to make pressure against the river. He put all his force into the left oar, feeling it bend. Sometimes he buried it deep into a roller skimming the top edge of the boat; sometimes he caught nothing but air as the hollows came beneath him. He got the stern straight again and rested. Sweat rolled back and forth under the brim of his hat.

"Ann," he said, not daring to look around, "you're all right?"

"Still here."

They shot on, rocked and jarred. They swayed through the eddying turbulence at the lower end of the rapids and were picked up and shoved forward by a stretch of smooth, fast river. He relaxed and bowed his shoulders and wished he had time to light a smoke. His coat was soaked and water sloshed around the boat's floor boards, high as his ankles. He heard Ann bailing.

He looked at the banks and saw nothing there. To either side the canyon rims were higher, the canyon faces steeper; down from those rims, through the hundreds of thousands of years, huge boulder chunks had fallen, and these boulder chunks were great, black teeth on either side of him, waiting to trap and chew the boat to splinters. He heard Ann say: "I've got Drew's rope. Can you think of any use for it?"

The river was a foreign thing to a man who drew his life from land; a river was an enemy with unknown ways. The thought of the rope caught his attention at once and he looked at the rocks running by, calculating the possibility of shunting the boat near them and laying a loop over one of their sharp points. He made a guess as to the speed of the boat and his ability to snub it down and he said, "Pass it forward." He took it from her and laid it at his feet. It was a long chance, for once ashore they faced the complete isolation of the canyon, the walls giving them no hope of climbing out, the water permitting them no way of walking upstream toward the mine.

Meanwhile as he thought of these things, the small chance faded. The current rushed them on and the steady roar of other rapids grew greater. He said: "What are we coming to?"

Bridal Veil. Broken water and rocks. A little worse than the last one."

He said, "How far have we come—how far on to Gateway?"

SHE delayed her answer, apparently making a thoughtful study of it. Over the stern of the boat Coleman saw the river rush downgrade straight at the base of the left canyon wall, swing from it and pass around a bend. The main current took them hard by the wall, so near to it that Coleman's left oar once touched the broken rock. It swung them around the long bend and as they came out of the bend Coleman saw the river tilt and make its steep, wild drop through a whitely jagged surface. Once there had apparently been a slide, scattering great rock chunks from bank to bank. Around and over and through these rock chunks, which made darkly awash shapes, the river broke and whirled and threw up its layers of spray. A half mile of water poured over this ancient wreckage, straight on to another bend. At no place did he see a safe channel.

"We're four miles below the mine," said Ann. "Ten to Gateway."

"Quick four and a long ten."

She said, "I've watched Bridal Veil



"I've always wondered what a ladies' room looked like"

Collier's GARDNER REA

INHALING NEED NOT
mean throat-irritation
—for YOU!

These facts about the five most popular cigarettes are *given by eminent doctors who compared them:**

In striking contrast to PHILIP MORRIS—the four other brands averaged *more than three times as irritating*.

Also—*their* irritant effects *lasted more than five times as long!*

In PHILIP MORRIS you enjoy this *real protection—added to finer* pleasure . . . *even when you do inhale!*



CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

*Reported in authoritative medical journals.

many times from the west rim. There's no main channel through it, but if you can hug the left-hand shore you won't have as many rocks to dodge. There's a little piece of beach below."

The current's smoothness broke into short, choppy ridges. He lowered his oars and pulled the stern square, and he checked speed and sideslipped the boat to the left, and then was thrown at the shore faster than he had calculated, straight upon the rocks. He straightened and pulled hard, letting the boat bounce and sway toward the head of the rapids, toward one black finger against which the water struck and broke into spray.

"Tracy," she called, "I'll tell you one of old Tam's tricks. He drifts straight at those big rocks and lets the side current carry him around."

It was around nine or ten o'clock, the sun somewhere half up in the sky but not yet reaching to the bottom of Cloud River's narrow crack; everything down here was a pearl-gray shadowing against which the water made its ghost-white dance. He lifted his oars a moment and watched the half-drowned boulder leap at him; he dipped and rowed and checked the stern hard by the rock. He was on the crest of the water, and then he fell off and the current whipped him by the rock, around it and into the chop below; water poured aboard and the boat dropped as though the bottom of the river had vanished from it. It struck with a great jar, and immediately afterward lifted, sternforemost, high into the air. He had his feet stabbed against the floor cleats, but the drop and rise flung him forward. His knuckles, fixed around the oar handles, hit the floor and Ann, likewise unseated, fell against him. Her hands seized him at the shoulders and righted him on the seat.

THE stern had yawed wide. The left-hand shore was quite near, all awash to the cliff face; and as he looked up at the cliff face he saw the dark glitter of spray on it and one small green bunch of ferns clinging high up. He hauled off from the shore's risk, pitched around other boulders and watched the stern fall far down, placing the boat half on its end. Somewhere behind him Ann sat high and lonely against the sky; he heard her short, startled cry as the stern struck a rock and swung end for end.

The bow was now downstream, placing Tracy's back to the lower river and thus ending his control. He could not backwater against the swiftness of the stream. He poised the oars and turned on the seat and in that moment's glance noticed the white tongues of the river leaping. "Hang on!" he called.

He drove one oar into the river, holding it; he hauled full-strength on the other and saw the stern slightly answer. He pulled the boat half about and felt the stream push roughly at it. Ann sang out, "Close to the shore rocks!" Now broadside to the current, he shoved hard with the right oar, still pulling with the left. The boat rose as though a hand had flung it and as it came down its bottom landed squarely on a rock; there it teetered and slowly slid off, and when it fell away his right oar's point hit the rock and flew from the oarlock. The handle sprang up and struck him under the chin, knocking him back on the seat. He let go to catch himself, straightened, and watched the oar whirl away in the water.

The river came through the floor boards in steady gush; behind him was the quick clatter of Ann's bailing can. He used his single oar in a kind of sculling motion to hold the stern down. The roar which had been a solid booming all around them now was a great racket to the rear; he saw calmer water beyond and he saw the cliff face rise straight out of the river, below which one single patch of gravel beach lay half touched by the sun. The stern would not hold to the single oar. It swung and smashed into the cliff, was caught at the bow by the current and flung around. Ann cried, "Watch out!" A moment afterward the boat struck a rock and capsized.

Ann's warning had turned Coleman. He had reached out and seized her arm with his hand. The collision threw him free and the water's coldness hit him like a board and he went down lower and lower into the black depths of the river. He touched bottom. He churned his legs steadily, he clung to the girl's hand and felt her whirl against him, and he rose and saw day and took in air—and went down again.

He fought the river with one hand; that other hand was fixed to Ann in a grip that would not relax. He remembered coming up again, and thought that he must have dropped and risen thus half a dozen times until images began to flicker and flash through his brain. Afterward—so long afterward that the day seemed to have rushed by—his feet hit solid bottom and he began to walk, with no knowledge of where he walked. He pulled Ann with him and saw day and breathed again. Ann fell against him, her eyes closed. He took her in both arms and pulled her to the beach. She was a weight that was hard to bear; he let her slide to his feet and then he dropped to his knees and slowly stretched full-length on the rocks.

THIS was the first time in his life he had ever been so punished as to be thoroughly humbled, the first time he had thus lain and felt himself at the last frayed ends of his vitality; for he wanted only one thing—air to breathe—and he could not seem to get it. This water, so soft and yielding and smooth to the eye, had beaten him within a narrow margin of his life and it had left him as no other accident had left him—numbed and passive and powerless to immediately rise and fight back; he felt a new thing in his body—the helplessness of being weak, the terrible indifference of being weak. The river had thoroughly scoured out of him the will to fight.

He watched Ann slowly stir on the gravel. She had been turned from him and when her face came around it had a blank expression; he saw how slowly her thoughts moved through the empty areas of the last few dizzying moments, filled them, and at last understood what had happened. He watched the gradual loosening of her face from its drab and gray intensity. Suddenly she reached out her hand and closed her fingers tightly around his arm. "For a moment, Tracy," she said, "I thought I was alone."

"Tough place to be without company."

"Yes," she said; and he saw the wake of terror in her eyes. Her fingers fell away and she put her shoulders on the gravel and stared at the sky.

The sun was overhead, breaking the rock-dull shadows in the depths of the gorge. The heat lying between these high walls began to reach into his marrow-deep chill; he looked at his hands and noticed that they were pale beneath the summer's tanned blackness, bleached and bony. Water slid through his clothes and along his skin and dripped down. The rocks under him grew cold; he moved to a dryer and warmer patch.

"I think," murmured Ann, "I must have lost consciousness for a minute—but the last thing I felt was your hand. I knew you wouldn't let go."

"No," he said, "I wouldn't let go."

Some warmth came back to him, and some confidence. By the slowness of its return he knew he had been a long way on the road to a distant place. He let his mind move cautiously toward the thought of that place. The door stood a little way open and he had the feeling that maybe he had been near enough to look through. He shook the thought aside.

"Tracy," she said, "where's our boat?"

"Haven't looked."

"Have you thought of what's next?"

"No," he said, "not yet. Roll over to warmer rocks. Better get as dry as you can. It will be cold tonight. One thing it is not necessary to worry about. No way of going back upriver."

"And no way of climbing out."

High above them two stunted pines grew perilously on the lip of the rim, between five and seven hundred feet distant; between those pines and the beach on which they lay was a dark gray wall without foothold. It came down from the rim in one perpendicular rush, worn smooth by a million years of the river's assault. Halfway to the top there was what appeared to be a ledge. He watched it for a long time, and cast it out of his mind. The wall on the other side of the river was equally sheer.

"No," he said. "Nothing there for us."

"That's why I wondered about the boat."

"The pieces of it are probably passing Gateway by now."

He sat up. He put his hands down to his wet boots and started to pull them off; he foresaw a tussle and he wasn't ready for a tussle. So he rose, feeling thick, wide aches in his body. Somewhere during the last hundred feet of the rapids he had taken a sharp beating from rocks, although he had felt nothing at the time. His whole left side hurt him. The rapids lay behind, sunlight whitening the lacy, brilliant leap of the water; and the sound of the water was a rush and a slash and a steady-echoing roar from wall to wall. The beach upon which they sat was not more than three yards wide and ran along the foot of the cliff for two hundred feet. The downstream end narrowed and pinched out against the bluff, the upstream end was a curving finger pointed into the stream; between that finger's end and the cliff was a pool of slack water in which a dozen or more logs, bleached by water and heat, lay jammed together.

Coleman said, "There's the boat."

The mention of it was enough to bring hope to her. She came to her feet, turning. The boat, striking the beach, had swung around in the current, had been lifted and thrown against the logs. It lay bottom side up now on the gravel, one side caved in. "But not much use to us," he added.

SHE stared at it. She stood thoroughly motionless, her shoulders rounded, her features still; and then she turned her head to him and he saw hollow defeat in her eyes. Knowing her composure and her normal courage, he realized how violent a shock the sight of that wrecked boat had been; it shook her will. He moved to her and he put his arms around her and pulled her against him, her miseries hurting him as they hurt her. He said, rough and short, "What made you come with me?"

She lifted her arms and laid them on his sides. She held to him with the lightest touch. She put her head against his chest, her hair wetly and brightly shining against the overhead sun. She said nothing; she held him and looked down.

"I know why you came," he added.

She lifted her head. "Do you?" she asked, and drew away. The fear had gone and the despair had been pushed back. Even when she was deeply serious her lips formed a slight upward slanting at their corners and this, with the usual light in her eyes, made it appear she was holding back a smile. As he saw it he felt small for the doubts he carried within himself; this girl was greater than anything he knew about.

She had turned to look again at the boat. She walked on to the edge of the pool and she reached down and lifted something and turned. It was Drew



ONLY 32 SHOPPING DAYS LEFT

YOU have just five weeks in which to do your Christmas shopping and mailing for that soldier, sailor or Marine on shipboard or on overseas duty. And although the Army and Navy have set November 1st as the dead line, it would be better if you set yours earlier—say, next week.

We have some tips on tap. Don't send clothing (unless specifically requested) or food, which has a way of disintegrating en route.

Keep the package shoe-box size, if possible; in any case no heftier than 11 pounds, no longer than 18 inches, and no bigger than 42 inches of combined length and girth.

Complete address (including your own return address) must be plainly written on the wrapper. Parcel-post clerks are smart but not crystal-ball readers.

If you've been corresponding with men overseas, you already know that no additional postage is required on mail or packages beyond New York or San Francisco. From either of these embarkation points Uncle Sam totes it all free.

What your man will probably go for—if you want suggestions—are cigarettes, waterproof wrist watch, notebook, pipe, wallet, pen or pencil, photos (small and framed), magazine subscriptions, books or a sewing kit. In other words, think of a gift that will weather any climate and be easy to lug around.

Trumbo's rope. "At least he tried, Tracy."

He took the rope and coiled it and built a loop and slowly shook it out. This was a familiar thing, a well-understood tool whose weight was good in his hand; and he looked around, wanting some use for it. He considered the canyon walls again, yard by yard, all the way to the top, seeking to break its impassable surface by the power of his wishes. He looked across the river, he swung on his heels and studied the small gravel bar upon which they stood. Below them was a long stretch of smooth water, bending at last out of sight. Down there—far down—was the murmur of other rapids.

"What's ahead? Better or worse?"

"No better. Remember how you climbed upgrade from Gateway, by the road? That's the way the river drops."

He quit shaking the rope. He let it lie idle in his hand. A rope was half of a man's needs; a horse made the other half. But in the canyon there was no use for a horse. What took the place of a horse here? He swung about, again regarding the boat. "It could be patched up," he said aloud, "but it wouldn't last long."

He walked into the pool, knee-deep and climbed on the log jam. He tried his weight on one log and another. "A rope and a horse can do almost anything," he said. "On the river maybe it is rope and something that floats. I can roll three or four of these logs into the slack water and lash them together with the rope."

He was thinking aloud, piecing together a length of rope, a few logs and a smashed boat—and making some sort of chance for them. He knew it was a small chance, but he was wrapping his stubbornness around those logs along with the rope. She still felt the quickness of his hands around her; he had seen her misery and it had gotten into him and made him reach out to comfort her. Then she asked herself: "Would he have done that to any woman?"

"But the logs," he said, "would rub the rope apart in about five minutes. Need something else to stiffen them. That brings us back to the boat. Take it apart. How many miles do we have to go?"

"The Punch Bowl is just below us. It is six miles on to Gateway."

"Well," he said, "it might work. If it doesn't, we can hope we hit another bar. If we hit another bar, then we can figure out what else to use."

He sat down and pulled off his boots and drained the water from them. He put them on and stepped into the water again and waggled his head at his own folly. "I'm not thinkin' too fast." He hauled the cracked boat ashore and tore off the broken sides. He used a rock to splinter the ends of the boards in order to get the nails free. It wrecked some of the boards, but the nails were more important than anything else. He made a pile of them on the ground; he had the boat knocked apart in an hour.

HE TOOK a look at the log jam. Some parts of it were too solid to stir, some gave beneath the pressure of his weight. He went all around the jam, sizing up the logs; he came ashore and sat down. Ann dropped beside him and watched him reach for his tobacco. It came out of his shirt pocket as a handful of brown pulp and when he looked at it he showed his first real distress. "Miserable situation," he said.

"We've been very lucky," Ann told him.

"Written in the book when the luck runs out. I guess we haven't come to the end of the writin'."

"You just believe that, Tracy. You don't practice it. If you really felt that everything was arranged for us, regardless of how we struggled, you'd not be prying those nails out now. You'd not be fighting. What you really believe is that a man makes his own luck."

"Maybe the wish to live is the strongest thing of all."

"Not in you."

He looked at her with some doubt. "Nothin' much in me except to do the first thing at hand and sleep on it."

She smiled, long watching him, so that he saw in her eyes the shape, the color, the outline of something he could not name, but a thing that rushed power-



COLLIER'S "It's pure silk. I made it from our shower curtain" REAMER KELLER



"SKIP THE EMERALDS, JUDKINS...THERE ISN'T ROOM"

Better "safe" than sorry! A *Toastmaster* toaster isn't so easy to replace, these days. America-at-war has other work for us to do . . . *urgent* work, calling for the same skills that made our toasters so famously efficient. . . .

We hope you have a *Toastmaster* automatic toaster. For the kind of toast it makes is no luxury-frill. It's bread in its most digestible form—popped up, perfect every time, by the toaster that *saves* bread, by refusing to burn it.

If you aren't a lucky owner, look around, before the last pre-priority prizes are snapped up. Your appliance dealer may still have one or two in stock. Failing that, add *another* War Bond to those you're buying...and earmark it "*Toastmaster, post bellum*"!



SIMPLE CARE—FOR YEARS OF WEAR

There's nothing like *Toastmaster** quality to insure lasting performance. But even *our* toasters last longer if well treated. Remove crumbs frequently. Don't gouge around inside with a fork—you'll damage the heating elements. And remember that all but our latest models require occasional oiling. For repairs, see your dealer.

TOASTMASTER *toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. Copyright 1942, McGraw Electric Co., manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters and Toastmaster Products.

fully upon him. This was strange—to live with his restless, vague wishes and yet not to know what those wishes were, and now to see in a woman the first form of them; as though, long dreaming of a picture and never able to bring it out of the misty background, he here watched it take shape. It had not happened before.

"If you only wished to live," she said, "you'd have left this country before now. If you only slept and never had hopes I would not have jumped into this boat." She abandoned the subject quickly: "Our luck may hold. We may land at Luke Wall's. Then the Basin will be at us again."

Habit made him reach a second time for his tobacco. "Damnation," he grumbled, and got up. "Well, one thing at a time." He waded into the pool and tackled the logs.

He worked for an hour before he found a log which would come free of the jam. He pushed it against the gravel and tried again; and the afternoon was half gone when he had collected four logs of odd sizes and lengths in the slack water. He was tired in a way he had seldom been, still feeling the shock of the river, and steadily thinking of the journey ahead of them. Even as he labored he had not the confidence and the certainty which was always otherwise with him. His world was one of horses and land and of things done so many repeated times that the pattern was cut into him. This was another world, the power and the ways of water beyond his knowledge.

HE LAID the boards over the logs at intervals and nailed them down, using a flat rock for a hammer, thus creating a raft with an incomplete decking. The nails were not large and went only an inch into the logs and he knew the hard beating of the rapids would pull them out. He laced the rope around and across the logs for greater strength. He battered a ten-foot length of the rope apart from the main rope and tied this as a life line around one log.

"You can slip your feet through that," he said.

The canyon was gray when he finished the chore. He pulled the end of the raft against the shallow gravel and he weighted the end with rocks to keep it from sliding back into the current; and he stood a while watching it. Rope and nails made a flimsy job of it; nothing would hold it together except luck. Luck had been with them so far and it might stay with them or it might run out. The hope of it was all they had.

"We'll run it in the morning," he said. "Getting too dark now."

She sat down, and as he crouched beside her he noticed the calm, close-seeing attention that went out from her to the sky. Trapped here, she would be thinking about freedom; cold, she would be thinking of warmth. Those things lay only a thousand feet away. As he watched her, he thought of Valencia Wilder. This other girl came into his head suddenly and stood before his inner vision, calling to him with her disturbing will. He said to himself, "Why am I thinkin' of her?" and tried to know the reason. She was nothing mild or meek; she was not innocence. She was a hungry, rebellious spirit speaking to him.

Ann spoke with a wistful amusement: "I should be thinking very serious thoughts. But I think of coffee hot enough to burn my tongue."

Wind came down the gorge, carrying away the heat; it went through his damp clothes and turned him cold. Ann would be chilled through in another hour. He had this in his mind but at the same time the memory of Valencia was keen and the impulses she lifted up in him were hard and blackly colored so that he felt ashamed to be thinking them so near Ann. Yet he let those thoughts work through him, knowing he had to find the roots of his own feelings. He drew a long breath, he stared into the gathered blackness downriver. A man was a mixture of things—and evil was in the mixture.

Ann's voice laid its soft touch on him: "You are far away."

He rose and walked to the edge of the pool. The raft still hung there; it had not shifted. He turned back to Ann and stood over her. He said: "You're gettin' cold."

"There's nothing to be done about that."

He sat down and turned and put his arms around her. He drew her against his chest; he spread the edges of his coat as far about her as they would reach. He said nothing; there was nothing he wanted to say. He wished only to hold her, to make her warm. She lay still, her head tipped upward and away from him. The warmth of her body was as great as the warmth of his own; the softness of her body came against him. The things that had been in his mind so short a time ago disturbed him and he was afraid that the stark wants which Valencia's memory had brought to him would reach over to touch Ann. It was an unpleasant thought; it held him still.

IN a moment that fear left him, for the image of Valencia faded and the call she made upon him died and he felt a contentment wholly new. There was a difference and a change, like a sweet, warm wind blowing. He thought, "Nothing's been like this."

The canyon grew black, and the sound of the rapids pounded violently through this blackness; a moonlight glow diluted the sky's steel color and stars made a ragged pathway north and south. Ann stirred. She turned until he saw her face, round and soft in the shadows. Suddenly she murmured, "I am heavy on you," and drew upright. She had her back to him, square-pointed in the night. She sat in this manner, watching something, or listening, or caught in her own thoughts. Presently she turned and lay out on the gravel, half curled. She said: "A little sleep is better than none, Tracy."

HE STRETCHED beside her, gouging holes in the gravel for his shoulders and his hips. He turned from her; she put her arm over his shoulder. Mist began to thicken in the canyon and became a wetness on the gravel and rolled against them and had the weight of a fine, thin rain. Long afterward he heard her say: "Sleeping?"

"No."

"I have been thinking. Everything gets smaller and smaller until there's only one or two things left which are important"

"What things?"

She didn't answer and he didn't ask again. An hour of this cramped position was all a man could stand. He turned about, and this made her turn about; and so the night dragged and the wet cold of the rocks got into him and his bones began to ache. Somewhere beyond midnight, as near as he could judge, he rose and walked the full length of the gravel beach and back again, shaking the cramp from his muscles. She had risen and when he came close he saw the weariness on her face. He sat down and pulled her into his lap; he held her cradled again and he knew, without understanding how he came to know it, that she had been silently crying.

"The waitin' is about half over," he said.

"I thought I was stronger."

"I've seen men give way for less reason."

"I wasn't afraid until you walked off. Being alone is what turns you inside out. I should do it better—I've always been alone."

"You've had your people."

"People have been around me—and I have been around people. It isn't that kind of loneliness I mean."

"Everybody has to belong to somebody else, Ann. Or own somebody else."

"When did you learn that?"

He started to say, "A long time," but he didn't. For it occurred to him he would not have said this before. It was a new piece of wisdom, acquired during the last hours. A man grew, and never realized it; and a man died and was not aware of it. This was a law in the big book. "Not long," he said.

She turned from him. He put his arms around her and drew close, to share with her the little heat left in them both.



COLLIER'S **"Americans are divided—some want to beat us with bombs, and the rest prefer guns"** ERIC PETERS

HE ROSE at the first break of light overhead. There had been no sleep for either of them, nor anything else than an uneasy resting that brought no rest. During the last small hours of the night he had risen with an actual shock, remembering the raft in the shallow water and remembering the river that reached for it with never-still fingers. The river never left anything alone; it needed no sleep or rest, it was a power older than any living or moving thing upon the earth.

Ann rose with him and they walked the gravel bar in chilled silence, back and forth to whip the drugged weariness from them, to bring some warmth back and some vitality. The night before, they had felt relief at being permitted to live; but now they were close again to the chance of the river and the sound and smell of it and the dank feeling of it.

Coleman said, "Six miles to go. How many rapids?"

"White water most of the way. The river drops fast from here to Luke Wall's."

"Any falls to go over?"

"No."

He stood at the water's edge, considering the flimsiness of the raft, and he went over every resource within his reach and found no other way by which to make the raft better. Then, painfully careful, he searched the rims again with his glance, watching their black faces turn gray. Near the water a heavy dew laid its dull shine on the rocks; farther up, daylight reached down so that he saw again the narrow ledge near the top of the eastern edge. He had abandoned this as a possibility the prior afternoon. Now he studied it, lowering his attention foot by foot, searching for a way of climbing; but as before he found none. He went over every possibility and thought of one new chance.

"YOUR father would make an attempt to get you," he said. "He might call in Tam Malarkey. If they could find another boat they might snub it downstream by rope, around one bluff and another. Hand-line the rapids."

"There's no other boat on the river."

"Might make up a raft from the boards at the mine dump."

"If they had thought of that they would have sent someone along the rim to find us and signal us. They said goodby to us when we dropped around the bend. We're dead to them."

Day had come, mealy within the canyon, bright blue above. Coleman stepped on the raft; he walked over it, trying his weight on it. He cast off the stones anchoring it down and held out his hand to Ann. "Time to go."

(To be concluded next week)

Up Ship!

Continued from page 23

a small lake of 100,000 tons of water, plus an estimated 10,000 cubic yards of mud and perhaps 100 tons of broken glass and other debris that will have to be ejected. Possibly 1,000 tons of material may be put back in the form of concrete bulkheads.

When righted, the ship may run to 54,000 tons dead weight. Supremely important in this redistribution of weight is the job of preventing the colossal mass from swinging over out of control, with consequent damage to itself, the pier, and danger to the lives of the workmen. To secure greater freedom for the ship's turn and avoid disastrous impact with the pier the latter may, though it is yet too early to be sure, have to be partially removed, even to the supporting piles.

Engineers' Problems

Perhaps no greater exercise of the engineer's skill will be manifest in the salvage operations than the effecting of the righting movement *gradually*. To this end, the hull will be compartmented. With the decks in their present position serving practically as longitudinal bulkheads, transverse bulkheads will be established at various points to divide the ship roughly into fourths. This may also involve a three-deck-deep, fore-and-aft bulkheaded compartment.

Now, knowing the capacities of all subdivisions, the engineers will at all times be able to balance one compartment against another. Accordingly, knowing the rate of discharge from every pump, reasonable control of pumping throughout the ship may be maintained, which will tend to secure progressive equilibrium.

Narrowness of 'tween-deck areas in the unnatural position of the hull compels the removal of many partitions; staging must be erected and through the vertical galleries formed by the tilted decks the divers must descend—over a hundred feet from the upper catwalk—to the black chaos below, amid the muck. Glass fragments and the broken furnishings await him but he is in constant telephone communication with the men above, and through reference to an ingenious scale model of the ship his position, at all times, is determined. Down there he will place in position the electric submersible pumps and special suction devices for mud removal. His will be the job of sealing some 375 air portholes, to prevent water inflow while the pumps are in action.

This procedure is in itself interesting. A folding wooden disk, devised by Capt. J. I. Tooker of the Merritt, Chapman & Scott staff provides an effective method. By folding (see illustration), the larger disk is pressed through the porthole and, following the smearing of concrete through the aperture, a plate, bolted to the disk, permits the damming of the concrete around the porthole.

Essential, too is the shoring to be placed between the promenade and main decks, thus reinforcing these decks against external water pressure—all the more necessary as the water within the ship recedes.

Pier 88 presents a lively base for operations on the wreck. Throughout its thousand-foot length a striking mobilization of men and equipment marks the determined address to the gigantic problem. At a point opposite the ship's frame No. 150—an amidship section—a substantial ramp reaches over from the pier to the curving side of the hull. Strung along on both sides, and extending to the limits of the working platforms adjoining the catwalk, are the poles carrying lights.

You cross the ramp to the edge of the upturned deck. You are on a narrow catwalk that skirts the hull of the ship. You look down a precipice sloping almost vertically to the water 55 feet beneath; you see the jagged cutaway edges of decks just protruding from the water as barges deploy their massive booms to wrench at the steel skeleton.

Drums of oxygen and acetylene are supplying the divers who, like submarine rodents, are gnawing with underwater torches at the invisible structure below. From the ship's vast interior the debris is hoisted through many cargo ports or slipped down waiting chutes.

On the pier, near the ramp, are workshops where welding, plumbing, pipe threading and other necessary tasks may be quickly performed. One section is devoted to the divers of the Merritt, Chapman & Scott organization—veterans of many difficult salvage and other underwater activities. One is told that in ten years a diver will learn "all the tricks" but that a good diver is a "natural" and it may be necessary to study 100 men in order to find 40 divers.

Up at the other end is the local Navy diving school. Divers are needed not only for the present emergency, but war salvage work of an even grimmer character demands more and more trained divers. Junior officers are being trained as salvage officers. All the students are volunteers. Together they make about 30 dives each day, each descent being about 30 minutes. On a submerged workbench they practice use of the underwater torch, patching, pumping, ripping out partitions; erecting bulkheads; work on a model double bottom, learn submarine welding, etc. Three men go down at a time.

Six hundred laborers have been working on the vessel in three eight-hour shifts, and this number may rise to 1,000.

Twenty-five firemen under Ex-Battalion Chief J. J. Keeley cover the pier and ship in their patrols—which go around the clock. At their command are 4,000 gallons of water at 150 pounds pressure immediately available through the distributing facilities of 3,500 feet of hose. From the vicinity of the connecting bridge to the pier, a main trunk feeds pipes with outlets along the upper reaches of the catwalk. Chemical extinguishers are available wherever men are working. There will be no more fires on the Lafayette.

A Difficult Task

While righting the ship is essentially a matter of simple engineering, the size of the hull and the forces involved make it the most difficult task of its kind ever attempted. No one knows how long the job will take; none will guess. But steadily the hulk is being prepared for the next step. When the compartmentation has been finished, when shoring and bulkheads are in position, when the hull has been sealed, the real job will begin.

Then the engineers, delicately balancing weight against buoyancy, juggling the tremendous power of gravity against the irresistible lifting power of water; pumping, flooding, repumping, reflooding, will force the hull to lift itself, foot by foot, inch by inch, back to an even keel. It seems an incredible achievement as you watch the dwarfed figures of men scrambling over the vast hulk, and realize what they boldly propose to do. Yet you know it will be done. And you feel better for knowing it.

THE END

"VIKING"
"METROPOLITAN* SPECIAL"
DUNLAP
NEW YORK
CELEBRATED HATS
$5 TO $20
417 Fifth Avenue • New York
NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR DUNLAP DEALER
"METROPOLITAN"*
*Trade M

LONGINES
the most honored watch for a
DOCTOR



This handsome watch is one of several Longines models with the easy-to-read sweep-second hand so much appreciated by doctors and other professional men. Not all Longines jewelers have the watches illustrated here, but every Longines Watch has the Longines "Observatory Movement" world-honored for greater accuracy, long life and dependability.*

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The established prestige and reputation of Longines Watches have resulted in a demand today that is greatly in excess of necessarily restricted production. Your Longines jeweler will be glad to show you the Longines Watches that are available, and all have the dependable Longines "Observatory Movement". Longines Watches have won ten world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. You may also be interested in a companion watch, the Wittnauer, outstanding for value in the moderate price field—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New York, Montreal, Geneva.*

*Trade Mark Registered U.S. Pat. Off.



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

Young, serious-visaged Dimitri Shostakovich began work on his monumental Seventh Symphony while he was a fire warden during the siege of Leningrad



SOVFOTO

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T LIKE MUSIC

BY VICTOR I. SEROFF

A boy who became a musician purely by accident has now become one of the world's great composers. Meet Dimitri Shostakovich

WHEN a composer has become celebrated, his relatives are inclined to imagine things about him. The story about Dimitri Shostakovich, the famed Soviet composer, is that he was taken at the age of six to see the opera Czar Saltan's Fairy Tales and next day was able to sing all the melodies he had heard the night before. Shostakovich himself blows up that small fiction.

"Up until the age of nine," he wrote, "I didn't even like music. When it was played at home I didn't listen to it."

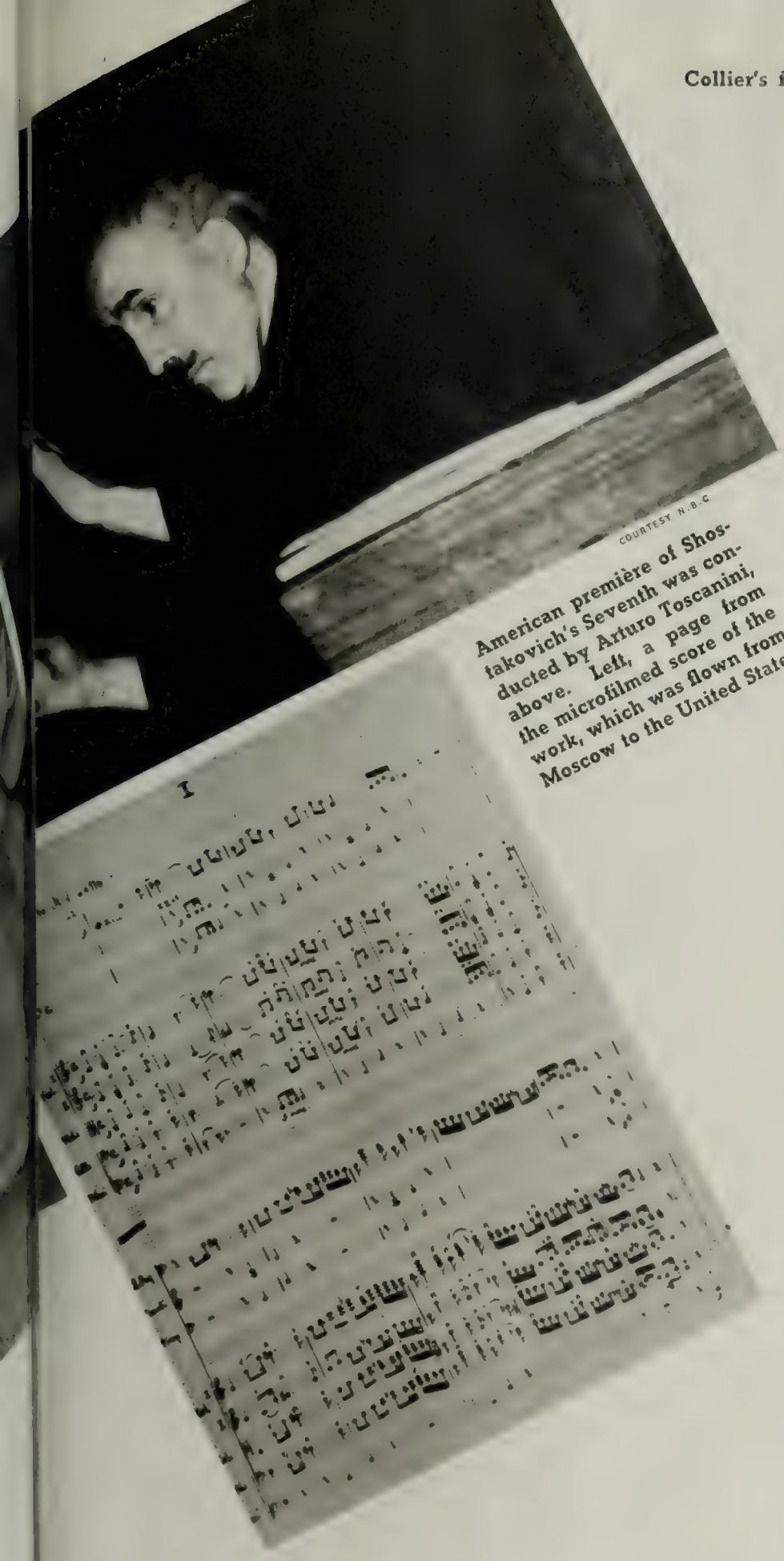
His mother had studied piano at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and wanted her children to become musicians, if only in a small way.

These were exciting days in Petrograd (the name having been changed from St. Petersburg when the war broke out in 1914) and they became even more explosive when the Czar was overthrown in 1917. Shostakovich had seen the events leading up to that, the barricades and fighting in the streets, heard the stirring speeches of the revolutionary leaders, seen the parades, the funeral processions for the heroes. After the first revolt came the overturn that brought the Bolsheviks into power. Petrograd was the center of all that, and young Dimitri, by that time studying piano with Professor Nikolaev, was inevitably tied up in it. It was not the ideal time for the serious study of the piano.

Dimitri was born in Petrograd (now Leningrad) and still lives there. The family consisted of his parents and two sisters, one older and one younger than Dimitri. His parents met in Petrograd when his father, Dimitri, Sr., was a minor employee in the department of weights and measures, and his mother, Sophie Kowkalin, was studying at the Conservatory. They were very poor when they married, his salary only a hundred rubles a month. B was fortunate enough to be engag manager of the estate of Baron Renenkamf, a relative of the Ge Renenkamf who led the Russian a to disaster in 1914.

The estate, which was fifty (a *verst* is approximately two third mile) outside of Petrograd, becam summer home of the family. As manager of the place, the elder takovich had two cars at his dis and a comfortable income. Lat became the commercial manager c large industrial factories, making for the war department.

Young Dimitri was interested i erature and mathematics. Howev had shown greatly marked m ability and he had managed to an impression on Glazunov, the sian composer who was then he the Conservatory, Glazunov sug that Dimitri should study compo with Professor Steinberg. On gr tion he failed to play a compositi his own, as was traditional at that



COURTESY N.B.C

American première of Shostakovich's Seventh was conducted by Arturo Toscanini, above. Left, a page from the microfilmed score of the work, which was flown from Moscow to the United States

hmaninoff, Prokofieff and others did ut not Shostakovich.
he fault lay with his bad health. He frail, and food was scarce in those s. He developed a tuberculous neck d that had to be remedied surgi- y. He had school from 8:30 to 2:30 after that there was homework, o practice, lessons in harmony counterpoint, and long hours spent ding in lines for food.

Symphony Creates a Furor

nd yet the boy who did not play any- g of his own at his graduation pro- ed his first symphony two years later. made him internationally famous. en Arturo Toscanini conducted the ional Broadcasting Company Or- tra in Shostakovich's Seventh Sym- ny in July, it created a furor never re equaled in the history of music. tten during the siege of Leningrad, n Shostakovich served as a fire war- against the German bombs, it was d by millions of listeners here and ad.

While Shostakovich was still a student at the Conservatory his father died of pneumonia. It was not only an emotional but a financial blow and the family was left in straitened circumstances. Dimitri got a job playing the piano in a small movie house. An American comedy film was being shown and it brought about his ruin.

"He would stop playing and double up with laughter," reports his wife. The manager fired him.

This may explain why, in 1927, he went to Warsaw to take part in a world competition of pianists. That was another blow because, instead of a prize, he brought back a diploma. Then he met and married Nina Varzar, a beautiful girl with blond hair and brown eyes, who was a student of physio-mathematics at Leningrad University. Previous to this he had been living with his mother and a sister in a three-room apartment but now he moved to a larger apartment in the newly built Home of Soviet Composers and went to work seriously.

(Continued on page 57)



and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping—

REPLACE WORN ENGINE BEARINGS!



When worn connecting rod bearings, in the lower half of your car engine, are the real cause of motor-fouling oil waste, you can't correct oil pumping by installing new piston rings in the upper half of the engine! That's only HALF the job.

The connecting rod bearings meter the amount of oil they send up to lubricate the cylinders. As they wear in normal service, the bearings allow too much oil to flood the cylinders. Excess oil passes into combustion chambers, where it burns to carbon, coating the pistons, rings, spark plugs and valves. Thus, the best of new rings can be rendered useless, while oil pumping continues to steal performance and economy.

Your service man will tell you that oil pumpers require COMPLETE overhaul, including both new rings and replacement of worn bearings—which cost but little more when installed at the same time. Let him check the bearings. If worn, replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy *for the long run!*

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

Pledged U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

TRUCK OWNERS' VICTORY PLEDGE!

Soon you'll see this sign on many trucks . . . they are the vital transportation network, distributing foods and war materials. Patriotic truck owners, service men, are pledging Uncle Sam to give their trucks extra care to "keep 'em rolling." Follow this good example for your own car!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!



Strapped in a Strait Jacket by SORE MUSCLES?



PROMPT RELIEF!

Help Nature drive out Fatigue Acids

● That misery of sore, stiff muscles usually comes when extra exercise causes fatigue acids to accumulate in them. Get relief with the famous action of Absorbine Jr.! This fast, stimulating linimentation actually increases circulation in many of your muscles so fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away from this area.

Here's prompt relief! Just splash those aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. As it goes to work, muscles can relax. Pain eases, swelling reduces. What wonderful comfort! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at your druggist's. If free sample is desired, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201R Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists.... If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 2907-J, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Room with Bath $2.50 up

HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

ACCOUNTANT

BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1040-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

How Anti-British Tales Start

Continued from page 13

are efficient and deadly. I realized how deadly only after I got back to America, and discovered here the same stories I had checked so thoroughly in Libya. I am convinced it is a deliberate fifth column.

Few of the American officers who have spent much time in the Middle East believe more than a tiny fraction of the terrible things they hear, because they have so often seen episodes in which they participated swollen and distorted into monstrous scandals by the sour grapevine.

A fine demonstration of the power of a whisper followed the catastrophe of Crete. The R.A.F. had only a few planes on the island, and only two airdromes. The Germans had hundreds of planes at Greek airdromes 30 to 300 miles away, which meant they could at will blow the Crete airfields and anything on them into tiny pieces. The R.A.F., logically enough, withdrew its planes, leaving the defenders of Crete defenseless (which they would have been anyway) but saving the handful of British craft from certain destruction.

The island people forthwith understandably decided the R.A.F. had simply run away. The fifth column inflated this simple fact most beautifully. Collier's itself printed, under the signature of one of the most reputable naval officers, a story that bitterness against the R.A.F. was so strong the fliers were confined to their quarters when the Crete evacuees began reaching Alexandria. No such thing ever happened.

The Englishman's scorn for American equipment and his failure to take care of it properly are topics of many a Cairo conversation. Yet I have never seen an R.A.F. man who wasn't obviously and flatteringly delighted to get an American bomber. Nor have I ever heard a British officer or soldier deny that our tanks were excellent machines; on the contrary, I have seen them manifest reckless faith in the tanks by taking our light, 13-ton job headlong into a battle a normal medium tank would have had trouble surviving.

British Cherish American Equipment

No one can understand the charges of poor English maintenance of our material in the desert until he's lived in the desert. The Libyan sand is as pervasive as the sunshine. It drifts into every moving part of every piece of machinery. Airplanes suck it up into their motors when they take off; gun breeches and barrels are coated after a few rounds; the motors of trucks get gritty with it in a couple of hundred miles. The mildest sand storm blows up such quantities of dust that it sometimes is impossible to see the end of the rifle you're supposed to be firing. The dust, incidentally, is responsible for the charge that the R.A.F. has failed to support ground forces—troop engagements are surrounded by a blanket of swirling sand, and no man in a plane singing along at 300 miles an hour, no matter how low he flew, could possibly distinguish between friend and enemy.

No reasonable amount of care would make any regular equipment last more than a fraction as long as under normal circumstances, a fact we are only now beginning to appreciate ourselves. My own experience was that the British cherished everything they had, our equipment perhaps a little more than their own. At least, I have seen them remove their old Blenheims and Wellingtons from the available sandbag walls that protect them from bomb splinters, and put in American B-25s and A-20s.



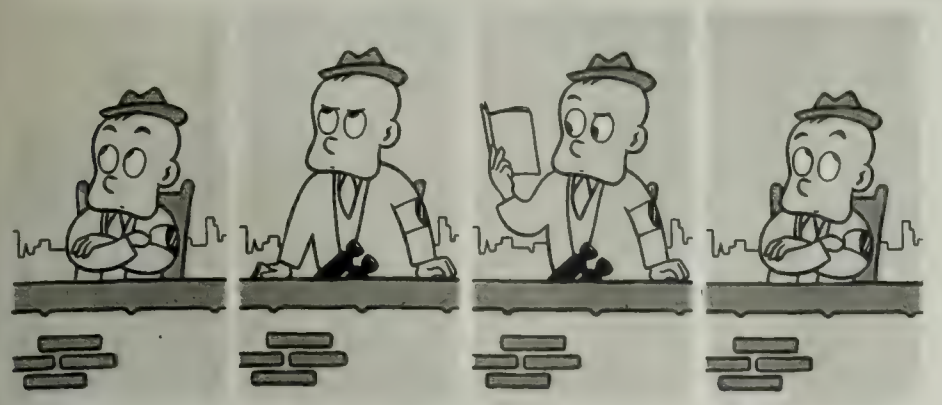
Collier's "It's a shame to break it up!" CLAUDE SMITH

Also, I have seen pilots stagger into army billets after walking miles across flaming sand, guiding themselves by hand compasses, to report their planes down. And I have seen crews leap into huge salvage trucks they called Queen Marys and head back across the desert, steering themselves over the blankness the way a big ship follows a course across the sea, never knowing for sure if or when they would find the crippled ship, or whether enemy planes would find them first. Sometimes they returned carrying the entire carcass, sometimes only a few minor parts, but the only occasions upon which they refused to search for wreckage was when they had no facilities, or when the planes came down in territory then controlled by the Germans. When Rommel was moving most swiftly, a good number of ships were lost that way.

Personally, I found the British ready to share anything they had at least fifty-



Collier's "Give me terra firma every time" JARO FABRY



Mail Plane

fifty, even their few air coolers, certainly man's most precious possession in the desert.

I once had part of the responsibility for setting up an airdrome near Cairo for one of the first contingents of American planes to get into action in the Middle East. The British had picked what they considered a choice spot, and had turned it into a surprisingly competent airport. Concrete aprons had been laid out where the planes could warm up without drawing sand into their innards, and sandbag protection for planes had been provided at dispersal points around the field. Comfortable quarters were erected for the men. Efforts were made to permit both officers and men to join the common English social activities, and, perhaps most important of all, American officers were given honest access to all background information the British possessed.

Then, for strategic reasons, I had to reject the airdrome. I picked another site, and hundreds of workmen were turned loose to make it as good a field as the first. Then I discovered I could move into still a third location I had thought was closed to me, so I shifted again and once more the British pitched in with every facility they could muster to make it a workable base. During these three switches, I did not get one complaint from the British; only co-operation which could scarcely have been more complete.

R.A.F. Flies Antiques in Greece

Even now few of us realize the handicaps under which the British fought early in the war, or the ingenuity they showed in using what little equipment they possessed. The British air force in Greece, for example, was pathetic. It consisted mainly of a few old Blenheims, lumbering antiques protected by one .303-caliber machine gun. The Blenheims had no self-sealing gas tanks, no armor protection, none of the advantages built into modern airplanes as routine.

Bullets for the machine guns came, not in up-to-date belts, but in pans approximately the size of pie tins. Each time the gunner reloaded, he had to stoop, pick up a pan, and jam it into its holder.

The Italians rarely closed in on the weak old Blenheims, although they had five or ten times the fire-power of the Blenheim's machine gun. But they hunted around the ponderous bombers, making aerial faces at the R.A.F. men. When an Italian ship did get near enough to fight, the Blenheim crew always decided unanimously that the Germans were in Italy again.

Ultimately, however, the Italians learned they could sweep down on the Blenheims safely when the gunners ducked to reload, and they became very brave. Then the R.A.F. gunners pulled the obvious ruse, stooping as if to reload before they were actually out of ammunition, and rising quickly to catch the Italians full in their faces when they came in for what they thought was the kill. No composite box score was kept, but a perfectly astonishing number of Italian planes were brought down by the simple trick.

These Blenheims were used for some time from an airdrome in Athens to bomb Valona in Albania. The British never had fighter protection for the bombers, and only the reluctance of the Italians to get near a scrap kept the Blenheims from being wiped out. The Italian fighters always came up to greet the Blenheims, however, going through their customary gyrations. One day the British got a few fighters, and forthwith established an advanced air base near Corfu, some 180 miles closer to Valona. The range then was short enough so the fighters could make the round trip. On their next mission, six Blenheims left the advance base—with twenty Gladiators and Hurricanes flying high over them. As the unsuspecting Italians came up to meet the Blenheims, the fighters swooped down from the clouds and wiped out 18 of Mussolini's planes bingo!

In the whole Allied war effort, we must remember one thing, however—mechanical equipment is not all an army needs. It must also be equipped with training and experience, and certainly no fighting organization in the world has as much as the Germans. You can't put a Massachusetts amateur state boxing champion, even if he is a heavyweight, in the ring against Joe Louis and expect an even fight. The Germans' years of preparation for war, and years of experience in actual war is a very real advantage, and it explains much of what's happened in the war theaters I know anything about. Certainly the British have made mistakes, but so have we, and I suspect many of the things the gossips have magnified into colossal blunders will, historically speaking, be shown to have originated not from stupidity but from inexperience. Anything that's happened to the British would happen to any green military organization.

I remember sitting one day with the late Colonel Brower, another of the A.A.F. observers in the Middle East, while a British officer inspected an airdrome. A subordinate was called before the officer to explain why certain planes had not been repaired on schedule. The subordinate explained excitedly that the delay was truly unavoidable, that, among other things, the mechanics were so short of equipment they had to make their own rivets out of discarded Ford automobile crankshafts. The officer turned to us and remarked that he hoped we wouldn't have too bad an opinion of the Royal Air Force, after listening to their secret woes. Colonel Brower puffed slowly on his pipe, turned to the Englishman, and smiled. "Nothing," he said, "has made me so homesick except the letters I get from my wife."

THE END

FOUR COMMONSENSE *Suggestions* TO HELP YOU SAVE TIRES

FROM Bob Bowes



President and Founder of Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation, Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs

★ The Government is doing everything possible to ease the acute and very critical rubber situation ... but ... it will be a long time before you can get new tires. Years of experience have convinced tire repair experts that 25 to 50% extra mileage can be added to your tires if you will avoid MISUSE and NEGLECT, so—

If You Want to "Keep Rolling" Follow These 4 Simple Suggestions

1 **Don't Neglect Your Tires** . . . Have them inspected frequently. Get small cuts and bruises fixed before dirt and moisture seep inside and cause irrepairable damage—and —keep the proper amount of air in your tires.

2 **Drive Carefully** . . . Don't bump curbs when you park . . . go slow when crossing breaks in road pavement or when rounding curves and corners.

3 **Cut Down on Speed** . . . Speed wastes rubber by producing fast, burning friction. Fast starts and quick, skidding stops *eat* the rubber from your tires. Slow Down!

4 **Check Wheel Alignment** . . . An out-of-line wheel causes "Tire-drag"... burns the rubber up. Get your wheels lined up so the tread will wear evenly. Shift tires occasionally . . . front to rear . . . right to left.



GET YOUR TIRES *Inspected Now!*

. . . and regularly hereafter . . . by Bowes Tire Repair Experts. That's the way to AVOID tire trouble. The authorized Bowes Service Man has special equipment for inspecting your tires . . . he can spot tire trouble while it's "young" and SAVE PRECIOUS RUBBER for you—add many useful miles to your tires.

Let this Sign Guide You

to Better, Long-Lasting Repairs

● Don't take chances with inexpert repairmen. Look for the Bowes equipped and factory-trained Tire Saving Station in your neighborhood. Bowes trained repairmen will add many extra miles to your tires . . . IF . . . you give them the chance to make safe repairs before the tires have been irrepairably damaged.



BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Barrymore Brat

By Nord Riley



Like all the Barrymores, acting is as necessary to Diana as breathing. But she's cutting out most of the Barrymore loopiness to prove to Hollywood that it's a serious business for her, even though she's a star

BEFORE Walter Wanger began production on his latest movie, Eagle Squadron, he showed a photograph of Diana Barrymore to Arthur Lubin, the director of Eagle Squadron.

"This is the kid playing the feminine lead," said Mr. Wanger.

Lubin stared at the likeness and uttered a mournful cry: "Who you kidding, Walter? This doll isn't even good-looking."

When Wanger went on to say that he had the creature under contract for a thousand dollars a week Lubin nodded glumly and shuffled off, muttering his wonder that a gent as smart as Wanger could take a shellacking from a brat like this Barrymore. Fresh from his golden successes directing Abbott and Costello, Lubin was all set to begin the classiest picture of his career, and for a heroine he had drawn a long-faced kid who had never acted in a movie.

"From all I had heard about her," he says, "spitting in a director's eye was a hobby of hers."

The upstart's first few days in Hollywood did not allay the suspicion that Wanger had been swindled. Never having been in Hollywood, she announced that she thought she'd find the place noisome, but upon arriving she rented a palace large enough to billet a regiment and amid slight uproar settled down with a French companion, a colored cook, a houseboy, a gardener, a romantic Great Dane named Cleo and a papillon, this last a pooch of great rareness.

Reunion with her father, John Barrymore, was a happy affair, and numberless pictures were taken. He was going to teach her Shakespeare. Then came an unnerving report that John Barrymore, himself the Clown Prince of the Royal Family of the Theater, had found it necessary to roar at his offspring: "Stop acting like a Barrymore!"

The child plainly suffered seizures of Barrymore loopiness. She was sassy. She had gone Hollywood, which is to say that she was putting on the dog. . . . Nobody knew whether she could act. She was by no means as toothsome as Lana Turner and she had a long face.

Subsequent events have served to prove that in hiring her Wanger wasn't so nutty after all. The first day of shooting on Eagle Squadron, the upstart took the director aside and informed him that she knew he expected her to behave like a berserk Barrymore. She vowed she wasn't going to, and if she did, it would be all right for him to beat her over the head. To the astonishment of all, she exploded only once. After three weeks of maintaining an uneasy peace she suddenly got lippy with Lubin, the director. That gentleman promptly hooted: "Ah-ah, putting on the old Barrymore mantle, are you?" This stopped the upstart cold. She regarded him balefully for a moment, then amiably stuck out her tongue at him. Since then she has been moderately unwarlike.

A Star is Born, but Quickly

Universal took a gander at the rushes on Eagle Squadron and began crying aloud at what blessings heaven had sent. With the froth of Hollywood hyperbole wiped off, this meant Diana had eased through her first picture with some to spare. To give substance to their shouting, Universal borrowed her from Wanger while Eagle Squadron was still shooting, hiked her salary to twelve hundred fifty iron men a week, and tossed her a part many great ladies of the screen would have hocked their husbands to get. The part is the kind likely to put Diana in solid as an actress or send her slinking back to where she came from. In Between Us Girls, she tears into six roles: a 12-year-old girl, a Sadie Thompson, an iron shirted Joan of Arc, a high-voltage actress, Queen Victoria at 82 and a lady like herself. Robert Cummings, Kay Francis and John Boles are in it too, but Diana gets the gravy. Her name will precede the name of the picture, which means she is officially a star.

Diana is the daughter of John Barrymore and his second wife Blanche Oelrichs, who writes poetry under the nom de plume of Michael Strange. The child's full legal name is Diana Blanche Barrymore Blythe—Blythe being the Barrymores' real cognomen. John's wit and noble rhetoric did not descend to his daughter. She has a nervous quick intelligence, with a talent for pinning back citizen's ears and a bad way of saying what she thinks, which is considerable. Nothing surprises her much, for she has kicked around enough, in Europe and America, in the society set and the theater mob, to be wise beyond her years.

"Don't let anyone tell you this Barrymore won't hold on to her coleslaw," an enthusiast at Universal points out. "Old Jawn adored bankruptcy. Not this kid. You know what she did with that fancy car she bought? She talked the studio into renting it from her for her picture. Twenty-five bucks a day ain't hay."

The saga of Diana's schooling is a study in how to be a brat. From the time she was born in New York in 1921, until she was five her record is mild. After that it really sizzles. She left the convent when she was seven (her parents were divorced when she was six) and in the next nine years fought her way in, and out, of fifteen of the nation's classiest boarding schools.

Diana was seventeen when her mother decided that she should become a debutante. "Debutantes!" and she shudders. But mother

Diana Blanche Barrymore Blythe—quite some moniker to live up to. She's doing all right though; after one movie she's a star

DOOLITTLE-KEAN



"And don't you be calling my partner a Spook!"

HE MAY be a fugitive from a pie plate, but when it comes to making motorists act se, there's none can hold a candle to my mpkin-headed pal.



—he doesn't exactly *scare* 'em into switching winter-grade Veedol . . . this year it's enough t to *warn* 'em cold weather's right ahead. And now that first-class car care has become a triotic duty—folks have quit quibbling about few extra pennies it costs to get the *super* ter-protection which Veedol provides.

Yes, I said *super* protection. Because Veedol is 100% Pennsylvania oil at its finest . . . made from the world's toughest, most wear-resistant crude. And, just to make it an even better buy—

THE FILM OF PROTECTION
VEEDOL MOTOR OIL
100% PENNSYLVANIA

Change Now to Winter-Grade VEEDOL

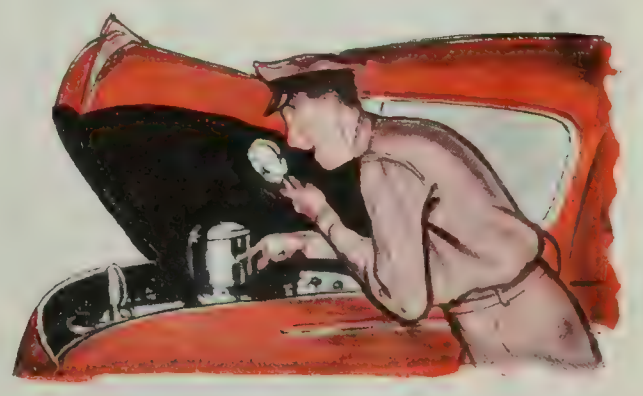
100% Pennsylvania Oil at its Finest

•

Get 1000-mile VEEDOL SAFETY-CHECK *Lubrication*

Veedol's flair for fighting WEAR gets another boost in a special, patented refining process.

Speaking as one who has nursed a lot of cars through a lot of frigid winters, I'm telling you cold weather needn't scare you if you let *me* prepare you—with winter-grade Veedol, fresh every 1,000 miles.



P.S. YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING—till you see the hawk-eyed care your precious car and tires will get when your neighborhood Veedol dealer goes to town with Veedol *Safety-Check* Lubrication. He knows his stuff. He's at your service.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY ★ ★ ★ FOR VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



WE WALK IT..and LIKE IT!



IN BOSTONIAN RUGGEDIERS

Now that you're back on your feet, Walk it and Like it in Bostonian Ruggediers. They eat up the miles, take every hill in high gear. *Measure* their rugged soles, thick but flexible! *Caress* the fine grain leathers! *Splash* through puddles, *climb* over rock fences—these husky Walk-Fitted Bostonians'll come up smiling. And comfortable? They'd make a postman *crave* walking. $8.95 to $12. *Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.*

RUGGEDIER GRAINS—Bostonians' answer to winter walking. Heavy soles for men who won't jump puddles. Above, Tech.





WHISTLE while you walk in Walk-Fitted Bostonians. Leathers give and take with foot action. Above, Stalwart in Scotch grain.

WATCH THOSE PENNIES—Ruggediers give months of added wear. Stout leathers take it and like it. Tough soles are flexible, too. Above, Marvel.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*

wanted me to come out, so out I came." A debutante, she says, is supposed to stay out for six months, theoretically long enough to capture a well-heeled husband. After putting up with being a debutante for two months she chucked it for acting.

She hadn't done any acting, other than stumbling around in school plays. She was a Barrymore, to be sure, but her father was merely a name in the papers to her, and she had been reared in high society. Her talent seemed to be sketching, which she had studied a good deal in Paris. Now she abandoned that to take a whirl at the stage. She entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and studied drama for two years. Summers she learned theater, playing stock in Ogunquit, Maine, where she opened her career as a somewhat scrawny Juliet opposite a Romeo played by William Faversham's son, Philip. In her two summer stands in Ogunquit she ran through the usual stock-company plays: Springtime for Henry, You Can't Take It With You, and the others. In the winter season of 1939-40 she got the role of Ann in Outward Bound. That the Barrymore name helped her get the part she admits cheerfully. "It helped me get in, but no name could keep me in," she points out.

The Outward Bound company went on the road, playing Chicago, among other whistle stops. By epic coincidence, her father, whom she hadn't seen since she was twelve, was performing nightly in My Dear Children in an adjoining theater. With droll comment on his wives and his bartenders, he put the citizenry in the aisles clutching their tummies with glee; if he followed the script the audience went home disgusted. After one performance he found a young thing in his dressing room, a skinny dame with a smile like his own and gleaming brown eyes.

"Ah," he cried in his courtly way, "you ambrosial creature!"

"Thanks, Daddy," the creature said

"Daddy?" The great one was stunned Then he recognized her and roared, "My daughter!"

By this time the movie people, whose feeling of inferiority makes them droo over anything from the stage, realized that here was an actress whose name alone was worth something even if she fell into the orchestra pit every time she walked downstage. They advanced on the young Barrymore with contracts "How much?" she demanded of them "And for how long?" When they told her she said simply: "I want more money." She added that she thought she would hate Hollywood.

Hollywood Via Broadway

Nevertheless, she made a couple o screen tests. These she describes b holding her nose. No doubt the studio had a similar opinion, for they droppe the matter. After that came mor spasms of stock-company dramas, in cluding a leading role in Captain Jink of the Horse Marines which opene in White Plains. Last fall she grabbe a part on Broadway in the Edna Ferbe George S. Kaufman play The Land Bright, a drama that caused no stam pedes to the box office. She was toilin here when Walter Wanger hove int sight lugging a bag of Hollywood gol He offered her a contract for four pic tures a year at a thousand dollars week. Being no dope, she took it.

Her first few days in front of th camera were hard. Everyone expecte her to blast the joint wide open wit temperament, the cameraman had trou bles handling the angles in her face an her acting was not the kind to driv Bette Davis to opium from envy. Lik most actors fresh from the stage, sh overacted, because she didn't reali



COLLIER'S **"The boys decided to modernize it, Chief"** ELMER ATKINS

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY



VOLUME II

SUBSADIARY: Fellow who doesn't feel good about being an auxiliary.

CHEERUPODIST: A doctor who makes your feet happy.

ETCETRIAC: A man who is always and-so-forthing.

CALLOUSTHINICS: Reducing exercises on a rowing machine.

POORTRAIT: A picture of you that you don't like.

WRATHEMATICIAN: Guy who gets mad totaling figures.

THUGCESS: What a good burglar might acquire.

IMMURAL: A lewd picture on a wall.

PATRIFIED: An Irishman who has been on ice for 100 years.

PORCUPRONE: A porcupine lying face down.

Faced with the stoopendous task of making this Fictionary a comprehensive work, Col. Stoopnagle will welcome words (with their definitions) from readers and will pay five dollars out of Collier's pocket for acceptable contributions. Address The Fictionary Dept., Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

how sensitive a camera is in picking demonstrations of emotion. After watching herself in a couple of rushes, she calmed down and did okay.

"Movie acting," she says, now hep to the racket, "is nothing but not doing anything."

Except for the minor explosion in Eagle Squadron recorded earlier, she has endured long hours of toil and numerous indignities with glacial serenity.

The mauling she took in Between Us Girls was so bruising there was a feeling that if she didn't holler uncle they would have her still, cold body on their hands. First off, she had to roller-skate and she landed on her rear with unrehearsed violence so many times a massage table and masseuse had to be installed in her dressing room to keep her repaired. Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom, former light-heavyweight champion, was employed to clout her on the jaw. "Not me," cried Maxie. "I won't punch no lady, especially a Barrymore. Barrymores and Rosenblooms are artistes."

To replace the gallant Mr. Rosenbloom, Big Boy Williams was hired and he walloped her good. When Williams was through, Robert Cummings took a turn at cuffing her around.

Miss Barrymore Gets Slapped

Twenty-two times he slapped her sassy face and each time it did nothing but disgust Henry Koster, the director. "Forget you are a gentleman," he yelled, "and sock her!" As Cummings wound up for the twenty-third swipe, Diana kicked his shins with her high heel. Cummings almost knocked her block off for it, but Koster got what he wanted. They thought the lady was sore, but she wasn't. "That slapping," she said wearily, "could have gone on all day. I knew he wouldn't hit me unless he was angry. So I kicked him."

At the sound of the assistant director hollering that it is lunch time, she often hotfoots it over to a kitchen she has found on the lot and there throws together a luncheon for her stand-in and herself. She even washes the dishes when she gets through, which is arousing some consternation, because nobody can remember any other actress who ever did such things. Unlike other Hollywood pretties who are forever being photographed stumbling around in a kitchen, this character takes honest delight in cooking. This may be explained by the even greater delight she takes in eating what she cooks. Also she is fond of fixing little repasts for Mr. Bramwell Fletcher, a Broadway actor she met a couple of years ago in the Outward Bound company, and whom she recently married.

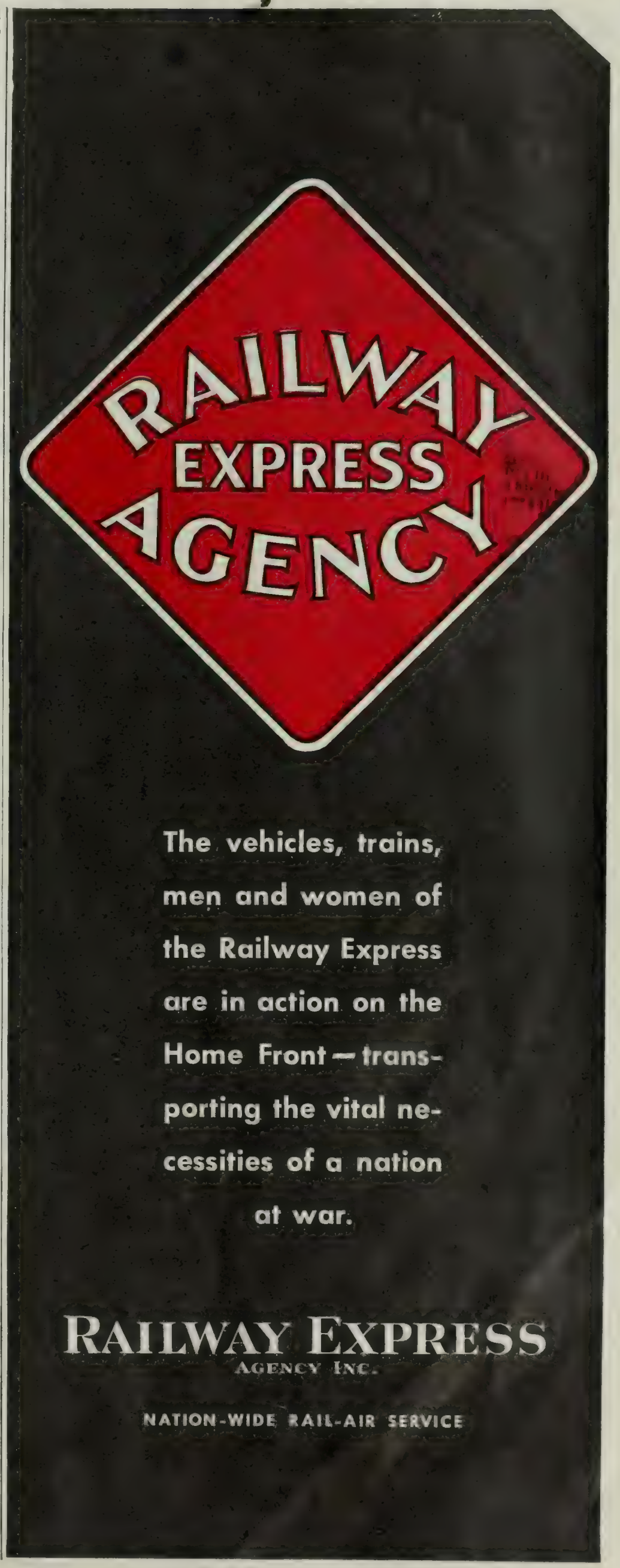
He wallops her at table tennis, badminton and gin rummy. In revenge she drags him out to see as many horror movies as his stomach can stand. As Diana sees it, being Mr. Fletcher's spouse will not cramp her career. She will stoke the gentleman to the gills on her cooking, and hopes to present him with exactly two children, but the acting will go on.

Blackout Incidents

Miss Barrymore is content with the present state of affairs. To her astonishment, she likes Hollywood, declaring that only superior force will pry her loose from the place. She is acting and being paid handsomely for it. If anything bothers her, it is Edna, her colored cook. Edna can cook like nobody's business but in a blackout she becomes a menace.

Diana, Edna, the colored houseboy and a soldier who had dropped in trying to find his way to Riverside were caught in the dark during a recent alert. The houseboy became possessed of an urge to play the piano, and Edna was heard clucking to a pair of hot dice, which she said would be a big help in passing the time if the folks had any loose change on them. With the houseboy beating out Beethoven, Edna rattled and rolled a month's wages off Diana and picked the warrior clean. When the fleecing was complete, they tramped out on the lawn to look for bombers, Edna in a white dress. The warrior pointed out that the white dress would draw bombers like an arsenal, but Edna was inspired this night. "Ah knows what Ah'll do," she cried. "Ah'll take it off. Den dey won't see no Edna in no blackout."

THE END



1917 WAR RUN BY TELE-PHONE

1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO

For Instance...

...during the battle of Midway the men in the radio room of an American aircraft carrier got a chuckle. They overheard two very excited Japanese talking—and they didn't sound happy . . .

(news item)

. . . there were 81 enemy bombers—swarms of fighters above and below...

. . . when they were spotted the call went out over the radio—

. . . the Marines piled into them.

(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines — the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY

WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Dancing Feat

Continued from page 12

The third lot are Bulgarians, four divisions of them. No mention of Rumanians or Italians; they don't seem to trust them much.

"It doesn't say when they begin"—he opened the papers again—"but let's see . . . oh, yes, here it is. There's a regular schedule for the advance of each of the columns. They reckon the whole operation will only take two weeks. But the devil of it is that they seem to know all about the location of our forces, which is more than I do myself. No wonder things have been getting tough lately; they must have a network of spies . . . that infernal Gestapo. . . ."

"YOU puzzle me," said Estelle. "The raid was a great success, and we've now enough food for weeks, the whole camp is rejoicing; but you, Mike, are sour as a crab."

"All right," Dimitrof replied, "I'll tell you what's on my mind. In the raid we found some papers; the Germans are planning a drive—I don't know when, but quite soon—against all the guerrilla forces, to use about ten divisions, moving in three directions. Worse still, they know the location of nearly all our bands, not exactly but close enough. It is news of vital importance and must go to headquarters at once."

"But how lucky that you found it! Forewarned is as good as forearmed. You send the news on to Zagreb and everything will be fine."

"I can't send the news to Zagreb. That's what I'm worried about. Somehow the Gestapo has got on to our messenger service and broken it up. When I got back here this morning I found the mother of one of my messengers, who had managed to reach our camp, although desperately wounded. She died an hour ago, but was able to tell me what happened. What they'd done to her is beyond words. Are they men or devils?" He paused, scowling, then went on. "They tortured her son to death before her eyes, and then . . . they dealt with her. Some neighbors came and found them. She did not want their help, she must have known it was useless, just told them to put her on a horse. What heart and strength she had, to ride here through the night and tell me . . . before she died! Now I have this vital information which must be delivered to Zagreb so that our agent there can send it on to Mikhailovich. It *must* be delivered at once, but here is the damnable fact, that I don't know our agent there. I only know that he receives our messages in the theater on Saturday and Sunday nights."

Estelle caught hold of the table and pulled herself upright as if by great effort. Her face was white as milk, and twice she tried to speak, then suddenly she began a little tap dance, slowly at first, then faster, for nearly a quarter minute, before she sank back on the bench.

"You see," she said, "that's the answer. After all, that was why I learned it, and now . . . I must take my chance."

Dimitrof sprang to his feet. "I won't let you do it!" he said. "If you'd seen that woman's body . . ."

"Don't frighten me!" said Estelle. "It's settled, I'm going to do it, but don't frighten me beforehand! We began it as a joke, to give me something to do, dancing the Chetnik code that the taps of my feet would signal a message like the fires. Perhaps you don't take me seriously, but you always said that if the occasion arose . . . and the agent in Zagreb was told that if ever a dancer came doing the native dances, her feet would bring him a message . . . he would listen and throw her a flower to show that he understood. I know if we had more time you could get a messenger through, but now it's a matter of hours and this is the only way."

He said, "If you'd seen that woman . . ."

She struck him across the face. "Don't speak to me of that! Sit down now at once and work out the message in code. I'll have to practice all night to be sure that I get it right. Darling, don't look so unhappy! Can't you see how glad I am that there's something I can do, that all these other women . . . like this one who rode here dying . . . here's something I can do, you must not begrudge me the chance."

The man stood rigid, watching, then threw up his arms with a shout.

"You see," she said, "that is that. That stupid woman was right when she said you'd be better off if I went to dance in the town. Did you know that she even said she knew someone in Zagreb who could fix me to dance in a show there? All right, call her and tell her to fix it."

"Estelle, I won't let you do it! You can't, you don't mean . . ."

"Yes, I *do* mean, and I can! So bring on your Marfa Petrovna." . . .

Estelle felt sick and dazed as she lay on the frowzy bed in the little Zagreb inn. The last two days and nights were like an ugly dream. Marfa's gleeful face, then later at the feast the other women giggling. Then dancing half the night, with Dimitrof beating time, over and over again until she had the measure perfect.

"I'll call it the Fire Dance," she said when he told her she knew it. "Perhaps that will give him the clue."

He said, "It's too great a risk. My darling, I can't let you . . ."

"We've settled that!" she cried. "We've settled that before—and now, let me get some sleep. It's nearly three o'clock and I have to start at eight."

ALL day the long jolting drive in a springless cart, and the talk that seemed never to end in the dirty Croat village. Fortunately, none of these Croatians suspected her Serbian accent, or that her hair, dyed black and plastered over her forehead, had once been a golden nimbus. A restless broken sleep in a bug-ridden peasant hut, and then more hours in a cart, until they came to Zagreb. And that greasy pawing swine, the cabaret proprietor. No matter, the deal was fixed, to give her three days' trial, today, Friday, from ten to two, three dances every hour, and Saturday and Sunday. For fifty cents a night or less in American money. But then he had said with a leer, "A pretty girl like you can always make more than that. There are lots of officers here, and some of them are rich. You get ten per cent on drinks, the place stays open till four, and . . . we have rooms upstairs."

She looked at the cheap gunmetal watch which old Fomich had given her with the wish it would bring her luck. Eight o'clock already; in an hour she must go to the theater. In fact, she had been lucky. Tomorrow was a fête day and she had passed unnoticed among the crowds of peasants flocking to the town; and better, there'd been no hitch about the cabaret job. Wearily she forced herself to eat cold meat and bread and drink a glass of wine, then prepared the gay peasant costume she would wear in her dances tonight, with red shoes and yellow stockings, and folded it carefully in a big bandanna handkerchief. She was doing the best she could; the rest was a matter of chance.

The dressing room which Estelle shared with two Hungarian singers and the cringing girl assistant of a Turkish juggler was filthy, reeking of patchouli and stale air. The Hungarians eyed her askance, and she caught a muttered phrase that she knew meant "peasant pigs."

The cabaret did have a stage, or at least a little platform raised a foot from the floor, without any curtain or footlights, facing a three-quarter circle of compartments decked with dirty red velvet that were pompously termed loges. They were packed with officers in uniform and women, and here and there a man in civilian clothes. Similar parties sat crowded elbow to elbow at square stone tables in the body of the hall. The place was full of smoke, and the low discolored ceiling threw back a loud hubbub of talk in a dozen different tongues.

As she peered through a hole in the curtain behind the "stage," Estelle saw that most of the guests were Italian, but there was too, she noted with dread, a fair sprinkling of S.S. uniforms, "Himmler's hangmen." Now that the moment had come, she was suddenly terrified.

The Hungarians stamped off the stage spitting like angry cats. The din was too great, it seemed, for their singing to be heard.

Estelle's first dance, a "Montenegrin Fantasy," as the announcer described it, won a fair measure of applause, and the audience bent forward to watch the new artiste. But her second turn, a fast Croatian dance not unlike the Hungarian czardas, was a failure. The stage was far too small and the music far too slow. That was her fault, she knew; she had told them to hold it down.

Now came the crucial test, on which

NOT WANTED for the Duration

0002



SHORTSIGHTED GRIPER

Man who always squawked about Navy appropriations as wasted now demands: "Why Pearl Harbor?"

ALAN WOODS

erything depended. It was billed as 'Serbian Fire Dance." That had been r own idea; but while the announcer oke she guessed she had made a mis- te. The Croats hate the Serbs, and t Italian soldiers had little cause to l e the stiff-necked Serbian race. They id her scant attention as she waved r scarlet scarf and danced a quick uble shuffle, tip, tap, heel and toe, h her body almost rigid. There was rdly any applause, and, what made it rd to bear, the response she awaited s lacking.

The Hungarians jeered at her as she t the little stage. They'd been having ow with the patron, who vented his ath on Estelle. "Fire Dance, you call " he snarled. "You have no more fire n a fish. And as for dancing . . . pfui! ancer needs blood in her veins."

She turned on him like a flame, in a y of wounded pride. "You greasy !" she cried. "Don't talk to me like t! How can an artist sing in a place t is like a coffin, or dance on such a ge no larger than a pig pen? You tell I can't dance? You ape, I'll show tomorrow, if I have to dance it ed!"

That set the Hungarians going, and of them talked at once, when one of waiters came in. The patron sud- ly smiled and said, "You have one re chance. If you don't do better to- rrow . . . and meanwhile," he grinned a wolf, "an Italian colonel wants in Loge Number Seventeen."

SHE woke with a splitting headache and the bitter taste of failure. What ible champagne! was her first co- ent thought. And, what I've let my- f in for! But the colonel was rather ear, and easy to stand off. Despite head, she felt glad to remember the ter's words, "You've beaten all the ords for champagne served in a loge." Spite herself she was pleased; she'd nged her wounded pride, and she'd w them something tonight if she had ance as she had said, as naked as she born. She staggered across the room, drank a small glass of brandy, then ked at the gunmetal watch. It was y two o'clock, she'd better go back sleep.

When she woke again it was seven, her head was free from pain. She herself reckless and light, and some- remote from it all. She looked at peasant costume with wine stains on blouse and thought: I can do with- that. She took a pair of scissors and ed the skirt much shorter to leave legs bare above the yellow stock- s. She wound the scarlet scarf tightly und her breasts, leaving both ends he air, and danced over to the mir- "Native costume, yes! Hawaii, not atia. If only this skirt was grass I ld dance a hula-hula." She ate grily and drank a glass more of ndy. "Didn't the colonel say he'd for me at nine?" She looked at her- in the warped, fly-specked mirror. u black-haired witch!" she said. ave you got no shame at all?" Her ection said, "None at all," with pink eks and shining eyes. . . .

The Hungarians gasped for breath as elle came in singing to the dressing m and threw her cloak on the floor. e said in labored German, "But Fräu , you're nearly naked!" She didn't e them a look. She caught the Turk- girl and danced her around the room, n sat herself down on the chair. "It's ter so," she said in German. "You s need clothes to sing, but the less dancer wears the better she can ce." She tucked the flowing ends of scarf into its improvised brassière, n ran out for her first dance. The ngarians looked at one another and ed with sharp annoyance the sudden silence in front, the low soft beat of the music . . . and the thunder of applause.

Estelle changed her second turn. She danced the czardas number, but hardly moved from one spot, mimicking the movement with fast motions of arms and feet. Again they shouted their heads off and yelled for her to repeat. This was a gala night; she had caught them and made them hot.

The second Hungarian song went better than the first. They stayed and took an encore. Estelle took the brandy bottle and poured two more drinks. She was reckless and free from care. "Now, baby," she said in English to the timid Turkish girl, "we'll drink this one together. Come on, it'll do you good." The stuff burned her throat like fire. "That's what my dance is called, a Fire Dance," she said, and pulled out loose the arm-long trailing ends from the scarf that covered her breasts. "Wait, baby, do I remember?" She danced a quick double shuffle. "Yes, that's the way it goes, and then he will throw me a flower."

There wasn't a sound in the place as her last dance began. But it wasn't a Serbian dance, not this time. The announcer shouted loud, "The Fire Dance of Rome!"

She began with a swirl of steps, and the music followed her, low, then she moved to the front of the stage and did what she later called "an impromptu hootchy-kootchy," with all of her body moving, but her feet in the high-heeled shoes maintaining a steady beat, tippety tap, tap, tap, tip tap, tippety tap.

She stopped and smiled before them, and waited. The applause was like a storm, and someone flung a rose which became a deluge of flowers.

She stood there while they shouted, but the tongue in her mouth was dry. She had given her message again, but the answering signal had eluded her. She smiled and said in Serbian, "Thank you, I dance it once more, but this time, at the end I will add for you something new."

Oh, Heaven, she thought, will it work? It must, it has to work!

The quick patter of her feet was louder than the music, and the blazing ends of the scarf were like fire on her whirling arms. When she ended, there was silence, a tribute to the artist, then shouting and stamping of feet and another storm of flowers. And in the midst of it all, a sharp, shrill, piercing whistle from the second loge on the right.

Standing motionless, Estelle saw a sudden scuffle, saw a soldier turn on the whistler and hit him in the eye, and saw the man break away and plunge out of the door at the back.

There were flowers around her feet as she bowed and bowed again, but her heart was singing high; her message had been heard.

"I DID it, Mike, I did it!" she told him two days later. "But if you want me to love you, don't ask me to do it again. The first night was appalling, audience dull as mud, and I danced the whole thing through, giving the message in code. There wasn't any response, no flowers, no applause. I was sunk; did it mean that your agent wasn't there or that he didn't understand? I was desperate, but the next night I did it again and really made it hot. There was plenty of applause, but that was the shocking thing, there were also plenty of flowers. I ask you, how could I know? I had to think and think quick, so I danced it over again and put in an extra line, 'If you get this you must whistle.' I'd forgotten that whistling in Europe meant the razzberry, not applause. But he whistled all right, I'll say, and got poked in the eye for his pains."

THE END



Like men out of a poem the Commandos came . . . rushing the fight to the foe . . . shaming us out of our smugness with their fierce courage . . . *Hail Commandos!*

There isn't anything we can do that's too much to bring the fight to victory. Here on the home front it's a small matter indeed to make the most out of what we have. For instance, to make our shirts do more for us, to take good care of them, to make them last longer. And remember . . . better shirts wear better!



Manhattan
SHIRTS

SIZE-FIXT • MAN-FORMED • COLLAR-PERFECT • $2.50 UP



ACME

At San Francisco's Presidio: General John L. DeWitt, commander of the Fourth Army and the Western Defense Command

Coast Defender

By Jim Marshall

From Alaska to Mexico, General John L. DeWitt keeps a sharp lookout along our Western ramparts

IF a whole lot of people were wrecked on a desert island, with a hurricane coming up, a mild-mannered, medium-sized man with keen gray eyes behind his spectacles probably would take charge. He would tell people what to do. Some would pay no attention; some would resent orders; others would ask, "Who does he think he is, anyway?"

Then the man would start speaking sternly but quietly—and specifically. Finally he would make the castaways realize their danger and follow his leadership. For a while he would be quite unpopular with some of the people but slowly they would come to accept him, trust his judgment and follow his instructions. If this happened, the likelihood is they would all come through the hurricane with nothing more serious than a few wind-blown bobs.

This is about what has happened in America's hottest combat zone since early last December. In those gay days, hardly anyone had heard about Lieutenant General John Lesesne DeWitt. He was, before Pearl Harbor, just another of those gold-braids out at the Presidio of San Francisco, California. The gold-braids came and went, and not one Westerner in a thousand could tell you the name of the general commanding in his area. The generals came and got a paragraph on page nine, made a talk to the Rotary Club, had a drink at the Bohemian Club and disappeared from mortal ken until they were relieved and sent elsewhere.

Then suddenly General DeWitt's gray eyes were snapping behind his specs, and his name was in the headlines. He was speaking harshly and incisively to big men and little fellows and politicians who didn't seem to understand what had happened to the West Coast, or who thought war was something they had over in China or Russia. All DeWitt wanted to do was get on with his job, which was merely to protect everybody and everything along the whole Pacific Coast from the Japanese attack that at the time seemed a distinct probability.

Overnight, the active general became a dictator, military and civil, over more than 1,450,000 square miles of America, through which are scattered fewer than 13,000,000 people. His bailiwick comprised the West and Northwest, including the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Montana and Utah. The coast alone, with its hundreds of miles of wilderness, seemed almost enough of a headache. But DeWitt also had to take a keen interest in military defense plans in western Mexico and in British Columbia, through either of which an invasion might come.

To top this, there was the problem of moving scores of thousands of Japs and Japanese-Americans over the mountains, eastward—a job made no easier by the sly efforts of a few enterprisers to profit from the forced sale of Japanese property. DeWitt insisted that the job be done with justice and humanity, and it was. It took six months, in order to make it as easy as possible for the migrants. In any other country it would have been done brutally, in six hours.

In addition to the defense and Jap problems, the general had to make sure that a huge flow of war materials got through his command rapidly and was sent to sea safely—which was a job and a half in itself.

All these things gave him little time to waste with political numskulls who were thinking of themselves first and the war about No. 8. He had a hard time, too, making Coasters realize they were in a war. There wasn't time to explain everything. You just had to go in and use a few blunt words and give orders to civilians who weren't used to taking orders from soldiers—and maybe hope to explain l

That is what DeWitt did. He had to. But ar the clubs and at bridge teas, people said mean t about the general who had suddenly come o nowhere to snap orders right and left. Weste are independent folks and they weren't order-t as Japs and Germans and Italians are. So it some time before they realized that DeWitt working twenty hours a day for them and tha was just too busy to invent fine phrases and "If you please" every minute or two.

When people did realize it, they began to re the man and finally to feel a great affection for He can get almost anything he wants in the today.

When he had time, he called in editors an porters, and brought out his maps and spoke fra They fired questions at him and he spoke stra with no weasel words. So, in the end, newsp people knew what he was driving at and wher danger was and just how dangerous things we Seattle or San Diego or elsewhere.

He fixed up a plane as an office and went sw over his big command, getting his troops and and planes and tanks spotted in the right pl taking cat naps whenever he got a chance. He the admirals on the Coast got together and wo hand in glove—which was something new.

DeWitt Drops a Bomb

His first tiff with San Francisco came afte alert had been ordered—and nothing happ People said it was just a game—a practice; get delirious, it isn't serious. DeWitt strode a meeting of city and defense bigwigs and ba that it was "all nonsense for sensible peop imagine I would practice an alert. I hate to say he rasped, "but it might be a good thing if b had been dropped—to wake up this commun

People sat up, not only in California, but all the West. Some of them protested but the general went on, "If I can't knock the seriousne this situation into you with words we'll have to it over to the police to knock it into you with cl

Then the fat was in the fire—until some heads pointed out that it really was war an foolin'. It wasn't long before DeWitt's toughn but always honest, sincere toughness—had p opinion behind it.

General DeWitt was born at old Fort Sidn Nebraska Army post that had been built in the Indian wars. His father, who retired as Brig General Calvin DeWitt, was post medical of He had served with the Pennsylvania Volun in the Civil War as a captain. John L. was se of four children. An elder brother is Brigadier eral Wallace DeWitt, who was serving in San F cisco as head of Letterman General Hospital b he was transferred. A younger brother, Calvi a colonel; a baby sister, Mary, is the widow colonel.

John L. was born January 9, 1880, and his years were full of the sights and sounds of pr warfare. His parents moved around from po post—the now-forgotten Fort Hancock in T Fort Missoula, Montana, Fort Sully, in the D tas. The Indian wars were in the final stages. Si Bull was dead. The famous old Seventh Ca was cleaning up the last of the hostiles and fro officers and men the youngster learned about He saw the wounded brought in from fights long forgotten and so acquired no romantic tions about it.

Frontier posts weren't as primitive as fi would have them. Young DeWitt learned Fr German, Latin and mathematics. At sixteen he packed off, like many a DeWitt before hin Princeton. From there, he tried to get into Army via West Point but couldn't. He conti studying for a bachelor of *(Continued on pag*

Wine ~ *friendly as a garden chin-fest*

The kindly moderation of wine helps us to relax, helps us to share in good companionship

IT'S A GOOD THING to do. To have neighbors over for a simple get-together... to ase up and visit over good food and wine.

Bright and fragrant in your glass, wine s made for friendliness. In fact, more and nore people are finding that when you set ut wine you help everyone to relax in a noderate way. You help people to enjoy nemselves.

Wine is best when it's offered simply, as ou'd set out tea or coffee. If you'd like to have a new booklet on wine serving—and on wines in cookery—we are reserving a free copy for you. Just write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents all the wine growers in California.

California wines today enjoy the favor of connoisseurs the world over. These wines, of course, are pure vintages of fresh, vine-ripened grapes. They are brought to maturity in wineries close by the vineyards. The growers believe them well-blessed in bouquet and inviting flavor.

Merchants everywhere carry an assortment of such excellent California wines. Drop in at your wine dealer soon. Ask him to help you choose among these tempting wines of our own country.



This golden wine is Sauterne, a favorite to serve well-chilled with light refreshments or with a sea food or chicken dinner. When your main course is one of the heartier red meats, a red table wine like Burgundy or Claret is usually chosen. And as an appetizer before meals, the world's favorite is Sherry



There are lots of new materials everywhere these days, and substitutes, and a lot of them mighty good, too—but you won't find any in IMPERIAL. No substitute-wood. No artificial wood-graining on the surface. Because we believe that for real, solid smoking-satisfaction, and *dependability*, there's nothing like the genuine imported Mediterranean briar. Very little of it has come to this country for two years now, but we have it (being the world's largest pipe-makers, we've always carried great stocks). As long as we have it, you get it—at the same price you always paid for IMPERIAL (since 1933) $1.50. No "breaking-in" *these* pipes—they have the exclusive IMPERIAL Honey-Treatment. Real honey blends with your tobacco, "mingles" with it, mellows your pipe as you smoke it. Get one today.

© 1942, KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY INC., 630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.



YELLO-BOLE $1

All Yello-Boles are made of Imported Briar

First Lap on Tokyo

Continued from page 17

own task force took up position with the other ships and, without a single lost motion, the newly formed fleet steamed on in perfect precision toward the west.

* * * * *

We had been at battle stations several hours after General Quarters sounded. A number of enemy aircraft had been reported in the vicinity, and a couple of times word came through that stray Jap planes had been attacked and shot down by our carrier pilots. That wasn't particularly startling. It had happened so often before that we were beginning to take such news for granted. In the middle of the afternoon another message was flashed to all ships of our force and this one meant business—fighting business.

A Japanese task force had been sighted some distance to the north and we were warned that action was expected about five o'clock. It was exactly one minute before five when the bosun's mate piped "Prepare to repel enemy air attack."

The carrier immediately started launching planes, as we and the other escort ships formed a protective screen around her. Two minutes later, the destroyer on our port bow signaled that enemy aircraft had been sighted, and we pulled our tin hats down a little tighter around our ears. From our battle station, a space in the foremast structure two stages below heaven, we saw a plane crash on the horizon off our starboard quarter. Circling around the tall plume of black smoke and flames were some of our own fighters. One of the Jap vanguard had been liquidated, and hardly had its fiery monument disappeared in the sea, when another was shot down, this time several miles off our port quarter.

Seconds later the first Jap attackers to get through closed in around the carrier. They were dive bombers and Zeros coming in high, and our fighters were ready for them. The high-altitude dogfight that followed was a complete victory for our side. The Zeros, three of them, were knocked out of the air, and several of the dive bombers were hit. Some of them, however, reeled off after the melee and dived for our carrier. Before the first one could get its bomb away, a destroyer's antiaircraft guns surrounded the plane with a ring of fire. The Jap pilot then attempted to crash his ship on the carrier's deck, but the crews of the AA batteries were quicker on the trigger than he was on his controls, and he plunged into the water alongside.

Meanwhile, all hell was popping among the other ships of our force. Dive bombers and torpedo planes carrying bombs circled and corkscrewed all around us, dropping their eggs. That was exactly what our gun crews had been waiting and training months for. On our own ship, lead was flying like water from a high-pressure lawn sprinkler. The entire superstructure was obscured by a deep collar of belching flame.

From our exalted observation post in "Batt Two," we saw several Jap planes try to penetrate that collar. But our gunners had other plans for them. The planes and personnel can now be written off by Tokyo as a complete loss. Below us on the fo'c'sle our machine gunners were raining a steady stream of fire at low-flying Japs as they came in close to bomb and strafe our decks.

The ship was making full speed and taking tremendous seas over her bow which cascaded over guns and gunners but they stuck to their posts as lines of ammunition runners skidded along the slippery deck to keep them supplied. Shrapnel and machine-gun fire from the attackers hailed on them, but that failed to halt the rapid passage of shells from magazine to gun to Japs.

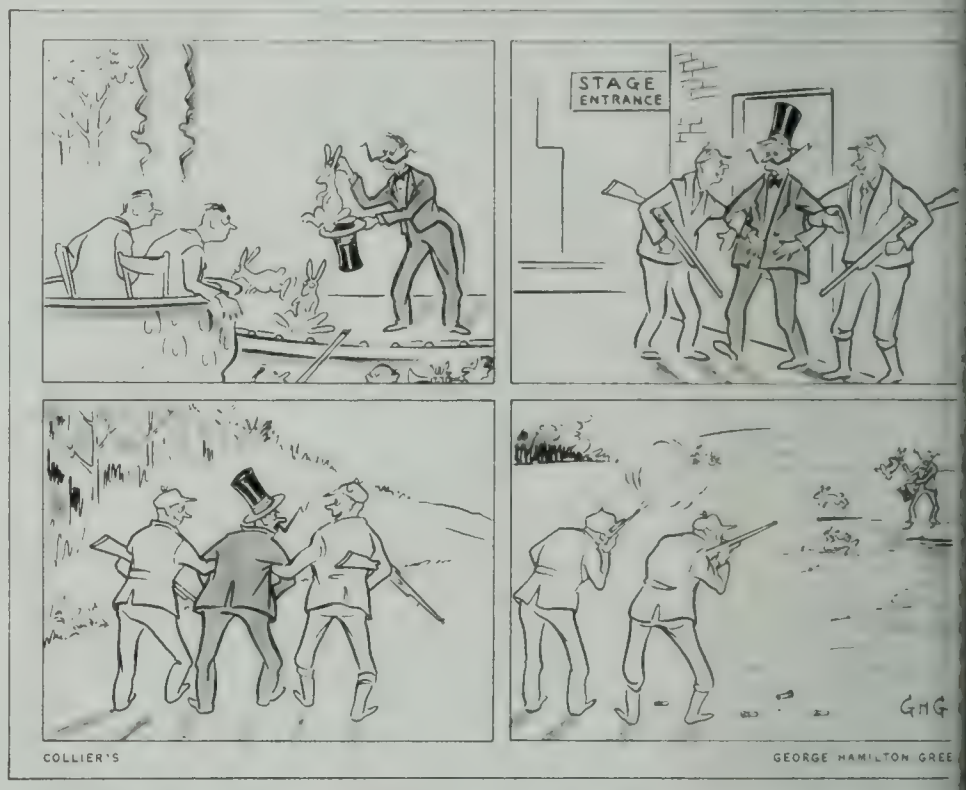
Our heavy duty antiaircraft battery of Big Berthas, mounted in turrets, opened up on the Japs at long range and followed them in until they were close to the ship where the lighter weapons could work on them. One battery of these was right below us and we watched them pound away so long and steadily that the paint on the muzzles of the guns was aflame. Another of these twin-gun batteries was firing so rapidly one of the guns jammed. Immediately an ordnance repair crew went into action and, while the other gun in that mount chattered away, corrected the defect and had the silenced gun back in action. Throughout this bedlam of bombs and gunfire our ship was plunging ahead.

him. Once he had it installed he leap behind the gun and the first object caught in its sight was an enemy bomb bearing down on him. His trigger fing did the rest.

The whole attack came in three wav spaced less than a minute apart. B tween these hot sessions the gun cre cleared the deck space around mounts, calmly brushing empty sh cases aside, to give them more oper ing room. When the enemy star coming in again they abandoned hou keeping for fighting.

Then came the order to cease firi We had been in action about twe minutes, but, of course, it seemed m like an hour and a half. Our ears w still ringing from the Fourth of J pandemonium, and the acrid fumes spent explosives still hovered in the The last enemy planes, what was l of them, were disappearing toward north with our fighters in hot purs

During the landing operations,



In position with the carrier all of our ships were describing a crazy zigzag course in an effort to escape the deadly dive bombers. The ships keeled far over on each turn and had barely regained equilibrium before making the same motion in the opposite direction. Undoubtedly this serpentine maneuvering saved us from direct hits. We counted four near misses dangerously close to our ship's sides and there were plenty of others at a greater distance.

One Lone Casualty

For some reason the Jap planes were concentrating most of their attention on our stern. Several times they swooped low over our fantail and, although their bombs missed, shrapnel splattered over our decks and their strafing with machine guns resulted in our one casualty. An aviation machinist's mate, manning the last gun aft on the starboard side, fell at his post hit by machine-gun fire. Hospital corpsmen ran from their battle dressing station near by and carried him below, but within a few minutes he was dead.

While the battle was at its hottest one young seaman gunner found his gun barrel had become overheated and was useless for further action. Grabbing a spare barrel he quickly shifted it into place while splashes from a bomb exploding in the water near by showered

destroyer following the carrier sudde swerved to starboard. Several men fallen from the carrier's flight deck the water and were swimming ab waiting to be picked up. The destr er's skipper eased his ship along them. Lines were thrown overside the rescue was neat and prompt. ship passed the destroyer just as last man was pulled in over the Somewhere along the watery way had shed most of his clothes, for as feet hit the destroyer's deck his garment was a pair of bedraggled sh

Aboard our ship, officers were tc ing the score of battle and found it cidedly in our favor. It was figu conservatively that we had shot d half a dozen Jap planes and, ad others accounted for by our pla and other surface ships, our forces' result was most disheartening to erstwhile visitors. A tired, hungry talked their way through late su that night and went to their bunks our skipper's benediction: "The cap congratulates the ship's company o performance under fire. The long h of training paid for themselves to when every man showed that he k his job and stuck to it."

Mr. Morris' magnificent eyewit account of the United States Na successful attack on the Solo Islands will be concluded next w

The Boy Who Didn't Like Music

Continued from page 45

From a small boy with a crop of light rown hair combed carefully into two angs above his horn-rimmed glasses, e has developed into a slender young an with an aristocratic air. He is po- te and charming but also exacting and tubborn. He keeps himself aloof, his nly close friend being Sollertinsky, the rilliant young musicologist and eth- ologist, who is director of programs or the Leningrad Philharmonic. It is hrough Sollertinsky that Shostakovich as been so greatly interested in such uropean composers as Bruckner, Al- an Berg, Hindemith, Schoenberg and Iahler, particularly the latter. They oke fun at him about it in Moscow. "Shostakovich still suffers from Mah- ria," they say.

Shostakovich is an enthusiastic sports n, an expert on soccer. At home he eeps a "debit credit" ledger in which e diligently keeps records of all soccer ames. Three years ago he took a ourse of training as a football referee, ut has never managed to get on the eld with a whistle. When things don't ease him, he writes letters to the edi- r. On one occasion he criticized an rticle on football in Red Sports, giv- g a highly skilled and subtle analysis a game played in Leningrad.

Doubles as Sports Writer

"Before the war," says his wife, "we ould never keep him home when there as a soccer game or a hockey match or prize fight. Rain or shine, hot or cold, e'd be there."

One night when the regular corre- ondent of Red Sports failed to send an account of a soccer game at Len- grad, the editor got Shostakovich out bed after midnight to ask him about The composer was annoyed at being sturbed until he discovered what the litor wanted. He at once gave a de- iled report of the match, even supply- g the names of the reserve players, owing great anxiety lest they be over- oked.

Though Shostakovich may not look ke a typical Russian to some for- gners—his highly nervous manner of lking and moving suggesting more atin qualities—his unpredictable char- ter betrays his true nationality. He s a great sense of humor and uses a eat deal of sarcasm in his music. he critics have taken him to task for s levity. In the midst of a composi- on, he will write in a musical gag that more hilarious than solemn.

When Shostakovich goes on a binge, gambles on anything—especially ker and baccarat.

Any doubt of his courage was dis- lled after the controversy over his pera, Lady Macbeth of Mzensk, which, ter a tremendous success, was at- cked so ferociously by Soviet critics at it was taken off the stage in that untry. Pravda, the political organ of e government, bitterly criticized the pera and reprimanded Shostakovich r his "un-Soviet tendencies." For a me it seemed that the blow would reck his career but in no way did he er show resentment. His Fourth Sym- ony was in rehearsal at the time, but ter listening to it and talking it over th friends, he took it off the program d it has never since been played. Its aracter was gloomy and introspective, ements that had been condemned in e opera.

He went back to his duties as teacher orchestration and composition at eningrad Conservatory and started ork on a new symphony. In Novem- ber, 1937, at the Festival of Soviet Music in Leningrad, he introduced that symphony, the Fifth, and staged a comeback that could be compared in popularity only with the return of a prize-fight idol. In 1940 his piano quin- tet won him the Stalin prize of 100,000 rubles, the highest ever paid for one work in the history of music.

He has a tremendous capacity for work and nothing disturbs him. His workroom door is always open and he doesn't need a "special" atmosphere and he doesn't wait for inspiration. In this respect he somewhat resembles Tschaikowsky, who once said: "I sit down to the piano regularly at nine o'clock in the morning and *Mesdames les Muses* have learned to be on time for that rendezvous."

His two children, Galya the girl and Maxim the boy, a very boisterous pair of citizens, roam around the workroom and sometimes land on the composer's lap, while he is writing at his desk. His friends come in often for tea and chatter, and Shostakovich receives them while still working. In this respect his home life resembles Mozart's, whose house was always full of drinking, laughing friends.

According to his wife, one of his out- standing characteristics is his punctili- ousness. "At concerts he arrives before the cloakroom attendants."

When the war broke out, he volun- teered for service at the front but was told to hold himself in reserve. He worked up dramatic companies, organ- ized plays, wrote music for the troops, and visited the front-line trenches with the troupes. When Leningrad was un- der siege, he worked as a fire warden on the roof of the Conservatory. It was then that he began his Seventh Symphony, which is a paean to the courage of his countrymen and a declaration of his faith in the future of mankind. It was on the express orders of the government that he left Leningrad and went to Kui- byshev to finish the work.

The Appeal of Beethoven

"He was unhappy and impatient there," says his wife. "It was too far from the battle lines, too quiet."

Serge Koussevitzky, famed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was not impressed by the early Shostako- vich work but was won over by the Fifth Symphony. He now calls its composer "a genius who possesses the most tre- mendous appeal to the masses of any composer since Beethoven." When the Seventh Symphony drew critical com- ment as being "banal," "uneven" and "program music," Koussevitzky an- swered: "Critics who make such strong criticism today will strongly regret in the nearest future what they have said, for to criticize a man who is without doubt a genius one must listen not once but many times. . . . No one since Bee- thoven has had the esthetic sense, the approach to musical material that Shos- takovich has. . . . His language is as rich as the world; his emotion is abso- lutely universal."

Shostakovich does not appear with or- chestras, as is the custom with other composers, at least not as often as Rachmaninoff or Prokofieff. Although he is a capable pianist he does not play his own compositions with orchestra, as Prokofieff and others do. He says he has a "psychological technique," which means that, inasmuch as he plays only his own works in public, he doesn't have to practice.

THE END



THE TRAIL OF BAMBI

By Richard Hallet

Deep in Maine's Katahdin forests, Disney's men found the fawn that became Bambi and brought him, with his background, to the drawing boards in Hollywood



Hungry Bambi watches his mother pull the bark off a tree. You can be sure every corrugation in the bark is authentic. Jake Day saw to that

Owl describes the bitter sweetness of being twitterpated in the spring. Flower, Thumper and Bambi are confident it couldn't happen to them. But it does





Though Owl disapproves, it looks like fun. You twitter, you walk o air, you're knocked for a loop and before you know it you're twitterpate

WALT DISNEY'S Bambi had its first public showing in Portland, Maine. It was fitting that Maine should see it first, because in a real sense its origin was in Maine.

The original Bambi was an Austrian deer. What should Disney's Bambi be? Nearer home, of course. He fixed on a mule deer from Arrowhead, California. But a Maine man, Jake Day of Damariscotta, objected. Day was with the Disney artist force but he was also a good Maine wilderness man. He said flatly that California's mule deer was not Austria's white-flagged deer of Felix Salten's great story. To get the right deer, and no less to get the right background for the deer, Disney would have to go to Maine.

"Prove your point," said Disney.

To prove his point, Jake Day went back to his native heath and took a camera up into the Katahdin country. Thereafter he spent a total of seven months—including all the seasons, since Bambi runs the full circle of the seasons — getting close photographic shots of Bambi's country. He got the trees in all their dazzle after ice storms; he got beaver dams mounded with snow; and since Bambi was to end with a great forest fire, he turned his lens on the black satin corrugations of fire-bitten trees.

He overlooked no time of day, no mood of nature. With the first light of spring dawn, as early as 4 A. M., Jake Day would be lying on his stomach, waiting to catch the right morning blaze on grass cobwebs, or spiderwebs glorified by dew. It was just this grass-roots knowledge of detail that he was after; and the camera knows how to show the cartoon artist the root of the matter.

Day trained his lens on rotting logs, lichens, pools, leaves, ferns—all the strange medley of the forest floor. With his color camera he caught the gorgeous mahogany-red of pitcher plants; a thousand autumn reds and yellows; the blue of mountain lakes; the dark chimneys of Katahdin; and the mottled russet of peat swamps, where he followed Bambi's trail over land that trembled but never yielded entirely to his weight.

At night in his tent, Day and his friend Lester Hall studied the Bambi script. What should be the background for Bambi's first walk? Where should he meet the quail? What sort of pool should slake his thirst? Where should he first encounter "mouse-trouble?" What would be the natural habitat of Thumper the Rabbit? And what sort of log would be the right log for Bambi to stumble over in this first baby walk of his?

Jake Day's pictures convinced Disney that this and no other was th Bambi country. Here were the pool and glades and ferns and flowers an blowdowns and mountain chimney that would make the only likely neigh borhood for Bambi's life and adven tures.

Such was the search for Bambi's back ground, tenacious and exhaustive, u there in Maine's roadless area, the wild est in the United States.

Meanwhile, our cartoon pioneer back-packed a forty-pound pack watched out for bear tracks, ate oat meal and blueberries, and photographe every last thing that Bambi's eye migh rest on, right down to a bear cub's pa marks in forest mold. They had to com bine the eye power of woodsman an artist, and those are different eye pow ers.

Reward or Penalty

Jake Day photographed the very a mosphere. He would climb a fifteen hundred-foot wall of rolling, round rock the size of tennis balls, and his rewar might be a magnificent color shot some deep valley lying under an ocea of blue haze. Or his penalty might b a pair of burned feet and a day waste because in a twinkling, all that glor of color might be blotted out by th shadow of a storm cloud.

Subjects for his camera swarmed un der his heels. He had a long list things that Walt Disney wanted photo graphed—hazel nuts, marsh grass, oa leaves, pine cones, close-ups of birc beech, moosewood and squawwoo blueberries (low-bush and high-bush red maple, sugar maple, hemloc speckled alder.

"We had to remember," says Da "that Disney has a ruthless fidelity the physical scene, to the truth of n ture, even when he may seem to b distorting nature. Once when he wa making a corn picture, he held us spel bound for an hour. He had studie cornfields in all their moods; he talke corn with farmers, slept corn, dreame corn—the rustle of it, the shine of it, its speech and habits.

"When corn gets into a Disney pi ture, then make no mistake about corn must be an actor. And so up the in the Katahdin wild, when I took shot—well, if it was only a shot of burnt tree, or some great webby ro grasping at rocky soil, or a lichen li a colored shell wedged into rough ba —I had to consider that Disney mig say to me, 'What does that say to yo What do you feel? What does it *do* you? Put it down on paper!' "

Well, they put it down for him right. Those artists of his made ov

(Continued on page 64)

The Distant Glory

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

he power and the glory of the All-Amer-ca was no myth to Bobby Drucker. But took him twenty-six years to make it

WHEN the train slowed up coming into Ultima, Okla., the man who sat on the edge of the Pullman seat lifted his head and stretched his eck in a tortured way and said: "Oh gosh! Oh gosh!"

Arthur Wysor was a man who was always pitying mself because he was a man who deserved pity. As e best known sports columnist in the country, a an whose readers ran into the millions, he liked to ink of himself as a sophisticated individual capable running his own life. In truth, it was the last thing could do. He was the sort of softhearted boob ho was always letting himself be talked into coming a place like Ultima, Okla., when he would have pre-rred to be anywhere else in the wide world.

When the first letter had come from Ultima—an pistle signed by the superintendent of schools ask-g him to make the annual address to the members the Ultima High School football squad—he had en firm. Not only had he no intention of going to ltima, Okla., but he had no intention of making an dress to any football squad ever known. His reply the superintendent had been quite curt: "I am sorry cannot accept your kind invitation. My schedule inexorably fixed. It will be impossible for me to me to Ultima."

The first letter had reached him in New York and e next one was waiting for him in Chicago, al-ough he had thought that nobody but his wife and s syndicate manager had any idea where he was go-g when he left New York. But Ultima had caught up th him, this time with added inducements. "I think u'll be interested in knowing," wrote the superin-ndent, "that Bobby Drucker, All-America halfback om Ottawa State, 1916, is living in our town. He ns me in urging that you come for our dinner."

S WYSOR hadn't started writing sports until after the war, he didn't know Bobby Drucker and eaded meeting him because he found all old sport-g figures to be great bores. He turned down the tima invitation again with what he felt was admir-le sternness and repeated the performance a third ne when he found a letter waiting for him in San ancisco. However, he made the unfortunate error admitting that the next Arthur Wysor move would to Kansas City, and then they got him. It seemed at Ultima was on the main line between Dallas and nsas City.

He knew he was licked then and now he was kick-g himself for his chickenheartedness as the train wed down for Ultima.

There was a committee to meet him at the train d after the superintendent had wrung his hand in lcome, he said proudly, "And this is our own Bobby ucker. I imagine you two will have a lot in com-on."

Wysor had forgotten about Bobby Drucker and w he looked at him with interest and some appre-nsion. He was a small pudgy man who smiled at ysor through his spectacles with an eager look. A sp of hair was dragged horizontally across his head accentuate his baldness and his blue serge suit had paggy look that denoted anything but affluence. t it was plain that the others regarded him with de because they looked on the scene with broad iles of pleasure.

"And this is young Bobby," said Drucker, push-g forward a tall young man who shook Wysor's nd firmly and looked him in the eye pleasantly d a bit questioningly. "Fullback on this year's un-feated team," added old Bobby. "Best Ultima er had."

Arthur Wysor was a kindly man and he liked these ople instinctively but he said very little in the first w minutes because he was steeling himself against something that was sure to come. In fact he thought it would be better to anticipate it.

"I'm sorry I won't be able to ride around and see your nice little town," he said hurriedly, "but I'm be-hind in my work and have to knock out a column or two before dinner."

The idea of Ultima being the scene of the creation of one of the famous Arthur Wysor columns caused the beams of pleasure to spread so alarmingly among the members of the committee that Wysor was al-most ashamed of himself; but he most certainly had no wish to view the civic wonders of Ultima. He was in his room at the hotel piddling about with the notion that he really *might* do a column when there was a knock on the door and old Bobby Drucker came in.

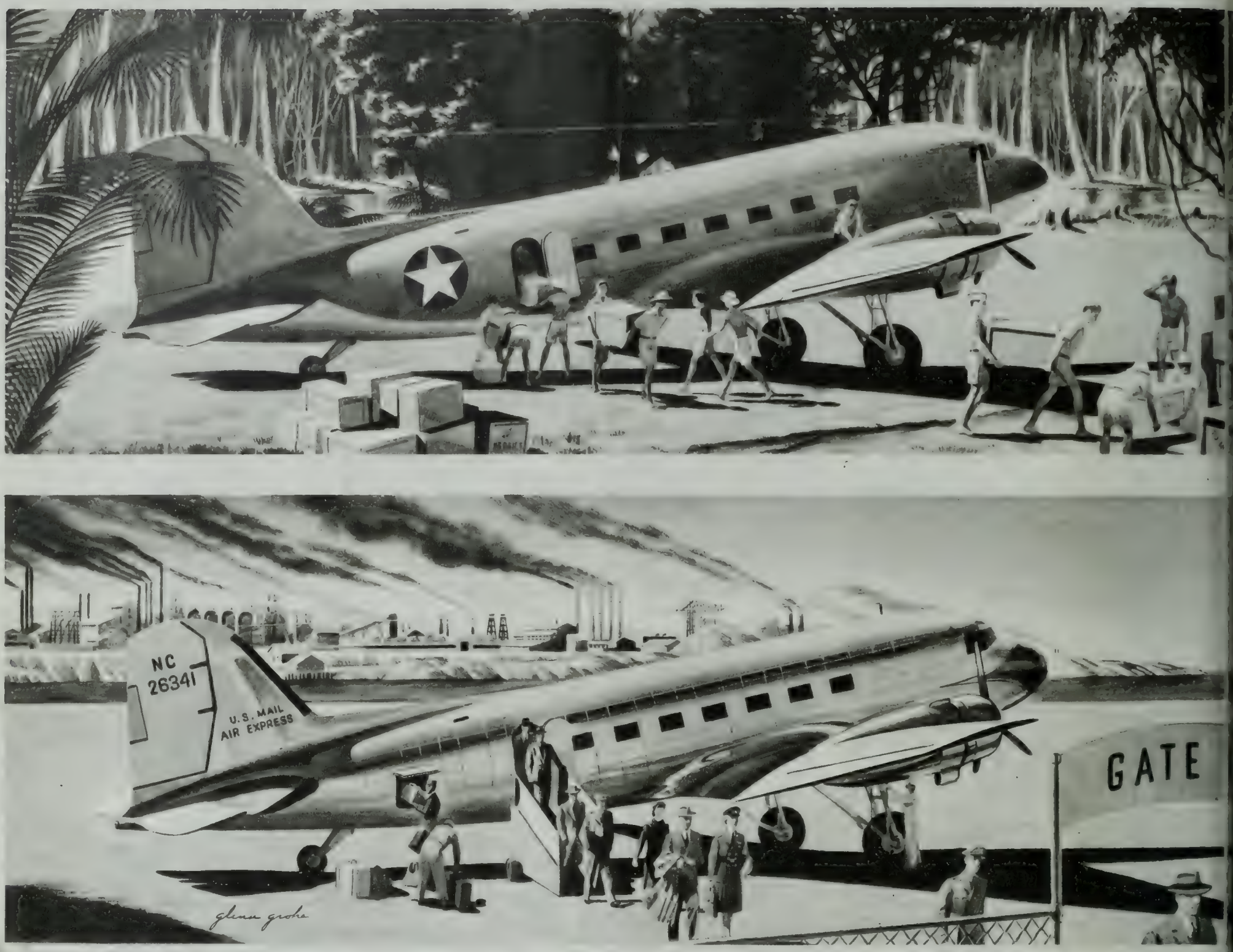
"I'm sorry to be bothering you, Mr. Wysor," he said, beaming in his friendly way, "but there's some-thing I'd like you to do for me when you get back to New York. It's too bad you won't have time to come over to the house and see my collection of trophies and pictures. I have pretty nearly everything there from Ottawa State and everything about young Bobby since he started kicking a little ball around our yard, but there's one important thing I haven't got."

"What's that?" asked Wysor.

"Well, sir," said old Bobby, *(Continued on page 66)*



"I imagine you two will have a lot in common," said the superintendent proudly



DOING DOUBLE DUTY

—"THE BUSIEST AIRPLANES IN THE WORLD"

WHETHER it's troops and supplies for Iceland or Africa . . . or men and material for fast action on the production front at home . . . the Airlines of the nation "*deliver the goods*". . . 24 hours a day.

MILITARY TRANSPORT: Planes operated by the Airlines circle the globe for the Army and Navy. They fly fighting men, munitions, medical supplies, airplane engines, and even complete jeeps . . . to *where* and *when* they are needed most . . . to military stations *wherever* they may be.

SCHEDULED TRANSPORT: As a vital part of the nation's transport system, the Airlines maintain regular day and night service between all important U. S. production centers . . . and to over 60 foreign countries. By transporting passengers and Air Express at a speed of 3-miles-a-minute, they help relieve the greatest shortage of all . . . TIME itself!

In performing this dual job, the Airlines operate *the busiest airplanes in the world* . . . to hasten t day of Victory!

WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY AIR

Make your reservation early through any Airl office or transportation desk. Whenever pos ble, travel at "off-peak" traffic hours. If pl change, cancel space at once in favor of son body else. Your coöperation will help us to our "wartime best" in serving the air tra needs of the nation.



THE 20 AIRLINES OF THE NATION

Represented by the Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

High into the Sun

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

These superb kids will make history. They've a job to do and they'll do it with zest. And when it's done they'll be ready to take over the task of keeping what they've won. Meet America's man of the future, the Army Aviation Cadet

At a training camp of the Southeast Army Air Forces: The day begins with an hour of calisthenics



HERE'S a gray mist over everything at six in the morning, and the sky sits solidly on the deserted treets and barracks and parade rounds. A mongrel pup slinks along he curb and bristles at you; he's the adet mascot, and he doesn't like civilns. Never misses a formation, they ay. He pricks his ears; they're coming ow. Off in the mist you can hear the houted "*Hut!* two! three! four!" and e steady shuffle of leather on pavement, and over it you begin to make t a low masculine rumble, the curious hythmic chant of the Air Corps song: Off we go into the wild blue yonder, imbing high into the sun. . . ."

The mist parts, and they march out it toward you, eyes straight ahead. ou look at them. You look at these ds who will be flying the fighter planes nd the big bombers tomorrow. You ok at the long line of them coming t of the mist, coming endlessly, com g four abreast in squadron after uadron, arms swinging in unison and gs breaking regularly at the knees, and l at once it hits you what this is: This untry's future is coming at you out the morning mist, eyes ahead and nging.

Fall in line and march with them into ess. March in step. *Hut!* two! three! ur! Dress that line, mister. You're arching with something bigger than u ever knew before. You're marching th the biggest thing this country ever ew. Suck in your guts, pop out that est. These men you're marching with e going to make history. The wash of eir props will turn over a whole new ge of history. Eyes ahead, mister. d if you feel your throat get tight, allow hard because maybe you're ding out for the first time how good is country is.

Getting to Know the Cadets

You want to know how good this untry is? Then meet these men who e training to be pilots and navigators d bombardiers, these men who are ing to make up the greatest air force all time. Get to know them personly. Find out what they think, what ey feel, what's going on in their minds. lk with them. Sleep in the barracks th them. Drink beer with them on en Post. Fly in their training ships. lk with kids who have just soloed, and ls who have just washed out. Talk to em about the girls they want to marry d the jobs they gave up to get in the r Forces, and what they plan to do en the show is over. Find out what ey're saying. Find out what they're nking and not saying. Find out what ey're like. . . .

This isn't the story we set out to ite. We were planning to do a piece out the training of a cadet, and so took a rapid-fire swing through e whole Southeast Army Air Forces aining Center, and we lived with the dets in all the stages from the time y were inducted until they got their ngs. What we found out while we re down there is so much bigger a ry that we're dropping everything e and telling you about this instead, ause this is news. This is the kind of ws you've been wanting to hear. This about the men themselves.

It's more than that; it's about how d they are. You've heard people ask, st what kind of men are we getting the Air Forces today?" Well, we're re to tell you that the men in the Air rces, the men we're counting on, are good that it's the best news that's ne out of this war yet.

What kind of men are we getting? ke the handful of really outstanding ngsters you've ever known and put m in this outfit, and they'll just be

(Continued on page 65)

The Lady and the Artist

Continued from page 20

wit, Tony. This is nothing. Wait till you've known him a while."

"Oh, well," John said, uncomfortably fumbling with the cup and the dish towel, "I . . . I don't know about Sunday dinner, but if you have nothing better to do I—that is, we could have a sort of barbecue, more or less. On the beach—but, of course, I have a car now and if you'd rather I can take you back to your—"

A slow crease of amusement appeared in her cheek.

"Never mind. You don't know how casual Sundays are in Hollywood," she said. "A barbecue sounds like fun."

Her eyes really were clear and sensible—and appraising and friendly like any other girl's—and she seemed relieved that Tony and his gibing talk were gone. In fact, she seemed awfully relieved.

They stood smiling uncertainly at each other for a minute, and then she said briskly, "Well. What have you in your icebox—or should we go find a store and have exotic delicacies?"

"Nightingales' tongues," he said. So they found a store a mile or two up the highway; and on the way back, jolting along in the flivver with the back seat piled with groceries, she didn't have a bit of that blank-faced look of Hollywood hauteur any more. She looked like a nice girl out for a Sunday afternoon in the boy friend's flivver, and, blurtingly jocular, he told her so.

"Well, we might pretend that's it," she said.

It was an afternoon of sunshine and lazy peace; and sitting on a blanket in the sand with the sun burning on her smooth hair, she was simple and interested and easy to talk to.

"What sort of a place do you live in?" she asked curiously. "When you're at home."

"Oh, it's—just a shack, much smaller and crummier than this one, but . . ." and somehow he got started telling her about the shack in the sand dunes and how he had quit his drudging job in the art department of a Chicago newspaper to go there and paint, and write his book. ". . . the surf shakes the windows a little, all night long," he said. "It's—it's a good place to work."

"Yes," she said softly. She looked at him as if she were beginning to understand something that had been puzzling her a little.

THE blue California shadows were gathering in the folds of the barren hills when they left, walking side by side through the sand to where they had left the flivver. She wouldn't let him drive her all the way to her house because it was too far and the Sunday evening traffic was bad. So they stopped at a bar in Santa Monica and after she had phoned for her car they had long peaceful Daiquiris in sun-drowsed and amiable silence while they waited. When her enormous shining car came, it pulled up behind his parked flivver, and at the curb Marcia gave him her hand: a quick, firm grasp.

"It's been nicer than you know," she said.

Driving back up the coast, John thought how good it was that a woman of her position, her dazzling celebrity, should be so delightful and so completely unaffected.

It was Tuesday afternoon that Tony Quimber came into John's office and, unwrapping a stick of chewing gum, said, "Marcia's giving a big party tonight. Better come along with me."

"I haven't been invited."

"That's all right. It's going to be a great rout. I'll tell you what; you and I will have dinner out on the Sunset Strip at a place I know, and then we'll go on to Marcia's," Tony said. He had an odd quirk to his eyebrows.

When they got out there in Tony's roadster, the big white and blue tile house, on top of its terraces, was filled with lights and people and noise. Tony faded away with a sort of dim smile, leaving John stranded among a lot of sumptuously dressed strangers. Somebody put a pinkish sticky-looking drink into his hand, and a deep bass voice said:

"I think I would like to do your head."

JOHN looked again, blinking. It was a little man with furry eyebrows and strange red-rimmed eyes. But he had an immense amount of wavy black hair. The lips opened again and the dreamy chest tones said:

"Yes, I think I would paint your very thoughts. I think you would be a sensitive subject. But wait—I can tell. Look at that picture!"

John followed the dramatically pointing arm—and jumped. It was one of his own canvases. Wildly, he wondered when Marcia had bought it. By the way it was hung he could tell that it had replaced a much larger picture within the last few days.

"What do you see there?" the man demanded.

"A New England landscape," John said. "And four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Bah!" the man said. "But that sky—that color makes me tremble. . . ."

A number of people said "*Ah*" and a woman whispered sibilantly: "Harry is so sensitive—he is doing such wonderful creative work—and the publicity he has attracted! Why, only last month the newspapers—it's only a question of time until one of the big studios realizes what . . ."

John saw then, that all this was for the benefit of a pouchy gray-faced man, probably a producer, who was dozing phlegmatically over a rye highball.

"I see all life in terms of color, and of movement," Harry said, turning away from John, the shabby stranger who had fulfilled his purpose as foil, "I see all life in terms of . . ."

John wasn't listening any more. From the far end of the room, through the crowd, Marcia was coming toward them, piloted by a faintly malicious-looking Tony. She was sheathed in a gown of gold lamé, and as she walked the lights flowed moltenly over her slender figure. She saw him suddenly, from a distance—and for an instant seemed as startled and as taken aback as he had been when she came to his shack. But without a break in her walk she came on, and said:

"Why, John, how nice! I didn't know . . ." And to the others, in the same perfect voice she had used in Gollech's office the first time he had seen her: "You know, Mr. Dawson is doing the sets for my new picture."

Everybody looked at him suddenly and the producer opened one eye and nodded. Harry turned very slowly and said, "Are . . . you John Dawson?"

John cleared his throat and looked away. Harry said, "The man who wrote . . ."

"But of course," Marcia laughed. "He has . . ."

John, who considered himself brutally honest, thought bitterly: *With one of my best pictures hanging above their heads, they think of me only as the man who wrote that darned book. I was a good painter, and a nobody, until I wrote a big pompous book.*

". . . more and more, his sets remind me of the Russian primitives," Marcia was saying. John remembered, with loathing, his chapter on the Russian primitives. "There is a foredoomed feeling," Marcia said, "the Day of Judgment shadowed on a moldly brick wall—vast, looming shadows, supernaturally ominous, conveying huge nebulous meanings not expressed in the dialogue in the script." It sounded written, like something you might read somewhere, but, dazed, John couldn't think where.

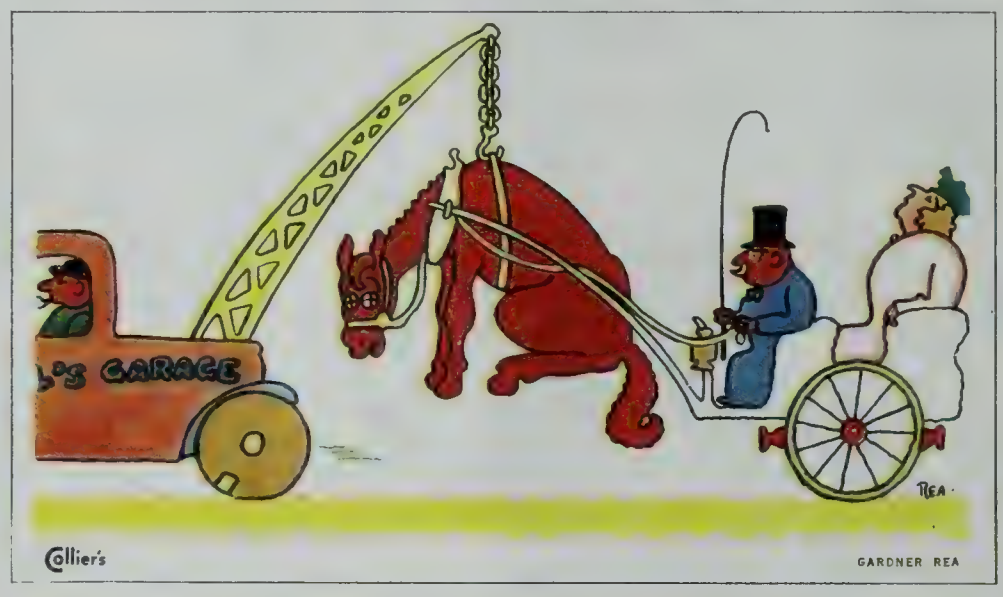
"Ah," Harry breathed, listening worshipfully while the Great Woman, whose influence could do so much, spoke.

"For instance in the first scene of the dream sequence," Marcia said, "there are the most unearthly clouds seen through a very high, narrow window. Like . . . like—"

"I know! I know! I can *feel* it!" Harry leaped to the occasion.

"I . . ." she said, "I—" and looked around for John.

He was gone.



JOHN didn't suppose he would be seeing Marcia Dunning again for a while. But he did. The next afternoon, at his drawing table, his brush, tipped with a depressed shade of olive green, gave a nervous little jump when her voice spoke from the doorway:

"May I come in?"

She looked as if she had been standing there for a minute, watching him. ". . . Oh, hello," he said. "Sure. That is, of course. Come on in." She still hesitated curiously, but in a breath or two she came over to the table and, after an uncertain sidewise glance at him, stood looking down at the design he had been working on.

Finally, she said, "You must have le early last night."

"I did."

"Oh," she said. She looked at hi swiftly, and swallowed.

He walked over to the window. H car was parked outside the main gat and the chauffeur was standing on t curb beside it.

She was looking down at the drawi again, intently—too intently—and bi ing the unsharpened end of the penc

Resentfully, he thought of her: Hollywood success—too much mone too easy fame in a bright, enclosed wor where everyone was called an arti without working for it. No wonder s didn't know how to talk about though ful work.

Uncomfortably, she said, "Well, I must be going. I . . . just dropped in f a minute, to see if you were getti along all right."

"Oh. Thanks," he said.

She looked at the pencil in her han and then laid it on the drawing table.

"Well, goodby," she said brightly.

He nodded, and with a polite sm stood beside the door as she went out.

At the window again, he watched h walk across the courtyard and throu the gate toward her car.

John went back to the drawing tab

HE WAS surprised when she rapp on his door again the next day. S came in with an air of assurance, like old friend, and without a glance at t drawing table, dropped into a cha Blowing out a long breath, she sa "Whew! I'm tired. Give me a cig rette, please."

He fumbled hastily, grateful to h for making this casual way for them be at ease together, and anxious to he With the smoke curling about her fa she said:

"My good man, you haven't begun learn how weird things can be whe picture is being made. I remember o time . . ." and she went on to tell h some stories about picture-making. T sort of stories, grotesque and funny a in a way, pitiful, that every newcon to Hollywood hears with wonder a disbelief. But she made them go stories by telling them well.

John prowled restlessly around t room, listening, trying to keep up side of the scene, by an occasional qu tion or an interested stare.

Suddenly, she bit her lip and finish hurriedly:

". . . and so after sending this assi ant story editor all the way to Icela armed with a six-months contract the new foreign writer that Mrs. G lech had heard talked about at ladies' bridge club, it turned out to h been a typist's mistake, in a memo I dictated in a hurry as he was leav on a month's fishing trip. The n writer lived in Ireland. But the assi ant story editor got snowed in or son thing—anyway, he couldn't get a s out until spring. He's never been same since. He broods. I've got to now."

"Oh. I'm sorry," he said.

They stood facing each other, sm ing, and then—the constraint was th again, between them, cold and paral ing. It was as if his defensive brus awkwardness of mind were sudde tangible to her, confusing and numb her, too. She dropped her eyes, turned away.

"Well . . . goodby," she said.

"It's—it's been nice of you," he s with a thick throat. "The sto were—"

"It was nothing," she said dully. He :tood still in the middle of the room, istening to her footsteps going farther ınd farther away down the bare corri- lor, and finally out of hearing. . . .

The next afternoon Tony Quimber :ame up. "Hello, Dawson," he said. 'May I sit around here a while?"

"Sure. Go ahead," John said.

When Marcia rapped on the door, Tony was sitting on the davenport, plac- dly chewing gum. Whatever sly and ibald thoughts he might have been ıaving at the time, you couldn't tell by ooking at him.

Coming into the room, Marcia be an:

"John, I—" Then she saw Tony.

"Hello, kid," he said.

"Oh, Tony!" she said. "I didn't know ou—"

"Sure," he said. "I just dropped in o get a gander at another typically)awson mood."

"Well," she said, "I was just . . ." she wallowed. ". . . just going by, and I ıought—"

"Sure," Tony said. "Nothing like a)awson mood, is there?"

Marcia was a good actress.

"What I was about to say, John," she aid coolly, "is that in your chapter on ymbolism in design, you had a sketch ıat I thought might be adapted for—"

"Marcia. Wait," Tony said. "Are you aying that you have read John's book?"

"Why, of course."

"You mean: *STAGE DESIGN, As Re- aluated from the Cretan Primitive to ıe Restoration?*" Tony said.

"Y-yes. Darn it, Tony. Yes."

UNEXPECTEDLY, slowly and pain- fully, Marcia blushed. Tony looked t her for a long time.

"Ah," he said finally. "So that's the ouble."

"Oh, Tony, you're—"

To John he said:

"You've seen what it's like here. The ırill illusions: remember? It's hard on s all, and to someone in Marcia's po- tion it's tough indeed. She has to up- old her reputation as the screen's most telligent actress. This leads to fraudu- nt conduct—but perhaps necessary for udio purposes. To assure her of her lace in the industry. Remember, she's pent a lifetime of hard work to achieve . Personally, I don't think it's worth , and I question her taste, sometimes -but that's up to her."

"What utter nonsense," Marcia said. 'm going."

"Wait," Tony said. And to John: Perhaps the fancied necessity for such ıblic conduct is why she had such a od time with you at your shack Sun- ıy. Perhaps, also, that's why she was not too pleased to see you at her grand party the other night."

"Tony. You're not witty today," Mar- cia reproved him.

"No," Tony said. "But I can see by your young man's face that much is now suddenly clear to him, and that he is full of humility and charity. . . .

"What I came up here in the first place for, was to tell John that they're building his first set on Sound Stage Seven. Why don't you two run along down there now? It would be good the- ater," Tony said. "Never could resist it."

He took a stick of gum out of his vest pocket, and unwrapping it, crumpled the paper. It was the nearest he ever came to laughing.

"All right. Run along now, you two," he said.

ALL the way across the lot, and down the pavement between the rows of great hangarlike sound stages, they didn't say anything and they didn't look at each other. On Sound Stage Seven, under a harsh glare of working lights, carpenters were working on a rearing framework of timbers and scantlings; and far away, among the cavernous shadows, a little ring of tourists was gabbling around an unused set for an- other picture. They didn't look at any of those things, either. They stood where men carrying ladders and planks jostled them as they went by, and Mar- cia said:

"John, can't you be friends?"

He looked at her, and tried to say something—anything—but his throat closed suddenly.

The little group of tourists was com- ing toward them with the studio guide. A woman among them had one of those peculiar, penetrating voices. They could hear her talking to her husband.

They stood there staring at each other. Marcia's eyes were half laughing, half filled with pain.

The tourists were trooping past them. The woman with the penetrating voice said:

"Say! Isn't that Marcia Dunning?"

Still watching his face, Marcia turned John half around.

"Look at your first set, darling," she said gently.

The apologetic guide waved his hands, trying to herd the tourists past. The woman who had spoken lowered her voice, but her whisper was just as pen- etrating:

"Look! Isn't she holding hands with that man? In public, too."

"Sssh, Martha."

"Well! Wouldn't you just expect to see something like that? Hollywood!"

THE END



"Never mind what an odd combination it is. Have you None but the Lonely Heart with Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here on the other side?"

Collier's GEORGE PRICE



Today's High Cigarette Prices needn't bother you! Modern KING SIZE BEECH-NUTS cost you *less* per pack —yet you can't buy a finer cigarette at *any* price! They're extra-long, extra-smooth, extra-easy on your throat. Try BEECH-NUTS, today!

BEECH-NUT

The Modern King Size Cigarette

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY





"He eats as though he didn't know where his next missionary was coming from... pretty soon even ENO won't help him!"

Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

Whenever You Eat, Drink or Smoke Too Much . . . *Take*



ENO

The Effervescent Saline THAT TASTES SO GOOD

ALL 'ROUND SERVICE

$1 INK-O-GRAPH $2

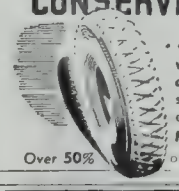
14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

Does anything any fountain pen can do . . . plus many things others cannot. Suits any hand or style of writing. Loan Inkograph freely — different styles of writing cannot in any way distort the point. The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.



INKOGRAPH CO., INC. • N. Y. C.

CONSERVE your TIRES ... and SHOES



with Hotel Mayfair's central downtown location . . . also save time and energy . . . stop at . . . HOTEL Mayfair ST. LOUIS

Over 50% of all rooms $3.75 or less single

"LANGUAGE IS A WEAPON"

• • • Forge ahead, win special assignments, in global war and the ultimate peace, through ability to speak a foreign language.

MASTER ANOTHER LANGUAGE *quickly, easily, correctly* by LINGUAPHONE

The world-famous Linguaphone EAR-EYE Conversational Method brings voices of native teachers INTO YOUR OWN HOME. No English is spoken. You learn the new language by LISTENING.

Home-Study Courses in 29 Languages:

RUSSIAN JAPANESE SPANISH
PORTUGUESE CHINESE NORWEGIAN
and 23 others

Send for FREE book

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

76 RCA Building, New York • Circle 7-0830

When the eager but slow-learning Bambi finally utters his first word he blows the surprised and amused audience right out of the picture

two million drawings for him, and Bambi in its finished form makes use of more than 400,000.

Jake Day himself took more than a thousand photographs of Bambi detail, surprising the Katahdin woods in all their moods, dark and bright. He took morning and evening shots of brightening or dying shafts of light through deep woods with their cathedral aisles: shots of mist, of morning dew; of the effect on foliage of that first puff of wind in the vanguard of a thunderstorm; shots of black creeks and icy fields; of dimpled snow crust under the shine of a winter sun; shots of frost-rimmed leaves, and dead pokeweed, and the March pussywillow, and the wild red raspberry of midsummer, and the fall sumac whose narrow leaves look like guilty fingers dipped in blood. These would all be part of Bambi's mystery of life.

Meanwhile, Disney's forces in Hollywood were waiting for the camera's story. They were not woodsmen, and it took one research lady, who knew her Maine, three years to get them to take their chipmunk out of a tree and bring him down to his proper niche in a stone wall. They were not woodsmen but they were artists in line and mass; they could prop up these photographs in front of them and go to work.

There was only lacking Bambi himself and soon Bambi was supplied to them—both Bambi and his sweetheart Faline. They too came from Maine, whose wardens, at the request of the Maine Development Commission, provided two four-months fawns, a male and a female, as models. These two little deer set out for Hollywood, to make their unwitting plea for a better understanding of their native haunts by man the hunter.

They were delicate missionaries. They lived on a milk formula, with plenty of lime juice for their bones, on that four-day train journey to Hollywood; and the express company had a very special job on its hands. Attendants had to be trained in the mixing of the formula, and there were special cans of Maine spring water.

The Starlets Arrive

Bambi and his consort got to their destination none the worse for wear; and to begin with, as Hollywood starlets, they found themselves eating hay in the middle of a circle of artists, who fixed them with lightning strokes in the midst of their antics. But Disney's artists, skilled though they were, lacked training for this job. There followed nine months of special art classes, and with the help of a world-famous animal anatomist, Disney's force studied the anatomy of the deer. They made drawings *ad infinitum*. Drawings were so thick around Bambi and Faline that one day they even ate a few for lunch. They lost their fawn spots, grew from four months to thirteen months, and Disney's artists drew them all the way up from fawnhood to doehood and buckhood.

In the end, five hundred of Disney's people were concentrated on these deer. In the cartoon they would have to have voices, of course; and almost any morning in the casting room you might see a flock of hopeful mothers with their children, anxious to play the part of the Skunk, or the Rabbit, or Bambi himself. A boy was chosen for Bambi's voice but the picture dragged on so long that right in the middle of it the boy's voice changed to a squawk, and then of course they had to go back to the beginning of the sound sequence and find another voice.





Sticklers for accuracy, Disne artists study and sketch a liv deer under the expert eye of Ri Le Brun, famous animal paint

Stuart Erwin played the squirrel's voice, and the animators clustered round him and watched the expressions on his face, so that they could put—heaven knows how—those same expressions on the squirrel's face.

Disney himself played no part. As is well known, Disney is the voice of Mickey Mouse and will let no other play that part, but he plays no other voices. Nevertheless, he was on the ground, early and late, looking in at the conferences, leaning over the story boards, deleting a line, changing an expression, but managing to save something by the way. He is never satisfied. He retouches and reforms, tears down, throws out, destroys ends, and begins again with his beginnings.

Disney conferences over story-board sequences, by the way, show the same catch-as-catch-can wrestling with the wilderness of detail which Jake Day with his camera had begun on the slopes of Mount Katahdin. First the scene designers sketched the action for a sequence. These planners worked out the entire forest setting for Bambi, every last pool, brook, glade, trail, gorge, and covert; and then every Bambi artist had to learn the location of every important landmark by heart, as if this were an actual forest and they themselves the wardens of it.

For example, in the elaborate plan for Bambi's first walk through the forest you will find marked the precise spot where Bambi encounters the frogs under the waterfall; next the possum ground; then the mole runs, and the reeds where "mouse trouble" occur and finally the position and charact of the log over which the infant Bam is predestined by his creators to stur ble.

Nothing comes easy along this thor pathway of two million drawings; b all is evolved by a clash of wits, stretch of imaginations, a throwing o of dramatic absurdities—all under t lash of Disney's "Out! Out! Out!" F Disney knows first of all what he does want, and often comes to what he wa by successive eliminations of what doesn't want.

"If I like it, maybe the public wil Walt says.

Today, Jake Day is back in his wh tle shop in Damariscotta, Maine, ca ing wooden sea gulls, or else he loafing through Katahdin trails. W knows what the story boards will wa next? Too much Hollywood might ma a man carry his brain in splints, Ja thinks. He must spend six months o of the year with Hollywood, but he sists on spending the other six in Mai His two sons are in the Army and longer lodge porcupines and skunks hind the kitchen stove; but Jake's terest in the wild is still as keen as ev It is through him that Bambi, the gre est force for natural conservation e on the screen, draws the breath of life from Maine woods.

THE END

High into the Sun

Continued from page 61

average. That's how good the average is. They're the cream of the country, and there are thousands and thousands of them, and if we can give cream like that, then all we've got to say is: We're some cow.

You really want to know how good this country is? Borrow a pair of sneakers and athletic shorts, and run with these kids through an hour's calisthenic drill. Trot the half-mile from the barracks to the field at double time, if your wind can stand it—a thousand rubber soles padding in unison against the hard dirt, bare arms pistoning, heads high.

Or wander down onto the flight line and hang around the field house and chat with the men who are waiting their turn to go up. Ask them about flying. Ask that kid who just came in and is unbuckling his chute.

"Flying?" he says. "Only thing in the world, far as I'm concerned. That's why I joined this outfit. All I want is just to be good enough to stay with this outfit till it's over. Even after it's over."

Rarin' to Go

Listen to what they're saying. "Me, I'll take a pursuit ship. Give me one of those P-47s. Just turn me loose with a hot baby like that and dare old Hirohito to take his glasses off."

"Not for mine! I want a lot of ship under me, a B-17 or a B-24. Give me a handful of throttles and some good guys with me and I'll go places, and those places won't be there any more when I start back."

That kid with the goggles on his forehead and the mile-wide grin has just soloed for the first time; ask him how it feels. "Mister, did you ever wake up and find it was true? Did anybody ever land and you the earth and tell you to peel it; it's your orange? Look, you be a millionaire. You be Hedy Lamarr's leading man. You be President Roosevelt. I'll be a flier. . . ."

Or drop into a barracks room at night and break out your pipe and sit around a while and get to know a few of them by name. That's Chick over there shaving by the washbasin; you met him this afternoon out on the line, the one with the grin, who had just soloed. Big, clean-looking, friendly; quit a good job back in Michigan to join this outfit. Never was up in a plane before he joined, by the way.

Jeff, writing a letter at the desk, was about to take over his father's mill business when the war came along; he's an, sensitive, high-strung, with a way of jerking his head back like a nervous colt. Don't let his dark wavy hair and collar-ad profile fool you, though; he held the middleweight title two years at Virginia and he wants to fly a fighter plane.

Frank is sitting on the bunk with a can of polish and his left hand thrust inside a shoe; he's older than the others, has a wife and two kids, and gave up a promising law practice back in Georgia. Tall, slow-spoken, deliberate—the bomber type.

That's Bill just coming out of the shower now, with the pair of shoulders and the huge bear mat of a chest; he was All-America at Notre Dame and had a job coaching freshman football when he volunteered for the Air Forces. They call him "Mother Bill," because he worries about everybody else in the outfit; he's squadron commander.

It's an average room, you see. They could be anybody: soda clerks, college students, musicians, track stars, bellhops, radio announcers, millionaires, sword swallowers. It doesn't matter so long as they want to fly.

That's all they talk about—flying, flying, flying. They have a language all their own. Cadets are "misters;" they never speak of themselves as anything else. If a mister is on the ball, he's an "eager beaver;" if he isn't, he gets a "gig" or demerit. A "gig-flap," for example, is the flap of a rear pants pocket which has inadvertently been left unbuttoned. Teaching military discipline to an underclassman is "bracing."

The orders are highly technical: "Pop it out, mister, pull your wings in, rack 'em back, pinch my finger." Chick will be glad to translate that for you. "Pop it out" is to expand your chest. "Pull your wings in" is to tuck your elbows into your sides. "Rack 'em back" is to pull back your shoulders, and "pinch a finger" is, literally, to pinch an upperclassman's finger between your shoulder blades. You make notes of other cadet phrases on the back of an envelope, as Chick talks. "Dawn patrolling" is arising before reveille, a habit practiced by unpopular roommates. The elimination board which washes out unsuccessful cadets is the "Benzine Board." "Get your head out of the cockpit" means to pay attention.

One thing hits you over and over, as you listen to them talk. That's the spirit of these kids, their supreme cockiness, the confident way their eyes look back at you. These are men who won't be easily rattled. They'll do the job they have to do and they'll do it with zest.

Maybe that's the thing about them that's most significant of all. They have fun. They're heading into a grim job and yet they can play.

Here's the kind of thing we mean: We're in a Flying Fortress roaring above the clouds on a practice mission and suddenly a P-40 slides alongside us as though we're standing still. The waist gunner beside us grins, swivels his empty machine gun and points it through the open port, and jounces his shoulders up and down with the imaginary repercussion: *"Daa-aaa-aaaa!"* The pilot of the P-40 makes an elaborate grimace of pain, slumps forward realistically over the stick, and peels off and disappears in a dramatic spin. Playing cops and robbers at 300 miles an hour, making a game of death. You'll never lick an outfit like that.

Or the three cadets Chick told us about who were returning in formation from a routine cross-country flight, droning homeward above a solid bank of fog. In the distance they spied a commercial plane coming toward them. With one accord they ducked behind a convenient cloud, rolled their ships over and emerged solemnly, flying upside down. They had a brief but gratifying glimpse in their rear-vision mirrors of the incredulous pilot staring at them for a moment with jaw sagging, then checking his own instruments in mounting panic as they rode very innocently out of sight.

They have to be able to laugh; they're working harder than they ever worked before. They're packing into thirty weeks what it formerly took two or three years to learn. Ground-school subjects include navigation, radio code, airplane and engine operation, higher mathematics, physics, aerial photography, signal communications and chemical-warfare defense, to name only a few. And yet they're bursting with health.

Credit Ernest B. Smith and Lex Fullbright, directors of physical training here in the SAAFTC, and Herbert Crowley, who's in charge at Maxwell Field. They've worked out a rugged program, with everything from mass calisthenics and tug of war and boxing and cross-country—five weary miles of it—to a diabolically conceived obstacle course a quarter-mile long, complete with six-foot broad jump, hurdles, a zigzag box field, and a twelve-foot scaling wall. (We got a quarter of the way down the course once, by means of a small portable stepladder.)

It was no hit-or-miss proposition, either. Before they started, they took a cadet and stripped him naked and sat him at the controls of a plane; and they noted carefully all the muscles he used in handling the ship. They designed a series of exercises to develop these special flying muscles: a neck that can swivel right and left as the pilot clears the air, for example, or legs and shoulders strong enough to work the obstinate controls of a twenty-ton bomber.

Dovetailed with all this is the all-important development of a cadet's native co-ordination, as well as a general physical conditioning that builds his body and makes his reactions more spontaneous and enables him to fight off fatigue.

Does it do the job? Take the word of Bill, All-America from Notre Dame, drying himself after the shower: "Listen, I thought I was tough after four years of intercollegiate competition, but the first week I was here I discovered muscles I never knew I had before!"

Another Side to the Picture

That's one side of the cadets' picture. There's another side and you ought to know that too if you're really going to know these men. You see, learning to fly isn't all marching and exercising and going to class, like a nice country college; it's a dangerous business, say what you will, and sometimes something happens, and you read a perfunctory little paragraph at the bottom of page fourteen: "John Jones, an aviation cadet of 123 Four Street, Milwaukee, was killed today when his plane crashed in the course of a routine training flight. . . ."

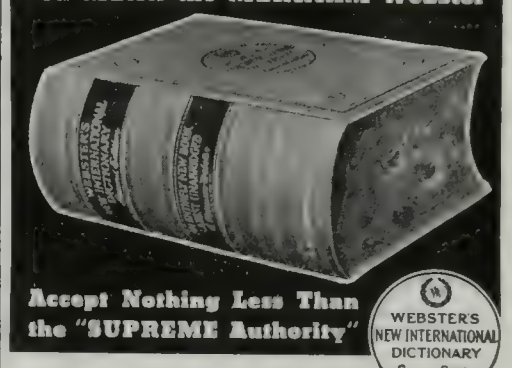
The Air Force is doing a magnificent job in promoting safety, of course, and fatalities during training are astonishingly few, considering the vast number of men and planes. Our Army Air Forces have a better safety record than any other air force in the world. Carlstrom Field, for example, hasn't had so much as a serious accident in fourteen months, and at Shaw Field they told us that the far bigger proportion of student deaths was from automobile accidents off the post. But now and then an airplane fatality is bound to come; and that's when you really find out how good these kids are.

His name was Johnny, and we remember him particularly because he said it was his birthday. He paused beside us on his way out of the door of the field house and ground a cigarette with his heel and said, "Wish me luck, mister. It's my birthday today," and walked out to the line, buckling the straps of his chute. Most of the men in the flight were soloing that afternoon, and after they took off, we hung around the field house for an hour or two, waiting for them to check back in again.

About that time, a little weasel of a rumor began to race around the walls of the room. Only a whisper, at first. An enlisted man in the ground crew said he'd heard—mind you he'd only heard—that somebody had phoned in they'd

Warning!

When You Say "Webster's Dictionary" You MEAN the MERRIAM-Webster



LOOK FOR THIS CIRCULAR TRADE-MARK AND THE "NW" MONOGRAM ON THE COVER.

THROUGH four generations Webster's Dictionary has earned and maintained first place among reference books. When you are confronted with any question of *fact*, whenever you need to *know*, you think of *Webster* as the utmost in authority, the judge of judges, the court of last appeal. *But that confidence is warranted only if you use the* MERRIAM-*Webster.*

Look for the Merriam-Webster trade-mark when you buy a dictionary. The *New* Second Edition of Webster's New International (unabridged) is 20 years newer, contains 122,000 more entries than any similar dictionary. Provides information in all branches of knowledge. The authority in courts, colleges, newspapers. Prepared by 207 experts. 600,000 entries; 3,350 pages. 12,000 terms illustrated. Ask your bookdealer, or write for free booklet.

GET THE BEST The Merriam-Webster is the standard of schools and colleges; State Supreme Courts; the Government Printing Office; professional and business offices everywhere.

The unabridged Merriam-Webster is not sold at cut prices nor at fictitious "bargain" prices. Don't be duped! Be sure you get the Merriam-Webster—the "Supreme Authority."

Mail This Coupon for Free Booklet

G. & C. MERRIAM Co., Dept. 105, Federal St., Springfield, Mass.

Please send me free illustrated booklet describing Webster's New International Dictionary, *Second Edition*—"The New Merriam-Webster: What It Will Do For You."

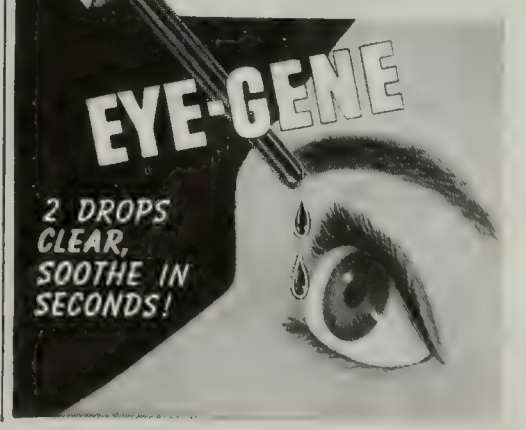
Name.....

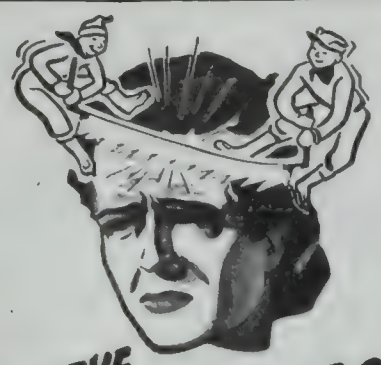
Address.....

WASH THAT TIRED, RED-EYED LOOK AWAY!

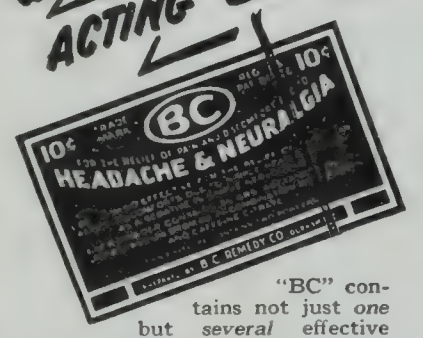
—IN SECONDS! Yes, you can soothe eyes that feel drawn and tingly from close work, glare, dust or late hours in a few seconds! Just drop 2 drops of EYE-GENE in each eye. Almost immediately comes a feeling of soothing relief. Glance in a mirror and you'll see that your eyes actually look rested, bright and clear, too!

EYE-GENE is an eye specialists' formula. No other lotion has the exclusive ingredient that makes it so effective in so short a time! Stainless. Inexpensive. At drug, department and 10¢ stores.





RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"



"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

IT'S MORE THAN WATER-REPELLENT IT'S WATERPROOF!



● Made of a specially woven Hydrovized cotton cloth that will keep you dry through the heaviest rain. Allows the body to breathe. As smart and comfortable as a topcoat.

BELMONT GARMENT COMPANY
560 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

Write for FREE ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

Tailored at Belmont

seen a plane in a spin. We waited, and the returning cadets checked in one by one, and finally there were only five ships that hadn't checked in. Then two more ships arrived, and that left only three ships still unaccounted for. It was like some grisly guessing game.

Another ship arrived and checked in, and that meant it was between two ships—a ship from another flight and Johnny's ship. And then the ship from the other flight checked in, and the lieutenant asked us in a low voice if we'd like to go for a little ride with him, and we put on a chute and followed him. On the way out to the line, he said to watch for a yellow wing; that's what we'd be apt to spot first from the air.

We found it, about twelve miles to the south. The two bright yellow wings were lying on the sand, and between them there was a blackened place, and in the center, something had gouged a deep hole in the sand.

They don't tell you about these things, you see; they don't want to worry you. And there are some other things they don't tell you about, either—things you've got a right to know, because their problems are your problems; these are your kids these things are happening to. You ought to know what they're saying about things back home, for instance. They're a little puzzled, frankly. They're in this thing all the way and they can't understand why every last American isn't in it as wholeheartedly as they are. They can't understand how slowdowns or strikes or petty politics can seem important to anybody back home at a time like this. They can't understand how labor leaders can keep on playing for personal power at the expense of the war. "How long do you suppose John L. Lewis would last if Hitler ever took things over?"

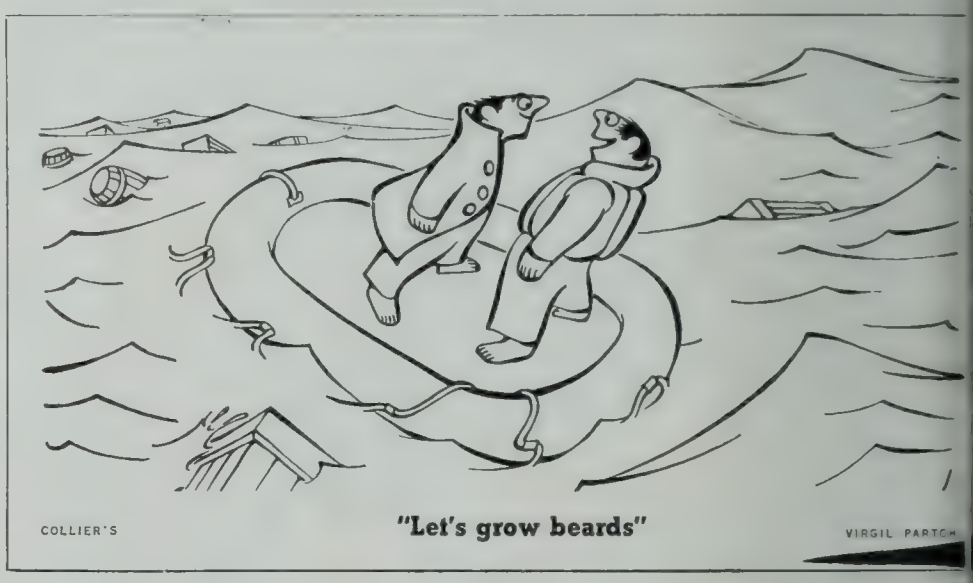
They can't understand how defense-plant owners can still cheat and chisel to get a little extra profit out of the war. "I had a job in a defense plant before I joined up here. The plant used to make knitting machinery but the government gave them a contract and built them a brand-new building free. Well, on Saturday nights and Sundays when an inspector wasn't around, they'd take me off making superchargers, and put me to work instead making knitting machinery for them. Seems they had some big orders from South America for after the war. That's why I quit."

They know what's going on, you see; they're not being fooled. When they have to take a six weeks' unannounced furlough right in the middle of their flight training, they know it's because there aren't enough materials on hand

They can't understand why defen workers in war plants can take Satu days and Sundays off, or take off a d in the middle of the week now and th to rest up. They don't see why the workers aren't willing to work, wo work until they drop. "It's their cou try, too, isn't it?"

They want to get going. That's t kind of kids they are. That's the ki of men we're getting in the Air Forc today. They're marching confident heading into the most important job this war. They're heading into an ev more important job, back in this cou try, after the war's over. Mark c words, these are the men who will r this country after the war. Fall in b hind them, mister, and march with the Eyes ahead!

THE END



COLLIER'S "Let's grow beards" VIRGIL PARTCH

The Distant Glory

Continued from page 59

"I haven't got that copy of Harkness Weekly with the All-America team of 1916. People have told me about it, but as soon as the season was over that year I joined up with the Canadians and went to France and when I got back I never was able to dig up that issue. I always thought if I ever got to New York I'd look it up . . . but I never got to New York."

"Why, certainly—" began Wysor, feeling all his harsh intentions weaken within him and dreading it.

"I don't care about it myself," said Drucker, "but I'd sort of like to leave it to young Bobby."

"I suppose he's going to be a college player, too," said Wysor.

"Well, yes, sir; he is," said old Bobby, beaming. "Going right up to old Ottawa next year. He's been a natural-born player from the moment he was able to hold a ball."

"Well, 1916 is a little far back," said Wysor weakly, "but I'll see what I can do when I get to New York."

They parted on that and Wysor tried to do a little work with no success and then he went down to the lobby with the hope of finding somebody to talk to. The hotel clerk was willing enough to talk and revealed it immediately.

"Had old Bobby up to your room, I see," he began brightly.

"Yes," said Wysor uneasily. "A nice fellow."

"The best!" said the clerk flatly. "Ask anybody around here and they'll tell you that. You can see that in the way young Bobby dotes on him. Thinks he's the greatest man that ever lived."

There was a pause.

"What line of business is Mr. Drucker in?" asked Wysor to break the silence.

"Started in insurance and then was in the bank for a while but he's been hay-and-feed for about the last ten years. Just about manages to keep going, I guess. Not much of a businessman. Still out helping to coach the team every fall. Sort of a football nut."

The football dinner turned out to be better than Wysor could possibly have expected. The food was plain but good, the speeches were short and his own Wysorian gags were all new in Ultima and were accepted as something sent directly from on high. But the speaker of the evening turned out to be old Bobby Drucker, who spoke with such warmth and friendliness that the audience hung on his words and worshiped him. Wysor could see young Bobby looking at his father with adoration. When he left on the midnight train for Kansas City, he hated to go. The station platform was crowded and he felt that he was leaving friends that he would never see the like of again.

AS HE headed for Kansas City and then back to New York, his intentions were of the best about Harkness Weekly, but he reached home to find that his wife was ill and he stayed at her side for two weeks. Then there was a heavyweight fight he had to cover in Cleveland, and the opening of the winter tracks in Florida.

He wrote old Bobby explaining what had caused the delay and got a prompt answer commiserating with him on Mrs. Wysor's illness and saying that if he could wait since 1916 for that magazine, he could surely wait a few months more. Then he added:

"Young Bobby is getting ready to go up to old Ottawa, but he is also talking some about the Army."

Wysor came north with the ball clubs and had a stack of mail waiting for h at his office. He sifted it hurriedly he always did in the hope that a f personal letters might be hidden a came suddenly on a letter with an I tima postmark. He tore it open guilt It was from old Bobby.

"Dear Arthur," it began. "I v never able to get to New York young Bobby is going to be there so The young rascal has joined the Ar and they're sending him to Camp D He'll be popping in on you some d right away. Now, Arthur, I don't w to bother you, but if you *could* ha that All-America from Harkness Wee there to spring on him when he got I think it would be the best welcome New York anybody ever had."

Wysor rang for his secretary.

"Forget about that mail," he sa "There's something I want you to do me. You may not be able to find it, go down to the library and try to the Spencer Adams All-America te in Harkness Weekly for 1916. It'll be one of the early December issues. H the pages photostated—a rush job—a bring them back here."

Two hours later, the secretary ca in, beaming, with the photostats in hand. He took them, placed the pa on his desk and sat down eagerly to l at them.

His eye ran over the first All Amer team and he saw no mention of Bob Drucker. He looked at the second A America and there was no Drucker. felt a sinking in the pit of his stom as he turned to the third All-Amer team. He looked at it and his he sank. There was no Bobby Druck There was no name there even remot resembling Drucker on the first, sec or third All-America for 1916. But

own, buried in small type among the honorable mention," there it was: Drucker, Ottawa State. Honorable ention! Also ran! Wysor felt sick.

Then he heard his secretary behind im.

"Mr. Wysor," she said apologetically. There was a young man here to see ou yesterday . . . in uniform."

He got up precipitately.

"Said he was from some place in klahoma and you would know . . ." dded the secretary, guiltily.

"I know," said Wysor.

"I should have told you," contined the secretary, "but all the excitement . . ."

"It's all right," he said.

He turned and looked at the photoats again blankly and then back again the secretary. He saw the friendly seeching face of old Bobby Drucker. e saw the man's career, years of failre but years of pride in an accomplishent in which his own home town hared. He saw the high-school banet in Ultima, with the enraptured face young Bobby looking at his father.

"I'm going out now," he said to his cretary, "but if that young man comes ack, get his address, get where he's aying, tell him to come back here gain tomorrow morning."

HE GOT his hat, took up the photostats and went out. On the street he gnaled a cab.

"The Gazette office," he said. "I want get over there in a hurry."

He had the feeling that time was now e most important thing in the world. hen he got out of the cab, he ran into e Gazette office and hurried through e business office back to the comosing room. He rushed up to a man ho was sitting at a desk in the middle the room and grasped him by the oulder and swung him around.

"Joe," he said earnestly. "You're my iend, aren't you?"

Joe looked up at him in astonishent.

"Arthur," he said reproachfully. What's the matter with you? Of course am."

The Gazette was the first paper Arur Wysor had worked on when he me to New York and he considered it ome. Joe had been foreman of the mposing room when he first arrived, green young fellow from Missouri.

"Joe, look," he said, holding out the hotostats. "Could you make up a new ge like this, with a few changes?"

Joe took the photostats and looked them casually.

"Well, I couldn't do it while you were anding there, Arthur," he said easily, ut I could probably do it in a couple hours."

Wysor's face relaxed and he sighed ith relief. Then he took a pencil and ossed out a name in the Harkness eekly first All-America team and inerted the name of Robert Drucker, ttawa State. He next looked down in e small print that contained the honable mentions and found the name of rucker, Ottawa State. He crossed that ut also and thought hard for a substite. Joe was looking over his shoulder ith amusement.

"Drinker, Kansas State," suggested oe.

Wysor brightened up and beamed.

"That's right," he said, writing the hange on the margin.

"Gags," said Joe philosophically. "Alays gags. What a life you guys lead! ome back around six and I'll have the hing ready for you."

Wysor was back around six and got he finished job, which was a perfect eplica of the original Harkness Weekly age. He took it back to the office and ocked it carefully in a drawer of his esk.

Young Bobby came in next morning at ten o'clock, stood uncertainly in the doorway of the outer office and was somewhat nonplused at the welcome he received from the secretary, who had been far from cordial at his first appearance. She literally dragged him in, shouting all the time to someone in the inner office.

"Mr. Wysor!" she called triumphantly.

Wysor came out and wrung young Bobby's hand and led him into the private office.

"I was afraid I'd missed you," he kept saying in a bubbling voice, and then added: "How are you, anyhow? How do you like our city?"

"Fine," said young Bobby, not knowing what to think of it all.

Wysor beamed on young Bobby as he went to his desk, opened a drawer, pulled out the photostat and laid it on the desk top.

"Look at that," he said proudly.

Young Bobby leaned over the desk and looked at the page for a long time without saying anything. Then he straightened up and looked full at Wysor and said hesitantly:

"Mr. Wysor . . ."

"Don't you like it?" said Arthur.

"Mr. Wysor," said young Bobby, "I think I ought to tell you something. My father's name isn't Robert. It's Hardin. Bobby was just a nickname."

Wysor looked at the page with "Robert Drucker" on the first All-America team and his face fell.

"Oh," he said.

"And, Mr. Wysor," continued young Bobby, "when you weren't here the other day, I went to the library and looked up that copy of Harkness Weekly . . ."

Wysor sat down in a chair weakly.

"Then you knew it," he said faintly.

Young Bobby looked at him gently.

"Mr. Wysor," he said in a low voice. "I've known it since I was ten years old. Everybody in Ultima knew it but Dad. I just wanted to check up to make sure."

For a few minutes Wysor couldn't say anything. He looked at young Bobby pitifully.

"But I don't understand," he said finally.

"Well," said young Bobby, "you may not believe this, Mr. Wysor, but it's because we love him. Everybody loves him."

WYSOR got up and went to the desk and took the photostat and started to tear it up.

"No, please," said young Bobby, taking it away from him.

"What do you want it for now?" demanded Wysor, angrily. He felt that everything he had done had turned out wrong; he felt that in some way he was responsible for a great tragedy.

"I'd like to get it framed," said young Bobby. "I'd like to send it to Dad. It would be sort of a nice gift for that room he has. It would just be about the final touch to a—a terribly happy life, sir."

Wysor turned his back and went to the window and looked out.

"The All-America," he said bitterly. "The All-America myth."

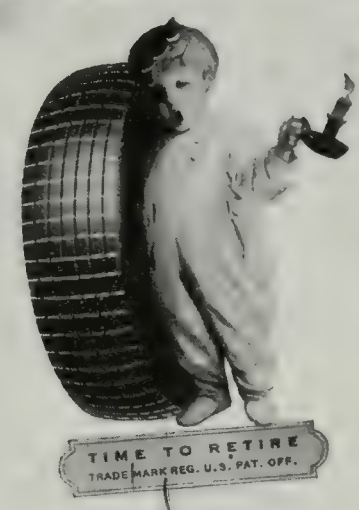
Young Bobby was smoothing out the photostat where Wysor had rumpled it.

"I suppose it's the way you look at it, Mr. Wysor," he said. "Some make All-America in college and some make it in life. Maybe it's better that way."

Wysor turned back from the window and looked at the boy and began to laugh with relief.

"Don't turn that old philosophy stuff on *me*," he said, gruffly tender, and went over and took the boy by the shoulders and shook him in the way men do who have formed an undying friendship and are near tears.

THE END



The Fisk Boy says:
"It's time to get in the scrap"

It's going to take more digging and sacrifice to keep a steady stream of scrap rubber flowing to the reclaim plants for jeep tires, tank treads, and a thousand other parts for war machines and war industries. Let's search our houses again; do we really need those old galoshes, that rubber bathing suit, that shower mat, those tennis shoes? Our government wants them badly.

The only rubber to hoard is the priceless rubber in your tires. Don't let *them* go into the scrap heap. Take care of them. Have them inspected regularly by your Fisk Dealer. He has a Fisk Tire Saving Service to help you . . . and if you're entitled to new tires buy top quality — Fisk Safti-Flight.

FISK TIRE SAVING SERVICE

FISK

Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, Division of United States Rubber Company
MAKERS OF THE TIRE WITH THE SAFETY STRIPE TREAD

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

The best-known products in any Retail Store are those that have been made familiar through **Magazine Advertising.** . . . That's one reason why Magazine Advertisements are so effective in Retail Displays.

Switch to Frank
MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING



66 Baffle Filter Thrills Smokers

USED IN MEDICO PIPES, CIGAR, AND CIGARETTE HOLDERS

New York — The scientific, absorbent filter has contributed mightily to the smoking pleasure of millions of men and women who have switched to Medico Filtered Smoking. Actually, the smoke must travel through 66 "baffles" before reaching the mouth. Flakes and slugs are trapped; and the smoke is whirl-cooled as it winds its way through the filter.



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Hot at Paramount

By Milt Gross

OLIVER GYNCH sat at the head of the dinner table in his breakfast nook. On Thursdays, when the maid was off, the Gynches dined in the breakfast nook. On other days, when she was on, they dined in the breakfast nook too.

Around the table sat the little Gynches, Philpott, Roy, and Waldo Gynch, all dressed in their little blue jeans, and little checkered shirts, discussing sex, hatchet murders, and short-story writing. That's what comes from having a screen writer for an old man. In the kitchen, Mrs. Gynch, in slacks and wearing an air-raid warden's helmet, was manipulating a roast out of the oven of the electric range, and onto a platter.

Suddenly the phone in the alcove rang.

"I'll get it!" yelled Mr. Gynch, zooming up from the table and out into the hall like a P-38 taking off. Today was Thursday, and the Astrology Book said anything can happen. Mr. Gynch got it.

"Bill?" he queried into the mouthpiece. He never said "Hello," when answering the phone, or "Mr. Gynch's residence" or "Gynch speaking." He just lifted the receiver and hopefully called, "Bill?" Bill was Mr. Gynch's agent. Today the book was right. It was Bill.

"Have I got news for you, sweetheart!" Bill panted. "Have I—"

"Bill! Yeah, Bill—yeah-w-wha-what gives?"

"Grab a hold of something, Ollie! Pin your pants onto the seat. Don't go away for the week end. Y'weren't goin' away, were you? No? Boy, I feel better. Stick around, don't go—"

"No, no, I'm not. What is it, Bill? What gives?"

"Oh, boy! ! ! Take it easy now, Ollie. Grab onto yourself. Hold tight. Here it is, baby. You're—you're—"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah."

"Ollie. . . . You're HOT AT PARAMOUNT!"

"I'm w-w-wha—I—Bill, you're on the level, ain't you? Y'wouldn't hop me up like this—if—if—Bill . . . I'm really—"

"You're HOT, pal! You're hot at Paramount!"

"Yipp—ee-eeee-ee!" Mr. Gynch gave out with a screech of such moonstruck hysteria that accustomed as Mrs. Gynch was to the purely routine bloodcurdling shrieks of his daily creative periods, this one caused her to send the roast and platter sailing skyward, in a shower of grease and gravy.

"Didja hear, Amy, didja hear?" panted Mr. Gynch weakly, pointing at the phone. His breath failed him. "I—I—Bill . . . phone . . . Par—"

"You're what, Ollie? In heaven's name, what—"

"I'm—Amy, I—I—I'm—" Hastily he gulped a half pint of handy Scotch. "I—I'm hot at Paramount!"

"Ollie, no!"

"YES! I'm hot, Amy! Hot, I tell you! Hot—oh, Amy!" They fell into each other's arms.

"Yippee!" chanted the three little Gynches in unison.

Papa's hot at Paramount
Papa's hot at Paramount
Dinner's blinko, Pop is stinko!
Papa's hot at Paramount!

"Gosh, Amy," stammered Mr. Gynch. "I—I— Well, it's—I mean—nothing like this—I—I—I was lukewarm at Metro once, and—and I was tepid at Monogram, you remember the time, but now! I—I—I'm trying to let it sink in. I—I—I'm hot at Paramount."

"They can never take that away from you, Ollie! Never!"

"Never!" repeated Mr. Gynch loudly. "Whatever happens, I've been hot at Paramount! Whatever happens!"

As Mr. Gynch uttered these words, a succession of unearthly screams from outside rent the air, followed by explosive backfire, the ripping and bumping of wood and metal, and a thunderous crash that shook the Gynch house to its foundations. Mr. and Mrs. Gynch flew to the windows.

Telescoped against a demolished stucco pillar at the end of the Gynch patio, was a bashed-in coupé. Two tires were flat. Its rear was upended against a broken pipe in the pillar from which a geyser of water shot skyward. In the coupé sat Mr. and Mrs. Bly, the Gynches' next-door neighbors.

"Congratulations, old man!" shouted Mr. Bly. He waved apologetically. "Put the lit end of my cigar in my mouth in the excitement. Backing out the driveway—"

"Then you've heard!" beamed Mr. Gynch.

"Who hasn't? The whole neighborhood's on the way over! Boy, those three cute youngsters of yours!"

"You hear, Amy, you hear!" The exultation in Mr. Gynch's voice was barely suppressible. "It's getting all over town that I'm hot at Paramount. I'll bet Schwabs' is buzzing! Leave it to them to smell things out in this fink town, present company excepted of course. Heh, heh, heh. Come in, folks. You're all dining with us tonight."

"Oh, your patio," cried Mrs. Bly. "Your sprinkler system . . . It's all ruined!"

"Don't give it a thought," said Mrs. Gynch lightly. "I'll phone the plumber." She hurried in to the telephone.

"No, you don't!" yelled Mr. Gynch, almost breaking her wrist with a rolled-up copy of Box-office, as she reached for the receiver. "Not on that phone. Not while I'm hot at Paramount."

"He's right, dear," said Mrs. Bly. "Till he hears from Paramount."

"Nobody touch that phone," yelled Mr. Gynch. "Not even if it's scarlet fever. To heck with the busted pipe. Come on everybody, drink! Hiya, George!"

The last was to a fat man in sports slacks and party of seven just pouring

In the bashed-in coupé sat the Blys the Gynches' next-door neighbors "Congratulations!" shouted Mr. Bly

in. "Thank you! Thank you! Scotch on the table."

The house crowded up. Friends neighbors, soldiers, tourists, all piled in to felicitate the newly hot Gynches Amy sent out to the corner drugstore for half a case of Bourbon, and twenty-two chicken dinners in the rough with shoestring potatoes, salad, coffee and butterscotch pie. Up and down the neighboring streets skipped the little Gynches singing merrily:

Papa's hot at Paramount
Papa's hot at Paramount
There'll be no slums, but lots of bums
If Pop don't sign at Paramount!

The doorbell kept ringing. Mr. Gynch stopped in the middle of a beatific allocution to his guests that they, too, could some day be hot at Paramount. His arm crashed sentimentally down between Amy's shoulder blades.

"Remember, pet?" he asked softly "Remember the old days—"

"Who ever thought you'd be hot then?" whispered Amy.

"The old days in the little bungalow—"

"The one that faced the rear end of the Riding Academy. The one where the side of the bathroom fell out the day the busload of tourists went past to Universal."

"That's the one! Remember how we'd be sitting and I'd suddenly say, 'Was that the doorbell, dear?' And you'd say 'Who'd visit us?' And I'd say, 'Maybe it was the phone,' and you'd say, 'Who'd call us?' and I'd say, 'Could it have been the mailman?' and you'd say, 'Who'd write us?' and I'd say, 'Okay, pet where'll we go tonight?' and you'd say 'Who'd have us?' Well, it's ringing now dear! Really ringing! Ringing! Ringing! What does it say to you, Amy?'

"Collectin' fer'd 'Examiner!'" bellowed a freckled-faced brat through the door grille.

"Toss him a buck-twenty," said Mr. Gynch.

"Two forty," corrected the boy.

"Make it four-eighty. What the heck, it ain't every day a man is—"

SUDDENLY, six of the guests buckled up and began to writhe and scream in frightful convulsions of agony. Others felt faint and clasped hands to their stomachs.

"It's them chicken dinners!" gasped a purple-faced victim. "It's ptomaine. Quick, call a doctor! Call the emergency squad!"

Evidently this person was a stranger to Hollywood. When a man is hot at Paramount, you just don't have every Tom, Dick and Harry making useless, inane calls on his line.

"S-sorry," gulped the victim, "I—"

The rest was drowned out in a crash of falling bricks, tile and timber. The sagging patio had caved in in a cloud of plaster and dust, burying five more of the guests. But Mr Gynch's neighbors understood. No one approached the telephone.

Then the phone rang.

Mr. Gynch leaped at it like a mongoose at a cobra.

Then he listened, and said, "Oh," and hung up.

Papa's cold at Paramount
Papa's cold at Para—

sang the little Gynches. But that was as far as they got. Grabbing a cricket bat off the wall, Mr. Gynch beat the stuffing out of the three of them.

Coast Defender

Continued from page 54

ience degree—but never got it. The ar with Spain came along and he won commission November 1, 1898. He as assigned to the Twentieth Infantry, ent a few weeks at Fort Leavenworth, ansas, and then was shipped off to the ilippines through San Francisco. The ventieth, to him, has always been "my tfit."

Incidentally, he did get a degree from inceton, finally. It was an honorary e as master of arts—in 1932.

His Army life, he insists, was uneventl. He shuttled back and forth between my posts here and in the Philippines. e was working in the office of the chief staff in Washington late in 1917 and st before the Forty-second Division iled for France he joined it as quarrmaster. He got into the Aisne-ame, Saint-Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne d Champagne-Marne shows and won mself a Distinguished Service medal r organization work with the First my. The French gave him the rosette the Legion of Honor.

Back in America in the early summer '19, he returned to the humdrum eacetime life of the Army—Washingn; Fort Benning, Georgia; Texas; back the Philippines. Late in 1939, when ouble loomed, he was made a lieutenat general and given command of the ourth Army, which led into the Westn Defense Command. Four days after earl Harbor, he found himself boss of e whole West Coast. Most of his work ust stay secret for months to come, ut he has been working hard and conructively.

How Civilians Can Help

The general talks freely about his roblems and how civilians can help im. His long, spruce office is comfortble but not luxurious; the windows ook out on the busy streets of the residio, which is the nerve center of e Defense Command. The desk is eat and stays neat. Over in a corner is trim Army cot, a cot similar to one a rivate sleeps on. The general sleeps here often, his steel helmet close at and.

Near each of the room's doors is a mall window through which aides may lance to see if DeWitt is busy. If he sn't—which always could happen but ever does—you may get a few minutes f his time. He tells you this:

"Because our country hasn't been inaded since the Villa raid into Columus, New Mexico, in 1916, our people are ot war-wise as the peoples of Europe nd Asia are. So, although millions of us ve in combat zones liable to air attack nd invasion at any moment, most of us on't realize it. Most civilians don't unerstand military or naval stategy of the implest kind and so, in an emergency, re likely to do the wrong things—things which may help the enemy by hindering our own fighters."

He looks at you earnestly and explains: "For example—the Japs probaly can bomb a city or two on the West Coast. Given the right weather conditions, they could get planes in from a carrier hundreds of miles at sea. Most of these planes would be intercepted and brought down but some would get through. The carrier would steam away and abandon its planes which might crash into their targets or, having dropped their bombs, be landed by their pilots for capture. The loss might be worth the sacrifice.

"Such a raid would cause people quite naturally to demand protection—more soldiers and guns and planes—concentrated in certain areas. This very likely might be exactly what the Japs were after and figuring on. They might even land small detachments in rubber boats from planes or submarines in several localities at once, not with any hope of holding territory but to create diversions and arouse civilians to bring pressure through politicians to do exactly the wrong thing from a military standpoint."

The general looks straight at you and continues: "There are certain rules for conducting successful warfare; they are known and practiced by military leaders—who are just as anxious to win the war as anyone else. Maybe more so. So in case of a bombing or an invasion attempt, our soldiers are likely to be right in what they do and what their leaders plan, and civilians may be wrong. If enough average citizens are wrong loudly enough, it may make quite a difference.

"What it boils down to," he sums up, "is this: If, in a war, civilians try to run military affairs—well, that's just what the Japs and the Germans want. The best way a civilian can help, especially in any sudden emergency, is to keep minding his own business, prevent confusion and do what he's told without grumbling or back-seat driving. That's the best thing he can do to help the Army and Navy win."

The general can and does control a lot of civilian activities in his area. He can stop horse racing, championship football games, night baseball and even large public meetings. He is responsible for moving troops and war material about and, to shift his guns, planes, tanks, cars and troops around, he can run truck lines and railroads and airlines, commandeer private cars and generally turn normal life upside down.

In his office in five minutes he can give you a picture of the whole war problem of the Pacific: So and so here, so and so there—the Japs may try to do this, so we will do that. . . . And you have no doubt whatever that he'll come out on top. And after it's over, he'll just fade out of the limelight and have a good long sleep.

Name Trouble

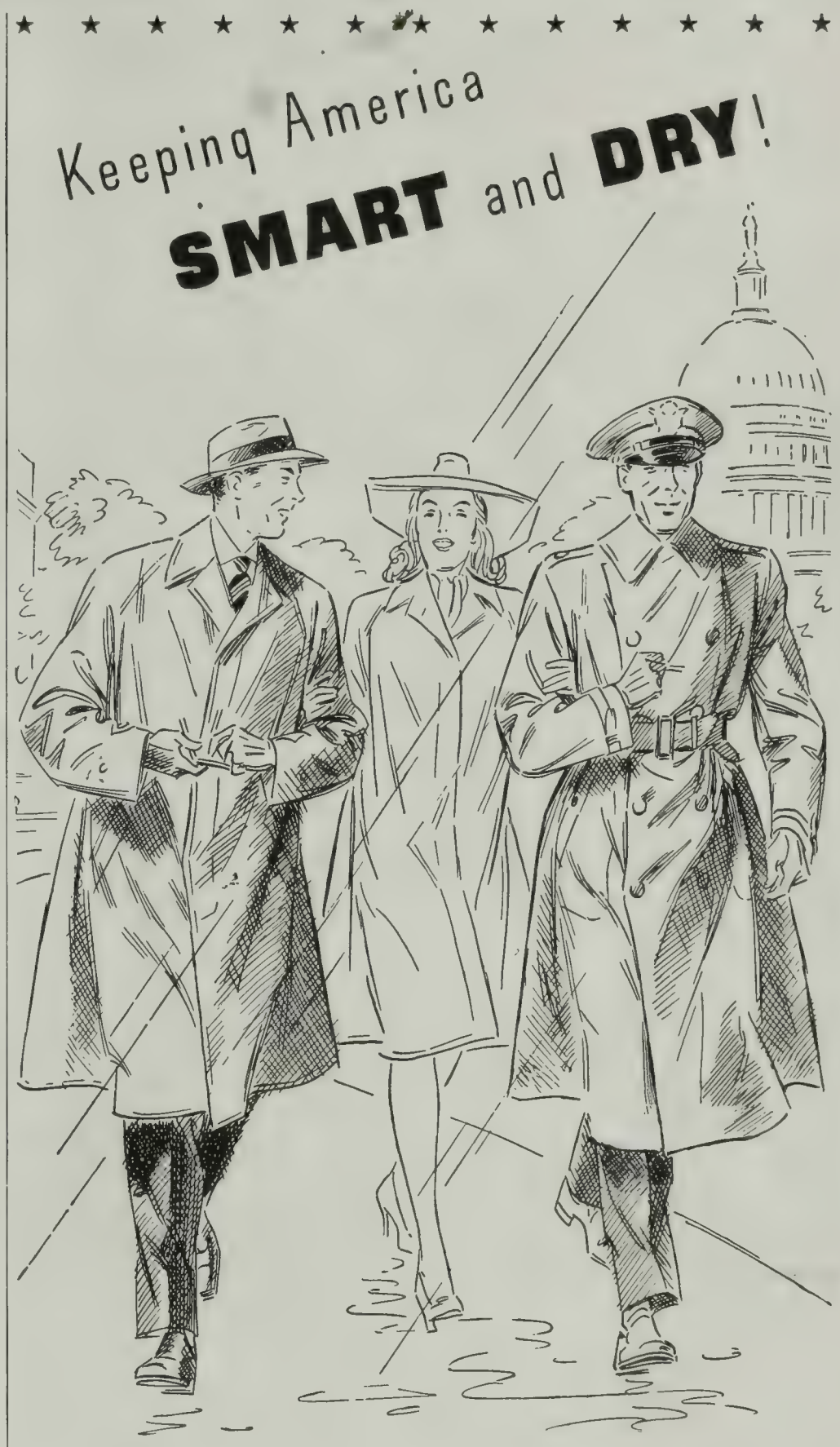
Like many another Army man, DeWitt had trouble with his name in official documents. It's still spelled wrong in Who's Who, too. His middle name got spelled so many ways that he finally abandoned it in favor of the initial.

He doesn't particularly care about being called "John L.," either. He is one of the few Army leaders without a nickname. The troublesome "Lesesne" came from his mother, a Southern belle named Miss Josephine Lesesne, member of an old French Huguenot family in Charleston, South Carolina. On his father's side, his ancestry is Holland Dutch; the family has lived in New York and Pennsylvania for generations. Starting with the Revolution, each generation has contributed boys to the Army.

The general himself went south for a bride, as his father had done, marrying Miss Martha Estes of Birmingham, Alabama, in June, 1903, while he was stationed at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

DeWitt has always been physically active and today, at sixty-two, he's a hard man to keep up with, according to officers who have tried it. He is a man of few enthusiasms, but one of them is the 1942 model of American fighting man. "Finest in the world!" is his verdict.

THE END



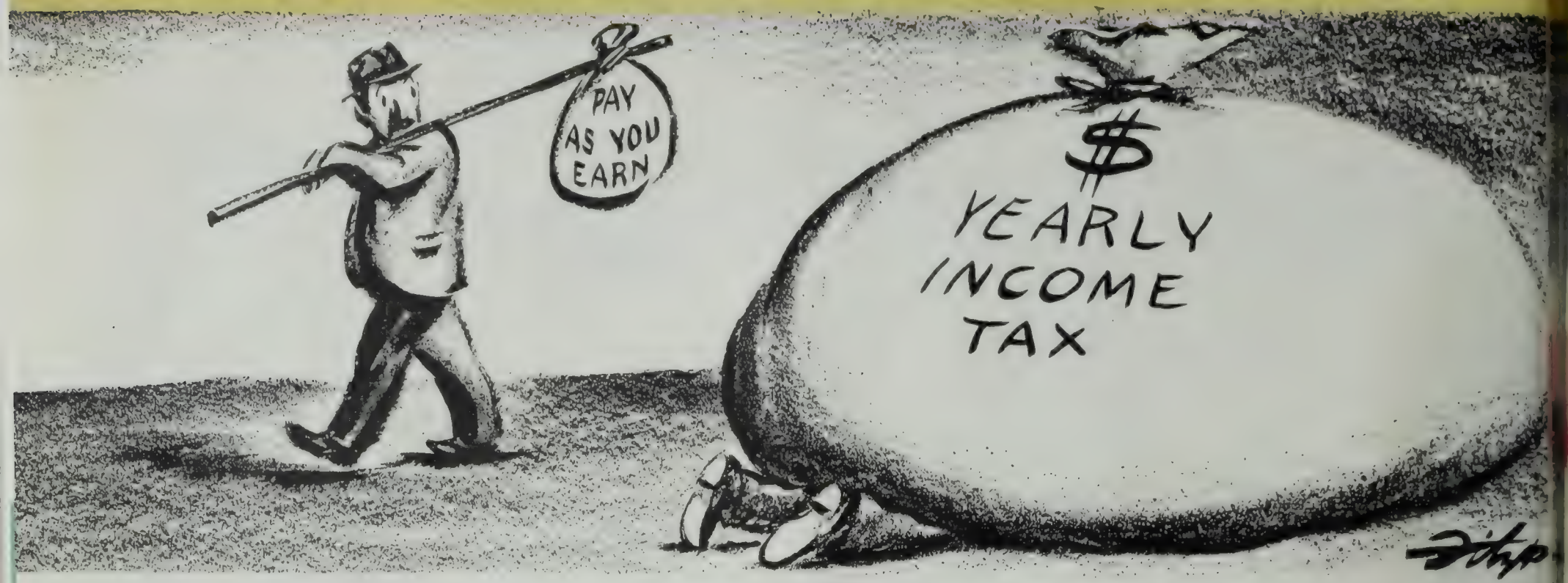
"Over here" and "over there" too, Alligator is keeping millions of Americans smart and dry—in all kinds of weather!

Like most folks, you probably know Alligator's style and dependability first-hand—from wearing your own Alligator year in and year out. And, like all Alligator owners, you're especially glad *today* that your raincoat *is* an Alligator—with such long, lasting service "built" into it. If you don't yet have an Alligator, visit your dealer now. See his selection of Alligator Rainwear, in both waterproof and water repellent fabrics.

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles



RUML IS RIGHT, THOUGH

BEARDSLEY H. RUML'S plan for bringing federal income taxes to a pay-as-you-go basis was voted down when it first came before the Senate Finance Committee. Committee members alibied that adoption of the Ruml plan would mean windfalls for taxpayers who had big incomes in 1941 and small incomes in 1942.

Just the same, the Ruml plan looks 100% sound to us, and we are glad to see its backers keep up the fight.

Mr. Ruml, as you probably know, is chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and treasurer of the well-known R. H. Macy department store—a concern which has had vast and profitable experience at serving customers on a cash basis.

The Ruml suggestion is that we turn the clock ahead one year, so to speak, on income-tax payments. All of us who pay income taxes are now paying them on last year's income. That has been the case since the present income-tax laws began, before we got into the other war. Ruml says we should all finish paying our income taxes *in* 1942, as scheduled; but that then we should call them taxes *on* our 1942 incomes, instead of on our 1941 incomes. Beginning Jan. 1, 1943, we would start paying taxes on our 1943 incomes as we go along through 1943; and so on down the years. Adjustments for or against the taxpayer would be made next March 15th.

Ruml's idea is to rescue all income-tax payers from their present condition of being everlastingly in debt to the federal government, because they are forever paying taxes this year on the money they made last year. It is a completely unscientific and unbusinesslike arrangement, and will work more and more hardships and injustices as there come to be more and more federal income-tax payers.

By the Ruml plan, the treasury theoretically will lose one year's taxes per taxpayer—t year he or she dies. Actually, there are alwa estate and inheritance taxes available to ma up most or all of that loss. The objection th the Ruml plan would mean windfalls for a f lucky taxpayers is windily demagogic; and could be removed by simply providing th the income-tax payments made *in* 1942 shou be considered payments *on* the 1941 or 1942 come, whichever was the larger.

The benefits to millions of income-tax pay would be enormous. Our federal income-t collection system would be yanked onto a bu nesslike pay-as-you-go basis in one operati instead of having to wait for some compl withholding-tax scheme to work itself out five or six years. States now levying incor taxes might well be moved to follow suit.

Let's just have the Ruml plan worked in the new tax law, and have done with the sta ing and delay.

"E" Party Called Off

WESTERN ELECTRIC'S Kearny, N. J., plant, employing 22,000 workers, was awarded an Army-Navy "E" the other day for excellent war production. The occasion called for a big celebration by both management and workers. A big celebration was arranged. Then it didn't take place.

The reason was that the independent union to which the workers belong refused to let its members show up at the celebration. Reason given by the union leaders: The War Labor Board had recently granted the plant's employees an increase of 3 to 5 cents an hour, as against their wish for a general increase of 10 cents an hour. The union leaders claimed that the WLB had encouraged them to expect the 10-cent boost and had then let them down; also that the new wage scales made a mockery of the phrases "fair labor standards" and "effective management" as used in the "E" citations.

The episode gave rise to a number of heated editorials abusing the workers for ingratitude, ungraciousness, and so on. To us, there seems to have been a worse element than that in this "E" party that didn't happen.

It is supposed to be the War Labor Board's job to "stabilize"—not freeze—war-plant wages so as to help head off inflation. The WLB, instead of following a resolute policy doing just that for the good of all of us, h blown hot in one case and cold in another, u til nobody knows what it really is trying to Its most dramatic act to date is its pronoun ment which, whatever the WLB thought it sa most people took to mean that any war pla union by simply stirring up enough trou could wring a 15% raise out of the WLB keep wages abreast of rising living costs."

Naturally, unions are disappointed when t WLB undercuts their demands. And natura the WLB will go on having this kind of trou until it does the job it was created to do.

Uncle Sam Attacks the A.P.

THE government has brought an antitrust suit against the Associated Press, national news-distributing co-operative serving almost 1,300 papers in this country and eternally fighting the stiff and able competition of the United Press, International News, and other press services.

The Department of Justice seems to have started the suit in the hope of helping Marshall Field's new Chicago newspaper, the Sun, in its uphill battle against the Chicago Tribune, by muscling the Field paper into an A.P. franchise against present A.P. membership rules.

The A.P. is not a monopoly or trust, obviously. But even if the Administration succeeds in winning this suit for Mr. Field, it is a safe bet that that alone will not make the Field paper supreme in Chicago. It takes more than an A.P. franchise to sell newspapers.

What you have to do is to turn out a paper that a lot of people in your neighborhood w want to read. You have to print the news, a you have to make it interesting.

We don't believe, either, that the gover ment can compel or cajole many America into reading papers the government thin they ought to read. The German, Italian a Russian governments have been trying to just that these many years without remarkab success.

Du Pont suggests SIX SENSIBLE STEPS

BEFORE YOU PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE

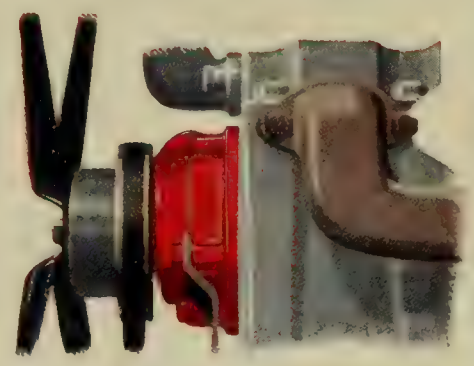
Your car must last! It can't, if you let the cooling system go bad



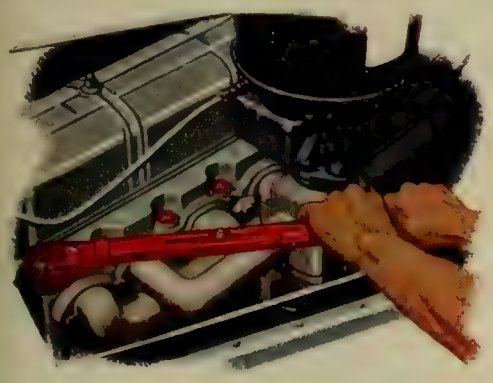
1. CLEAN THE RADIATOR. Radiators that contain rust, scale and dirt will overheat because of poor circulation. Anti-freeze is lost, and the engine may be damaged. Have your dealer use Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser, and check the radiator for leaks at this time.



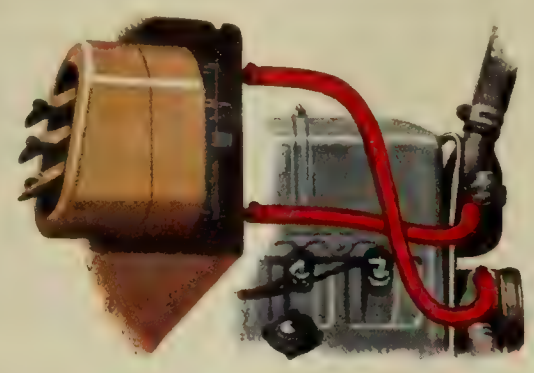
2. CHECK THE HOSE CONNECTIONS. Be sure all cooling system hose is tight, to prevent anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should replace rotted hose, if possible, so worn particles won't clog radiator or thermostat. Make sure that the thermostat is in good working order.



3. EXAMINE THE WATER PUMP. Water pumps should be tight to prevent leakage of anti-freeze solution and air suction. Leaks in the pump most frequently develop along the propeller shaft. Have your dealer check the pump and repair any worn or faulty parts.



4. TIGHTEN THE CYLINDER BOLTS. Looseness of the head bolts and expansion plugs on the cylinder block often causes anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should use a tension wrench to make all engine head bolts equally tight.



5. CHECK THE HEATER. The feed lines should drain without any high points to trap air. When the cooling system has been refilled, start the engine and open the valve at the top of the heater to remove all air pockets.



6. SEE THAT THE FAN and belt work properly. If the fan belt is worn or slipping, it should be taken up. If it's too badly worn, get a new one, if possible. Also, make sure there are no loose, bent or broken blades on the fan.



$2.65 A GAL. WON'T BOIL OUT! ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER LONG!

Pont "Zerex" is an outstanding premium anti-eze. Non-evaporating. For the man who will pay a

$1.00 A GAL. ECONOMICAL! REQUIRES ONLY AN OCCASIONAL CHECK-UP!

Du Pont "Zerone" is America's largest-selling anti-freeze. It's the type preferred by the American motor-

Finally — pick a *Du Pont* anti-freeze your car.

"Zerone" and "Zerex" do more than vent freezing. Each of these anti-fr products prevents rusting, corrosion and terioration of all parts of the cooling sys —parts which today are hard to replac

Even if you're laying up your car, d drain it. That invites rust. Add anti-fr for protection against unexpected freez *and* rust.

Do your part to conserve anti-freez there will be enough to go round. D buy or use more than you need. For s ty's sake, you'd better order your "Zero or "Zerex" now. Available in cans or b —at the same low prices as last



"He doesn't say <u>where</u>... but he got the Camels!

WHERE THEY ARE, where they're goi may be a military secret, but it's no sec that the one gift they want most from hor is *cigarettes*. The brand? *Camel*—the favor in every branch of the service... Army, Nav Marines, Coast Guard (*see bottom, righ* Make it a point *today* to send a carton Camels to that fellow you know in the se vice. Ask your dealer for the Camel carton the service mailing wrapper.



IT'S EVEN EASIER than writing a letter. No wrapping—no mailing. Your dealer has a special wrapper for Camel cartons and complete mailing instructions for all branches of the service. Stop in at your dealer today. Let him send off a carton of Camels to that young fellow who's waiting to hear from you. Take another carton home with you. Enjoy that full, rich flavor . . . that slow-burning mildness that only Camels give. Then you'll know why, with men in the service, the favorite is Camel!

Good news from home! A carton of Camels. Yes, when the order of the hour is steady nerves, mildness means more than ever before. And for steady pleasure, there's nothing like mild, slow-burning Camels.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Send him his favorite...

Camels

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



...FIRST OVER THERE—

★ ★ ★

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

★ ★ ★

—AND OVER HERE!

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Collier's

OCTOBER 10, 1942 TEN CENTS

P. F. COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

Axis Stooges in South A...

BY FRANK G...

PUBLIC LIBR
BURLINGAME
CALIF
A 62345
1/38
2JA43

For the Men in Your Life ...
Take Home Sparkling Duraglas Bottles
of Catsup, Chili Sauce and
these other delightful sauces
They'll add zest to your meals



Today the finest sauces come in sparkling Duraglas containers. Varied in shape, all are easy to hold. And some, particularly those for catsup and chili sauce, have departed from tradition. These, you'll find, are shorter, which lessens the danger of upsetting and helps them fit better on pantry and refrigerator shelves.

There's always something new for you in Duraglas containers. And, as your grocer will tell you, it usually means a welcome packaging improvement.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio



Ever tried "Leftover Meat" Souffle? To 1 cup finely-chopped meat add 1 cup of tomato catsup, 1 cup of fine crumbs and 3 well-beaten egg yolks. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in greased dish until light and firm.

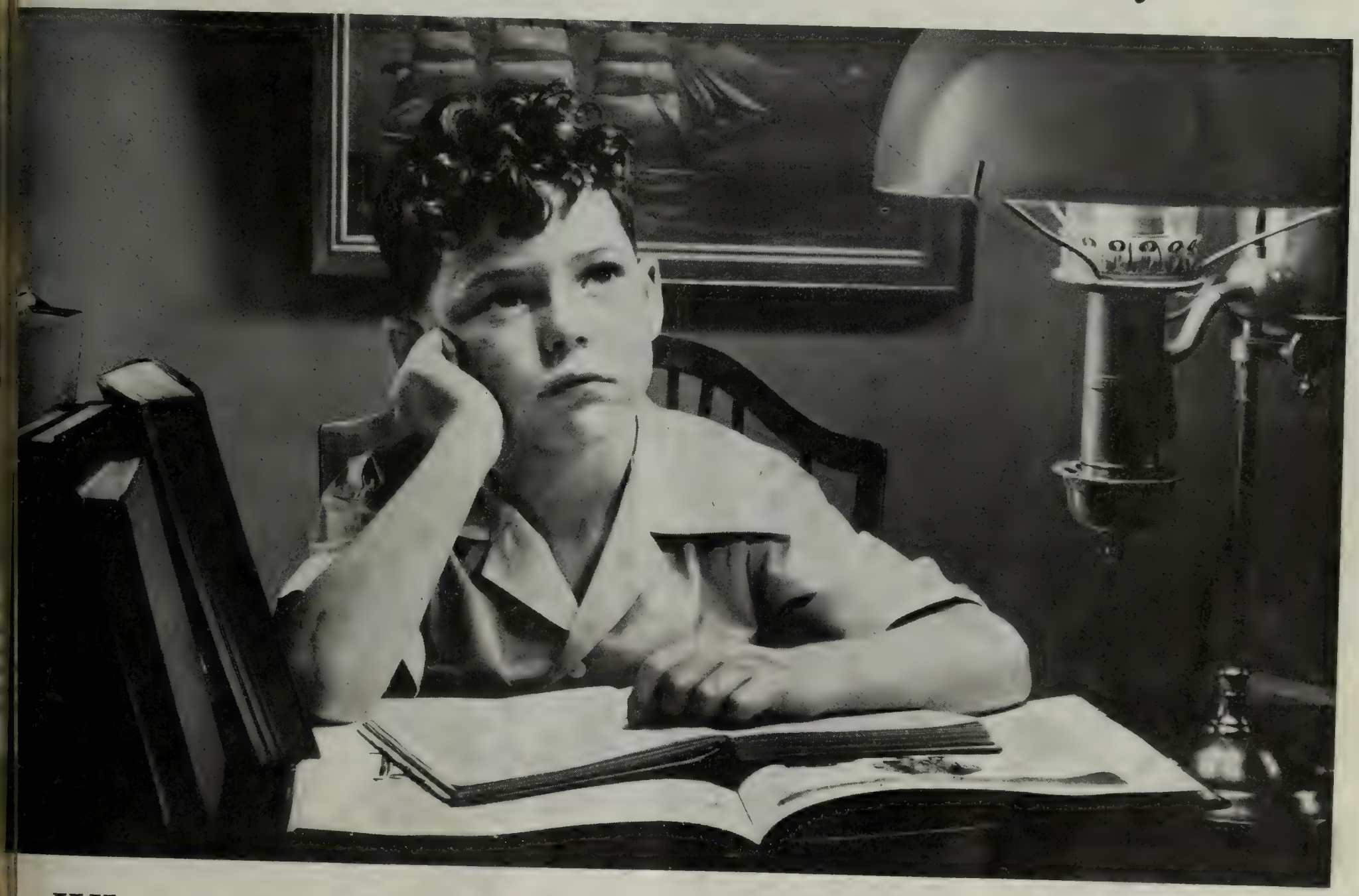


OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

There by the Light of his Lamp He roams the Seven Seas!

Can't you see him as a Man of Tomorrow, Resolute and Dauntless as is his dream today?



We see him Strong and Reliant and Smiling— With a Smile that owes much to his ıg use of Ipana and Massage.

omorrow—a better world king shape. How hopeful f promise! For today, par- so much to give American f health and education—to ıre confident and smiling!

ı his smile has the best of over the country, thou- eing taught an important y gums are necessary to g smiles.

er 85,000 teachers, Ipana s and other material for n American schools.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

"Pink Tooth Brush" Is a Warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* He may tell you your gums have become tender because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling brightness but, with massage, to aid the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums as regularly as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums and a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Men in Your Life ...
Take Home Sparkling Duraglas Bottles
of Catsup, Chili Sauce and
these other delightful sauces
They'll add zest to your meals





Today the finest sauces come in sparkling Duraglas containers. Varied in shape, all are easy to hold. And some, particularly those for catsup and chili sauce, have departed from tradition. These, you'll find, are shorter, which lessens the danger of upsetting and helps them fit better on pantry and refrigerator shelves.

There's always something new for you in Duraglas containers. And, as your grocer will tell you, it usually means a welcome packaging improvement.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio



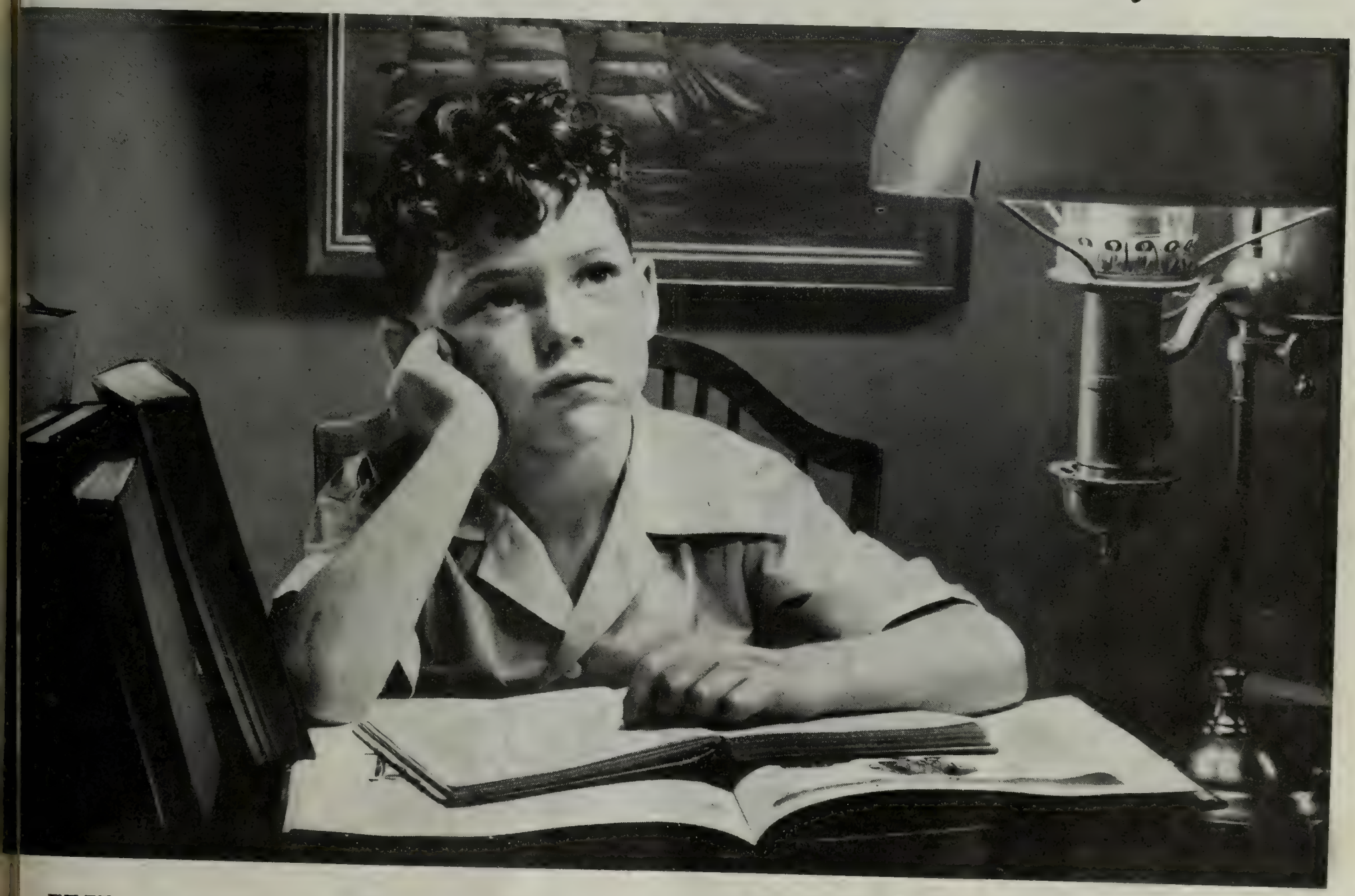
Ever tried "Leftover Meat" Souffle? To 1 cup finely-chopped meat add 1 cup of tomato catsup, 1 cup of fine crumbs and 3 well-beaten egg yolks. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in greased dish until light and firm.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLAS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

There by the Light of his Lamp He roams the Seven Seas!

Can't you see him as a Man of Tomorrow, Resolute and Dauntless as is his dream today?



We see him Strong and Reliant and Smiling— With a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

S COURSE is set for tomorrow—a better world that is even now taking shape. How hopeful ture is, how full of promise! For today, par- and teachers do so much to give American ren the riches of health and education—to them face the future confident and smiling!

s, *smiling,* for even his smile has the best of In classrooms* all over the country, thou- of youngsters are being taught an important n—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to t teeth and sparkling smiles.

941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana d charts, teaching helps and other material for dental hygiene classes in American schools.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

"Pink Tooth Brush" Is a Warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* He may tell you your gums have become tender because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling brightness but, with massage, to aid the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums as regularly as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums and a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers



Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

AMERICA TURNS TO

VICTOR RECORDS

FOR RICH, FRIENDLY EVENINGS



TODAY, Americans are re-discovering the pleasure of staying at home. And in home after home, Victor Records provide the inspiration for good companionship—for mellow, enjoyable evenings. Superb recordings, by the world's greatest artists, Victor Records offer music for every mood...the gaiety of popular dance music...the relaxation of well-loved melodies...the stirring splendour of great musical masterpieces.



IRVING BERLIN'S GREAT SONGS FROM "THIS IS THE ARMY!"

Brilliantly recorded by top-notch singers like "Fats" Waller, Harvey Harding and Brad Reynolds. Accompanied by the famous Victor First Nighter Orchestra and Men's Chorus.It's an album you'll call in the neighbors to hear—records you'll treasure forever of songs you'll never forget! 10 tunes on 4 Victor Records, in colorful "Smart Set" Album P-131... $2.50*

MUSIC YOU'LL KEEP ON LIKING

Grieg's immortal *Piano Concerto in A Minor* is more than a rich musical experience—it is a rich *spiritual* experience to sustain you in these times. Hear it performed in all its melodic fire and tenderness by Artur Rubinstein, accompanied by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-900 ..... $3.50*

Artur Rubinstein at the piano, Jascha Heifetz at the violin, Emanuel Feuermann at the cello—a trio which connotes superb artistry! These three great masters join in an inspired recording of *Schubert's Trio No. 1, in B Flat Major, Op. 99*. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-923.....$4.50*

Sibelius' Seventh, his epic symphony planned during World War I, is powerfully and majestically interpreted by Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-922.....$3.50*

ARTURO TOSCANINI and the NBC Symphony Orchestra perform Samuel Barber's delightful *Adagio for Strings* on Victor Record 11-8287.....$1.00*

Let the world's greatest artists, on Victor Records, help you keep going with music.

**Prices shown are suggested list prices, exclusive of excise tax.*

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managin
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Direc

ANY WEEK

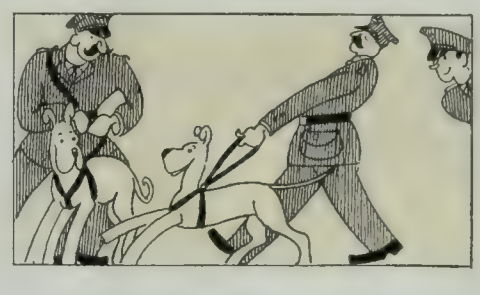
WE DID not, alas, get to the wedding of Mrs. Laura Crane Jeffords and Mr. Herman Arnett Wimmer. This extremely desirable union occurred in Chicago and our observer notified us that everything went off smoothly. However, we got an announcement—printed, not engraved. After the customary announcement, it read as follows: "The money saved by not buying new clothes, not exchanging gifts and in this printing job, was lent to Uncle Sam. If you should feel the slightest urge to purchase a wedding present, buy a dollar war bond instead. WE (our country, of course) ARE AT WAR."



WHICH gives us a pretty chance we've been looking for. Every time the R.A.F. sends a 1,000-plane raid over Germany that sortie represents a British investment of more than $200,000,000. We hate to talk of such things as investments but perhaps you get our point. We've been looking into it. Let's see: The planes alone represent an expenditure of $150,000,000. The training of the crews cost about $50,000,000. There's your $200,000,000 to begin with. Then the oil and gasoline consumed means something like $1,350,000 more. What the bombs cost we're not sure. So we're not including that. Nor can we tell you how much the pay and training cost of the ground crews and organization would add to the bill although we have found out that these mean an annual expenditure of $225,000,000. Anyway you see how it is. And unless we're scandalously cockeyed, all this should give you something to think about on paydays, on your wedding day, when you receive wedding invitations. Sorry we missed that Jeffords-Wimmer affair. One really should cultivate people like that.

ONE of our most dependable scouts was having a drink with one of our better known United States senators. Our scouts and agents seem always to be having a drink with somebody of consequence. Well, after our man had bought the third drink, the senator rewarded him with a bit of news. Not so long ago (said the senator) the Army or the Navy or both, working in rare harmony, caught a German submarine on the surface in or just outside New York harbor. A few shots finished off the submarine but the crew was captured alive. Naturally our fellows searched the prisoners and, the senator says, our side was surprised to find eight stubs of theater tickets in the pockets of the German commander's jacket. They were for Irving Berlin's new Broadway hit—This Is The Army. The commander and his guests had attended the performance on *the night before* the capture. "Like the show?" asked the American officer. "Swell," said the Nazi. The name of this senator will not be given upon application.

WE'VE read this letter several times and are still somewhat mystified. It's from a lady who, on behalf of herself and sister, wishes to know whether it is true that the United States Army is seeking "perfect blond hair for use in range finders and similar delicate instruments." She is a blonde, with "perfect blond hair." So, she admits, is her sister. They are willing to make the supreme sacrifice. They read in their home town (Lincoln, Nebraska) paper that the Army hungered for hair like theirs. They want to know whether it's so and send us a stamped and addressed envelope in which we're supposed to send them the details. Well, the United States Army does *not* want blond hair, perfect or imperfect. But what stops us is that both these ladies work in the War Department in Washington. Yep, sometimes we wonder.



CHUCKLE-HEADED as we are, the whole thing reminds us of a pretty serious controversy one of our newest Army recruits managed to get himself into. This rookie, having been in uniform for a month, began looking around for a specialist's rating. Scanning the possibilities he discovered that the Army is training dogs. This amazed him, which is not remarkable because he had not ceased to be amazed from the moment of his induction. "What the hell are they training dogs to do, lead our generals around like these Seeing-Eye towsers I've been hearing of?" This flippancy reached the ears of the lad's sergeant who spoke to him somewhat harshly. "Oh, okay," replied the rookie. "It's okay with me. Let the old boys stumble around on their own. I don't want to interfere." W. D.

Vol. 110, No.15. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WE

OCTOBER 10, 1

SHORT STORIES

VEREEN BELL
Jumping-Horse Man. The making oughbred.

MONA GARDNER
This Wondrous Symbol. An in death brings new life.

EDWIN LANHAM
It Ain't Gonna Rain No More. N rain maker's settled down.

JOHN FAULKNER
Lawd! Lawd! When the wife's a

THE SHORT SHORT STOR
Credentials, by Richard English.

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
An Apple for Eve. The eleven parts.

ERNEST HAYCOX
Action by Night. Conclusion.

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Letter to a Man with a Boy in Irel correspondent reports on the A.

FRANK GERVASI
Axis Stooges in South Africa. feuds slow up the Union's war e

FRANK DANIEL
A Bag for Baby. Col. George genious device.

FRANK D. MORRIS
First Lap on Tokyo. Part II. Th the Solomon Islands.

GURNEY WILLIAMS
Game Hunting. A little break-n parlor.

BENNY FRIEDMAN, as t BURTON BENJAMIN
You Can Beat the System. Foot brawn, plus skill.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
The Lady's a Soldier. And B take it!

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Take It, Mister! The unsung A.A.F.

CAPTAIN ROGER O'SU
Caribbean Casualty. Torped U-boat.

KYLE CRICHTON
King Cotten. Joseph Cotten wood.

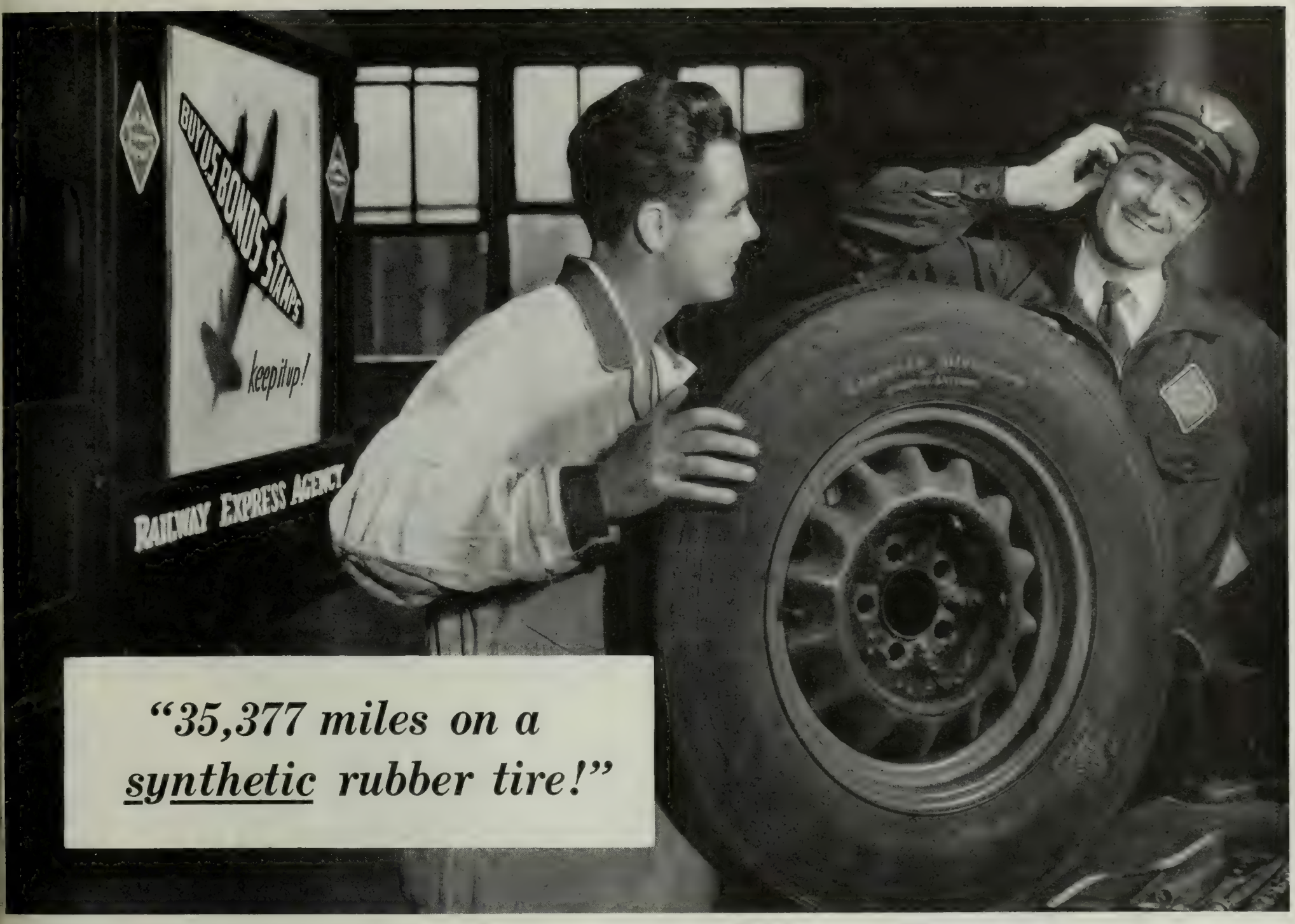
●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS
Freedom No. 5.
The White House and the Hi
The Doctor Shortage.

COVER W



Recently the newspapers carried this amazing story about synthetic rubber tires . . . released by the largest truck operator in the U. S.—Railway Express Agency.

N. P. Ballou, assistant to the President of the Express Agency, said that in December, 1940, the company bought fifty-two synthetic rubber tires, which were distributed to many places in the country so they could be tested under all conditions. "The results have been something most gratifying," he said. "We have obtained a great deal more mileage from them than we anticipated."

Mr. Ballou said several of the synthetic tires had already run over 20,000 miles without recapping "and in one case, an extreme case, 35,377 miles were secured in Pittsburgh before the tire was recapped."

Here are a few of the many American businesses which bought Ameripol Silvertowns in 1940

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
THE BORDEN CO.
J. I. CASE CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.
GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO.
THE GRAND UNION COMPANY
GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS INC.
SWIFT & COMPANY
THE TEXAS CO.
U. S. GYPSUM CO.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast

All 52 tires were B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertowns

ONCE AGAIN, B. F. Goodrich showed the way. For fourteen years we had been experimenting with synthetic rubber. Eighteen months before Pearl Harbor, we made thousands of tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol, the synthetic rubber which our laboratories perfected.

Railway Express, hundreds of other cooperative companies and car owners bought these Ameripol tires, because they were anxious to find out about the quality of American-made synthetic rubber. They put them to work alongside tires of natural rubber to see how they stood up under the daily grind of actual operating conditions.

The record speaks for itself!

But don't get the wrong idea. We don't know when there will be enough synthetic rubber so you can buy Ameripol Silvertowns, because the Army and Navy get first call on every ounce of synthetic rubber.

But just remember this. America *can* make synthetic rubber tires. B. F. Goodrich *has* made them. Someday, when they're made available to you, be sure to look for the famous Silvertown name. Then you'll be buying a proven tire with all the mileage and long-wear which has made this name stand for the finest tire sold.

***NOTE:** This advertisement is not intended to give the impression that tires made with synthetic rubber are on public sale. This is not true. And it is not known when it will be true. This is because military needs must come first.*



In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

** And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.*

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Rolling Reservoir!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Like human beings, wines have sick spells and even die, a dead wine being one that has lost its body, flavor and bouquet. Travel sickness, for instance, may prove fatal, especially in the case of certain delicate wines which are not imported into this country because they cannot withstand the rigors of an ocean voyage.

Thirty years ago, on September 9, 1912, the first synthetic rubber tire ever seen in the United States was exhibited and described to the delegates at the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry in New York City. A firm in Elberfeld, Germany, had made it from isoprene, derived from paracresol, a tar product.

Sound may be transmitted between two widely separated points over a beam of light. The sound waves at the source are transformed into light waves and back again into sound waves in a loud-speaker at the point of reception. Over a powerful searchlight not long ago, a man in Schenectady talked to a friend in Gloversville, New York, a distance of thirty-two miles.

The subpoena, or writ commanding a person to appear in court under penalty, was devised in the early part of the 16th century to overcome the reluctance of witnesses to testify voluntarily because they could be sued later by the party against whom they appeared, for "meddling in litigation." It had previously been established that an act performed under compulsion does not constitute meddling.—*By Elbridge Vance, Lakewood, Ohio.*

A number of species of wood, under microscopic examination, are easier to identify in the form of paper than in the form of sawdust.—*By Lyle Sandell, Kerman, California.*

H.M.S. Repulse, which was torpedoed and sunk by the Japanese in the South China Sea in December, 1941, is believed to have been the only warship in history that had a stained-glass window in its chapel. *By T. Curtis Smith, Los Angeles, California.*

Lukas Tchaffen, who died in Arlberg, Germany, in 1679 at the age of sixty-seven, left 1,091 direct descendants, the largest number on record resulting solely from monogamous marriage. They consisted of five children, eighty-seven grandchildren, 446 great-grandchildren and 553 great-great-grandchildren. —*By Helen Keever Fay, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

Further evidence that horses are not natural jumpers comes from Australia where these animals have been known to die of thirst in sight of water holes from which they were separated by only a three-foot fence.—*By Blake Bowman, Upper Montclair, New Jersey.*

For many years, a popular method of suicide in Japan has been to lie down on a railroad track at night and await the next train. Another method, not uncommon, has been to run up the track and dash headlong into a speeding locomotive.

Since Pearl Harbor, Great Britain has sent a substantial quantity of war equipment to the United States, including the balloon barrages for the West Coast, a number of antiaircraft guns for the Panama Canal and many corvettes and trawlers for patrol duty off the Atlantic seaboard.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



GOOD?

you're darned tootin'!

★ Your favorite uncle . . . Sam . . . has the best armed forces in the world. And they're being equipped with the finest of everything . . . including clothes. These boys are America's best-dressed men, and to keep 'em that way requires the wool off the backs of 26 sheep per year, per man!

★ That means a great deal less wool for civilian use. It's our job at home, therefore, to get along with what's left. And the way to do that is to buy quality . . . clothes that are well tailored of good materials and that have plenty of stamina. Such clothes save wool and production man-hours, look better, last longer . . . and save *you* money in the long run.

★ Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes deliver all of these! They're as good today as they ever were . . . and that means *plenty* good! *For nothing has happened to the quality of these famous clothes.* All-wool fabrics. Expert tailoring. Long wear. Good looks. Everything you've always expected . . . *and got* . . . in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes you can get today. These are fighting clothes. They've got guts. They've got style. See 'em.

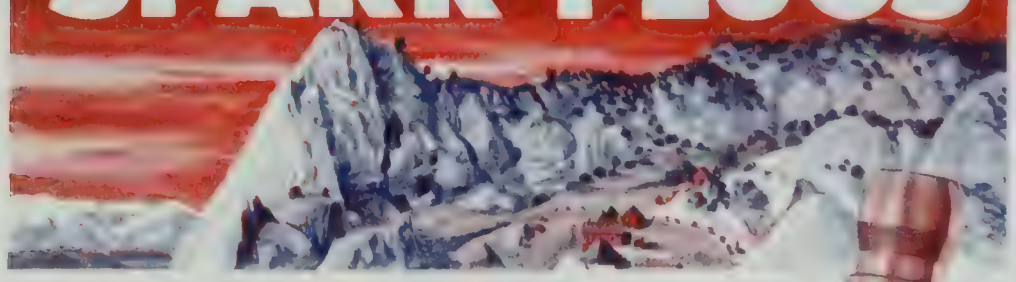


NOW MORE THAN EVER..A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR..BUT A BIG THING TO FIND

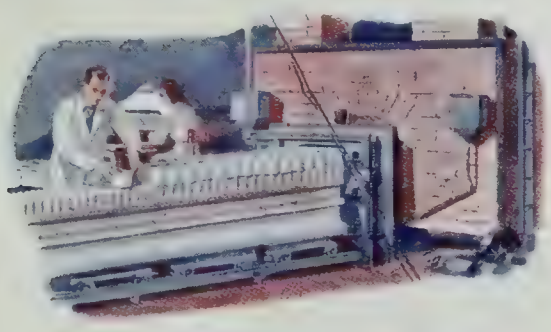
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX clothes

FREE! Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer for your copy of "How to Make Your Clothes Last Longer" . . . a complete, illustrated booklet of practical hints on how to get more mileage out of your clothes.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



High up in the rugged White Mountains of California, is located a natural arsenal of sillimanite, nature's finest insulator material. From this Champion Sillimanite Mine comes the basic insulator material for Champion Spark Plugs. Sillimanite insulators have maximum resistance to electrical breakdown, heat and mechanical shock, and effectively prevent the ignition current from flowing in any direction except across the gap formed by the spark plug electrodes. This insures an intense hot spark so necessary to efficient and economical engine performance.



Here's a "firing line" that puts more power on the firing line. Insulators for the new Champion Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs are here fired in specially developed continuous kilns. The vastly improved insulating qualities inherent in these Champions have been a vital factor in increasing the performance, striking range, and dependability of America's most powerful aircraft.



More Vital - More Dependable than ever!



Are your spark plugs giving you the gas mileage, and dependable service they should? Have them checked—tested and cleaned by a Champion dealer. They'll give you better performance and economy and longer life if regularly serviced. If you need new ones, insist on dependable Champions—the spark plug champions use.



TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN



Bullets from Japanese Zeros had crippled this U. S. bomber badly, so her pilot tried a crash "belly" landing. He made it too, while onlookers—from generals to privates—applauded

WING TALK

SOMEWHERE in Australia: Bombers, the heavyweights of air fighting, have excellent interplane telephone systems. Men at the various "stations"—radio, navigator, bombardier, pilot, copilot, gunners—keep their headphones clamped on during combat, so that at any moment anyone can talk to anyone else. There is no more privacy than on a country party line. Everybody can stick in his two cents—and generally does. In combat, the boys keep up incessant chatter—encouraging, pepping, joshing one another in the manner of athletic teams. Among the great and forever untold stories of this war must be those last-moment conversations in planes shot down out of control—each boy knowing "this is it." What they say then, you can imagine, proudly; but only the gods can hear it.

What is said in planes that fly away to fight another day can be told. There was the crew who came down at Port Moresby chuckling over what their usually reserved and mild-spoken pilot had said to the tail gunner: "George, that's twice I've sucked that Nip --- -- - ----- in and you've missed him. Now, if you miss him this third time I'll leave these ------ controls and come back there and kick your ------ --- off!"

OF COURSE, anyone living day by day with sudden death, pilots—or war correspondents either, for that matter—can't afford to be superstitious. Aside from a horse chestnut you picked up, and a necktie you wore the day you soloed, a red and blue checkered handkerchief that someone dear gave to you long ago, you stuff your own pockets with few "conjurs." Which brings up the first of three pictures of this war that you'll never forget:

You are in a B-17, flying through the night over the Coral Sea to New Guinea to catch an early morning "show." It is bitter cold, at 15,000 feet. The plane's stripped for action: flying without lights, inside or out. The floor's the only place to sit. Dim starlight through the roof windows, plus the natural accommodation of your eyes to darkness, reveal your companions in various uneasy attitudes, cramped, stiff—and thoughtful. Some of them are going to fly in a dawn raid over Salamaua. This colonel, for instance. You notice that he is sitting on your small handbag and you growl at him not to break anything. He laughs sleepily and does not shift. One hour later he is dead—shot down into the shark-infested sea. That night in the hut at Port Moresby when you unpack your bag, you find your shaving mirror broken.

THE second unforgettable picture is also of that day. The "fighter umbrella" is up; the bombers are coming back from the raid. Three—four—five. Some are holed; some have wounded crewmen. Eight—nine—ten. Here is one with its right wing tips and ailerons gone, its tail a sieve. The Zeros were certainly on the ball today. Two still missing. One never comes. But here's the other now, circling the field low to show us landing wheels jammed, control shot away. He's going to try a belly landing—a fearfully dangerous maneuver, with this heavy ship that lands like a bat out of hell under the best conditions and with its wheels intact. The field is quick, disciplined scurrying on the ground. Planes taxi clear. Ambulances and fire trucks race up. Everybody is tense, anyway; knowing of the loss of one bomber, figuring the Japs will be over any second, despite our "umbrella," in their favorite trick of following home and ground-strafing our roosting bombers. Silence (except for the crippled plane's motor) and tension are thick enough to cut. Pilots and crews of the grounded planes have tumbled out. Negro labor troops drop their tools. Australian and Yank antiaircraft gunners come out of their shelters. We all stand waiting—watching, knowing the chance against the kids in that ship. The pilot lined up for the runway. Here he comes down. His motors go dead—he's holding them against fire. He holds it—holds it—nobody breathes for what seems a year—then, a flurry of dust. For a moment you can't see what's happened. The dust molds into a steady trail. He is sliding evenly. Not only that, at the last moment he neatly steers off the runway, so that he'll be out of the way of the pursuits when they come down. Now follows the strangest thing you've ever seen on a field of battle; here, men, amid scenes, that deal chiefly in risk and death. As the ship pitch

(Continued on page 53)



BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

ICE CUBES FOR JAPAN!

Listen, Tojo—when you hear that *kar-rump* some night and the factory walls start sliding into the sea—look out, it's one of those new "ice cubes" from Nash-Kelvinator!

We are building *plenty* of them just for you—huge Kelvinators that fly and ice cubes that hurt.

Monster metal-bellied flying boats—growing on Nash-Kelvinator assembly lines—to whisk the Navy's men and material to any spot you raise your head! Giant Vought-Sikorsky cargo carriers built *complete*—and not in ones or twos, but in fleet upon fleet!

Want to hear some more?

Then listen—that angry hum coming out of the East—

They are the propellers built by Nash-Kelvinator, built by the many thousands!

And that mighty roar you'll soon be hearing is the voice of the most powerful engine ever placed in a pursuit ship. It will take the Navy's new *Corsair* higher, faster than any "Zero" in your stable.

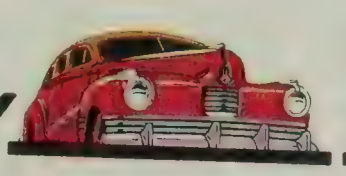
They're coming, Tojo—coming from men who, in building last year's refrigerators and automobiles, thought only of a nation's health and happiness.

But now, it's hate and vengeance and the remembrance of a thousand Axis wrongs that are guiding their hands . . . beating every production record in Nash-Kelvinator history by two and three.

Look out, Tojo, *the nights are growing longer.*

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

NASH  KELVINATOR



PRATT & WHITNEY
HIGH-ALTITUDE
ENGINES



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
FLYING BOATS

HAMILTON
STANDARD
PROPELLERS





NOT FOR SALE

FOR LOVE OR MONEY!

But we'll buy it back . . . for Uncle Sam!

We are neither making nor selling typewriters, these days.

But the Army and Navy need over half a million more standard typewriters . . . on ships, in the field, at headquarters. Every report, every command, every requisition . . . here or abroad, aloft or undersea . . . must be typed. And there simply aren't enough machines to go around.

So . . . will *you* help? As a patriotic contribution, will you sell back every standard typewriter (made since Jan. 1, 1935) that you can possibly spare? Every Smith-Corona branch office is authorized by the Government to buy L C Smith machines at standard 1941 "trade-in" values . . . and your help is urgently invited.

* * *

Meanwhile, the typewriters you *cannot* spare must likewise be kept going full time. Don't wait for breakdowns! Tell our branch or L C Smith dealer to send a service expert around . . . *periodically*. Let us keep your typewriters going for the duration.

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE



HOW TO MAKE TYPEWRITERS LAST . . . TEN TIPS TO TYPISTS

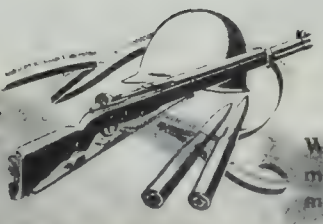
DO DAILY

1. Brush erasures and dirt on typebars towards front part of machine.
2. Clean type with cloth or brush *slightly* moistened with cleaning fluid.
3. Move carriage to extreme right, clean carriage rails. Reverse operation.
4. Brush dust from typebars.
5. Always cover machine when not in use.

DO REGULARLY

6. Prevent paper slipping by cleaning rubber rollers with cloth *slightly* moistened with cleaning fluid.
7. Remove roller and brush out particles of dirt.
8. Save roller by inserting 2 sheets at a time. Use backing sheet over and over to conserve paper.
9. Keep particles from falling into machine by moving carriage to extreme ends when erasing.
10. Change ribbons correctly. Jiggle or tap them lightly. Never force them on shaft.

NEVER OIL YOUR TYPEWRITER . . .
LEAVE OILING TO SERVICEMAN



War production entrusted to us is precision work calling for craftsmanship of the highest order . . . skill won through many years of making America's finest office and portable typewriters.

Smith-Corona

OFFICE PORTABLE

Typewriter Service

COLLIER'S
HE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR OCTOBER 10, 1942

Jumping-Horse Man

y Vereen Bell

LUSTRATED BY
ENDELL KLING

Jrry hadn't looked for anyng like what happened. But mmon horse sense could ve told him that somebody rtainly was riding for a fall

OMEBODY shook me and I woke up. It was dark outside the window—Farn had said we were starting early. Farn's face, usually so slick, was stubbled with a two-day beard, and his suit was a mess. I wished Sadie could see him. Sadie was so particular about the way her men looked.

arn glanced down at himself. He slept in his clothes, and had made me do the same. "Don't I look like a ?"

e went down and got in the rented car and started into the back country Farn said held more bastard thoroughbreds than you could count. The try was rolling and the sun was hot, now I felt better and I forgot being with Farn and Sadie for making me come along. Sadie was my stepmother—thirty-two, I guess she was, the of woman the men sort of gather round when her husband's out on the or down at the stable. Not that had encouraged them especially, because Pop had been quite a cocky lad to look at, and front was everything to . When Mrs. Milburn's chaser ed and ended over, though, and spent the rest of his few days in one house, Sadie began to meet

at was even before Pop died, and why I hated her and why I'll be g her the next time you ask me. ss she thought I wasn't old enough ow what was going on. So the rea- had not wanted to go with Farn to jumper was because it was Sadie had asked me to. "You go with him like he says. Sort of follow along d like a farmer's boy, and keep mouth shut," she told me.

visited a lot of farms before we what we wanted. When I saw this the skin on my hands turned cold, hen I used to watch Pop take a jump. Oh, he was a horse! You

(Continued on page 42)

mpody else stopped. I whirled and was Betty. She wore dark glasses, hat kerchief around her hair



ıetter to a Man
vith a Boy in Ireland

y Quentin Reynolds

s son isn't much of a let-writer. So Collier's corre-ondent and photographer ok over and prepared this port for an anxious father

EAR JOHN: Well, I've been with your kid in Northern Ireland and a lot like him and, if you ask them ut it, they're the toughest fighting ny in the world. Their confidence in mselves scares you a little when you sider that not one in a thousand of m has ever heard a gun fired in anger. ey are, of course, a completely untried ny, but to hear them talk, you'd never lieve it. They aren't exactly cocky but y are confident that, given the chance, ey'll blow down the whole German ny. I asked their commanding officer, neral Russell P. Hartle, whom they ll "Scrappy," if he wasn't apprehensive out how they'd react under fire.

"Don't worry about them," he said ietly. "They're fit mentally and physi-lly. I'd fight them tomorrow if I had ."

The boys have taken Northern Ireland. here isn't much Gaelic spoken in Ulster, t when the first contingent of troops rived, some exile (from the South prob-ly) hung out a sign which read, "*Cead file Failte*," which means in Gaelic, One hundred thousand welcomes."

When the Negro troops arrived, the sual "viewers-with-alarm" envisioned l kinds of trouble. None of it has aterialized. I visited them right after ey had been installed and they are a eerful lot. I mentioned to the colonel charge the possibility of awkward tuations arising. He is a Texan. He ooked very annoyed.

"Spend a day or two with my boys," he dvised, frowning. "I tell you they are e best-disciplined troops I ever com-anded. They're good boys, and if the umormongers will leave us alone, my oys will get along fine here."

I did spend a couple of days with them nd found that they were a well-disci-lined bunch. I found also that they had errific respect for their white officers. They liked Ireland too.

"People here jes' like our officers," one big lad from South Carolina drawled. "No one ever yells to us 'Hey, niggah.' They yell 'Hey, Mac.' Yeah, this is a great Army, we is in. But don't dat ol' sun ever shine here?"

Dat ol' sun don't never shine much in Northern Ireland. I went into a pub close to where our Negro troops are stationed. I listened to the local inhabitants talking about them. All seemed very pleased with their new neighbors.

"Thought they were Indians at first," one grizzled old bar fly chuckled. "But they told me they weren't Indians and they told me there was no Indians left in America. I don't believe that. I've seen 'em in the films. I hope those boys won't get a bad impression about our country. It's done nothing but rain since they landed."

Sooner or later the fifth columnists (if they haven't done so already) will start the inevitable rumor about trouble between the Negro troops and the local inhabitants, or between the Negro troops and our white troops. It's too good a chance for them to miss—but it'll be the bunk.

They've already started talk of trouble between the American and the British troops. I saw only one misunderstanding between the American and the British troops while I was in Ireland and I was with joint parties of them every night when many a beer was passed around. Near Belfast one day, some of our boys played a practical joke on a Cockney soldier named Reggie Brown.

Reggie had been with our troops for a few weeks, teaching them the way of the winding Irish roads. He's been driving them, living with them in their huts, eating with them, and then suddenly he was given leave. He was a happy kid. He told them about his father in London, whom he hadn't seen in eight months. He packed up his belongings in his duffel bag and made the rounds to say goodby. While he wasn't looking, I noticed one of our men grabbed his bag and disappeared with it. He returned it a moment later with a big grin on his face. Finally Private Reggie Brown of London said his last goodby and then he picked up his duffel bag. A look of amazement came over his face.

"Didn't know it was so heavy," he laughed. "I can hardly lift the ruddy thing!"

(Continued on page 66)



The armored unit in which this lad is a tank driver is a typical American ro It includes 30 Poles, 100 men of Mexican birth, 25 Swedes, 17 Norwegians an day, when invasion begins, they'll come in handy with their various lan

5th Avenue, Kentucky, Northern Ireland, is a far cry from its U. S. namesak camp streets are named after streets back home.) Constant rain since the Am landed also spoils the resemblance, but Lieut. Al LaSalle takes it in goo

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA



An American-made village in Northern Ireland. The troops in the foreground are studying maps; come afternoon they'll be using those tanks in maneuvers









never yells to us 'Hey, niggah.' They yell 'Hey, Mac.' Yeah, this is a ny." Colored troops are well-disciplined, have tremendous respect for ite officers. Though at first mistaken for Indians, they like Ireland

on another victory in Northern Ireland. Before the Americans came, jigs were the thing; now many an Irishman and his wife are confirmed jit- With dancing a favorite nightly sport, badminton rates high outdoors

Above: Pvt. Reggie Brown at right doesn't know it, but when he gets home to London he'll find cigarettes and beer in his bag, a present from the Americans to Reggie's old man who's broke. Below: If gas comes, they'll be ready

In Ulster even hilltops have bogs which make tanks useless. But that's no disadvantage in practice. The men who run the General Grants are putting the finishing touches on their training under the most difficult conditions possible





This Wondrous Symbol

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The symbol was created for death, but instead it gave life to the spirit of an entire village



Proud Lia came, as graceful as a young palm. She passed Raki without speaking, flaunting her magenta s

IT WAS time for the dance. The women looked at one another nervously, anxiously, twining flowers in their hair with slow fingers. To do the evening dance when the shrine is a heap of black ashes! To make offerings to an altar that has burned into nothingness! Burned, fatefully, malignantly, at midnight!

The women swayed—stepping: tugged by habit, tugged by piety—and the line moved forward. The evening dance was as old as the village itself. It must be done. For how could a village prosper and be fruitful if offering be not made to a symbol each evening?

Still there was no symbol in the village this day. There would be none tomorrow, nor like to be one on the days that follow tomorrow. A symbol is a precious thing. It must be found auspiciously, or given, as any man knows.

Raki came to take her place at the end of the procession. She stepped with becoming gravity, yet she was not heavy with dread. She was not even thinking of the fire, of the burned symbol. Her mind was on Alu.

She was the beloved of Alu, wasn't she? She was going to bear him a fine son, and Alu would reward her—wouldn't he?—by raising her to his high raja rank? And they would be happy, happy . . . meanwhile, there was the pretty dance to do, the fragrant offerings to leave, and then Alu to run home to.

Raki held the offering basket on her head with both hands until she caught the slow rhythm—touching, touching, stepping: touching, touching, stepping. Then she lowered one arm—swaying it as she swayed her small unbalanced body, swaying it as she sang the offering song—moving forward with the evening line.

The carpenter's wife came. Raki swung back, making an opening for her. The coconut-picker's wife came. Raki swung back for her. They were middle-caste women: naturally they would go ahead of her until she bore Alu a son: until she was raised to raja rank.

Proud Lia came, as graceful as a young palm. She passed Raki without speaking, passed the other village women, to flaunt her magenta skirt at the head of the line, to sway it farther, to fling it higher than other women. Lia, born daughter of the other raja of the village: Lia, who still wanted Alu.

"O Deity!" Raki prayed, her glittering black eyes on that magenta skirt ahead, all the while her lips sang the evening song and her small, tight body danced the evening dance. "Only let me please my lord Alu! Only let me spend love on him!"

The line moved forward past the long mud walls of the village street, around the square, toward the shrine gates. Raki looked for the mark in the banyan tree as she danced past. Her eyes found it, blessing it as they did each evening. Alu's curly-bladed kris had made the gash—stuck there in the twisted brown trunk while she was married to it, his sword. Naturally, a raja, a village headman, cannot be married in plain sight under the sky, as any man knows, to a woman of ordinary caste—even though he loves her beyond all loving. A raja is a raja!

"O Deity!" Raki sent up her prayer again. "Alu is my lord! Alu is my world! Let me be married openly under the sky to him! Let me make him happy until time stops!"

As she danced, Raki saw the elders sitting along the courtyard wall, talking morosely, shaking their heads like heavy palms in a wind. She heard the sweet splash of water from the village baths beyond, the chick-chack of restless monkeys in the trees above, and the whine of hungry dogs waiting for the food the gods would leave.

The dancing line moved through the forked gates, stained, now, and smoky with fire—through cleft pillars of rippled granite that reached to the purpling sun-painted sky. The women averted their eyes, looking at the trees, looking at their skirt-cloths, looking anywhere but at the charred heap that had been the shrine a night ago.

AROUND the inner square they danced until they came at last to the great round offering stones. On them they laid their fat rice cakes and sago loaves and coconut dumplings. They heaped mangoes and custard apples, the prickled spines of durian and jac fruit, and for fragrance they sprinkled ginger petals and mimosa and the long red buds of the firecracker vine.

Yet there was no symbol—no symbol there above the stones to address; and the women drew back fearfully, dancing on with dazed, hypnotized steps until they were out of the blackened shrine square. The dance was finished.

"It is bad!" a black-toothed elder mumbled to the cock he cradled in his arm. "Bad!"

"Floods have washed our crops away!" the man next to him railed in a soft, resigned voice. "Our gamelang bells have cracked! And now—our symbol has burned!"

"What other disaster is left for "

"The Japanese could come!" s one answered.

"One of our women could twins!" someone answered.

"Japanese!" "Twins!" the w blazed through the street like fi thatch. And the men who said rinsed their mouths to rid them o taint.

Raki heard and said, aghast, to self, "Twins!" and felt herself sh with some inner secret fear. "Tw she said again, and thought of this curse which can come upon a w to taint her family and every livin in her village.

Raki hurried home, running u steps, running through the gate, ning to the slatted shadows of he veranda to find Alu, to ask him, t the comfort of his laugh, to fe soothing, lulling mesmerism of b resses.

Alu was not there.

Raki took the ginger flowers fr hair, unwound the breast-wr scarf and sat with them in her bling hands, thinking, dreading, dering. No! No! She wouldn' twins! She was young and luck was the beloved of Alu!

Alu's red cock moved in th shaped cage. The red cock—ah, for sacrifice! To cozen luck! I

(Continued on page 57)

AXIS STOOGES N SOUTH AFRICA

y Frank Gervasi

Y CABLE FROM JOHANNESBURG

outh Africa is on the spot. Insidious fluences, racial differences and short-ghted, selfish men are hindering that untry's war effort. But Smuts, Africa's hite hope, is solving the complex problem



WIDE WORLD

South Africa's foremost champion of democracy, 72-year-old Premier Jan Christian Smuts, at right center, talking with the officers and men of a Transvaal Scottish Battalion

THE Union of South Africa's national emblem is the springbok—the tall-horned, agile veld gazelle. The animal's graceful head is etched on train windows, mped on cigarette boxes. It is the army's insignia and tomizes animal courage, endurance, pride and speed. wever, it was not with the agility of a springbok but the lumbering reluctance of perhaps the more sym-c ox of Boer life that the Union went to war against many three years ago.

Fortunately for the Allies, the Union brought to the ggle something of the power and purposefulness of the In the long trek to victory ahead, this power can be e to count beyond the immediate role of a halfway se between England, America, the East and the Mid-East, which geography automatically assigned to South ca. That was the role the Cape Colony filled when oria the Good sat on the throne of England, and the was still rising on the British Empire.

Already the Union's contribution to the United Na-s' swelling war power substantially surpasses the ly geographic function of acting as an enormous fill-ervice station for convoys bound eastward with troops munitions for the Middle East, Russia, India and a, and for westbound convoys with raw materials for factories of England and the United States.

he Union's share of the United Nations' war burden ides the repairing of freighters, warships, aircraft car-e and transports damaged by the enemy. South Africa also become the industrial powerhouse of the African nent for the manufacture of ammunition, guns, ar-ed cars and spare parts for the war machinery em-ed on North African battlefields. It is an important ce of manganese, chromium, tungsten and other ores it is developing some of the world's richest deposits n and coal.

t the moment, Premier Smuts is working hard to aken the pace of the South African ox to attain a dou-e oal—the realization of the Union's almost unlimited strial power and the fulfillment of its postwar destiny e leader of Africa. Smuts' immediate job is to make Jnion's maximum weight felt in the balance on the of the United Nations.

ut, in this task, as in the other—that of creating a cally and economically stable South Africa capable suming the after-the-war responsibilities of continen-adership—Smuts faces numerous obstacles. Com-to the jobs of Roosevelt and Churchill in uniting the d States and Britain and exacting from them the num performance in the war effort, Smuts' job in Africa was perhaps even more difficult. You can ure how well he may succeed by his performance to On his success may depend largely the success of llies during the coming months in opening a com-front in North Africa, the Middle East and Araby, Russian, British and American troops against any and Italy, and in keeping the supply lines to China, India, North Africa and Southwestern



WIDE WORLD

reds of pilots for the Royal Air Force are turned South Africa under the empire training scheme. at the right, a group of potential pilots are be-structed in the rudiments of aerial navigation

Today in South Africa more than 600 factories are producing matériel and munitions for the United Nations. Women have taken over many of the men's jobs, releasing men for the army

WIDE WORLD



Russia—in short, in winning the war.

On the eve of the war, the geographically huge South Africa was painfully divided over what the Union should do about it. The Union's two largest states are the size of Texas with Louisiana, Arizona, South Carolina and Missouri added. Yet its 2,200,000 whites, sixty per cent of whom are of Dutch-Huguenot-Boer extraction and forty per cent of British origin, would just about populate Philadelphia, and its 10,000,000 natives would fill New York. Like the United States, which it so closely resembles physically and in many other ways, South Africa had its interventionists, isolationists and fifth columnists, its men of bad faith, misguided visionaries and political priests.

A Defender of Democracy

The Union had its outright Nazis but it also had patriots who saw Germany's attack against Poland in August, 1939, as the beginning of a world struggle involving the life and death of the principles by which all self-governing peoples live. One of these was the 72-year-old Jan Christian Smuts, a man with blue-gray eyes, white goatee, silver hair, a healthy pink face and an inexhaustible faith in democracy's power of survival and apparently an equally limitless supply of energy and patience.

South Africa has gold, diamonds and sharp-faced little men who balance idealism profitably with an aptitude for making money for money's sake. But South Africa, land of lean cattle and fat women, also has manganese, iron and broad-faced, big-boned men whose eyes are focused beyond the hills of gold and the acres of diamonds to their nation's free destiny. South Africa has its Doktor Daniel François Malan, elderly predikant anti-Semite Nationalist leader, who is a devoted stooge of Radio Zeesen. But the Union also has Smuts.

On the war's eve, Smuts was deputy prime minister in the government of General James Barry Munnik Hertzog, the aging Boer hero, who believed the Polish affair was just a local war and that, in any event, South Africa could remain profitably neutral. Between Smuts the internationalist and Hertzog the nationalist, there had never been harmony. But what differences they had were petty compared to their divergence on the enormous issue of peace or war.

On September 4th, twenty-four hours after England had declared war on Germany, Smuts and Hertzog laid their quarrel before the Union parliament. "Stand by Britain!" pleaded Smuts. Hertzog, during the crisis wasn't content merely to call for neutrality. He might have got away with it if he had. Instead, he shocked fence sitters and straddlers by making what was tantamount to a defense of Hitler's policies in Europe and a justification of his assault on the world. Hertzog went down by eighty votes to sixty-seven. Smuts became prime minister, and Hertzog retired to his farm, an embittered old man.

But Malan still was active as the leader of the Nationalists, who demand freedom from the British but who are the first to deny freedom to the Union's ten million blacks. The Nationalists are obstructing Smuts' quietly desperate effort to increase the pace and power of South Africa's war effort. They are keeping alive the bitter memories of the Boer War and constitute the principal opposition to Smuts' United party.

The Nationalists are assisted in their noble labor by the Germanophile former minister of defense, Oswald Pirow, who is a protagonist of the New Order along Hitlerian lines. He promises to put Jews, capitalists, warmongers and the supporters of Smuts generally into concentration camps after the German victory. As minister, his outstanding contribution to the Union's defense was the purchase of high-wheeled oxcarts for the army. That was his idea of the perfect army transport for modern warfare.

The Nazi Setup

The Nazi hatchet man in a weird struggle for power in South Africa's complex political setup appears to be Doktor Hans van Rensberg, fuehrer of the obstructionist gang of small-time saboteurs. He is familiar with *Ossewabrandwag,* whose members are regularly haled into court on charges of what might be petty mischief in peacetime but in wartime assume the proportions of high treason.

Malan, Pirow and Rensberg, who keep South Africa's war effort at a plodding pace, draw their strength from among the Afrikaans-speaking people, who employ Afrikaans in preference to English, for those who know only one of the country's two languages are negligibly small in number. That mass which is predominantly Afrikaans-speaking has a strong sense of nationhood, but among the older people who still suffer from the Boer War hangover, there are many unreconstructed rebels. This is palpably less true in the younger generation, which might comprise twenty per cent of the Afrikanders, perhaps more.

That section of the population which supports Smuts is predominantly English-speaking and descends from those Cape colonists who came after Britain grabbed the colony from the Dutch for protective custody in 1795. At the time, most of Europe was at war with France, and Holland's empire was adrift much as it was until the Japs grabbed most of it recently. This English-speaking group comprises forty per cent of the European population. (Here you don't speak of whites or blacks, but of Europeans and non-Europeans.) Added to the Afrikander loyalists they form a safe political margin for parliamentary control by the United party which Smuts heads. It is not quite a wide enough margin, however, to permit Smuts the luxury of radical changes such as arming the natives or shifting even a fraction of the labor power employed in the lucrative gold mines to the digging of ores needed in armament production.

(Continued on page 30)

A BAG FOR BABY

By Frank Daniel



Wendy Palm looks out through the flexible windowpane of Col. George F. Unmacht's bunny mask for Hawaiian babies

THE colonel knew child psychology. He knew that if he were to pop this infant into this coarse woolen sack there would be wails and tears and a wave of hysteria over both Hawaiian-Portuguese mother and child. So he used finesse. Holding the sack bottomside up he fingered two triangular tabs on either corner and wiggled them. "See the bunny," he said enticingly. "See it wiggle its ears."

The baby fell for it. Tiny fingers reached out and clutched the fuzzy cloth tabs masquerading as bunny's ears. The colonel knew then the big part of his job was over. Assisted by the mother, it was no trouble at all to slide the baby into the woolen bag and close it tightly with the drawstring at the top. Colonel and mother then peered through a small window in the bag and saw the child's face still smiling. A few minutes later the mother looked again and turned to the colonel with a grin. The child was fast asleep.

The bunny mask is Hawaii's safeguard for very young children against the menace of a Japanese gas attack.

Thanks to the persistence and resourcefulness of Colonel George F. Unmacht, Territorial Co-ordinator for Civilian Gas Defense, every adult on the islands now has a gas mask. But as the masks issued were too large for children the colonel had to see that each of the estimated 50,000 infants under two years had a bunny mask to be tucked into in the event of a poison gas raid.

"We wanted something that would temporarily protect very young children from the effects of poison gas until they could be removed from the gas area," he said. "After a few experiments, we finally decided upon a porous outer bag of wool or flannel about nineteen by twenty-six inches. This was impregnated with a gas-resistant chemical whose formula is a War Department secret. Sewed to this porous bag is an inner bag of lighter material—muslin or sheeting—which has been paraffin-treated to make it airtight. The only connection between the two sacks is a small patch of Turkish toweling or terry cloth placed about where the child's mouth will be. This porous patch is saturated occasionally with a five per cent solution of sodium phenolate, an air purifier.

Each breath a baby takes is filtered twice, first through the treated outer sack and again through the Turkish towel patch. If the child is properly fitted into the mask and the drawstring tied tightly, he is perfectly safe. The window is there to admit light, keep [illegible] from being frightened and to let the m[illegible] have a look at him.

The next step was to get enough ma[illegible] and labor to turn out bunny masks [illegible] thousands. The colonel issued a gener[illegible] peal through the islands for donati[illegible] wool and flannel and sheeting. He also [illegible] for the use of sewing machines a[illegible] women and girls to operate them.

The wool and flannel and sheeting [illegible] pouring in and volunteer female w[illegible] showed up to sew them on a dozen d[illegible] sewing machines. Colonel Unmacht, [illegible] zled veteran of several wars and wh[illegible] like anything but a needlework expe[illegible] sonally supervised the sewing job. [illegible] watched the women cut out the mate[illegible] noticed that they had to snip off t[illegible] ners in order to give the bottom of t[illegible] a rounded effect. To him that snippin[illegible] waste, so he told the workers to le[illegible] corners on and fold them double, wh[illegible] a triangle of clothing jutting up fro[illegible] corner. The tabs looked like a pair [illegible] bit ears. Hence the name bunny m[illegible].

A short time ago the colonel esc[illegible] through a large classroom in Ho[illegible] Roosevelt High School that had been [illegible] of desks. At long tables volunte[illegible] school girls, freshmen to seniors, cut [illegible] raw materials, pressed them under [illegible] irons and passed them on to the sew[illegible] chine operators. There were older [illegible] there, too, cutting and sewing away [illegible] masks. Other girls were taking in [illegible] in cutting and assembling. Piles [illegible] white and blue finished masks, bu[illegible] rampant, at one end of the room, we[illegible] ing shipment to the distribution ce[illegible].

To augment this supply the co[illegible] pealed to the owners of tailoring [illegible] shops in Honolulu and each week [illegible] ployees of these shops devote par[illegible] working hours to bunny mask prod[illegible].

A flexible windowpane was need[illegible] bunny masks and since there wa[illegible] quate supply of clear plastic mate[illegible] able the colonel sent salvage sco[illegible] the X-ray departments of local [illegible] The hospitals willingly turned ov[illegible] old exposed films they had sto[illegible]. The films were washed clear with [illegible] school workroom and today in Ha[illegible] a kid's bunny mask sports an eye[illegible] formerly was a portrait of some [illegible] fracture or a group photo of his ri[illegible].

FIRST LAP ON TOKYO

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
8[illegible]ame, Calif.

By Frank D. Morris

RADIOED VIA HONOLULU

Tour Mr. Morris with the fleet in the Battle of the Solomons gives you fresh details of our first occupation of territory in the Pacific

Part II

STRINGS of colored lights shown by the planes that had taken to the air, were festooned across the early morning sky like bulbs on a Christmas tree as our carrier launched her planes for the dawn attack Then in V-formation they headed northeast toward mountainous Guadalcanal.

The sun and the Japs were still asleep when the aerial armada struck. The Japs awoke first as waves of dive bomber and torpedo planes and fighter planes, carrying bombs for the occasion, appeared over the islands and unloaded their bomb racks. Then the little men realized they were in for a busy day. Before that day was finished, Tulagi the part of Guadalcanal, both strategic military strongholds of the Solomon Islands, would be occupied by United States Marines, and the two air bases which the Japanese had spent months building were to be operating under new management—American management. In just a few hours' time, the Japs lost plenty of troops, territory and face.

The night before action started, Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, commander of the South Pacific Fleet, radioed all hands in the attacking forces a message expressing his confidence in their ability to repeat the Midway victory. We now show a well-planned naval offensive in action.

Our ship was zigzagging along, and if you strained your eyes through the dusk, you could see dark blobs on the waters of the Coral Sea, executing that same rhythmic stagger. They were the ships of the carrier's escort ships. Every gun on the task force was manned, and many of these men had been hopefully scanning all around us. The topside men on Mars, the lookouts and deck-gun crews were dressed in hats, life jackets and gauntlets. Even their faces were protected by transparent eye shields. The ships themselves were completely "battened up." That is: All the compartments were rendered watertight, so as to isolate any damage from enemy torpedoes and bombs.

The low-lying storm clouds in the east hid the dawn and effectively screened the approach of our planes. Swooping over Tulagi harbor, they destroyed seven Jap seaplanes riding at their moorings before the crews ashore knew the show was up. Methodically, our air squadrons then bombed the military installations on Tulagi Island. Antiaircraft batteries were blasted out of existence, before their crews were rushing out to man them. The few enemy fighter planes that were able to take to the air after the attack started were soon overwhelmed and shot down.

Simultaneously, other flights of fighters, bombers and torpedo planes from the carriers gave Guadalcanal a working over. Their major objective here was a large airdrome which was being completed by Japanese labor battalions. The capture of this field with its runways intact was most important, since it would provide a ready-made air base for our forces.

All through this action, our task force was maneuvering like a school of restless whales. Occasionally we ran through heavy rain squalls, and there was a nasty chop which sent seas breaking over the bow and made destroyers look like half-submerged submarines.

The weather had cleared, however, when the first of the attacking planes returned to the carriers to refuel and rearm. A formation of fighters circled low over our ship as they made their landing approach. Two hours before, some of these pilots never had seen combat action. Now they were veterans, and hypothetical Jap scalps in their belts proved it.

Payment in Kind

Promptly at eight o'clock the Marines landed. Eight months to the day and hour since the Japs had blitzed Pearl Harbor, we made our first occupation of enemy-held territory in the Pacific war. The transport force was now unloading its battalions of specially trained Leathernecks, men whose service comrades had made history at Wake and had fought the Japs to a standstill at Midway. Over the sides of transports they slid into shallow-draft landing barges to return an official call. Landings were made at points on Tulagi and Guadalcanal. As barges grounded on the beach, Marines splashed through the surf, carrying rifles and machine guns loaded for the Japs.

Months of training for this particular type of job had been spent on an island group which prophetically was named the Solomons. That training had equipped them to meet the enemy on any terms and with a wide choice of weapons—from small arms to howitzers. So effective had been the barrage laid down by the carrier planes that little or no resistance was met as the landing forces established beachheads. The Japs, it seems, had all headed for the tall, tropical timber, so that the Marines, feeling a need for exercise after weeks spent on crowded ships, lighted right out after them.

In short order, Port Tulagi was taken as the Japs retreated across the narrow channel separating Tulagi from Florida Island, with the Marines at their heels. On Florida Island, the action centered around the hilly, wooded golf course, a relic of the former British occupation. Hiding in trenches, caves and hastily dug fox holes, the cornered Japs made a final stand.

"Boy! Those bombers coming back are emptier than a beer barrel after a picnic," said "Tackline," one of the

(Continued on page 56)



ACME

The Japs can do some fast and fancy running when cornered. As soon as the Americans landed on Guadalcanal Island the Japanese forces took to the tropical timber. Here a group of Marines, dragging equipment, is hot on their trail



ACME

This partly wrecked and hastily deserted camp on Guadalcanal is now under new management. Its former Jap tenants are at the moment inhabiting hide-outs in the dense jungle. Effective bombing from the air blasted them out of their fox holes



Emergency radio outfits like this one kept the fleet and air arm informed of developments in the fighting on the islands, assuring support from the sea and air

GAME HUNTING

By Gurney Williams

While evenings are getting longer, gasoline rations are getting shorter; so you won't be going out much, unless it's to visit your pals next door. What they do to divert you is their problem, but when they drop in on you, you'll find the pastimes pictured here good for laughs until the milkman calls

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



PANHANDLER. A lot of neighbors have barged in on Col. Stoopnagle (Chase Taylor) and his wife Kay, in South Norwalk, Conn., and the colonel has put them to work. The anguished-looking gentleman at the right (normally Mr. Jack Traendly, Norwalk florist) has started from a standing position with an orange in a pie plate on his head and is about to pick up the pyramided handkerchief between his teeth, tongue or no tongue. It's a difficult stunt, but practice makes fun for the onlookers. The orange must be kept in the position shown, or you won't get anywhere, brother

EGG CRACKER. In order to put this one over, you have to find a victim who doesn't know how it's done. As depicted below, a few eggs are placed a foot apart in a line on the floor (Colonel Stoopnagle officiates) and a lady is asked to remove her shoes and whatever hose she is lucky enough to possess (Mrs. Jack Traendly is lucky). The master of ceremonies then elaborately rehearses her in the technique of stepping over each egg; and when she thinks she's oriented, the lady is blindfolded and the eggs are replaced by oyster crackers (or any kind of small cracker). The victim is carefully and very slowly led down the line, stepping high (see lower right) in an endeavor to skip the "eggs." With proper guidance she is eventually made to step on a cracker. The cracker crunches. You wouldn't believe a gal could give out with such screams. This is strictly a noisy number







BOTTLER. Having made a shambles of the Stoopnagles' living room, we wander over to the home of Cartoonist Paul Webb and persuade Kay Taylor to balance herself on a milk bottle (the jug shown at right, above, is for beginners). The bottle is laid on its side and the player perches thereon, the top of the bottle facing her feet. One heel rests atop the opposite ankle, and a balance of sorts is maintained by resting the other heel on the floor. Now, teetering and wigwagging like a tightrope walker, the subject picks up a pack of matches from the floor at her right and a candle (or cigarette) at her left and tries to light one or the other without toppling off the bottle. Mrs. Taylor gives up (above) and Mr. Webb breaks her fall

SPOONERS. One minute after the forced feeding shown at the left begins, the spectators have to be treated for mild hysteria. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Cowles show you how this so-called game is played. Having seated themselves knees to knees on the floor, they are blindfolded and handed bowls of dry cereal, which they try to feed each other. Nobody wins, but it makes no difference

Do you know any games like these? Collier's will award a $25 War Bond for each of those the editorial department thinks is amusing enough to photograph and publish. Just send a brief description to Collier's Games, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. If you want your ideas returned, please enclose stamped envelope



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FIKE

"Maybe you noticed I brung on a little shower and floated this here house right down to the new townsite," Pop says

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

By Edwin Lanham

Nobody knew what was eating on the old man. All they knew, it was something powerful. A man doesn't put his house on wheels in a spirit of jest

PEOPLE used to say that all my Pop's ideas come to him secondhand, and maybe they did. But he done right good with that movable house of his, and when he turned rainmaker he sure enough made rain, whatever they say.

Pop had heard somewhere about a feller who put a house together with hooks, without any nails or pegs, so he could take it down and stack it on a wagon and follow an evangelist whereever he went, just because he liked to listen to him preach. My Pop figured on it some, and the idea he come up with was secondhand, all right, but he had sure worked out a way to make a movable house pay off.

The railroad was building down through here when the idea come on him. Couple of promoters had staked out a townsite on the main line and put out they'd give a town lot free to the first man that built a house. My Pop put me in the wagon and hauled me to the townsite and we laid to and built a house. We built it strong and we knocked it together in plenty of time to win that town lot.

My Maw set there in her rocker and looked out at that flat prairie country with the little flags marking the streets and she didn't like it one bit. Where was she going to raise chickens? she asked my Pop. Where would she put her henhouses? No, sir, she said, she didn't aim to live in a town. It was kind of a funny way to put it then, because there wasn't a solitary house but ours, but in the long run Maw turned out right, because it's a right good-sized town now and you can see it on the road map.

But what she said had got my Pop to figuring. By Jupiter Pluvius, he said, he didn't want to take and sell that house; he might, though, sell the lot.

ONE day he took me down to the river with a couple axes and the crosscut saw and he said, "Bertie, I done sold the lot. Feller give me five hunderd dollars for it."

He was standing there on the bank of the river, squinting at the woods. He give his head a quick nod, like a woodpecker, in the way he always did when an idea come to him, first- or secondhand. "We'll take that there white oak," he said. "It's mighty strong wood and it's round as a bar'l. Come on, Bertie."

We set to with the axes and the crosscut saw. We chopped down that tree and cut it into sections and Pop skinned off the bark. We got them sections trimmed mighty nice, and round as a widder woman, and then I said, "Pop, what we want with these here logs?"

"Bertie," he says, "these here logs is rollers. I told you we didn't aim to sell that house. We're going to move it. We built her strong as a wagon bed, and we'll just put her on rollers and drive her out of town like a wagon."

We jacked her up the next morning and slid the rollers under and I hitched up the yoke of oxen. Maw rode along ahead of us in the buggy, and she'd wait while the horse grazed some, and when we caught up she'd say, "Now listen here, James P. Anderson, you know where we're bound?"

"We'll find a nice place," Pop would say. "Don't you fret about it. We'll just take what comes along and we'll keep a-moving until we find it."

Pop never let on what he had in mind

(Continued on page 24)

You Can Beat the System

By Benny Friedman as told to Burton Benjamin

A famous All-America quarterback says you can have your systems. He'll take good football players every time

IT WAS fantastic, unbelievable. The score read 73—0 after sixty of the most amazing minutes in football history. It happened on a crisp December afternoon in 1940 in Washington, D. C. Thirty-six thousand persons had come to Griffith Stadium prepared for an all-out tooth-and-nailer, but the swashbuckling Chicago Bears annihilated Washington's proud Redskins, 73-0, in the National Professional League play-off game.

On the third play, Bill Osmanski of Chicago circled Washington's right end for 68 yards and a touchdown. A little fellow sitting next to me stood up, his face wreathed in glee and clapped me on the back. "Ain't that T formation a killer?" he blared.

Now it is doubtful whether this ebullient pigskin devotee knew a T formation from a flying wedge. Yet to him there was only one explanation of the success of that play—a nebulous something called system. His ability to call the turn no doubt gave him an expert's cluster among his fellow spectators.

As a matter of fact, the success of that play was chiefly due to Osmanski's brilliant deception. It was nothing inherent in the T formation but, rather, superb execution. As usual, Quarterback Sid Luckman took the snap from center. The wing allowed the right end a slash. Luckman, unprotected, moved back out of the defensive end's focus, handed the ball to Osmanski, who set sail.

The former Holy Cross star weighs 198 pounds but is no slow-foot. He took a quick one-two step straight ahead toward the center of the line. As the defense converged, he stopped, broke sharply to the left, picked up blocking and went all the way. Few backs can do that well enough to fool an end. Osmanski can.

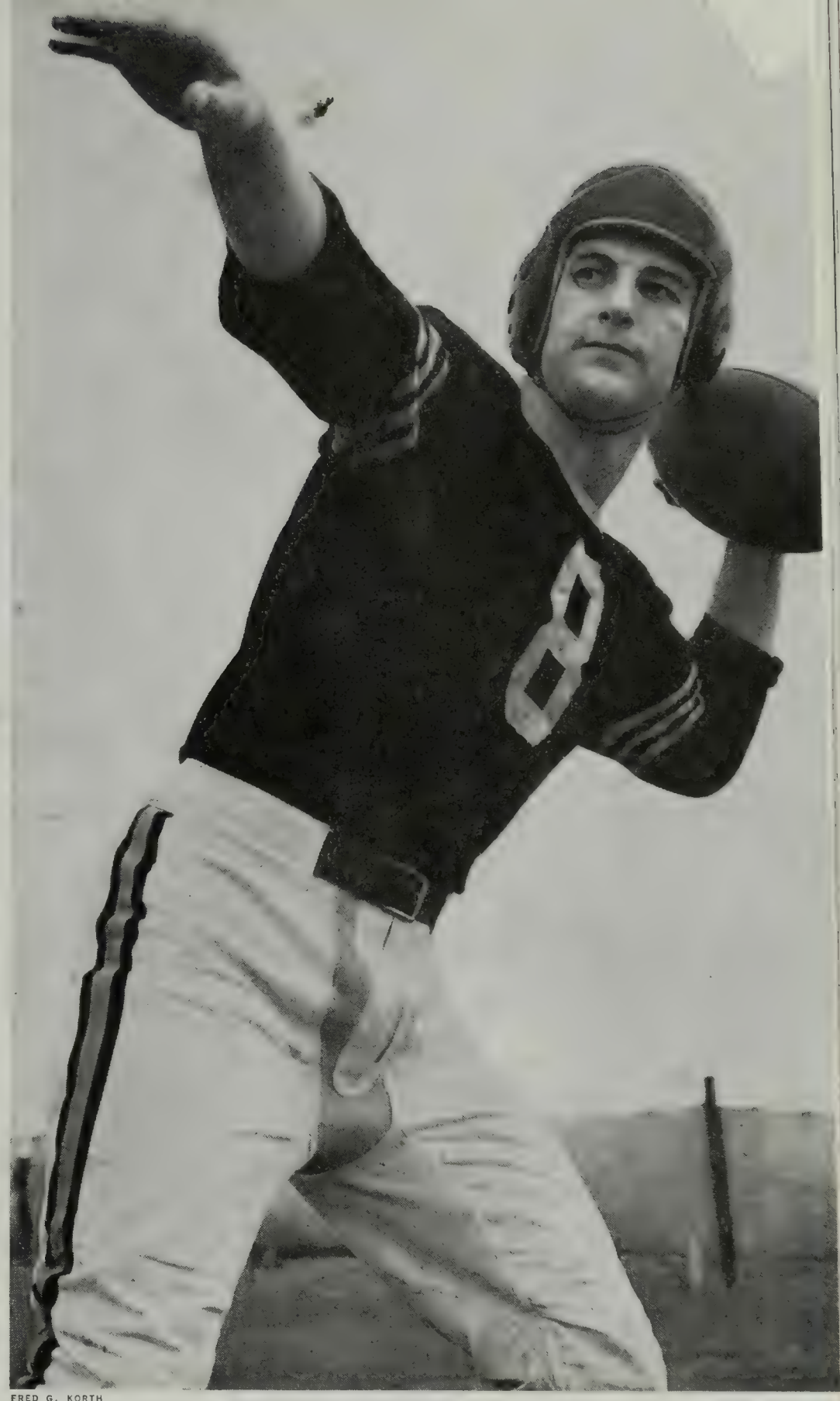
In recent years, football spectators, writers, radio announcers and even coaches have developed a system mania. A team is successful because it uses this system; unsuccessful because it uses that one. With that kind of thinking I don't agree.

I have been a part of big-time football—college and professional—since 1924, when I played my first game for Michigan. We used the Michigan system, a product of the genius of Fielding H. Yost. It was popularly described as "a punt, a pass and a prayer," because it emphasized the defensive game and capitalized on breaks and opponents' errors.

That, I have always felt, was a misnomer. I believe Yost football was smart, opportunistic. Since he had no power backs, his system was not dependent on brute force. There were no great running backs, no hipper-dipper. But he did have a good passer, a fine kicker and good receivers, along with a solid defense. His system was adapted to the material he had on hand.

Since my early playing days, I've seen all the systems—the Warner double wing, the Rockne, the single wing with its myriad variations, assorted razzle-dazzle, and finally that awesome bit of

With men like Hugh Gallarneau on a team, any system would be a success. The team could make up its plays in the huddle—and win. Hugh, an ex-Stanford U. star is now with the Chicago Bears



FRED G. KORTH

A run around end in the same game. Bill Osmanski of the Bears is toting the pigskin but he gained only 3 yards. Other players are McLean (57) of the Bears, and Gladchuck (11) of the Giants. The Bears won. Score 37–9

WIDE WORLD



g a string of tacklers sprawling on the turf behind him, Norman ee makes a touchdown for the Chicago Bears in their championship with the New York Giants, at Wrigley Field, Chicago, last December

WIDE WORLD



legerdemain, the T formation. Many systems are popularized through the fertile brain of some publicist, just as many All-Americas are so born. Michigan used the man-in-motion during my playing days from a different formation. Not until the drums beat for the Bears did it become famous.

Which system is best? They are all good. Talk to Andy Kerr and he'll praise the Warner double wing. He'll also tell you, as he once did me, that since Danny Fortmann graduated in 1936, he hasn't had a guard who could handle the end. Without Fortmann, his teams slumped badly. Now ferret out a Rockne advocate, give him a pencil and paper, and he'll draw you diagram-happy to prove that his system is something out of this world and that the Warner is as hackneyed as button shoes.

History shows that systems are not static among successful teams. In fact, you will find almost as many systems represented through the years as you will find good teams.

From 1929 to '31, the Green Bay Packers were terrors of the professional league. They won the title three years running. Curly Lambeau had Verne Lewellyn of Nebraska, the best kicker in the league, and excellent ball-carriers in Johnny Blood of Minnesota, Bo Molenda of Michigan and Mac McCrary of Georgia. He had a brilliant quarterback in "Red" Dunn of Marquette. In the line, Mike Michalske was the best guard I've ever seen. Cal Hubbard, the American League umpire, was a whale of a tackle, and Vern Dilweg a capable wing. They had sufficient reserves and intelligent direction. System? They used the Michigan system and the Notre Dame box with a balanced line.

The Mighty Dutch Clark

In 1935, the Detroit Lions were the league kingpins. In Dutch Clark they had one of the all-time quarterbacks. He was smart, one of the best runners and passers in the league and a good kicker. Clark could make defenses play to his tune. They found it difficult to get set in a particular way to stop the Lions, because Ace Gutowsky at fullback was a punishing bucker who would rip opposing lines to shreds if they spread out to stop Clark's passing. That year, the Lions had a great crew of running backs and a murderous line that was seldom outcharged. System? The Lions used a Z formation with the tailback deeper than normal.

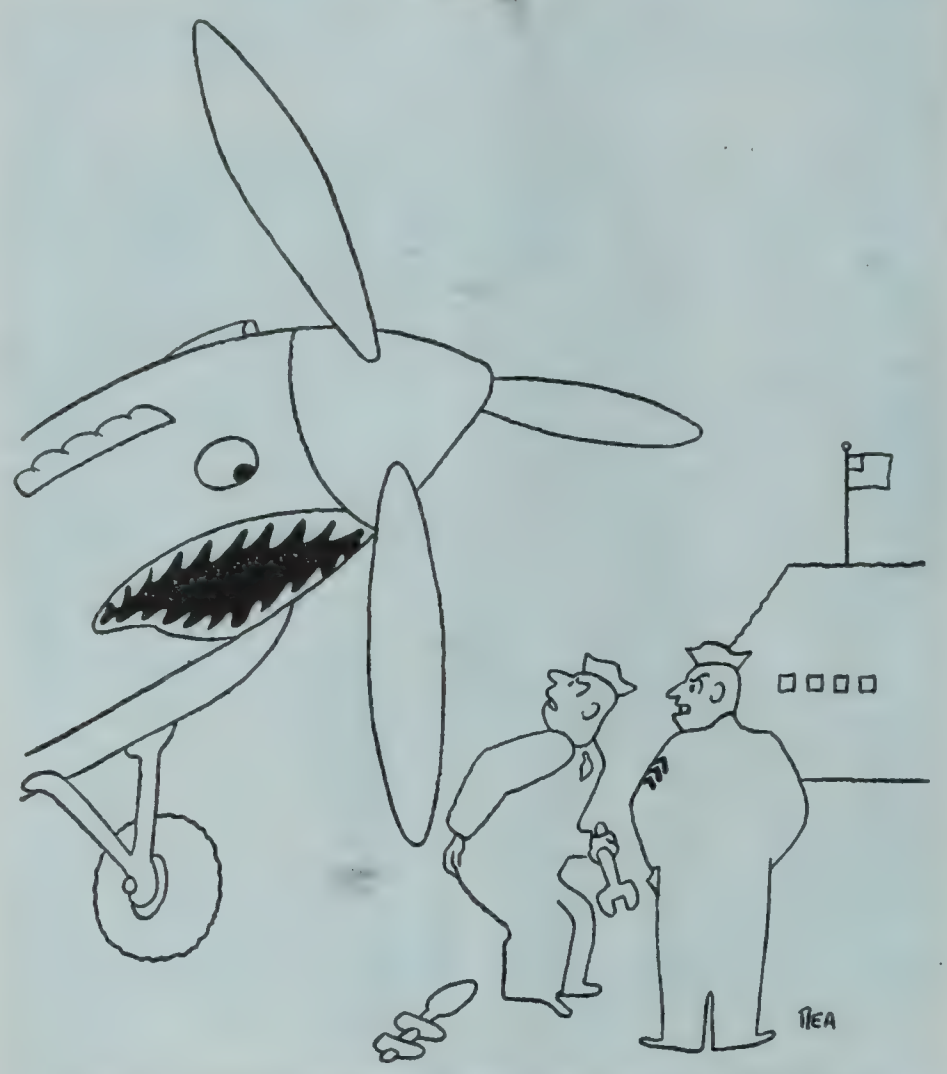
Washington led the parade in 1937. It was almost a duplicate of the Detroit story. Slinging Sammy Baugh's aerial bullets opened up the defenses, and Cliff Battles' running made them condense again. Charley Malone and Ed Justice were good receivers. Turk Edwards pegged the forward wall. At quarterback, Riley Smith was generally unappreciated by the fans, as he was a blocker. But his play-calling was adroit. He was a master at building up incidents. Since his retirement, the Redskins have never been the same.

Smith demonstrated his ability to call sequence plays in an important game with the New York Giants late in the 1937 season. The Eastern division title was at stake. Washington scored early in the first quarter, but the Giants stormed back, and it was a wide-open ball game. The Giants had to deploy in a 5-3-2-1 defense to protect against Baugh's passing. Les Corzine backed up the line on the left, Ward Cuff was at defensive left halfback and Tuffy Leemans in the safety position. Smith condensed the defense with Battles' running and then opened it up on a set pass play. Malone, the right end, moved eight yards downfield, turned and stopped. Justice, from the wing, cut straight out and decoyed to the right. Baugh took the ball from center with a lead to the right, moved three steps, stopped and fired downfield at Malone's chest.

Corzine, Cuff and Leemans began playing ball, piling into Malone as soon as he caught it. They edged over for a possible interception. Smith worked the play five times for short gains moving to the New York 42-yard line.

On the sixth shot, Baugh made his regular motion to pass to Malone. Corzine left Justice, the wing back, and along with Cuff and Leemans converged on Malone. Baugh took the ball, aimed at Malone and followed through. But he never let the ball go!

With the Giants sucked out of position, Justice kept on going to the right and circled behind the defenders. Baugh pulled back his arm and pitched a soft, lofted pass to Justice behind the Giant secondary. Ed snared it on the 20 and scored. The play demoralized the Giants, and the Redskins won, 49-14. System? The Washington Redskins use an orthodox Z with the tailback and fullback on a line.



"Don't be silly. If anything bit you, it was probably a mosquito"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Making the System Work

Then came the T era, and the publicity bugles blared fortissimo. There was nothing new about the T. George Halas used it as far back as 1922 when the National Football League was in its infancy. Yet the Bears did not win a championship with it until 1932—10 years later! During that period, three quarters of the football teams in the nation used either the Rockne or the Warner system.

Halas stuck to the T because he believed in it, just as Rockne and Warner believed in their formations. He added new embellishments through the years and finally rounded up the talent to make it work. He knew that it would take more than one star, for even with the incomparable Bronko Nagurski murdering opposing lines, his teams had been only moderately successful.

Halas labored at building personnel. He drafted men who would fit into the T scheme. His real find was Sid Luckman, from Columbia, who had everything a Halas quarterback needs. He could handle the ball, as he did on every play; he had rare football intelligence and he was one of the great passers of football history. Luckman spent hours mastering the more than three hundred plays Halas devised. He knew every player's job and was a veritable fund of football knowledge.

The supporting backs—Ray Nolting, George McAfee, Bill Osmanski, Joe Maniaci, Gary Famiglietti, Jack Manders and others were first rate. But still Halas was not satisfied. After his team had crushed the Redskins at Washington in 1940, he knocked off the prize packages of the year at the league draft meeting. He had made deals with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh whereby he could purchase their first choices in the draft. Philadelphia took Tommy Harmon, who gave up football. Pittsburgh took Norman Standlee of Stanford, the 230-pound fullback who ran like a tailback.

This was the man Halas wanted because he had been trained in the T at Stanford by Clark Shaughnessy, who had taken an undefeated team into the Rose Bowl and defeated Nebraska. Standlee's running mate had been Hugh Gallarneau, a 190-pound speedster. Halas got them both, men so finished as players that they could push Osmanski and Nolting of the famous team into the shade. With that material, any system would have worked.

Those who held that it was not the T but manpower which made the Bears tick, pointed to Stanford. Whereas the year before, Shaughnessy had been the cynosure of all eyes, the coach of the year, his Pacific Coast favorites lost three games in '41 to the astonishment of the football world. Frank Albert was still at quarterback and Pete Kmetovic at halfback but there were bugs in the Indian machine. Mainsprings Standlee and Gallarneau were missed.

Shaughnessy's teams at the University of Chicago in '38 and '39 used the T system and were so bad that the university finally gave up football. Spectators at Chicago games would cry in horror, "What the heck kind of offense is that?" The man-in-motion caused many an observer to remark pithily that "the guy running by himself certainly isn't helping that team any."

Harry Kipke had great teams at Michigan as long as he had the material. When it failed to show up, they began to take a whacking. Kipke went out, and Fritz Crisler came in. Crisler was greeted by such as Tommy Harmon, Evashevski, Heikkinen, Frutig, Fritz, Kodros, and Paul Kromer. Bob Westfall came along a year later. Change in system? No, but look at that material.

Personnel—that's the secret of football success. Bob Zuppke was a genius when he had Red Grange, Earl Britton, Jim MacMillen and McIlwaine. His system didn't change. But he never saw that type of material again. Dick Harlow waited several years for material at Harvard before he started to produce good teams. Change his system? Certainly not. He simply waited for the proper tools to utilize it.

How Coaches Lose Their Jobs

Francis Schmidt's razzle-dazzle had them gaga at Ohio State when he had Stan Pincura, Tippy Dye, Frank Boucher, Dick Heekin, John Kabealo and Buzz Wetzel in the backfield, and Gomer Jones, Regis Monahan, Inwood Smith, Charley Hamrick and Merle Wendt up front. When the material grew shoddy, Schmidt lost his job. Jimmy Phelan was on the skids at Washington until he hustled his Huskies into the Rose Bowl in 1938, and had he landed that kind of material last year, he might have averted the ax.

This is no attempt to belittle coaching. Naturally, a team has to have intelligence as well as a solid background in fundamentals. Minnesota, before Bernie Bierman, was noted for its power but had a reputation for stupid direction. I thought it particularly justified in our Michigan team's second game with them in 1926.

The Gophers were big, strong, tough and bursting with power. They chugged up and down the field, amassing huge yardage but scoring no points. As soon as they hit our 20-yard line, they dropped the running game and passed. I kept asking myself why they didn't keep on running. The one time they did, Herb Joesting, their great fullback, scored, but they failed to kick the extra point.

They threw eight passes. We knocked one down, intercepted seven. When we got the ball, we punted and let them work against our kicking yardage. Minnesota made 19 first downs; Michigan two. They gained 331 yards from scrimmage; we gained 29. Michigan won when Bennie Oosterbaan nailed a Minnesota fumble in the final quarter and ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. We converted and that was the ball game.

I think Fred Thomsen, coach at Arkansas, summed it up right at a coaches' convention. As an introductory remark to a talk on forward passing, he said "I'd like to have you fellows think of me not as the coach of the Arkansas team this year but as the coach of the Arkansas team last year when I had those great passers Dwight Sloan and Jack Robbins, and those fine ends, Jim Benton and Ray Hamilton—because, fellows, you've just got to have material!" ★★★

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Loveday watched the officer anxiously as he scrutinized the papers she had handed him. "You are Mrs. Lawrence Ingersoll?" he asked

XI

The Story Thus Far:

SEARCHERS having failed to find little Hugh Gurney, lost near his home in California, his grandfather, a wealthy physician, offers a reward of one thousand dollars for anything throwing light on the lad's disappearance. Months later, Al Harris, a hospital orderly, finds what *appears* to be the child's body; and he gets the thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, Hugh's mother has borne another child—a girl. When this second child—Loveday—is quite young, her grandfather dies, and no one can find any trace of the fortune he is known to have left!

The years pass. When Loveday is almost twenty-one, she marries a young man from Bakersfield, "Larry" Ingersoll. . . . Among Loveday's friends is Dr. Marc Villard, who believes that he is a Frenchman. But it is presently discovered—after Loveday has become the mother of several children—that he is, in reality, *Hugh Gurney!* He had, it appears, been kidnaped, taken to France and, later, brought back to this country.

But what about the body found by Al Harris? Hugh interviews the man (who can throw no light on the matter); after which, he sets forth to find Delia Dillon (once employed by the Gurneys), who, he feels sure, can give him some invaluable "leads." . . .

Larry is a poor husband. Desperate, because he cannot support his little family, and jealous of another man—"Chris" St. George, a noted playwright, who has fallen in love with Loveday—he finally enlists in the Canadian Air Force, which soon permits him to transfer to his own service.

No sooner has Larry left than Chris implores Loveday to secure a divorce and marry him. Opposed to the idea of divorce, Loveday will make no promises; and Chris—feeling that she does not really love him, although she says she does—tells her goodby.

Then Hugh arrives. He brings with him a mysterious black box. He tells Loveday that he has found Delia Dillon; and that the box undoubtedly contains the missing fortune. With trembling hands he pries open the top. As he does so, both he and Loveday are breathless with excitement.

THE box was almost filled, but not with money. In it were bundles of old letters, tied with tape, old blank books, two or three shabby diaries of different shapes and sizes.

Loveday's and Hugh's fingers explored the mass. They turned up more letters, papers, books. Everything was in order. Slips of paper tied in with the letters gave some idea of their age and contents.

"Diary of Martha Loveday Fry, 1845-1872." "Letters of Eliz. Gurney Halliwell to her mother, Catherine Gurney." "War Diary of Samuel Joshua Freeman." "Alice Freeman's Account of a Journey 'Round the Horn in the ship 'Alieora,' 1849."

"No money, Hugh." Loveday looked at him blankly. The box was lined with wallpaper. There were weather streaks through it here and there. There were no pockets, crevices, thickened spaces.

Hugh's color and animation had faded as if wiped away by an erasing sponge. He spoke in a whisper as if it was difficult for him to frame the words:

"It *had* to be here!"

Her hands were still slowly churning through the papers. Her brother's consternation frightened her. For the first time Loveday realized how much this quest had meant to him.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said.

"It meant—it meant big sunny rooms for kids and specialists to study them and help them," Hugh said slowly, as if talking to himself. "It meant long gardens, reaching down from here to the highway; slides and swings and lawns for them to play on. He wanted it so! It's not fair that just a physical thing—an accident—when he was old, should affect his mind, change him, rob them of everything he planned to do! I've thought—I've thought ever since I knew who I was, Loveday, and what he was to me, that that was what my life was meant for—that the disappointments didn't matter—Nini—everything—"

Loveday was stricken silent; she had never seen him so stirred. She could only look at him stupidly, wondering at the depth of passion that lay underneath his usual cheerful manner.

HIS voice thickened and his face worked spasmodically. He got up and walked to the window, staring out at the winter garden and the somber, fog-wreathed trees. The children looked at him, awed and fascinated.

After a moment she went to stand beside him.

"It doesn't mean that the money isn't somewhere still, that we won't find it after all! We're no worse off than we were."

"Oh, no, no," he said, quite unashamedly wiping his eyes. "This was my last hope—Delia Dillon. When she told me, when I telephoned her Thursday, that there was an old box of papers, I was so sure!"

"Perhaps there's another box."

"No; there's no other."

"But, Hugh, the money is somewhere. In a few days," Loveday said, anxiously, rubbing her cheek against his sleeve, "you'll be talking clues and leads again, and you'll be on a fresh trail. Money just doesn't vanish. If Grandfather was queer enough to hide this one, he was queer enough to hide another! We'll find another clue."

But even as she said it she thought, "Money does vanish; it's about the quickest thing in the world to vanish, one way or another."

"It could have been stolen," he said; "it could have been put into some bank under another name, some name he made up when his poor twisted mind thought it was so smart that it could outwit anyone. But the chances are that it was thrown away, buried in some damp hole where it would rot, stuck up some chimney or down some culvert—well, there go my dreams! I think I'll take a walk," he broke off suddenly, "I think I'll try to walk some of this off."

"I'll keep lunch hot for you," Loveday said.

"No; don't do that. I had a late breakfast. Chris here?" Hugh asked, glancing about.

Loveday had for a few minutes completely forgotten Chris.

"No. No; he's not," she said, swallowing.

"I thought he came over most Sundays?"

"Well, he did. He does." She smiled gallantly, and Hugh without comment went off for his walk.

The rumpled wrappings of the box were lying on the library floor; she and the children gathered them together and carried them away. The box she lifted

(Continued on page 69)

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

Continued from page 20

until one day about noontime we seen some people ahead of us on the prairie and a stack of raw pine lumber by the railroad siding.

"What's that?" Maw asked.

"That there is Nadine, Kansas," Pop says. "Nice town, ain't it?"

"Town!" Maw says, and sniffs.

"It aims to be," Pop says. "Reckon we just as well pause there a bit."

The promoters was right glad to see us and they showed us the way to a town lot and give Pop a deed. So we had the first house in Nadine.

After a while, Pop jacked up the house and put on a set of solid wood wheels thick as your head.

There in Nadine, Maw just set in her rocker all day long. She'd cook breakfast and sweep out and then she'd set and rock, and she'd cook dinner and wash up and go back to the rocker and she'd set there until it was time to put supper on the fire. Pop began to get jumpy and I'd catch him looking at her kind of funny, and one day he says, "All right, Maw. We're fixing to roll, but don't you start to fuss. I tell you what we're going to do this time. We ain't even going to foller the railroad. We're going to head upriver, and when we find a farm that pleasures you we'll just take and buy it. We got plenty of cash money."

WHEN he said we aimed to leave the railroad Maw give him a smile and the next morning we started rolling, with me and Pop walking with the house and Maw up ahead in the buggy. We left the railroad behind and camped nights on the prairie, and I thought that was a fine way to live, and so did my Pop. But not my Maw.

She'd ride ahead in the buggy and wait for us to catch up, and every now and then she'd point out a patch of land that would be a nice place to put the house. But Pop never could see it. So we kept a-going until we hit a river, and once in a while we'd see a side-wheeler making way up the narrow channel. Pop told me they had begun to navigate the river pretty far up, when there was water enough, and floated the crops downriver to market.

But I remember the day I seen that buggy coming back down the road toward us. The horse was galloping and Maw's sunbonnet had blowed off her head in the wind and was hanging by the strap around her chin.

"Listen here, James P. Anderson," she says. "You knowed about it all the time, didn't you? You knowed it was there, just around the bend in the river?"

"Is it just around the bend?" Pop says, real innocent.

So that's how we come to Queen City, Kansas, and that's how we happened to have the first house set up in Queen City and got a fine town lot on the river bank for a prize. But Maw was boiling.

"All this time you just led me on," she said. "You knowed where we was bound all the time."

"But it's right on the road," Pop says. "We'll just stop here a spell and then we'll sell the lot and move on."

"Oh, no we won't!" says Maw. "We're here and here we're going to stay. The deed to this here lot's going to be in *my* name. And tomorrow morning you're setting to work and build me a henhouse. You hear?"

Pop give her a quick look, then he nodded his head. "First thing in the morning," he promised. "Yes, sir, I'll build you a fine henhouse, and you get the deed. . . ."

Sure enough, the next morning he set to work on the henhouse and when he'd finished, Maw told him he'd have to take the house off them wheels and he done it. But he was pretty low and it was him just set around the house for a bit, not saying much, just figuring and reading the newspapers when they come up on the river boat. One day he says to me he sees where the senator from Illinois had put in a bill to spend ten thousand dollars on rain-making experiments. The papers thought it was a big joke, but my Pop didn't. He began to talk a lot about old man Dyrenforth.

The Congress had voted the ten thousand dollars, and old Mr. Dyrenforth was down in Texas, fixing to make rain. He had a couple of balloonists and some rackarock powder and some dynamite, and a set of amateur rain makers. One was a feller who had wrote a book about battles causing rain, and Pop began to tell me how the Battle of Waterloo brung on a big rain from the cannon-fire in 1815. Some people claimed that rain followed a forest fire and Pop told me that when the Lord give rain for Elijah in the Bible there was a big fire first. A big explosion would do the same thing as a big fire, he said.

POP follered what the papers said about old man Dyrenforth and the experiments. There hadn't been a speck of rain in Kansas since they laid out Queen City, and a town upriver had offered a prize to anybody who could bring on rain. I reckon Pop had that prize in mind all the time, when he was reading about old man Dyrenforth.

Of course we didn't see it in the paper until a week or ten days after it happened, but on the night of August 26th they sent up five balloons down in Texas and exploded them high in the air by some kind of electricity. Then they set off two hundred pounds of rackarock powder and a hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite on the ground. And it said so in the paper that by three in the morning there was clouds in the west and by four o'clock it come on a rain and lasted through to 8 A. M.

THAT was enough for Pop. Men who claimed to know wrote in the paper that the experiments didn't prove a thing, and some said it had already begun to rain when the balloons exploded. But Pop never had a doubt.

"I see just one thing wrong with it, Bertie," he told me. "Old man Dyrenforth had to wait until conditions was just right. Seems to me if you're going to be a rain maker you got to make conditions right yourself. I heard tell once . . ." He went off into thinking.

"Bertie," he says a long time later, "I got an idea."

It was a secondhand idea, sure, but Pop improved on it. He got in the buggy next day and took a trip downriver and he brung a lot of contrivances back with him, and put 'em in the henhouse.

What he had out there was some plates of zinc and some sulphuric acid. He told me what he aimed to do.

"Like I said, Bertie, if you want to make rain you got to have conditions right, and the thing to do is to make 'em right in the first place. Now listen here, I'm going to take and pour this sulphuric acid on the zinc and it's going to give off hydrogen. The hydrogen will float up yonder and mix with the oxygen and make water, and then we'll make a big explosion and bring it down in rain."

I guess I had a funny look, because he said, "This here is scientific, Bertie, and maybe you're too young to figger it out. You just wait and see."

Well, we tried it out that night. There was a couple dozen houses in Queen City by then and Pop figured he'd better not set off no dynamite, but we poured this here acid on the zinc plates over by the creek and then we set down to wait. I must have fell asleep, because I jumped up when something wet hit my face and there was Pop hopping around and yelling and sure enough, it had come on a shower. It didn't last long, but it was a shower, sure as heck.

In the morning Pop got a piece of canvas and painted a sign on it. It was *J. Pettigrew Anderson, Rain Maker,* and it looked mighty fine painted in red on that strip of canvas.

Pop couldn't rest until he'd started making rain on a county-wide scale, and the next day he put me in the buggy and we drove upriver to Jubilee. The Chamber of Commerce had give out that they'd pay a thousand dollars cash to anybody could bring on rain.

Pop went to the bank and talked to a feller who was president of the Chamber of Commerce. His name was Wanamaker and he was president of the bank, too. He had a sad look, because crops had sure enough gone to pot and the banking business with it, and when Pop asked him if the thousand-dollar prize still stood, he said it did but he didn't have much hopes. There was an old lady been working on it for a week, he said, but there hadn't even been a cloud.

WE SEEN the old lady, setting down on the bank of the river, near the steamboat landing. She had a willow switch in her hand and she was waving it and whispering something as she set there in a rocking chair with a pink sunshade over her head. Pop looked at her and give his head a shake.

"You chase that old lady off and I'll be here next week," he told Mr. Wanamaker. "I'll be here first of the week and I'll make you some rain. You just as well have that thousand dollars handy."

Riding home Pop says to me, "Bertie you take that old lady setting on the river bank. She's setting there, trying to make rain, with a pink sunshade over her head. That ain't no way to build up faith in her powers, holding up a sunshade."

So when Pop and me started out for Jubilee to make rain, Pop carried an umbrella and he had a poncho he'd bought off a cowboy. He made me take along my rubber boots.

In the back of the buggy we had a couple carboys of sulphuric acid, and we had the zinc plates and a big box of dynamite. And of course he had hung that sign on the side of the buggy *J. Pettigrew Anderson, Rain Maker.*

When we got to Jubilee, Pop picked up the umbrella and put the poncho over his arm and walked into the bank. He had a way of giving off confidence and Mr. Wanamaker looked at the poncho and the umbrella and he didn't laugh. What he did was declare a bank holiday and shut up shop, and everybody strung along after Pop and me.

Pop had it all figured out. He didn't have no balloons like old man Dyrenforth, but he aimed to get up just as close to the sky as he could to set off his dynamite. There was a pretty good rise about a mile from town, and he figured we'd set up shop on the top of it.



"You'll have all conveniences here—stores near by, movie on the corner, the bus passes the door, and the Navy Yard is just down the street"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE WILLYS JEEP

замечательно

ASK any Russian fighter what *he* thinks of the Willys Jeep. In one explosive word he bellows, ZAMECHATELNO!* And that, in modern American lingo, means no less than SWELL! COLOSSAL! TERRIFIC!!!

Cold that congeals blood and oil. Snow that smothers with its clammy "hug of death." Deep, gluey mud that grips and strangles. These are the terrors of Russia that have been a nightmare to Hitler's finest motorized equipment. But the tough "Hell Bent for Victory" Jeep, driven by its world-famous Willys "Go Devil" Engine, flirts its tail and defiantly roars on through.

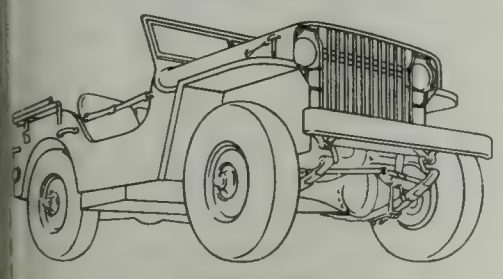
It was Willys-Overland's fine staff of civilian engineers who, in close cooperation with the U. S. Quartermaster Corps, *created* and *perfected* this indispensable unit of America's modern motorized army, in use on many fronts.

• • •

If you qualify for the purchase of a new car, BUY a new 1942 Willys Americar. Lowest purchase price! Up to 35 miles per gallon! Up to 40,000 miles on tires! See your Willys dealer today. He has new Willys Americars for immediate delivery and will gladly help you with your application to the Rationing Board.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, INC.

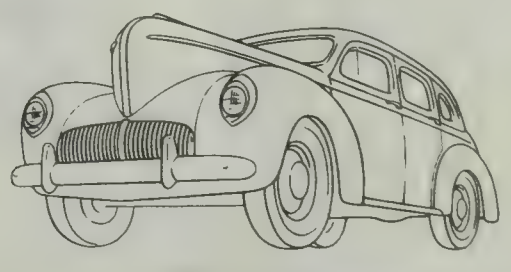
*Pronounced, ZA-ME-CHA-TEL-'NO



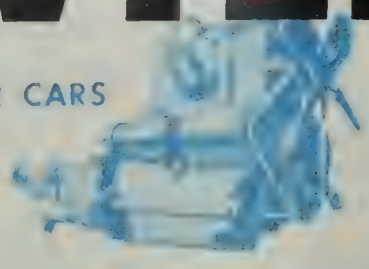
U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—*the People's Car*



THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS

der'ma·tol'o·gist *n.*
a physician specializing in the science which treats of the skin



Definition of 1300 Men

In the entire U. S. there are only thirteen hundred physicians who specialize in the care and treatment of the skin. Because this branch of the medical profession is so highly selective, it is interesting to know their personal preferences in the matter of shaving. A nation-wide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of these recognized experts?

. . . the choice of dermatologists



① **WHISKERS OFF!** Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

② **FACE PEPPED-UP!** Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face — and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!

③ **PERFECT FINISH!** Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

so we drove over in the buggy, with a crowd follering along behind.

Pop got a man with a mule team to haul him some planks, and he built a kind of platform there on top of the hill. I helped him knock it together, about six feet off the ground, and I helped him stack the dynamite on top of it. There was better than a hunderd pounds of it.

Old man Wanamaker was sure doubtful about that dynamite. He kept walking around, looking at Pop and looking at the dynamite, and Pop told him to rest easy, that he aimed to wait until sundown to start making rain. He didn't want the sun evaporating any of that H_2O after he'd mixed it up yonder.

At sundown we laid out the zinc plates and Pop called a couple of fellers to help carry the sulphuric acid over. It was plenty heavy. And just when the sun sank out of sight he begun to pour the acid on the zinc. There was a moon, and it begun to brighten up as soon as the sun went down. There was plenty of stars, too, and you couldn't see a cloud anywhere.

WHEN Pop was done pouring the acid we had kind of a time clearing everybody off the hill so we could set off the dynamite. Pop done it, and he sent me with Mr. Wanamaker down to the foot of the hill, where there was a gully to take shelter in.

Mr. Wanamaker was pretty fidgety and he said to me, "Your Pop ever do this before, boy?"

"Sure," I said. "He brung on a little shower last week."

Just then Pop touched off the charge. I never seen anything like the flash and fire of it, fanning out there on the hilltop like a pinwheel. It shook the ground and rattled your teeth and I heard people yelling and Mr. Wanamaker's horse bolted right into the gully and upset Mr. Wanamaker's surrey. He went after the horse and was trying to gentle it and saying something pretty nasty under his breath at the same time, then Pop showed up, cool as you please. His eyebrows was kind of singed off and I seen he wouldn't have any need of his mustache cup for quite a spell, but he was all in one whole piece and just as confident as Elijah himself.

"Bertie," he says. "Where in heck did you put my umbrella?"

Mr. Wanamaker was yelling for help with his horse, and Pop sent me. He said he had to get back up on the hill and watch for clouds.

Well, we got the horse quieted down at last, and hitched him to the sycamore tree, then we went on up the rise after Pop. We found him setting on a big rock, looking at the sky. There wasn't a cloud in sight and the moon was up there bright and peaceful and the stars winked away at us.

We just set there, watching the sky, and after a while I went to sleep. I woke up once and seen that Mr. Wanamaker had gone and Pop was there alone, setting on the rock. There still wasn't a cloud.

Pop shook me awake in the morning and says, "Reckon we better go on into town and get some vittles."

A colored boy was just sweeping out the hotel and Pop asked him could he get us some breakfast. We went and sat in the dining room, near a window, and Pop didn't say much. He kept shaking his head and looking up at the sky, where the sun was shining.

The boy had already brung some fried eggs and biscuits when Mr. Wanamaker come running in. "Look here," he says, "we just got something on the telegraph. Listen to this. . . . 'Heavy rain here. Congratulate rain maker.' " Mr. Wanamaker give my Pop a steady look. "That there's from Nadine."

"That's a funny thing," Pop says, and looked out the window.

"Here's another one." Mr. Wanamaker took it out of his pocket. "From Goshen. . . . 'Having deluge. Great work.' "

"South of here," Pop says. "Both south of here. Bertie, was that a north wind last night?"

I thought a minute. "I believe it was, Pop."

"It looks like I missed my calculations," Pop says. "What do you know!"

Mr. Wanamaker kind of choked, and out the window I seen a man with sleeve garters on, running toward the hotel. He had an eyeshade kind of pushed sideways on his forehead and he had the look of a man running to get in out of the rain, but of course that sun was baking down.

He came busting into the room and I seen he was the telegraph operator. He handed a couple of messages to Mr. Wanamaker, who, after he had read one, passed it on to Pop. I looked over his shoulder and it said, *Had enough rain here. Please turn it off.* It come from Arabella, way down south. Then Mr. Wanamaker passed over the other message and it said, *Call off rain maker. Cloudburst here. Town washing away.* That telegram come from Queen City, our home town. That is, our latest home town.

Pop looked at it and kind of blinked his eyes, and then he said, real slow, "Son, we better go home and see how your Maw is."

Pop didn't say nothing about the thousand dollars. We left Mr. Wanamaker standing there with the sun in his eyes and we went out and got in the buggy.

"I guess a man hadn't ought to tinker," Pop says, and he brung the whip down on the mare's rump. "A man hadn't ought to tinker until he's got it worked out right."

We was bowling along the river road and the soil was dry as sand. "I made that rain," Pop said. "But I sure didn't put it down where I aimed it."

WE DROVE on five miles, and all of a sudden the road was muddy. Pop grunted. "They won't pay me that thousand dollars, fer a fact, and I reckon it'd be no use to send a bill to all them other towns. Reckon they'd pay me to stay away."

There was near mud enough to bog the buggy, but it had stopped raining down that way. We could see clear and, when we turned the bend in the river this side of Queen City, Pop couldn't say a word. He couldn't open his mouth. There was water window-high in the town, and people had run up to higher ground. We drove up in the buggy and the town was in a lake down below.

"Anderson, you ought to be put in jail," a man shouted. He was setting on his rooftop down there with a little spotted shoat in his arms. "Man, look what you done! You ought to be locked up."

I hadn't begun to worry about Maw, because it hadn't come to me what had happened, but Pop had seen it already. The water had come charging down that rock-bottomed creek behind our house and it had overflowed its banks and flooded the town and washed our house away. It had washed our movable house away!

Pop says real low, "Where's my house at?"

Some woman piped up, "I seen it floating downriver, couple of hours ago. It washed right down the creek into the river."

Pop wet his lips and looked at me, and his eyes sure scared me. "You see my wife?" he asked the woman.

"I seen her take your yoke of oxen and start out first thing this morning," the woman says. "She set out pretty early before that cloud busted."

"Then she's all right," Pop says.

"She's all right. She was headed west, away from the river."

Pop reached down and patted my knee, and I felt a lot better. Then he swung the buggy whip down on the mare's rump and says, "We better look after that house."

We high-tailed it downriver.

"I ain't going to tinker no more," Pop kept saying. "I swear I won't never tinker with nature again."

The road was pretty high and we could see the river most of the time, except when the woods was thick. All that water that had flowed into it from the creek, and from all the other creeks that had been flooded over, was already beginning to run off and the current had slowed considerable.

The mare was all over foam and wheezing bad when we come on the house, resting on a sloping claybank where high water had left it, and only about a quarter of it under water. We popped out of the buggy and skinned down the bank.

"It's a miracle," Pop says. "It's a plain miracle."

He stood there on the claybank grinning, and he give my shoulder a slap. "Bertie, what do you think of that there sycamore tree?"

I looked at the tree and Pop says, "What do you say we chop her down? We'll saw her into sections and make us some rollers, like we done before, and we'll roll her right up the bank and claim a town lot. Yonder is a new townsite."

It was the first time I noticed it. There was some little wet pennants hanging up to mark the streets and there was a couple houses halfway built.

"Ain't it a miracle?" Pop says. "All we got to do is roll her up yonder and claim the prize. Them other houses ain't far finished yet. Bertie, wade into the house and see if you can find that ax."

So I went in and found the ax and the crosscut saw and we started to work on that sycamore tree. We chopped her down and sawed her into sections and I was trimming them rollers when he heard somebody say, "What are you doing to do?"

There was Maw up on the riverbank, sitting in a borrowed buggy. I run up the bank to greet her, but Pop just leaned on his ax down below, with the proudest grin I ever seen.

"Maybe you noticed we had a little shower?" he says. "Yes, sir, maybe you noticed I brung on a little shower and located this here house right down to the new townsite."

"You won't win no prize with that house," Maw says, and she sort of sniffed. "That ain't your house."

That stopped Pop for a minute, but his grin didn't fade all the way off. He says real slow, "Well, I suppose when I give you the deed to the lot, the house done went with it, and of course you're welcome to the prize, Maw. We'll put the new lot in your name."

"It ain't either my house," Maw says, and it was her was grinning. "I sold the house and lot a couple days ago, when you was so busy with your plans to control the elements. I sold the house and lot and put the money down on a farm. I didn't sell the henhouse, though, and I see you tried to trick me, Mr. J. Pettigrew Anderson."

"Trick *you!*" Pop stared at her, and dropped the ax and looked at them sycamore logs we done so much work on.

"I see you built that henhouse with an axle on it," Maw says. "Well, all right, I just put some wheels on it and I yoked up the oxen and moved it out to our new farm, chickens and all, and we're ready to settle down and go to farming."

POP stood looking up at her a minute, and he didn't say a word. He picked up the ax and the saw and climbed up the bank and put them in the back of the buggy. Then he got in the seat beside Maw. She told me to follow along in the other buggy and she give a little cluck to the horse and we started off for our new farm, and Pop never said a word.

You know, Maw always said that Pop had the makings of a good dirt farmer, and it proved out she was right. Once she'd made him settle down to it, that was. Of course she couldn't make him stop tinkering altogether, but he'd promised to let nature be. Sometimes he'd look mighty mournful when the south winds was burning the tassels off the corn and you'd know he was wishing he could try and bring on a shower, but he kept his promise.

Pop liked to farm, too, when he got down to it, but then again he'd get to wondering whatever happened to that old movable house. Feller Maw sold it to hauled it up to that townsite and won the prize, sure enough, and then you know what he done? He put some wheels on it and hauled it off to another new town. That's the last we heard of it, and for all I know it may be still a-rolling.

THE END





1. A bear has a pretty nice life. He never works, pays taxes, worries about the war, or wishes he dared drink a second cup of coffee. This lucky Mr. Bruin just wanders around, eating whatever it is he likes to eat, and—



2. When he wants to sleep, he sleeps . . . a long time. If the caffein in coffee keeps your husband awake, we bet he'd agree that this is the best part about being a bear, just being able to go to sleep when he wants to.



3. For your husband *does* work, and pay taxes, and worry about the war, and he needs to relax instead of belting his system with coffee containing caffein. He knows he shouldn't drink coffee, but he loves it, and can't resist.



4. So he tosses and turns far past the witching hour. Should he give up coffee? Not if *you're* smart! You'll simply start serving him Sanka Coffee, the *real* coffee that is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep anyone awake!



5. Sanka Coffee has had 97% of its caffein removed, *without* removing *any* of the delicious flavor or aroma. And *what* flavor . . . *what* aroma! Sanka Coffee is a blend of fine coffees, it is *all* coffee, *nothing but* coffee!



6. Why wait any longer to let your husband start enjoying this mouth-watering coffee? He can drink it, (so can you), and still sleep like a bear. Get Sanka Coffee today! For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.

SANKA COFFEE

"Drip" or "Regular" grind—vacuum packed in glass or tin.



SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY, IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M. New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.



On that signal Coleman drew and fired. He saw his bullet shake Trumbo and he watched Trumbo's gun drop, unused

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The Story Thus Far:

DAN STUART, the most powerful cattleman in the War Bonnet area, is plotting to steal "Horsehead," a ranch owned by Ben-Tim Howlett, who is far away in Texas. Suspecting that something is wrong, Howlett sends his best foreman, Tracy Coleman, to investigate.

Arrived at the ranch, Coleman soon learns what is going on; and within a short time he and Stuart are bitter enemies. . . . Among the Texan's new acquaintances is a man named Ben Solvay. Courted and won by correspondence, an attractive girl—Valencia Wilder—comes a long distance to marry Solvay. But, skeptical of her past, Solvay refuses to become her husband; and, because she is homeless, Coleman takes her in as his house guest. . . .

Stuart and his ally, Drew Trumbo (who loves Stuart's daughter, Ann, but loathes Stuart), make a sudden attack on Horsehead. Doña Gertrude, Howlett's faithful Mexican housekeeper, is killed; and, fearing that, if he continues to fight, Valencia may also be shot, Coleman reluctantly runs away. Accompanied by George Pairvent, his foreman, and the hands (Ray Miller, Ed Drum and Baldy Bickle), he rides high into the near-by mountains.

There he is joined by Ann Stuart, who, shocked by the killing of Doña Gertrude, has left her father's house, vowing never to return. Ann Stuart and Coleman become separated from the rest of the little party; and the Stuart-Trumbo forces kill Ray Miller and capture Pairvent, Ed Drum and Bickle—whom they later hang. . . .

Trapped by the Texan's enemies, in a canyon, Ann and Coleman realize that they cannot possibly escape, unless they climb into a boat (which happens to be near by) and run the rapids of a dangerous river that swirls madly past them. While Stuart, Trumbo and some of their men look on (not daring to shoot, for fear of killing Ann), the two young people get into the fragile craft and are quickly swept out of sight, around a bend.

Like all of his associates, Stuart (who knows how wild the river is) assumes that his daughter is doomed. But he is wrong—somehow, Ann and Coleman pass through some rock-filled rapids, land on a small beach. There the Texan constructs a stout raft; and there—after spending the night, close together—they prepare to shoot the remaining rapids. Having given the raft a final testing, Coleman holds out his hand to Ann. "Time to go," he says, quietly.

Conclusion

ANN walked to the raft and she looked back with a disturbed glance at the gravel bar. She controlled her fear, but the shadow of it showed. She didn't want him to see it, and held her face away from him. But that sudden look she gave the gravel bar hit him in the heart.

"I know," he said. "This was good—but it is not good any more."

"Most things are like that. We hang on, but we have to let go."

"Not everything," he said. "Lie down and hook your feet through the rope."

He needed an oar and had none; he needed a pole. He walked along the log jam but found nothing suitable, and so came back to the raft. He pushed the raft through the slack water and slowly around the curved finger of the sand bar. The current gave the raft one powerful blow, dragging Coleman deeper into the river. He was waist-high before he pulled himself aboard. He crawled forward until he was beside Ann; he put his arms around one of the crossboards and jammed his feet against another crossboard. The swift water at the foot of the rapids began to turn the raft and to rush it forward.

"What stays the same, Tracy?"

The raft continued its clockwise turning all down the straight stretch of smooth water. The bluffs were sheer to either side, forming a long bend. In a little while, looking back, he saw that the gravel bar had dropped from sight; ahead of them was a growing grumble. He sat up, looking sharply downhill upon ragged layers of white and green flung up from the river's surface. The warning of that roughness began to reach them, the smooth current breaking into a chop which slapped aboard and laid its wetness upon them. He looked at the boards of the raft, watching them play and buckle as the logs shifted. He looked at the ropes.

Ann said, "I can understand now the queer way Luke Wall talks."

"You'll see him in a half-hour," said Coleman.

"I wonder," she murmured, "if he'll welcome us. He won't be the only survivor any more. He's proud of that."

"Hold fast," said Coleman. He flattened and gripped the crossboards. The river shoved them along faster and t
water ahead rolled up before them
high, broken curlers. The raft was
this moment running nose first; it lift
but it was too heavy and too slow
ride the crest of the curlers; it dove in
them. Water rolled over the raft a
these two people and weighted the
down. Coleman flung one arm arou
Ann, hauling her tightly against hi

They plunged in wheeling, drunk
lunges through the wildest stretch
the river. The raft's nose dipped a
lodged and the back end rose until Co
man slid forward; it broke free a
great layers of water rushed over
Coleman tightened his grip around A
He braced his feet and felt the wea
ness of his straining go through hi
softening his flesh. He had no clear ic
of the time they had been running
river; the constant turning and
steady shock of dropping and be
thrown up had dizzied him. He h
only two fixed impressions—the ne
ness of Ann to him and the increas
looseness of the logs beneath. Some
the crossboards had worked free.
felt them slide beneath him, and he
the playing of the board to which
hands clung. One hard jar would t
them all loose, after which nothing h
the logs but the rope.

The raft ran momentarily in
(Continued on page 34)

Is she a kid...



...OR IS SHE KIDDING?

"The Major thinks I'm twelve . . . or under. The Conductor suspects I'm twenty-one. Shall I let the Major 'adopt' me for the ride — or get kicked off the train by the Conductor?"

What hilarious consequences follow when Ginger poses as a Minor and is taken for a ride (to a Military School) by the Major!

Paramount Presents

GINGER ROGERS

and **RAY MILLAND**

in

RAY MILLAND

The Major and the Minor

GINGER ROGERS

UNDER 12

with **Rita Johnson**

Robert Benchley · Diana Lynn

Directed by BILLY WILDER

Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

GINGER ROGERS' GREATEST PERFORMANCE!



As a kid of twelve ...she's Terrific!



As a gal of twenty-four . . . she's GI-amorous!



As a mother of fifty . . . she'll steal your heart!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

GYM FOR HIS MUSCLES



—GYM FOR HIS TEETH!

GOSH, any fellow'd rather "skin the cat" on the old apple tree than do those old drills in school. *They're both "gym"*. . . but Junior never guesses.

It's the same with teeth. Brushing teeth—what a chore! And just imagine trying to get him to massage his gums.

But Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum—why, *that's* as much fun as the circus. Any chewing gum is swell, but Fleers is special. A big, bulky mass—and chewy! Full of flavor! A treat that lasts and lasts.

Actually, Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum is a close ally of his toothbrush. Its tough, chewy bulk folds over and massages gums, helps to clean teeth.

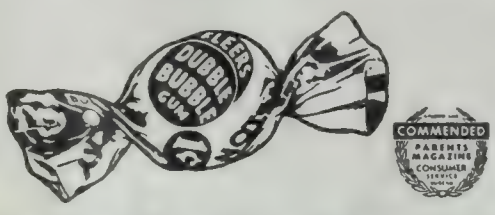
You may like to know that Fleers is pure, that many dentists recommend it. Junior doesn't know or care. So don't disillusion him. Let him go on thinking that Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum is just one of the joys of being young.



"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.



Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the September *Journal of the American Dental Association* and *Oral Hygiene;* also October *Dental Survey.*



FLEERS

DUBBLE BUBBLE

CHEWING GUM

A Pledge: Especially desirable features of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum are its bulk and "chewiness." Should wartime restrictions interfere, we pledge to suspend the manufacture of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Axis Stooges in South Africa

Continued from page 16

Smuts' power however is increasing. The Boer general, who fought the British fifty years ago but who recognizes the incalculable service the British navy performed in making possible the Union's growth, sees the hopelessness of the future of South Africa if the Axis wins. His dream of a Pan-African federation and of the creation of a decent world for all men would come to an end.

Up north, as they say here, on the battlefields of Egypt, I met many South African units whose primary language was Afrikaans and who saw the war the Smuts way. South Africa has raised an excellent fighting army of approximately 160,000 men from its white population. The nation could produce a larger, strictly white army through conscription. But here Smuts is up against strong opposition. It derives from one or perhaps two sources.

Conscription is Opposed

Conscription is opposed by the "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" element and by the die-hard, anti-British Boers in sufficient numbers who make "No Conscription" one of the planks in the Nationalist platform. But mobilization would mean the reduction of skilled labor employed in the gold mines where at least fifty thousand whites work. It is possible that the ultraconservative elements in the gold-mining industry (who also object to conscription) thus find themselves perhaps unwilling accomplices of the opposition.

Conscription, however, is only one of the thorns of the manpower dilemma that confronts Smuts. The other issue involves arming the natives. The Boers are against drafting the blacks. They remember the wars against the Kaffirs, the Matabele Zulus, the Hottentots and the Griquas; they recall the white man's struggle against the Bushmen, when trekkers pushed the frontiers of what was to become the Union of South Africa to the north, east and west into the African wilderness. Overlooking the enormous contribution the black man has made to the creation of the Union, the Boers consider any move to arm the natives as a dangerous step toward racial equality.

Here the British section of the population, although more war-conscious and more universally aware of the urgency of victory, holds to a considerable extent to the war-party line. Like the Boers, those of British descent find themselves painfully and embarrassingly aware of the white man's numerical inferiority to the black man. However, this is more true among the conservative Britishers who, in contrast to the racial policies of the Nationalists, have been almost liberal in their insistence that the natives be accorded decent living conditions, wage scales and working hours.

Approximately half a million natives work in the gold mines. There is a shortage of native labor. Gold mines are obliged through Witwaters Rand, the native labor association, to recruit yearly one hundred thousand natives from Portuguese East Africa in order to maintain the high production rate which makes South Africa the world's greatest single gold producer. Nearly thirteen million fine ounces a year are mined, representing approximately one third of the entire world output from sixty-six nations. America's production including the output of the Philippines was about five million fine ounces.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the gold miners consider that any large-scale drafting of native manpower for the armed service would further complicate their labor situation. Obviously, Smuts must tread easily in dealing with the gold miners who control the railroads, the harbors and all the transportation, and who own the controlling interest in the Union's leading newspapers. Smuts, however, is primarily concerned with winning the war. He has committed himself in a recent speech in Parliament to a policy of giving the natives a greater share in the destiny of the nation. He remembers the Philippines where the natives who had been given the promise of and a rendezvous with freedom fought the Japs.

Moreover, Deneys Reitz, cabinet minister, Boer warrior and deputy prime minister, has vigorously campaigned in favor of arming the natives, and the issue has become the most lively one in South African politics, with public clamor in the natives' behalf growing in volume.

The natives already are making an important contribution to South Africa's war effort as unarmed fighters. I saw them building and repairing roads under fire up north, singing in Afrikander and English as they worked. I saw them carry South African wounded and I know of one group of unarmed stretcher-bearers who were mowed down by machine-gun fire when they refused to surrender to the enemy.

In northern Natal, on the borders of Zuzuland, a regiment of gunners is now being trained in which there are four natives to every gun crew of six, the other two being whites. Zulu gunners are extremely happy, for they are doing man's work, not woman's work in the field. They won't work in the mines, so the gold miners can't claim that any drafting of Zulus would cut down their labor supply.

Smuts' opposition is fighting a losing battle, and its only hope for return to power lies in an Axis victory. They have already sufficiently ingratiated themselves with the enemy. After the fall of France they even tried to make a peace with Germany. But despite an almost total lack of counterpropaganda and guided only by instincts which warn them that the enemy would deny them not only their coveted Boer republic but the good life they have known since gold and diamonds were discovered in the Union, the Afrikanders have swung increasingly toward Smuts.

Smuts' Power Increasing

More people appear to believe in him now than I found to be the case here last April, 1941, when the spiritual distance between South Africa and the war was the square of the distance from Cape Town to Cairo. South Africa wasn't 6,000 miles away from war then but 36,000,000 miles.

Several factors have contributed to strengthening Smuts' political hand. Soldiers returning from the front whether they are of Boer or English extraction, tell their families what they learned on the hot sands of Egypt. They return filled with a quiet determination to build a new world, with hatred in their hearts for the enemy. Japan's entry into the war, however, provided probably the greatest single impetus to the wheels of Smuts to arouse a sleepy comfortable and confused nation to fight against Germany. Aside from the fact that the Nazi agent Doctor Manfred Zapp had done his work well among the dissident Afrikanders, this nation of burghers was interested primarily the

in trade profits, in digging gold and sloshing up diamonds. Above all, South Africa and South Africans feared change.

Germany's successive assaults on Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland were many thousands of miles away. But today the land-proud Boers and Afrikanders understand the blood-drenched Japanese menace.

Something else has happened to insure Smuts' survival of the worst political storm since the 1939 crisis. The South Africans have fought side by side with Englishmen, Australians and New Zealanders and in some cases with Americans, too. They have come to realize that their Allies fight for the survival of those rights which will enable them to determine their own destiny. Bred on hatred for the British, antipathy toward the insular Aussies, critical of New Zealanders who "out-British the Britishers," and suspicious of American moneygrubbers (whom they secretly envy), the South Africans have learned that "we're all fighting for the same things, after all."

The soldiers, at least, are beginning to see that through victory they can attain those greener pastures their ancestors dreamed about. This isn't so true of their die-hard parents at home.

Not even the fall of Tobruk, where about 25,000 South African troops were lost, brought the war home to these people. In Cape Town they still fire a cannon at high noon for two minutes' silence to bring the war home to some people. When Smuts asked for seven thousand troops to "avenge Tobruk" he got only a fraction of that number, and when Tobruk fell in mid-June, some *Ossewabrandwag* boys drank beer and heiled Hitler.

In spite of everything, South Africa's war effort is proportionately as great as that of Britain and the United States, if the existing yardstick of comparable white populations is to be taken at its established value.

On the army alone, the nation whose total budget was in peacetime less than $200,000,000 is spending $400,000,000. This is a heavy burden for a country that is vastly rich and desperately poor; where there are only 85,000 taxpayers, individuals and companies, with taxable income of $8,500,000,000; where only 25,000 persons earn more than $5,000 a year; and 650 earn from $25,000 to over $100,000 a year.

Today, more than 600 factories in a country which had neglected all non-gold industry are working and producing small arms, ammunition bombs up to thousand-pounders, hand grenades, armor plate, armored cars, parts for howitzers and antitank guns, ammunition cases and one million bulletproof tires a year. They are making steel rails, simpler machine tools like lathes, grinders and buffers, and electric motors up to 1,000-kilowatt sizes.

Production in High Gear

Spare parts for airplanes and incapacitated tanks which had piled up in Egypt are made here and flown or shipped to American repair shops in Eritrea. They are corning willy and drying fruits. Troop carriers, water tankers, supply trucks, canteens and trailers pile out from assembly shops where homemade bodies are welded to chassis imported from the United States. Bombers, ferried across the South Atlantic, are armed here and flown north along with fighters shipped here from England and the United States.

By the end of 1942, the production of shells will be thirty-seven times greater than it was at the end of 1940. To the United Nations' equipment pool, South Africa has contributed a half million pairs of army boots, a half million blankets, and is producing a million more of each item.

South Africa has inaugurated the commercial production of mercury, one of the scarcest of basic raw materials. It is developing its manganese, chromium, copper and tungsten deposits and is experimenting with the conversion of its abundant coal into oil. But here American capital and American machinery are needed, and Uncle Sam must decide whether we can allocate such money and equipment through Lend-Lease even if the gold mines insist on maintaining production at the present level instead of cutting down production and devoting the labor power thus released to the development of the basic metal industries.

It is a tough decision to make for, whether Uncle Sam likes it or not, South Africa's economic and political structures are balanced as delicately as a jeweler's scales on its gold. Smuts faces an election next year. If he can't keep those scales balanced properly, he might lose the election. The coming to power of the Nationalist opposition might wreck South Africa's oxcart and produce a situation which is tragically parallel to that of India. Jan Smuts might not be able to swing the South African wagon into the United Nations' laager.

This is what the old trekkers called the corrals they used to make of their covered wagons which they swung into close circles linking wagon to wagon with trek chains and stuffing nature's barbed wire, thorn brush, between the wheels to keep out the charges of the Bushmen on the broad veld in the old Commando days.

The United Nations have lost many wagons, and only a few are left to make a strong laager against the enemy. They need South Africa and they might even have to pay a little blackmail to the gold-mining industry to enable Smuts to survive the coming elections. After that, watch South Africa hitch its war effort to a springbok instead of an ox.

THE END

NOT WANTED for the Duration

0003



BAD-TASTE SPECIALIST

Tin Pan Alley boy who writes "song" about war and death and democracy in Alley slang causing widespread nausea.

ALAN WOODS

...in OCTOBER!



1. The corn (which carries the flag in any respectable Succotash) is really *something!* Birds Eye, of course. And—with luscious Baby Lima Beans—it offers a *melt-in-your-mouth, out-of-season* treat!

2. Birds Eye corn is *garden-fresh* . . . whole kernels . . . with a *sugar-sweet* flav a *country-fresh* goodness you can't top w *any other* corn—even in summer! I Quick-Frozen 4 hours after picking!



3. Baby Limas are *all-green, full-flavored* —*Quick-Frozen* at peak freshness! A *treasure* to ladies, they come *shelled—ready to cook!* 1 box equals 2 lbs. of *unshelled* Limas —serves 4. Try this succotash—*today!*

Uncle Sam, how's this for NUTRITION?

VITAMIN	A	B1	C	G	COPPER	PHOSPHORUS	CALCIUM	IRO
THE CORN	1	1	3	1	2	2	1	2
THE LIMAS	1	1	3	1	3	2	1	3

1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)



4. For dessert, serve Peach Shortcake! Juicy, *orchard-fresh* Birds Eye Peaches—picked at *peak plumpness* and *Quick-Frozen within 4 hours!* All that *tree-ripened, true* peach flavor is captured!

5. These peaches come *sliced . . . sweetened* . . . ready to serve! And here's real NEWS! Now a *full day's requirements* of Vitamin C has been added to each 4-oz. serving. *Try 'em!* A box serves 4!

BARGAIN SPECIAL!

FOR ONE WEEK! OCT. 5-10

BABY GREEN LIMA BEANS

Two other Big Values!

CUT CORN · PEACHES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or MONEY BACK

. . . This goes for *all* Birds Eye Foods!





In dietetics course, Capt. John McSweeny points out to Miss Jenkins and Miss Wolcott, officer candidates, how to hold the knife for cutting a ham



Marjorie Goldman salutes officer as she receives her first pay. Other Waacs wait their turn in doorway as soldier sits on guard at left of paymaster

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELIZABETH HIBBS



Setting-up exercises at Fort Des Moines. Waacs, in fatigue uniforms, get twenty-six hours of this. Mary Foster leads drill; Catherine Van Rensselaer, physical training director, looks on

The Lady's a Soldier

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Our new women's army is wasting no time in dispelling doubts about their ability to take it. These girls are real soldiers, and here's how they're proving it

CONSIDER a working day which starts at 5:45 A. M. and ends officially at 7:50 at night. Consider several thousand workers who are so enthusiastic about their jobs that they often leave comfortable beds before they have to in the morning, and who spend much of their leisure time in extra effort.

Consider all of that, plus unflagging enthusiasm and a great pride in what they are doing, and you begin to get a picture of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps in training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

A good many people have asked the question, "What are women doing in the Army?" One of the answers is that they're working harder than they ever worked before, and harder than almost any civilian ever works. With certain exceptions, they're doing the same work that the men of the Army are doing. The masculine personnel at Fort Des Moines is sold on this women's army. "They got what it takes," a veteran sergeant said the other day. "In all the years I've been in, I never saw a bunch of men rookies that caught on so quick."

To the male soldier, the sourest moment of the day is First Call, and it is good Army form to greet it with groans and grunts and pungent epithets. The soldier hates to be routed out of a warm bed at fifteen minutes before six o'clock in the morning.

Even so, he's got it over a large percentage of the Waacs. Officially, their first call is at 5:45, Reveille sounds at six o'clock, and Assembly at 6:05. But many hundreds of the girls now in training at Fort Des Moines have discovered that whereas fifteen minutes may be ample time for a man to slip into his clothes and look presentable for his first military formation of the average working day, it isn't quite long enough for most women.

The result is that the barracks of the training center at Fort Des Moines have sprouted alarm clocks. Some ring more or less gently at 5:15, some at 5:30.

The women in training for active Army duty wear more garments than men wear. They have problems of their own, as, for instance, the little matter of tying the khaki tie. A soldier, accustomed to this little ceremony all his life, gives a couple of quick flips and a pull, and presto! there it is.

But the average woman doesn't know how to do this. Not at first, she doesn't. That little ceremony consumes precious extra minutes, and so those who are most anxious to make perfect records take no chances. They wake before they have to, they grope their way to the washrooms and get themselves spick and span in preparation for the shrill bugle notes of Assembly. Those who don't beat the gun also manage to fall in on time, but much of this is due to the consideration of the girls who have risen before they have to, and thus have relieved washroom congestion.

And these mornings it's pretty cool there. Later on, it's going to be downright cold, the winter climate of Iowa being what it is. The other day one of these early birds—a neat and enthusiastic little number from California—was shivering down the long aisle between the precise rows of army cots. "I wish," she whispered to a Waac who was walking with her, "I wish that my boy friend would knit me a sweater."

From early Monday morning until late Friday night, one day is much like another and they're all pretty hard. The woman who is so fortunate as to have her application for the Waacs accepted isn't in for any pink tea stuff.

Except on mornings when the weather is so tough that formation has to be held indoors, each company falls in for reveille in front of its barracks when the roll is called. Then the women go back to their sleeping quarters, and the work of policing the squad rooms starts. There are beds to be made—just so—floors to be swept, lockers and shelves to be dusted, other routine duties to be performed. At 6:35, another bugle sounds, and this time its summons is sweet because it means that companies by company, regiment by regiment, the trainees are to be marched to the mess hall for an ample morning meal that includes large quantities of hot coffee and tea.

Blisters—but No Squawks

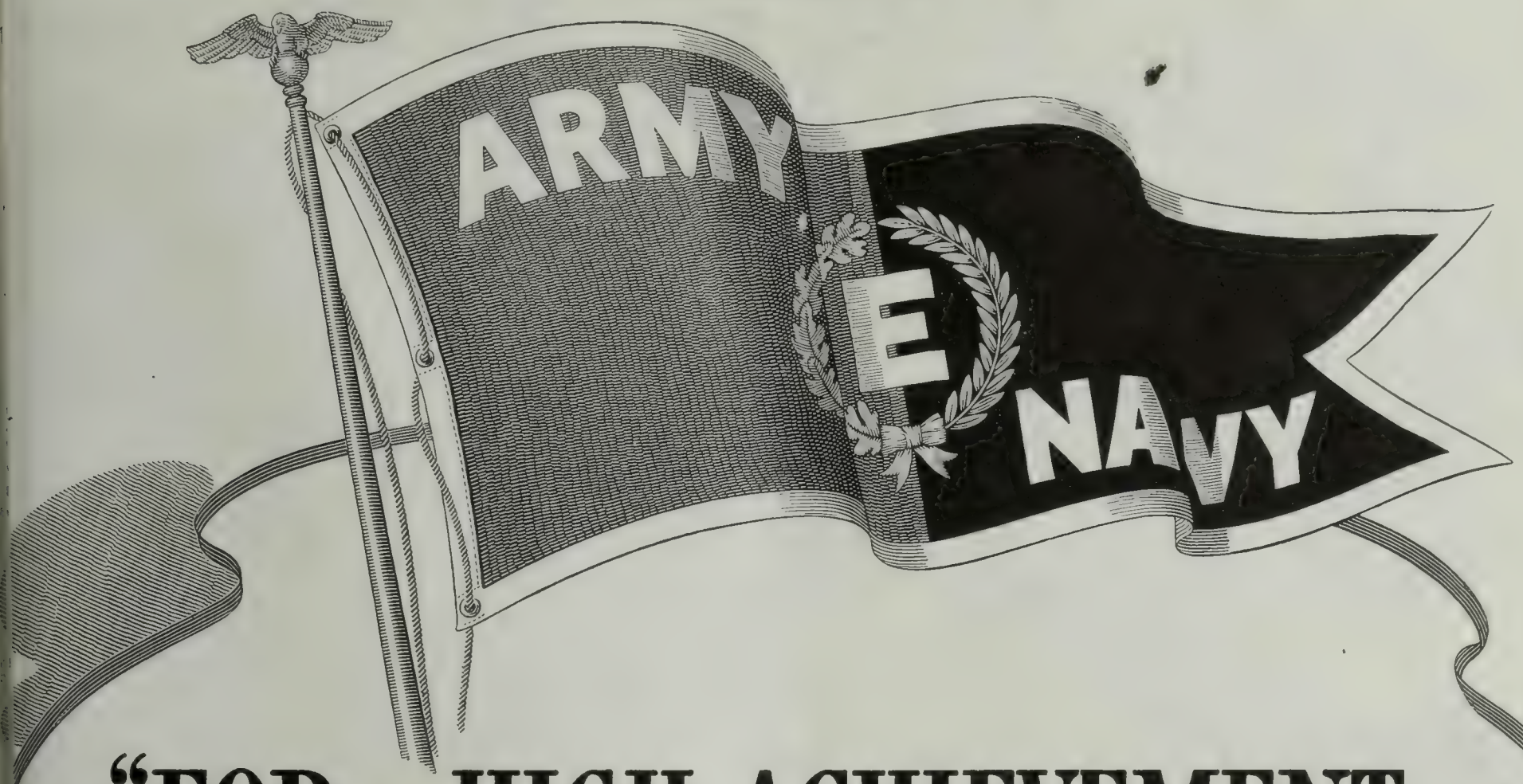
By the time they're finished with the first chow of the day and have moved back to their barracks Sick Call sounds, but fortunately the early groups of women at Fort Des Moines have not been concerned much about that. As each new batch arrives and is subjected to the antitetanus and typhoid shots and the smallpox vaccination, there is the customary quota of brief and unhappy reaction which is no greater and no less than that suffered by their brothers in uniform. But for the most part the girls are taking their average ailments in stride. It's been rather splendid to see some of them limping about the tree-shaded walks and vast drill grounds in their new army shoes. They've got blisters, sure; but they're not squawking. It's part of the game, they argue.

There are two groups of women in training at Fort Des Moines: officer candidates and Auxiliaries, the latter corresponding to the enlisted men of the Army. Their basic training is identical, their routines are the same, and there is only this outstanding difference in their lives at the post: that the officer candidate does a lot more studying and classroom work than the Auxiliary. By way of example, after the evening meal, which comes at about five o'clock, the Auxiliaries—or Basics—are free after tattoo at nine. But the officer candidates are compelled to put in at least two hours of that time studying, and usually they average about two hours.

Save for Saturday and Sunday, there is drill every day, there is compulsory exercise, there are work periods and study periods, and one class after the other. The days are full to the brim.

The numerical growth of the tre

(Continued on page 54)



"FOR...HIGH ACHIEVEMENT IN THE PRODUCTION OF WAR EQUIPMENT"

In recognition of Chevrolet's accomplishments in war equipment output, the coveted Army-Navy "E" flag has been presented to the Chevrolet Gear and Axle Plant in Detroit, an important unit in the nationwide Chevrolet production system that today is dedicated to "Volume for Victory." This distinction comes to Chevrolet for performance — for war production that is only a challenge and an inspiration to an organization serving this nation at war . . . with "Volume for Victory."

CHEVROLET
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS



"He's only a private, but his mother sends him mince meat cookies made with Borden's NONE SUCH — the eatingest, spiciest mince meat of all." *Costs a few pennies more . . . and worth it!*

© The Borden Co

USE

LAVORIS

Keep The Mouth And Throat Clean

Give Lavoris a trial and note the result



MUST **YOU** BE A

"Stay at Home"

BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

If so, wouldn't you try almost anything to help rid yourself of the ugly psoriasis lesions which prevent you from wearing formal attire? Then why not try *SIROIL?* It has helped many others who have been faced with the self-same problem. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. It is sold to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write for free booklet. Print your name and address plainly→

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. C-23, Detroit, Mich.
Siroil Laboratories of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

*CITY*_____ *STATE*_____

Action by Night

Continued from page 28

water and he looked above him and saw the rims and thought they were lower than they had been. Light strengthened in the canyon; when he looked ahead he saw one streak of sunlight. "Ann," he said, "Ann."

The roar was stronger than the sound of her voice. He heard nothing from her; and after that he could not speak again. For the raft struck hard, slowly slid away and fell with a jar that knocked the wind from him. One of his feet slipped from the crossboard and his left leg dropped between logs and he felt a streak of pain as the logs slammed together. He yelled into the water's thunder and he saw the girl's face turn to him, white and solemn. He dragged his leg free and propped it against the crossboard at the same moment the river poured over them.

Strong light played on his eyes and water dripped into them so that he could not see. He felt the raft rock and run into easier water and he thought, "Smooth patch before the next rapids." He relaxed a little and then he stiffened himself, waiting for the rough water to seize them. But they ran on through smoothness, and through a strange quietness, and the raft grated against gravel and stopped. He heard a voice say: "You'll both live forever. Let go the rope, Miss Stuart. Let go and I'll lift you."

There was a little current lifting and rocking the logs, nothing more. Coleman cautiously released his grip on the cross slat and rubbed the water out of his eyes. He opened them and saw Luke Wall standing hip-deep, Ann Stuart in his arms. Luke Wall gave him a close, thoughtful smile. "You see?" said Luke. "You see what I been through? Just the three of us know. Ain't a thing you can ever explain to anybody. Come off the raft before it breaks up and floats away—which it will do in a minute. A drink of whisky and a meal will fix it right. I heard yesterday you had started down the river. I been here sixteen hours, waitin' to haul you out and bury you."

Coleman said, "What time is it?"

Wall looked at him and laughed. "Now ain't it funny what a man will think of? You know what I asked when they fished me out? I wanted to know if it had been rainin'. It is six o'clock in the mornin'—but what is time to you now? Never will mean the same again. You got all the time there is."

"Stuart here—or any of Star Cross—or Drew Trumbo?"

"Trumbo rode through here late last night. Nobody else."

"They'll come," said Coleman.

"You'll be inside my house if they do," said Luke Wall. "And I am with you, son."

Another voice—a woman's voice—called from the bank: "Are you hurt, Tracy?" Looking up from the raft he saw Valencia standing at the edge of the bluff.

RETURNING from the bitter business in the mountains, Stuart passed through Horsehead during the early morning hours and headed for the river crossing. "Tap," he said, "you move to Horsehead with a couple of the crew tomorrow."

"Drew Trumbo will be smellin' around the place."

Stuart let out a grating retort: "Trumbo will be hidin' in the hills, the fear of God in his heart. I am not concerned with him. Horsehead is part of our grass, and I am taking possession."

Tap said nothing, but his silence held dissent, causing Stuart to add a biting opinion: "Everybody in the Basin wanted Horsehead to be cleared off, but nobody had guts to go about it. I did the dirty chore. Now they'll want to share it. They'll get nothing—not one spear of grass. It is mine."

The storm signals were up in Stuart; they showed in the down-angled lines of his mouth corners; in the spotted flush on his face, in the jumpiness of his voice and in the stony way he stared before him. When that temper came upon the Star Cross owner there was nothing to do but be still. Still, certain unfinished pieces of this morning's business displeased him and when they reached the Star Cross yard he ventured to repeat Tap's warning: "Trumbo will be smellin' around."

Stuart had a quick breakfast and went to his room to lay out on the bed. There were a good many things on his mind: one of them was the dully unpleasant knowledge that he was no longer young. The night's riding and the night's cold camp in the hills had taken the starch out of him; he felt the heaviness of his bones, he felt a gnawing exhaustion.

HE RAISED to an elbow, intending to call out to the cook to bring him a glass of water but pride stilled the call. He looked through the open doorway at the room which had been Ann's. He stared at the dresser within his line of vision, at the silver-plated jewel box on it, at the brush and comb, at her mother's picture. Both of those women had hated him, the hands of both had been raised against him. He had tried to smash that resistance down but there was a strange thing in women which could not be beaten—a shadow, a look, a feeling nothing could erase.

"I should have turned them both out years ago. But they stuck—and they've got the last word at last. They can both stand wherever they are and make me feel like it was my fault. Women are clever like that—mean and tricky and full of deceit when they smile." As for Ann, she had deliberately stepped into Coleman's boat. That was her doing; the decision was hers.

He absolved himself of her death, yet the mystery of her act took possession of him. Except for the accident of Luke Wall, no human being had ever survived the river. She knew that—and still she had gone with the man, her body protecting him from the guns on shore. He lay long still, puzzling over it, and the gray ghosts of another philosophy moved vaguely before his mind to increase his doubt; at last he fell into troubled sleep.

He awoke beyond noon, with a dry throat and a numb weariness all through him. He rose with difficulty and sat on the bed's edge with his head in his hands, everything inside of him burned out. But the terrible march of things kept on in his head. He thought of the other owners on the range—Gunderson and Bill Yell and Frank De Leon who had cut him in town. He owed none of these men anything and he needed nothing from them; men came to him, not the other way around. And still his growing isolation troubled him and he thought, "Maybe I just imagine it." The thing to do was to ride to town and try again.

He washed his face, ate a cold dinner and struck out for War Bonnet, reaching there around four. He entered the saloon and stepped to the bar for a drink. Snass Moran pushed bottle and glass at him; he waited for Moran to speak, his own pride insisting that the other man make the first move. Moran walked away, running his towel casually along the bar. Doc Fallon sat at a near-by table, reading an

magazine. Doc Fallon didn't look up.

Stuart stared at the bottle, which was half full; when he next thought to look, it was empty. He had no idea of how long he had been standing at the bar, neither speaking nor being spoken to, but when he turned away he noticed a lamp burning near the door. He walked into the warm twilight and got on his horse, making three tries before reaching the saddle. He drew a long breath, found his reins and started from town.

SOMEWHERE out on the prairie Tap caught up with him and led him home. The last thing he heard Tap say was, "Don't be too sure about Trumbo. You got to put him out of the way."

That was a planted seed which grew while he slept; when he woke the next morning it was a rooted purpose. He rose feeling fresh and hale again. "Big drunk is good for a man once in a while," he thought and ate a tremendous breakfast. He moved to the front room for his belt and gun and for a moment he paused at Ann's bedroom doorway. He went into the room and stood at her dresser. He remembered how close to red her hair had been and as he looked into the mirror above the dresser her face came before him with a realness that shocked him. It was so still at the moment that he felt her presence in the room. Suddenly he swept his hand across the dresser, caught up the brush and comb, the picture and the jewel box and carried them to the kitchen. He said to the cook, "Open the stove lid," and threw everything into the fire. The cook wheeled and put his back to Stuart.

Stuart walked from the house and called to Tap: "Get Niles Peck and come with me." The three men saddled and set out toward the hills westward.

Tap said: "If you're goin' to Trumbo's it would be better to circle south. He's not to be watchin' us—he'll see us cross the flat."

Stuart's brief flush of good feeling had been worn out; and now he was in the worst possible humor. "Tap," he said, "you talk too much about the man. He got you buffaloed?"

"No," answered Tap with a soft deathlessness, which revealed how badly the remark hit him.

The thought of his aloneness rode with Stuart; it haunted him, it grew as it fed fire, it unsteadied his mind. He had been cut by his neighbors—he who had the power to crush them individually. They looked at him across the distance of the Alma's dining room and the loathing in their eyes went through him and turned like a knife. Because of that he had to strike back to restore his own pride—and the first man in his mind was Drew Trumbo.

They came to the ridge and bore southward through the trees until they reached the slope which fell toward Trumbo's house; and at this point the tumult in Stuart caused him to make a foolish move. "Tap," he said, "take Niles and circle Trumbo's. I'll come up from the back way."

Tap stared at him, trying to fathom the reason for doing so unnecessary a thing. He said quietly: "We're not surroundin' a camp, Mr. Stuart. It is just one man we want."

"Don't argue!" cried Stuart. "If you're workin' for Star Cross, do as I say."

Tap sighed and his thin face grew thinner from the strain of the insult. He spoke very quietly: "Star Cross is all I have got to live for, Mr. Stuart. You ought to know that."

"Go on—go on!" yelled Stuart.

"Just so," murmured Tap and then rode on through the trees with Niles Peck.

The rashness grew; it was a poison agitating Stuart's nerves until they vibrated within him. He turned to the west, traveling a half overgrown trail along the ridge, and came to the main road from Gateway. This he followed until he had gotten within a mile of Trumbo's place. Here he left the road and entered the trees; he had not gone fifty yards when a voice said coolly from some hidden spot before him:

"Now wait."

His horse heard the unexpected noise, and the horse stopped before Stuart thought of checking in. Stuart turned to stone in the saddle. He lifted his reins, ready to charge, and he swept the timber before him and saw nothing. The voice was Trumbo's—easy and insolent—but he could not find Trumbo.

"Come out," Stuart said, "come out and show yourself. You're big enough to face a man without hidin' in the bushes, ain't you?"

Trumbo said, "Your eyes are bad, Dan. Look this way."

He was on Stuart's right flank, standing quietly beside a pine, his clothes blended with the gray-brown bark. He had a shoulder point against the tree and he gave Stuart a starved, bright smile. "Your mistake was in strayin' off from Tap and Niles."

"You been followin' us?"

"Had my eyes on you since you left the Star Cross yard."

"Like a damned Injun prowler. White men don't prowl."

Trumbo's narrowed smile was tight against his teeth. "Now, now, Dan. We know each other too well for that kind of hogwash. You are after me. I am after you. That is all there's to it."

"Is it?" said Stuart and slowly turned his horse head on to Trumbo. He had not been too sure of Trumbo's motive; he was not entirely sure yet. But he saw very clearly the heartlessness of Trumbo's smile and he saw the mockery and the malice in Trumbo's eyes.

"You made a bad mistake," said Trumbo. "There never was a time when we trusted each other. But that was all right. Each man's entitled to watch his own cards. We could have gotten along. Your mistake was tryin' to turn on me and leave me dead with the Horsehead bunch. It was a pretty raw thing."

Stuart said, "You would have done it to me."

"Maybe. Still, there's a difference. I would have done the job. I would not have bungled it and left an enemy behind me. That was your mistake. I won't bungle it, Dan."

STUART remembered that Tap and Peck were not far off. They would be at Trumbo's house now and they would wait a decent interval—and maybe start back to find him. He eased himself on the saddle slightly, made steady by his danger. "Drew," he said, "Hoby Spade is a weak sister, ready to tell the Basin what he knows. He'll crucify the both of us."

"I can manage that later," said Trumbo. "One thing at a time."

"If you're thinkin' of knockin' me out of the saddle, consider what happens next. Tap will hunt you like a dog, the crew with him. You'll run before him, which will be the end of you in the Basin."

"Maybe," agreed Trumbo. He seemed to be impressed with the argument.

"I will make you this deal," said Stuart. "I will drive Spade out of the country. You take his range. I will add a piece from my old range. There's the big outfit you been wantin'."

"That's what I want," said Drew Trumbo.

"Well, then," said Stuart, "it should be a deal."

He saw the frigid grin lengthen. "Like the last deal, Dan?" asked Trumbo.

"My word on it," said Stuart.

Trumbo stared at Stuart with the

laundry-tested fabrics in *Van Heusen Shirts*

Every inch of your Van Heusen shirt has been given rigid tests by the impartial American Institute of Laundering — and has passed with flying colors. Finer, **Sanforized-shrunk** fabrics are the answer—they stand the gaff of plenty of washings and rubbings.



MORE REASONS WHY VAN HEUSEN'S A BETTER BUY:

- √ Non-wilt Van Heusen collar attached
- √ Shaped body-cut, tapered at waistline
- √ Action-room at armholes, elbows, shoulders
- √ Well-anchored buttons, reinforced buttonholes

Van Heusen Shirts also in colors and patterns in various collar types and styles

BETTER BUY VAN HEUSEN IF YOU WANT A BETTER SHIRT...$2.25 AND UP

Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y., Makers of Van Heusen Shirts, Collars, Ties, Pajamas and Sportswear

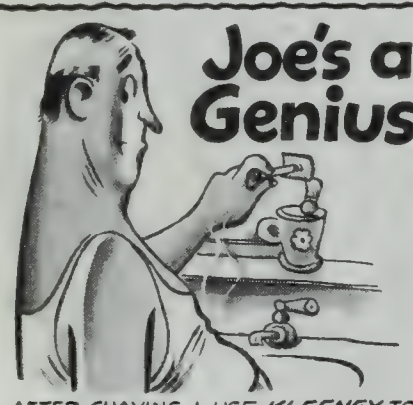
Gotta Watch The Figure!



IT'S EASIER TO BALANCE MY BUDGET SINCE I STARTED USING *KLEENEX* FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY BUYS ME A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF *KLEENEX!*

(*from a letter by* B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

Joe's a Genius!

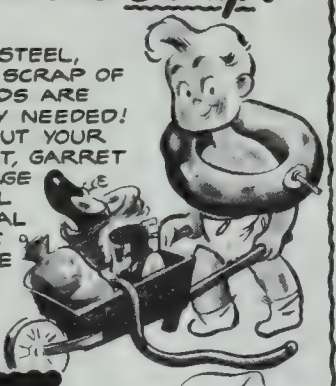


AFTER SHAVING I USE *KLEENEX* TO DRY MY RAZOR. IT HELPS KEEP BLADES FROM RUSTING... SAVES TOWELS!

(*from a letter by* H. S. P., White Plains, N. Y.)

Get In The Scrap!

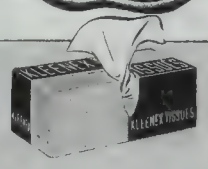
IRON, STEEL, RUBBER, SCRAP OF ALL KINDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED! CLEAN OUT YOUR BASEMENT, GARRET AND GARAGE AND CALL YOUR LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE TODAY!



WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO



KLEENEX* Serv-a-Tissue Box

SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY! BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

Ring around the Hosiery!

I PLACE *KLEENEX* INSIDE THE TOP OF MY GALOSHES TO KEEP MY STOCKINGS FROM GETTING SOILED!

(*from a letter by* R. L., St. Louis, Mo.)



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

anger of a smart man who had been misjudged. "You ornery old fool, do you think I can believe your word?" He came out from the tree, tall and poised and he watched Dan Stuart so steadily that the older man grunted a gruff question:

"What's in your mind now?"

"I was thinkin'," said Trumbo, "how you tried to break Pairvent and make him crawl. You're the Indian, not me. I was thinkin' if I could string this out and make you die by inches. But it is not in me to kill a man for plain fun." He shrugged his shoulders, said conversationally, "Something to my credit, maybe," and drew and fired before Stuart was able to stir.

The older man gasped when the bullet hit him. He showed vague surprise and he dipped his head and he started to place a hand over his chest; before he had completed the motion he rolled from the saddle, struck on his shoulder and sprawled face-up in the shadowed dust. His hat rolled away and his face showed its red veins and its unlovely lines of age and character through a slow-growing pallor. Trumbo stepped forward to witness this, impersonal and without regret; this whole thing left him without any feeling and he recognized that fact and shook his head. "I'm goin' back to the kind of a man I was before," he thought. "Or else I was always the same man, just foolin' myself I could be better."

He turned to the trees for his horse and got to the saddle; he listened into the late summer's stillness, not yet hearing the approach of Tap or Niles Peck. They would catch the echo of the shot and they would come. Maybe it would be best to stay here and finish up with those two. He debated the idea and rejected it. The better thing was to maneuver around and catch one man at a time, when the chance came. One man at a time until he had settled the argument for good. Horsehead was within his reach now if he did all this carefully. He cut across the road and paralleled it, moving south through timber.

TAP and Niles Peck got back to Stuart half an hour later and Tap sprang from his saddle and ran awkwardly forward, calling, "Mr. Stuart! Mr. Stuart!" Seated on his saddle, Niles Peck watched Tap crouch over the Star Cross owner and sway at the shoulders; presently Tap turned and Peck saw tears in the foreman's eyes.

"Dead?"

"He never drew his gun," said Tap drearily. "Trumbo did that. Trumbo never gave him a chance."

"Well," said Niles Peck, unmoved by it, "you told Stuart not to go it alone."

"He was powerful excited and he wouldn't listen."

"Never listened to nothin' anyhow," commented Peck. "Let's start home."

Tap thrust a hostile stare at Niles Peck. "You take it pretty easy."

"I will not cry for the man. He didn't give a hoot for any livin' soul—not even his daughter."

"She didn't know him," said Tap. "What's any woman know about a man? She had her hand set against him. I didn't like her either."

"You do your grievin'," said Peck. "I'm goin' back to the ranch, get my blanket and keep on movin'. You know what's goin' to happen to Star Cross now? Same thing that happened to Horsehead. Nobody loved Star Cross at all. Everybody hated the ground Stuart walked on. Then there was that Doña Gertrude business. I can smell it all over the Basin. If I rode into War Bonnet they'd point at me and say—'There's one of the men that killed Doña Gertrude.' How long you think we're goin' to be let alone? I'm leavin' now."

Tap growled, "I ought to kill you for talkin' like that about Star Cross."

Niles Peck was a man with a record of his own; he gave Tap a stiff look. "I ain't fightin' a dead man's battle and I know when a deal is dead."

Tap said, "Get out of my sight. Don't let me see you again."

"You won't," said Peck. "Nor any of the crew. When I reach home with the news we'll all be on the road."

He made a gradual turn around Tap in order to keep his right flank to the foreman, and so faded into the timber. Tap swung, again toward Stuart, and he grew still and this stillness was upon him for a quarter hour and tears ran down his cheeks and his face was the face of a lost man; for Star Cross was his life and Stuart was Star Cross, and all that was now destroyed.

He drew Stuart's coat together, and rose. He said aloud: "I will be back to take care of you, Mr. Stuart. But I got to even this thing first." He went to his horse, climbed to the saddle and picked up Trumbo's tracks in the soft carpet of the forest; he followed them to where they reached and crossed the main road, and he continued along with them.

TWO miles or more from Stuart's location, the tracks curved back to the main road and went downgrade through the road's dust. Tap bridled at the thought of Trumbo's brazen assurance and he said to himself: "I will watch him kick and I will watch him yell and I will spit in his face just before he dies!" His lips moved in relish of the thought; he dropped his head to study the pattern of Trumbo's tracks before him. The road at this point came near the rim of the canyon, so near that it reached the very margin of the great, long fall to the river, and made a quick bend away. A careful man in every respect, Tap looked behind him as he started around the bend, to be sure he was not being followed; and thereafter looked ahead—and saw one rider come slowly into sight below.

The rider likewise had his head down and so was not aware of Tap; and the rider was Ben Solvay. Tap pulled in his horse and he held himself quiet, watching Solvay daydream forward Between them lay two hundred yards of gray road dust glittering in the strong sunlight, so deep and soft that the sound of Solvay's traveling horse sank into it and died. Tap remembered one thing: Solvay had been with Horsehead and even though the distance was too great for a good shot, his jealous loyalty sent his hand down to the gun.

The shout of the bullet was a first warning of Tap's presence to the idle-riding Solvay. He yanked up his head so quickly that his hat fell off, and for an instant he stared at Tap, pulling his mind back to the present moment from the far place it had been. There was a startled break of feeling on his face and then as he grasped the situation he whirled his horse into the trees. Tap's second bullet followed him.

Tap flung his horse around and likewise ran for the trees. Reaching this shelter he started in Solvay's direction. He heard Solvay's horse whip through the pine branches and he had one fugitive view of the man, low-bent, rushing deeper away. He tried a third shot and was disgusted with himself; he changed directions to meet Solvay's slanting course—and suddenly he lost the sound of the horse.

He listened for it as he smashed into the timber; he went a hundred feet or more before his caution stopped him. He heard the blowing of his own horse and, bent forward in his stirrups, he thought he caught the rasp of Solvay's mount. The sound came out of the forward left. Solvay, he decided, was over

OUR TRADE MARK WINDBREAKER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

America's Most Famous Name in Jackets



$8.95

A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE

Lined with Brybro Rayon

VARIOUS COLORS, FABRICS & LININGS FOR MEN, BOYS & JUVENILES

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

JOHN RISSMAN & SON

MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

SAVE

A FEW MINUTES A DAY TO MASSAGE SCALP AND HAIR VIGOROUSLY



with this common-sense antiseptic hair tonic

JERIS

FOR ITCHING SCALP

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

ıere playing possum. Thinking it, he ›de straight on.

A bullet came through the timber and nashed his arm, driving it up toward ıs face. This was his right arm. He opped the horse and looked around im, toward his right, and found Solay standing no more than twenty feet way. Solvay had tricked him, had left is horse in the thicket and had run ack. Solvay said, "So long, Tap," and red again. His aim was spoiled by ap's side swing in the saddle, so that ıe bullet caught Tap high on the shoulder and keeled him against the saddle's orn. Tap fought himself upright, makıg no sound. He did this with a bitter, areful courage, never for a moment eakening in his hate or his singleinded intent.

Solvay's next shot hit him close to he heart.

THERE were these four around the table at the Gateway stage station—Luke Wall, Valencia, Ann and Tracy Coleman. Luke Wall said: "You need leep. I remember that I came out of that vater and never had my fill of bed for week. Have no worry about it, Colenan. No enemy of yours will cross this doorsill while you're here. Just tell me ne thing. Who are your enemies?"

"My father and my father's outfit," answered Ann, who had said almost nothing until now.

"I knew that already," said Luke Wall. "And who else?"

"Drew Trumbo," added Valencia.

"And I knew that, too. I just wanted to be sure. None of those will pass this door." He was a huge, flabby man with the face of an Oriental god; and his half-hidden eyes made their bland search of these people. "The outbound stage will be comin' down the hill in half an hour." He looked at Coleman. "If it is your intention to leave the country—" He let it ride and he sat gross and wholly comfortable in the chair.

Ann laid a quick glance on Coleman and brought it away; it was Valencia who continued to watch this man, Luke Wall observed, and as she watched him she betrayed herself.

"I'll go back to the Basin," said Coleman. He rose, clapping a hand to his tobacco pocket. He swung on Wall: "Give me something to smoke."

Luke handed him paper and sack and followed him out of the house. The two stood in the yard, under the strong sunshine and now and then their voices came murmuring back. Ann put her hands on the table, her attention falling to them. Suddenly she lifted her eyes and found Valencia Wilder watching. The girl's anxiety and urgent wonder tumbled out of her.

"How did you happen to be with him?"

"I wanted to be," said Ann.

She read the tempest that ran through Valencia Wilder; the girl's hot spirit was roused, she was again fighting the world for what she wanted—the world from which she had never known kindness. "Does he want you?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"You should know when a man wants you. I would know."

"Does he?" asked Ann.

Valencia sighed. "I was not with him long enough," she murmured.

"You were in the Horsehead house with him," pointed out Ann, civil and distant. "You were near him. You made him aware of that, didn't you?"

"I made him see me," said Valencia and was pleased by knowing how that remark would hurt Ann. Then she added in a less lively tone: "I made him want me, which any woman can do to any man. I do not know if it is more than that." She looked long at Ann, unfriendly and yet reluctantly honest. "Want and love are not always the same."

Ann rose from the table. She started toward the stairs. On the first step she paused to look back. "You can try again, perhaps—and perhaps find out," she murmured and went up the stairs.

Valencia feared and hated the other's composure. "She's cold," Valencia thought, but that was only a reflex of her dislike; her realist's mind knew better. She rose from the table as Wall and Coleman came into the room. Wall went on into the kitchen, closing the



"Always remember this: I may be dumb, see—but I'm impartial"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



EARLY AMERICAN

Old Spice*

SHAVE MUG $1.00

The Old Spice Shave Mug itself contains an eight to twelve months' supply of the famous Old Spice Shave Soap. Now you can keep the mug in constant use—always brimful of shaving pleasure—by simply inserting an Old Spice Refill, containing the same fine quality, free-lathering soap. Join the cheerful shavers—use Old Spice for more shaving comfort. *Also Old Spice After-Shave Lotion, Talcum, Bath Soap and Cologne, available individually or in sets. Each a Shulton original.*



*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

CHANGELESS



BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK • COPYRIGHT 1942

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

IN A WORLD OF CHANGE



YOU DON'T mind having "cuffless" trousers or "tailless" shirts or cutting down on sugar or Sunday driving . . . *no, sir, not if it helps win the war!*

And if the makers of your pet products have to make a few war-time changes, you'll play ball, just as every other red-blooded American will *for freedom's sake!*

But with all this changing going on, it's good to remember that OLD GRAND-DAD, OLD TAYLOR, OLD CROW, OLD OVERHOLT and MOUNT VERNON are products that needn't be and *won't* be changed as long as they are bonded whiskies! For generations these names have stood for the greatest bonded whiskies in the world.

Bonded whiskies are produced under the strict provisions of the Bottled-In-Bond Act which regulates the details of storage, aging, bottling and labeling to protect the whiskey until it reaches the consumer. The regulations are rigidly enforced and there are just no "cuffs" to trim off a bottle of bonded whiskey.

The only thing that can change is the price, and that only when the Government adds war taxes.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

door behind him. His heavy tread died away. Valencia turned and stepped to the fireplace, holding her back to Coleman, waiting for him to speak. She cried out silently to herself, "Let him come here, let him touch me!" She waited until she knew he wouldn't come to her; and then turned.

He had his eyes on her, he was thinking of her, and he seemed deliberately to be letting all of her into him. He wore a troubled expression, as though he struggled with himself; and thus he stood, a man caught in the contradictions of his own nature, heavy-whiskered and with the punishment of the river showing in him. He was very tired and his clothes were wet and the knuckles of his hands were blood-raw.

She stepped toward him and she thought of him in the unashamed physical way of a woman who wants a man with all her heart. She hoped he would see it, she hoped it would sway him, she hoped he would seize her and end the growing agony of waiting. She never knew what changed him or when the change happened but when he looked down at the floor everything was over and she had lost. The light went out of the room and she stood heavy and helpless before him.

"I thought," he said quietly, "you might have taken the stage out."

"I couldn't go until I found out what had happened to you."

"Will you be goin' now?"

"Yes."

HE SAID, "Solvay thinks a great deal of you."

She remembered Solvay for the first time that day. "Did he go back to you?"

"I didn't see him."

She said, "I sent him back, Tracy."

"He'll be somewhere in the hills. He's a good man."

She said, "I'll take the stage."

"That's goin' to be tough on him."

"People have to break their hearts once in a lifetime, Tracy." She thought steadily of Coleman, even as she tried to think of Solvay. "It will hurt him less to have me go than for me to marry him."

"I would not be surprised if he followed you."

The thought pleased her. "If he wishes me that much—" But she soberly put it aside. "If you see him and if he intends to follow me, try to stop him. He'd never be happy. Nor would I. He would remind me too much of—other things."

He looked at her with a kindness that hurt her terribly. Wanting so much from him, she had only this. He said, "I wish you a better deal, Valencia."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'll make my way."

He turned back to the yard, walking slowly beneath the sunshine. He stopped at the corral and laid his shoulders against it. He smoked out his cigarette and rolled four extra ones and laid them carefully on the top bar of the corral; he felt the sun go into him, he felt the water drip down along his body. He began to thaw and grow warm and as he grew warm his bruises increasingly ached; he shifted all weight from his bad leg.

Valencia was on his mind still but he saw her differently now and he was at peace with himself. Coming into the stage house he had faced her and he had deliberately let all the temptation and all the sweetness that she had make its way through him; he wanted to know about the dark, wayward side of him; he wanted to know if the unspoken offers of a woman could so ride and control him as to destroy the other things he felt. He had to know; and he knew now.

The echoes of a rider came down the narrow gorge of the trail. Coleman turned and reached to the top corral bar for a fresh cigarette. He placed the cigarette in his mouth and swung back—to see Drew Trumbo stopped at the mouth of the road, watching him across the width of the yard.

Trumbo had stopped. He sat still and was in hard, deep thought as he looked upon Coleman, and presently shook his head and got off the horse and moved forward, steadily and flat of foot. Coleman watched him come; he had the unlighted cigarette in his mouth. It sagged from the corner of his lip and his eyelids came close together and made pucker lines at the edges, as though actual smoke curled around his eyes. He was half-turned and his head bent somewhat aside, so that he watched Trumbo from a slanted position.

His range of vision ran beyond Trumbo, straight at the house. Luke Wall and Valencia were blurred figures against the wall and he saw Ann looking from an upper window. It occurred to him then that he had thus first seen her, framed between the curtains of that window and with lamplight behind her. She had been smiling and that smile had changed the course of his life, although he had not known it then.



COLLIER'S "You've got a mean streak in ya, Edwin—leave that burglary insurance policy in the drawer!" REAMER KELLER

HE HELD his slouched, off-balanced position, a heavy man with weariness in his bones. He knew what was coming and he knew Trumbo's character and his skill, and he was wondering how many other meetings like this there were in the book for him, how much hard luck, how much evil and torment. There never had been any smoothness in his life, never a day of golden ease. It had always been a fight—with the wind or the range or the sun, with a man, or with himself. Where was the day of ease?

Trumbo had stopped several moments before, and Trumbo again seemed to be listening to his inner conscience. He seemed to be waiting out Coleman as well, to be trying to break the other's stillness. Behind him was a faint racket in the gorge road, rising above the rush of the river. He heard that—and that apparently pushed him. He had said nothing; he said nothing now.

Coleman, closely watching, saw the man's shoulders lift one slightest moment before his hand dropped; on that signal Coleman drew and fired. He saw his bullet shake Trumbo and he watched Trumbo's gun drop, unused, to the full length of the man's arm, hold there a moment and then go sliding out of his fingers to the ground. Trumbo shook his head; an expression, dumb and dulling, showed on his face as he fell.

Wall came running forward, the lard fat on his body loosely shaking. The racket in the gorge grew and in another quarter minute the War Bonnet stage shot into the meadow, howled on its wheels and stopped before the station. The driver came down from his seat and ran at Trumbo. Halfway over the meadow he halted, turned and went back toward the stage. He clapped his hands against his pockets, stopped and drew out his plug tobacco and bit off a chunk; he circled the stage and leaned against the front wall of the house. Then he slid down on his haunches and began to draw lines in the dust with his forefinger—still watching the shape of Trumbo, dead in the yellow grass beyond him.

Wall slowed to a walk, looked down at Trumbo and came on. Great noises came out of his chest from his running and faint sweat glistened on his forehead; his big mouth hung open, sucking in air. His eyes, bedded back in their pouches, had a black, damp pleasure. He put an arm on the corral and thus supported himself.

"That man was tough before he came here," he said. "He had a record down the trail." He bent his head forward. "Where'd you get your trainin' at this business?"

"Down the trail," said Coleman and returned his gun to its holster. He stepped away from the corral and paused above Trumbo. "He wanted a lot of things. In due time he would have gotten them, but he couldn't wait. He thought the day was too short. Except for one thing, Luke, he was a good man."

"What thing?"

"He had no heart," said Coleman.

Wall said, "In my book a man is bad or he is good. He was just no good at all."

Coleman shrugged his shoulders. "Nothin' in my book is that certain." He lifted his head, facing the mouth of the gorge and the great mountain tiers rising before him, black-covered ever with the sun upon them; he stiffened and his chest arched and his eyelids pulled nearer and he looked upon the mountains with a bristling temper. "I wish," he said, "I did not have to sleep out half of this day."

Wall said dryly, "All that will keep. When you turn in you will not rise until mornin'. The river's been at you."

The two walked over the meadow. The stage driver rose up and said: "You goin' to change these horses?"

"Sure," said Wall. "Now."

The driver said, "That Trumbo there?"

"Trumbo," said Wall.

"Change the horses," said the driver. "I want to get down into the clear country. I see Niles Peck on the road, up at the summit. He says Trumbo has just killed Stuart. I come down to Potter's Point and I pass Solvay who says he's just left Tap in the brush. Tap goes after him but is slow. Tap's dead. Change the horses, Luke."

WALL set about unhitching; he led the four horses away toward the barn. Valencia stood in the doorway and watched Coleman and stepped aside to let him pass in. He crossed to the stairs and turned back to look at her; she was still watching him.

"Goodby, Tracy."

"So long," he said and went up the stairs. He followed the short hall and knocked at the door of the front room. He heard Ann's voice and opened the door and stepped in. She stood in the middle of the room. He went toward her and looked down; he saw nothing on her face and he felt afraid.

"You heard that driver?"

"Yes."

"Nothing for me to say about your father. But for you it is hard."

"I could cry very easily. Not for him but for everything nice he threw away. Some thought and some feeling rose behind her gravity. "You are out of trouble. Are you going back to the East?"

"Ann," he said, "one thing never changes. What is the need of my telling you? You know what it is. It was in your eyes when I saw you here last night, in the barn; it has been there ever since. You could love a man, if you found the man. If I am that man, then I have found what I want."

"You might have said that last night. You knew it then."

"I had to know somethin' about myself. There have been no women but you and none will come after. That is what I had to know."

"You are a faithful man, Tracy."

"Faithful?" he said, and there came into his glance a smile and a light. He took her and kissed her and his heavy whiskers stung her and the hardness of his arms hurt her; and she lay in his arms and answered his need with her own. She was smiling with her heart heavy with the goodness that had

THE END

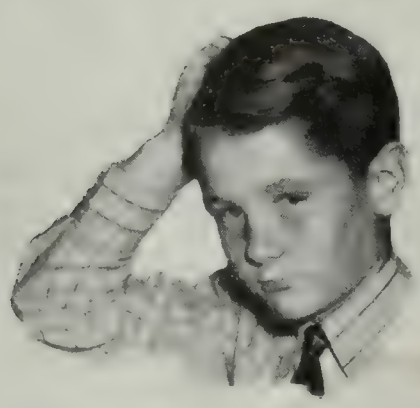


"Things were tough, 'till Pop and me saw eye-to-eye"

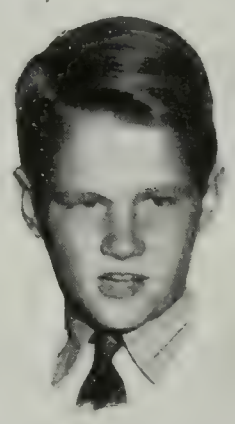
(Perhaps you've got a Sandy Smith problem in your home)



e, I was in a jam! For three nights straight, caught me asleep at my desk when I was posed to be studyin'. Was he burned up!



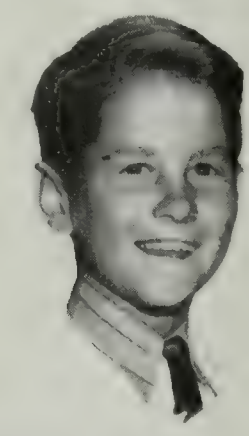
"Boy, it was a problem. Then, today the teacher told us that all kids need a good light for studyin' so they won't strain their eyes.



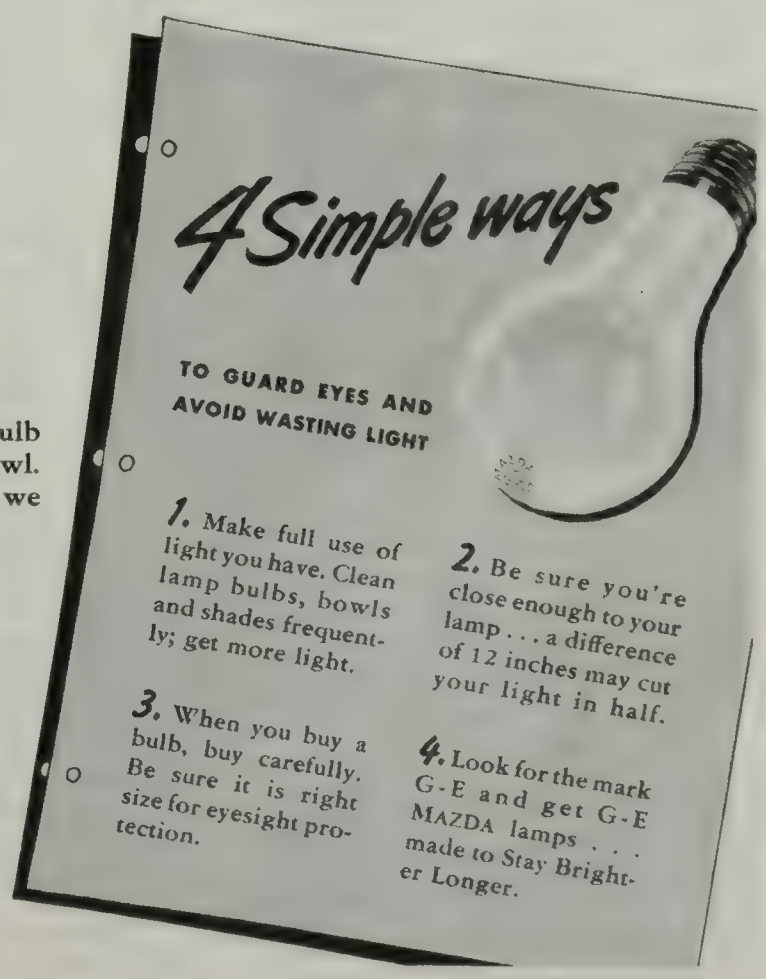
"So I looked at the bulb in my study lamp. It sure was little. I told Pop about it and asked for the bulb from his lamp. 'Nix!' snorts Pop, 'nothing wrong with your lamp. Let's see it.'



m heard the commotion so she came along. sat down and Mom watched. Then she in: 'So there's nothing wrong with Sandy's p, eh? Then why are *you* squinting?'



"Pop caught on fast. He put a 100-watt bulb in my lamp. And he even washed the bowl. Now when I ask Pop about arithmetic, we see eye to eye!"



WITH many folks using their eyes as much as one-third more, the right light to protect eyes from strain is important. On the home front, as well as on production lines, remember that electricity and eyesight are both vital. Let's conserve them both. Toward this end, General Electric offers the simple suggestions at the right; and for war plants, large and small, offers a free lighting check-up by G-E engineers.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

END

Jumping-Horse Man

Continued from page 11

wouldn't've thought so, unless you happen to be a jumping-horse man. He wasn't a sleek-curved fancy-dan horse; he was a big, rawboned brown colt. He had the shoulder, and he had the hindquarters—and the clincher was the mark of a hobble on his hide. I got so excited I forgot to play dumb.

"Look, Farn!" I said, pointing to the hobble rub.

He gave me a look that would have frozen a grapefruit, and then calmly walked over to a chestnut mare near by, and said, "Yep, bub, she's a nice 'un, ain't she?" He walked around and around her. He didn't give the brown colt another glance.

"How much for this mare?" Farn asked, finally.

The farmer pulled at his mustache. "Well, I don't scarcely know what to ask for that horse."

"I couldn't pay a big price."

"It's hard to say," the farmer kept muttering. But finally he said, "I ought not to do it; but if you want that mare you can have her for two hundred dollars."

Farn looked unhappy, and said, "That's too much for a poor man to put into a horse. Much obliged for letting me look. Come on, bub."

The farmer pointed to the brown colt and said, "How you like that 'un?"

"That gawky 'un?" Farn said.

"He'll fill out a right smart. He ain't but four. I got more horses than I can feed, and I'll give you a pretty good price on him, if you can use him."

When it was all settled, and the colt belonged to Farn, we drove off. Farn didn't say a word, and I kept watching him. But watching him didn't help. When he got around a bend, he stopped the old car and gave me a hard one with the back of his hand.

"Next time keep your trap shut," he said quietly.

"Okay," I said, spitting some blood from my mouth.

WHEN Pop had seen he was on his way out, he had called me in and said, "Jerry, kid, I got a couple of things to say. When I'm gone, you stick with Sadie."

"I'm sixteen. I can look out for me."

"Maybe it's her I want looked out for."

"Maybe she don't want me."

"You stick anyway, until you know she can get along."

"One more thing now," he said. "What you want to make out for yourself?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"I'd like you to be a lawyer, or a radio man, or something like that, if you feel like it. You got no bug to be a chaser jock, have you?"

"I don't know. You never let me jump a horse."

"And with reason. If you ever took four and a half feet on a good strong horse, you'd never be satisfied doing anything that would make you any money. I ain't going to say yes nor no about it, but my advice to you is never ride a jumping horse once. That's all I got to say."

He left me two hundred and fifty bucks at the bank, and told me not to use it until I needed it. He hadn't been long gone before I knew I'd need it soon. Farn, with his flashy show horses, his hundred-dollar coats and deep-shining boots, had taken Sadie over—or at least as much as any man could take Sadie over. It was odd man out, and the odd man was me. I was in Sadie's way, and I was a nuisance to Farn; so I figured I'd be leaving soon.

On Tuesday the brown colt, Benjie, arrived. I was at the barn when he came, and he walked down out of the truck as calm as if he rode trucks all the time. Sadie and Farn came down presently. Sadie stayed sort of near the door, for she did not like stable smells.

"Saddle him," Farn said, "and let's see how much of a jumper we've got."

Farn left the stirrups long, for he was a gaited-horse man, not a jumper really. But he did know enough to trot around a bit to warm up the horse's muscles. At first Benjie was lazy; the only thing he did was throw his head a little after Farn's heavy hands began to hurt his tender mouth.

Meanwhile Perk and I set up the jump. We put the bar at two feet, like we had been told. The jump didn't have any wings. Sadie watched Farn, not the colt.

BENJIE looked at the bar with some curiosity as he trotted toward it, but no fear. Farn tried to make him gallop, but Benjie wouldn't bother. He didn't need to—he went over the bar as pretty as you ever saw.

"So far, so good," grunted Perk.

"Put it up to three," Farn said.

"A whole foot?" I asked.

"You heard me."

Again Benjie came trotting leisurely, his ears forward. He was lazy, all right, or perhaps not feeling very peppy after his truck ride. At any rate, he carelessly struck the bar with his hind foot. When he did it the second time, Farn jerked Benjie's mouth angrily.

"Get my whip," he said.

Perk nodded. "A little slashing is just what that horse needs."

The first time Farn's whip cut into his belly, Benjie jumped in astonishment. Farn kept laying it on. I turned my head away, but I could still hear the *whup, whup, whup*. Sadie called, "I wish you wouldn't do that in your good clothes."

Benjie tried to run, but Farn kept him tight-checked, so that he could only wheel and dance frantically and perhaps wildly wonder what he was being punished for. But, of course, he wasn't being punished; he was simply being given the standard horse-show method for keying up a docile horse. Farn liked keying them up that way.

Then he turned him toward the jump, cut him again sharply with the whip, and loosened the reins. Benjie shot away and cleared the jump by a foot. On landing he tried to bolt, but Farn hit him hard with the curb and brought him around in a circle and stopped him sharply.

He jumped him several times more, even to four feet, and Benjie never touched. But he was scared and nervous and wouldn't be still between jumps. I remember hearing Pop say, one time, that a scared horse isn't a safe one. I don't guess there's anything more scared than a scared horse.

"Well," Farn said to Sadie when he was through, "it looks like I've added a jumper to my string. Let's go to the Palms and get a drink on it."

"With you looking like that?" she said disdainfully. "Not me. I'll see you later."

I cooled Benjie off, and put him up. He wouldn't eat anything at all that night, and drank only in short, nervous draughts. I tried to talk to him and get him calmed down, but he couldn't get used to the strange new and apparently hostile life into which he had been thrust.

"Some day, boy, I'll even up with him for today," I muttered.

Next morning he was better, and he ate. I hung around his stall and gave him a carrot and tried to make him forget the day before. But there didn't seem to be much point to it, for I knew many days like that one were coming for him.

And they did come. Farn would phone down to the stable and tell Perkinson to get the jumping horse ready, and Perk would put a light blanket on Benjie to keep from cutting his hide, and then lay on to him with a rubber hose until the colt was fit to go crazy. Then Farn would arrive, mount, and put him over some jumps.

With Farn in the saddle Benjie was hardly a sane horse. His jumping went from bad to worse. Whenever Farn headed him for a jump, Benjie would bolt wildly toward it; sometimes he would clear by a foot and sometimes he would knock the bars flying.

Perk said, finally, "Looks like we bought a fool."

"I knew that damned farmer was a crook time I saw him!" Farn said angrily. "Well, keep your mouth shut about this horse and maybe we can load him on somebody."

Having given up on Benjie, Farn didn't bother with him, and day by day the horse got quieter, and ate better. But all Farn had to do was walk up to the door, and Benjie would start fretting jittery. "A fool," Farn said in disgust. "But we'll stick somebody with him."

One moonlight night I led Benjie from his stall and saddled him. He showed some nervousness as I mounted, and if I had raised my hand he'd have tried to bolt. But I sat very quietly paying no attention to his restless turning. After a few minutes I nudged him slightly, and he sprang away in a short, high-kneed, sideways gallop. I reined him in to a stop, and then started him again. Finally I was able to get him to walk away, and that was what I wanted for an hour I walked him, and when I put him in the stall he was as quiet as a kitten.

EVERY night, now, I rode Benjie and eventually I was convinced that away from Perk and Farn he would be a quiet and dependable horse. "I force long," I said, "we're going to be seeking out of here. And some day we'll come back." I knew that Benjie could be bought, and that he was a good one. I'd never really thought of jumping him, because I figured that, in his mind, he'd always connect the jumping standard with the pain Farn had inflicted.

But on this night I happened to ride near the jump, and instead of shying from it, he threw his ears forward and seemed waiting to see if I was going to send him into it. I took him around the training ring again, and this time I headed him straight for the jump.

The bar must have been at about four feet, but I was afraid that if I stopped to lower it I'd lose my nerve. I don't remember passing over the bar. I just remember taking off, and then feeling of being way up in the air, and the ground rushing up in that timeless moment of descent. Even as Benjie's front feet struck, I had a quick fear that the crushing downweight would crack his leg bones. And then we were level, and Benjie was galloping easily around the ring. My hands were still not touching on the reins. Finally Benjie slowed down, stopped, and began grazing at the center of the ring. Many minutes passed before my heart stopped pounding. And then a hot fire seemed to burn in my chest, and from that moment on I was a jumping-horse man.



RESIST Every Threat to your *Health!*

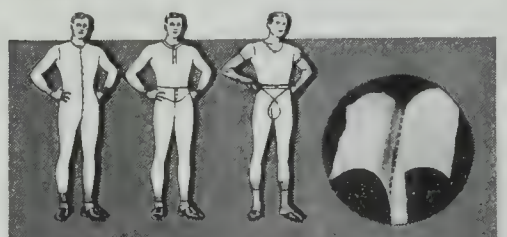
America needs men who can *stay* on the job!

Resistance to the enemy begins with strict adherence to the rules of health.

Diet . . . rest . . . exercise . . . fresh air . . . relaxation . . cheerfulness . . personal hygiene . . . avoidance of infections. Respiratory disorders alone caused a loss of 45 million man-days in '41!

Duofold Underwear plays a part in the program for national health protection in winter. Its two thin layers aid materially in conserving bodily warmth and energy. On the principle of 2-layer insulation, with air space between, it helps keep resistance *up* without having to be made heavy or bulky.

Duofold, Inc. • Mohawk, N. Y.



Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

Two days later I waited impatiently old John Stewart's filling station. hat clothes I had were in a bundle ide in the corner by the air com- essor. Finally old John drove in and t his car under the greasing shed. He d been a friend of Pop's and now he s being a friend to me.

"You have any customers?" he asked.

"Three. Did you get him?"

"I guess you collected their ration pons and all."

"Sure I did. Did you get him?" I de- nded.

"Yes, I got him," he answered, and nded me a ten-dollar bill. "He's a d trader. This is all you have com- back."

"That's okay. I still got a bargain."

Presently John's Negro, Robert, came dvn the street, and he was leading njie.

"Well," John said, "There's your se."

WINDOW PAIN

"YOU," said the sergeant look- ng over a Camp Roberts (Calif.) latoon and allowing his glance to est on Pvt. Lloyd Moore, "are bout to be honored with a very mportant assignment. Follow ne, chum."

An hour later the sergeant trolled around to see how Pri- ate Moore was getting along ith his window washing. Private Moore was doing all right.

On one side of him, as he lan- uidly swept the fog from the anes, was an attractive girl hap- ily wringing out cloths and hand- ng them to him. On the other ide was another attractive girl, ho left the scene only long nough to refill pails of water.

"This is my wife," Private Moore blithely told the sergeant, and a friend of ours."

As the sergeant walked away Irs. Moore asked Private Moore: Do all sergeants walk like that— ith their shoulders sort of bowed, nd shaking their heads from one de to the other?"

njie knew me. He smelled me, gave little push with his nose, and then ed indifferently around at the town. horse. My horse Benjie.

m glad to help you, Jerry," old said. "When you leaving?"

ow."

ood luck, son. Find you a good job stick to it. And listen, there's a lot uff behind you now, and you want rget it."

o," I answered, "I ain't forgetting ng."

topped at a little crossroads Florida for some sardines—with my last —and when I came out a car had n up. It was a coupé not old but y well banged up, and the driver brown old guy with a big hat, and e him was a girl, his daughter I d. She had a flowered handker- or something around her hair, and as sure pretty.

e man said, "Son, will that horse cattle?"

id, "Yes, sir, he sure will."

e's mighty long and gawky-looking cow horse," the man said. "You f work?"

he girl hadn't been there I guess ve told the truth, but I said, "Not ly. I'm on my way to Miami to he horse show."

didn't know about any horse show ami," the man said, puzzled. Then med to catch on, and he said. "I'm of hands, and we've got a lot of work coming up. If you got time to stop off a while, and if you think your horse will work cows, I can give you a job."

So that's how I got out to this cattle ranch, and that's how I met Betty, the ranchman's daughter. That's where I first knew Billy O'Day too. Billy was short and tough and simple-minded. He was a little out of shape from getting tossed off bucking horses and Brahmas, for every year he left to travel a couple of months with the rodeo.

It soon was plain that Benjie wasn't a cattle horse. He caught on to chasing steers, and for his size, even got pretty quick at cutting and turning. But when I tried to whirl a rope off him he nearly went out of his head. It was too much like Farn's whip.

They kept me on, though, because they didn't have enough hands as it was. In the afternoons, late, I'd take Benjie out in the pasture and jump him. I've known a lot of jumping horses since then, but honest, there never was another like Benjie. Chasing cows had been good for him, for now all he needed to liven him up was a touch of a spur. And he loved to jump. He tried to jump anything I'd aim him at, no matter how high.

"When they start gitting the rodeo together, Jerry," Billy O'Day said, "you ought to go with me, and take that horse."

"He ain't a rodeo horse."

"They got all kinds of acts, gosh a-mighty. Trick horses and a lot of stuff. We'll git you up an act. I'll tell you what, I'll lay down on top of my horse and let you jump over us. I could lay on my back on the horse like I was a-laying up in my bunk, smoking a cigarette and reading a funny book, and you could come along and jump over us."

"You must be crazy," I said.

Betty must have heard about this, because she was down at the pasture one day watching me jump Benjie, and when I stopped she said, "Are you going away with Billy?"

"I got to make some money someway."

"I wish you didn't have to go," she said. She looked at me, and finally she asked, "What is it you carry on your mind all the time, Jerry?"

"I don't carry anything on my mind."

She said, "If you ever come by this way, stop in to see us. Maybe you might even write us a postcard sometime."

"Sure I will."

"Look," she said suddenly. "Why don't you enter Benjie in the Florida Southern show? Dad says they've got a big jumper stake. He goes down every year to see that show."

"I'll sure try to make it." But I didn't know where I'd be when that show came off.

THE rodeo manager looked at me and then at Benjie, and he said, "A lot of horses can jump."

Billy O'Day said, "Not like this one, Mr. Donly."

Donly nodded at me. "Let me see something special."

I mounted and wondered what I could do that would seem special. Then I noticed his car over by a tree; it was a convertible with the top down. I touched Benjie with the spur, and headed him straight for the automobile. I held him straight, gave him a little more spur, and he surged right over it.

"That's okay," Donly said. "But not new."

"I ain't come to the main part," I said. I dismounted, took off the saddle, bridle and everything, and Benjie didn't have on anything but the shoes on his feet. Then I squirmed up on him, put my belt around his neck to steer him with, and started him toward the car again. He jumped it as slick and as calm as anything you ever saw, and I neck-reined him back to where Donly and Billy O'Day stood.

"Now you're talking!" Donly said, and Billy winked at me.

It wasn't as hard as it looked. A car with the top down, these days, isn't more than about four feet high, and a horse naturally gets some breadth in a four-foot jump. Staying on without a saddle is easy if you've got balance and a little grip in your legs. Of course without a bit, Benjie could have turned out if he'd wanted to, or run away after landing; but jumping was what he liked, and he was too lazy to run away without he had been scared or something.

One night we were in Dothan, Alabama, and it was dusty and those Brahmas were just mean as hell, and Billy O'Day got tossed right quick. It looked to me like the Brahma stepped on him, but in the dust you never can tell. I went around behind the chutes, and they had pulled Billy's boot off. The cowboys and cowgirls were standing around him, bright-colored in their red and yellow silk as they waited for the horseback quadrille and one of the girls spat angrily and said, "That old Brahma stepped on Billy's foot."

THE doctor took us up to his office, and while he worked on Billy I looked at the papers and magazines. Then is when I saw this picture. It was a man and a horse taking a jump, and the words at the bottom read: FAMOUS PAIR TO APPEAR IN JUMPER STAKE AT FLORIDA SOUTHERN SHOW. *Rudolph Farn and his sensational new jumper, Altimeter, will be among the stars performing next week at the horse show which annually attracts horse owners and riders throughout the South.*

The picture of Farn sent a cold shudder of anger over me, and for a moment the picture blurred out. But that horse looked good; he was jumping clean, and clearing by just a fraction, the way a good horse does. His mouth was open, and I knew Farn's tight rein was doing that. He looked to be brown, and about Benjie's size. I wondered what kind of disposition he had, to survive Farn's training methods.

I took the paper into the office, and Billy was lying on his back with his hands behind his head, telling the doctor how he'd once seen a Brahma tear down a wire fence he'd got hung in. I held the picture in front of Billy.

"I'm going to that show," I said evenly.

"Okay. I might as well go too. I won't be able to do nothing with this foot," Billy said. "Durn, that's some horse, ain't he? Read me what it says—I forgot my glasses."

I read it to him—Billy can't read, but he doesn't like for anybody to know it—and when I got through he said, "You know that feller?"

"Yes, I know him."

"You sort of sounded like you did."

It was sure a spangle of a show. In the stall next to the one they gave me was a golden five-gaited stallion that kept moving about and squealing and occasionally kicking at the boards that separated him from Benjie. On the other side, a woman was washing a pure white walking-horse colt that was entered in the mare-and-colt class. The place was full of horses and horse smells and horse talk. People strolled by the stalls, and they admired the stallion and then the colt, and they stared at Benjie and asked one another what a horse like that was doing at a horse show. From the ring the amplifiers rattled and croaked and finally said something or other. Benjie stood at the door and looked at the scene with indifference.

But his indifference vanished when



KAYWOODIE *briar*

A very unusual wood, from which the best smoking pipes in the world have been made for the last 100 years. It will not grow in the United States—only in the Mediterranean area now shut off by war. Enough is on hand, seasoning in Kaywoodie bins, to satisfy normal requirements for several years. The Kaywoodie Briar in each Kaywoodie Pipe is older than you are, even if you're among the oldest of gentlemen. No other material (many are now being used) smokes as sweetly, serenely, and satisfyingly.

A Kaywoodie is always leisurely and gentle—always relaxes and pleases. Nothing could be more welcome, where smokers are concerned, to have, or to give. A Kaywoodie becomes a man's treasured possession, like his watch—and its Flavor, a favorite taste, like a special dish. Kaywoodies of all shapes and sizes are at dealers everywhere. $3.50 to $100.

The pipe in this picture is a "Billiard" shape Kaywoodie, $3.50

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON
In New York . . . 630 Fifth Avenue



I don't remember taking off—just being way up in the air

Farn appeared. I'll tell the truth—if it had occurred to me that Benjie would have remembered Farn, or that Farn would try to be so clever, I don't believe I'd have come. My only thought had been that I'd show Farn up by jumping so high he'd lose his guts or either bust his neck; but I wasn't even sure of doing this after hearing about that horse, Altimeter.

I was picking Benjie's feet when Farn and Sadie came. Benjie stiffened, and he threw his head up, and stood there like a buck scenting danger, and when I turned around there they were. Sadie looked like a movie actress, and Farn, with his neat-cut blond mustache and his tweed riding coat, had enough front for even Sadie. I later found out they got married two weeks before.

"Hello, Jerry," Sadie said. "Why did you go off without telling anybody?"

"I just left," I said. I was watching Benjie out of the corner of my eye. He still hadn't moved a muscle; I guess he was trying to place Farn.

"It wasn't very grateful of you, after all we'd done for you," Farn said reasonably, tapping his boots with his riding whip. He was watching Benjie, too.

"Such as what?"

Suddenly Farn leaned forward and pointed the whip at Benjie and shook it in his face, and said, "Isn't that the horse I used to own?"

Benjie jumped straight backward, banging a board off the back of the stall, and his eyes rolled white. Quickly I slipped a stirrup iron off a saddle, and holding it by the leather I stepped outside and shut the upper half of the stall door behind me.

"Get away from here," I said.

"Sorry," Farn said smoothly. "I'd forgotten that horse was so—eccentric."

I went back in and began trying to quiet Benjie. He settled down quicker than I did; for I was still sore when somebody else stopped at the door, and I whirled and there was Betty. She wore dark glasses, and that kerchief thing around her hair like when I first saw her, and right away I began to forget about Farn.

"I'm so glad to see you, Jerry!" she said.

I shook her hand and forgot to turn it loose. I hadn't ever had a girl, not a real girl of my own, and now all of a sudden I knew I had one and it was Betty, and the feeling was like that night when I rode Benjie and headed him for the jump for the first time, a sort of choked-up, half-scared excitement. Now she was telling me about coming down with her father and everything, and all I could say was, "Well, I declare. Well, I declare."

FARN'S horse, Altimeter, was everything they had said. I saw that before the bar got to four feet. The crowd had overflowed the bleacher seats and boxes and were packed three deep around the rail, and all of them were keyed up the way a jumper class always gets them.

Altimeter had been talked about a lot, and they gave him a big hand every time he went into the ring. After seeing him jump a few times, I knew why Farn hadn't been able to ruin him. Altimeter was a hot horse—he was born fiery and excited, and instead of needing keying up, he had to be held in. When he saw a jump ahead, he tried to go for it wide open, and it was all Farn's heavy hunting pelham could do to hold him in until he got there. Then Altimeter would sail over as pretty as anything you ever saw.

After the bar got past four feet, horses began dropping out. Each horse had two tries, and then it was goodby. Neither Altimeter nor Benjie had even nicked. Farn had not spoken to me, but I kept my eye on him. As the bar approached five feet, and Benjie was still going over easy as jumping a log, Farn began to look at us like he hadn't noticed we were there.

First thing I had done was to spot Betty, sitting with her father, and every time I finished my jump amid the clapping, it was her smile that was my applause. Benjie had grown applause-conscious long ago, in the rodeo, and he ate it up. He always did better in a performance than in practice. I was sure proud of my horse this day, there seemed no limit to what he could do. Altimeter was going nicely, too.

THE bar had passed six feet before either of us had to use his second jump, and it was Altimeter who missed. He cleared on his second try; and Farn brought him around while they moved the bar up.

I must have been watching Betty when it happened. All of a sudden there Farn was beside me, and Altimeter, whirling and dancing as if unmanageable, crashed into Benjie. Farn shouted at Altimeter, "Here, you, sah!" and while we were jammed up together he struck his spur into Benjie, and swished his whip overhead. At once Benjie reared and fell away in fright, and then bolted toward the rail. I got him turned just before he would have jumped it and landed in a crowded box. I couldn't hold him with that snaffle, but I drew him around in smaller circles until finally he stopped and stood there with feet apart, trembling. There was a hush over the crowd.

"Are you ready, Number Eighteen?" blared the amplifier.

I wasn't near ready, not with my horse half out of his head, but I couldn't wait. It was my time to jump, and I had either to try or get out. So I worked Benjie into the ring and got him headed right. He shot wildly toward the standard, not seeming to feel my sawing at his mouth. There were four bars—he sent the whole bunch of them scattering.

"Now look what you did!" I scolded him. Knocking the bars off seemed to get his mind off Farn's whip for just a moment, because that was a new experience for him. While this was still on his mind I brought him around again and by that time the attendants had put the bars back up. We came in fast—too fast—but this time Benjie was rating himself. I don't know how high that bar was, but it was sure up there. Benjie took off, and the ground seemed miles below. I heard one of his hind feet tick the top bar, but when I looked back it was still there and the crowd let out a roar.

I rode straight to where Betty sat, and I pointed to the kerchief on her head.

"Loan me that," I said, "for luck."

She gave it to me and said, "It should be a glove, really."

I don't know what she meant by that, but I took the kerchief and ran it under Benjie's bridle and over his eyes, so that he was blindfolded, yet with one snatch I could pull it away.

"What's that for?" the ringmaster asked.

"To keep him from getting dust in his eyes," I said. "Monkey dust."

Altimeter ticked the bar and it slid to the edge of the peg and stayed. That's the way the crowd liked them, close. Farn came riding toward me, laughing loudly and talking to me as if we were having the friendliest kind of competition.

"Keep away!" I told him.

But he rode right straight to me laughed, "They're making us re jump, are they, Jerry?" and slapped thigh with his hand—the hand that the whip in it. The whip passed wit six inches of Benjie's head. Benjie di see it. Benjie didn't move. I wal him out onto the ring, headed him ward the jump, and leaning forw snatched the blindfold away. The saw how high the bar had got, and throat froze. But rather than let horse sense how scared I was, I him my heel. We took off, and for long moment seemed to hang over bar. I felt Benjie's hindquarters sideways to clear, and next the gr rushed up like on a roller coaster we were going down and down and we landed and when I looked back a bar had moved.

"Benjie," I said, all choked up, horse Benjie."

Farn had been trying to hold meter and now he eased off and horse went into the jump. I saw th was going to miss from the way tried to sort of lift him off, and meter's front hoof struck. It wa first really bad jump he had made Farn was furious.

All the way back around for hi try, Farn nagged Altimeter with th and the horse began fighting him that made Farn madder, and sud he cut Altimeter under the belly his whip. The horse jumped in and astonishment, learning for th time the meaning of the thing his carried in his hand. The whip on meter was a mistake, and ever knew it as soon as they started t the jump. I remembered what Po said, "A scared horse is never one"—and Altimeter was scared.

Let me make one thing clear. I want this. I had plenty against and I'm sure he had it coming t but I hadn't asked for anythin what happened.

What happened was, Altimete his front feet on the top bar, one o side, scissorslike. Farn went of of sideways, but still holding the They came down in a sprawl. An they struck, Farn was on the b

A GASP went up from the crow then Altimeter got to his fe trotted off with the saddle unc belly. Farn lay there on his si moving, and a woman screamed knew it was Sadie.

The crowd forgets quickly. T class had come, the open five- and the horses were racking aro ring with manes flying when Bill O'Day came to where Betty and sitting and said that Farn's pel broken. Betty said that would g wouldn't it, and I just told her didn't tell her that Farn's self- walk would now be a more of way shuffle, and I didn't tell h his wife, Sadie, liked front. I di her how Sadie had lost interest when he got his, and how F taken her over.

"Did you notice how much A and Benjie are of a size and c asked presently.

"Yes," Betty said.

"I guess Altimeter will be f Billy said.

"I might try to buy him," I nally. This is what I have in m I think it would make a fine ac rodeo. Instead of jumping the car with one horse, suppose I with two horses at one time, up with a foot on each one? Th be a real sight, especially with and Benjie matched up so wel

I think it would be a fine a O'Day thinks so too. Betty think so much of it.

THE END

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Important War Work—



You bet it is!—few duties on the home front are more important than providing your family with plenty of the right kinds of foods . . . for strength and morale.

No wonder, then, that during these vital times more American women depend upon A&P Super Markets for food than upon any other single source.

These new, modern food department stores offer fine things to eat in wide variety . . . over 2000 different items. Everything you need . . . from breakfast fruit juice to dinner dessert . . . for every meal of the week. And prices are low every day from Monday through Saturday.

Visit your A&P Super Market today! See the mammoth Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Department . . . the tidy Dairy Centers complete with the finest dairy foods. See the big Meat, Poultry and Fish Department . . . the great Grocery Section literally bulging with bargains . . . the spick and span Baked Goods Department with its oven-fresh breads, cakes and donuts.

You get more food for your money at your A&P Super Market . . . because these big food department stores operate at a low storekeeping expense even A&P could not heretofore achieve. Your A&P Super Market enables you to get all your food needs with only one stop. Thus you save time, your car and tires . . . and money, too.

And say . . . it's really fun to go A&P Super Marketing!

U SAVE UP TO 25%* ON MANY FINE FOODS

ny A&P brands (sold only at A&P) save you up to 25% com- d to the prices usually asked for other nationally known prod- of comparable quality. Try a selection of these favorites . . .

ght O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees
hite House Evaporated Milk
Ann Page Foods
arvel "Enriched" Bread
ue Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts
ctar and Our Own Teas
A&P Canned Fruits & Vegetables
Sunnyfield Butter
Mel-O-Bit Cheese
White Sail Household Products
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Sunnyfield Hams & Smoked Meats
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

© 1942 — The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.



SAVE *your Tires... Car... Time*
... and
SAVE MONEY TOO!

A&P SUPER MARKETS

TAKE IT, MISTER!

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Consider the flight instructor, that unsung hero who with infinite skill and wisdom and patience is building a nation of fighting fliers

STANDING here on the flying line and squinting into the air is like looking up from under water at a swarm of tiny brilliant-colored tropical fish. The white crushed-shell landing strip and the hangars and waving palm trees are the toy garden at the bottom of a big glass aquarium. All around you and above you, the schools of yellow-and-blue training ships are spinning and rolling, basking and playing in the water-blue sky. They circle the rim of the bowl, fin lazily for a moment, dart so swiftly that you wouldn't be surprised to see them leave a wake of bubbles in the air.

One of the yellow-and-blue fish quits the surface of the bowl and reluctantly wriggles down toward you. It banks abruptly to the left, levels off again, so near the ground now that you're conscious for the first time of its speed as the yellow wings race past the treetops. There's a faint screech when the wheels first touch the strip, and the little biplane bounces a couple of times, and halts beside you. The instructor in the front cockpit shoves his goggles up on his forehead and turns to the cadet behind him:

"All right, mister," he says casually as he climbs out, "take it around yourself a couple of times."

They're words to you; but then, of course, you're a mere earthbound creature who couldn't understand. You couldn't know these dozen words will sing in the ears of this cadet all through the rest of his training, and after he gets his wings, and even when he's flying a B-17 or a B-24 over Tokyo or Berlin.

Years later, he'll still recall every detail of the scene: his instructor's face, the sunshine, the hangars, the palm trees, the bright flowers in the grass, yourself standing here beside the strip and watching him. You've achieved immortality. You're part of an ineffable memory he'll carry with him the rest of his life: the moment of his first solo.

For this is Primary School, all-important stage in the Army Air Forces pilot-training program, the nine-week elementary period in which a cadet changes, miraculously, from a land animal to an air animal. He arrives here after a brief conditioning course at Pre-Flight School, a raw recruit who doesn't know the difference between a ground loop and a lazy eight. Here he gets his hand on the throttle and control stick for the first time. Here he learns firsthand the whys and why-nots of aeronautics and forms the deep-seated flying habits that will affect all the rest of his career.

"Seventy-five per cent of avoidable air accidents," says the British Air Ministry, "result from slack habits formed in primary training."

Here he goes through the most crucial moment in his entire six months of instruction and he does it under the persistent, nagging, worried, ruthless, loving guidance of a man who is at once a toughened cloud-buster who could fly the rudder off an old Jenny, a fretting mother hen, a skillful psychoanalyst, a fiend incarnate, and the best friend the cadet will have in all his life.

It's a unique relationship betw instructor and the five or six cadet flight. "Pigeons," he calls them. " another of my pigeons out of the day."

You see him hurrying across the at the end of a day's work surrou an eager knot of cadets who bomb with questions: "Sir, why did she out on me today when I was rec from that slow roll?"

"Sir, why did I have so much trying to hold her on a course?"

"Sir, what makes it pull to the le time like it does?"

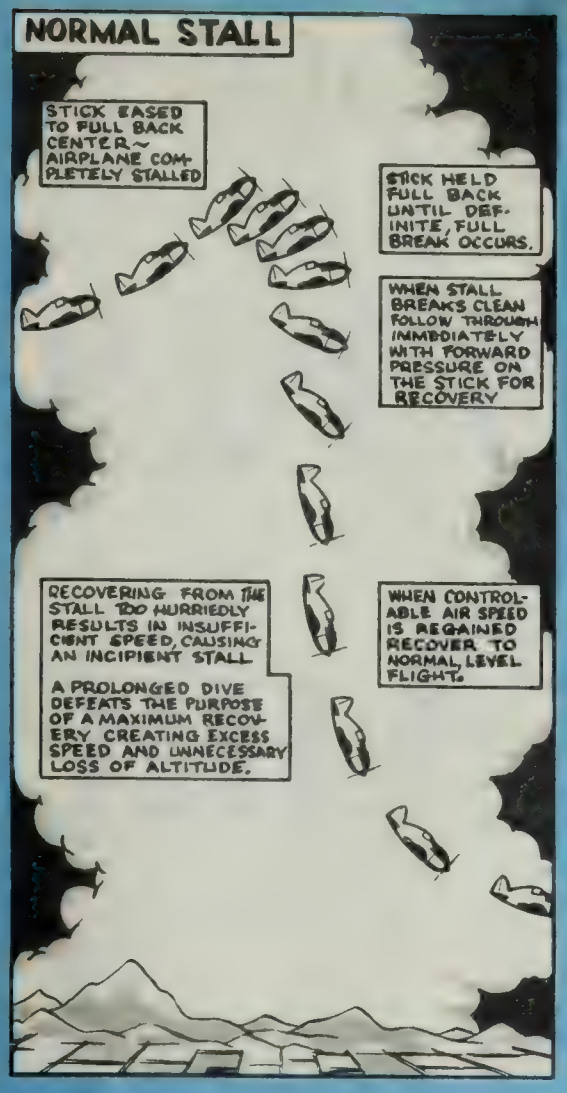
"You've got to learn to use son der," the instructor says, over his der, "to correct for torque. Keep at it. It'll come."

"I guess," a discouraged cadet bles, "I just wasn't born to fly."

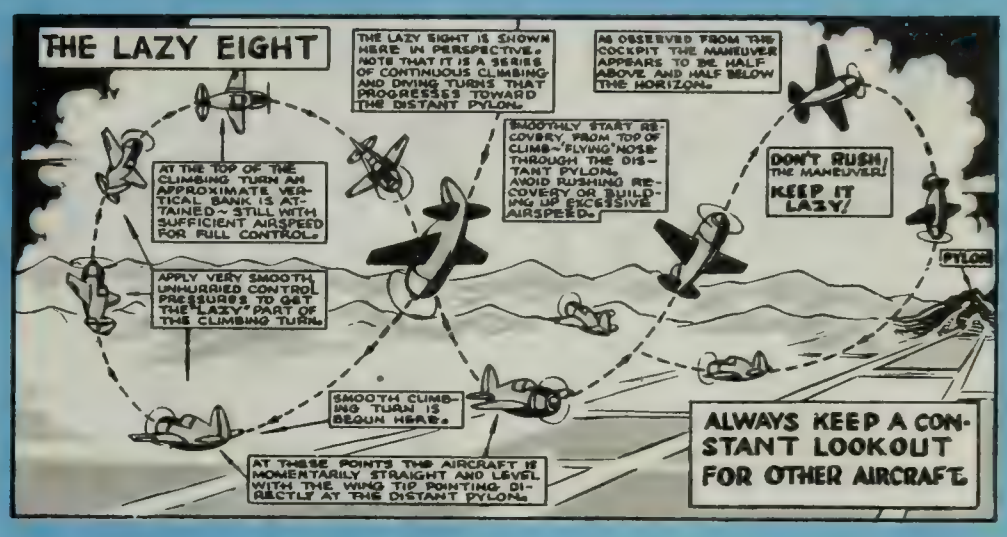


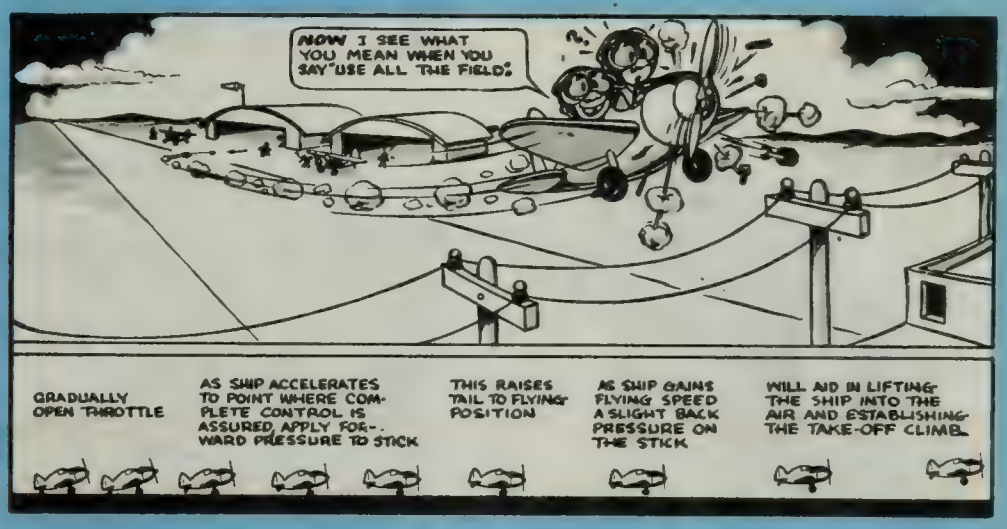
A flight of aviation cadets strom Field crouch on the l listen intently as their in demonstrates a new maneu means of a model Primary

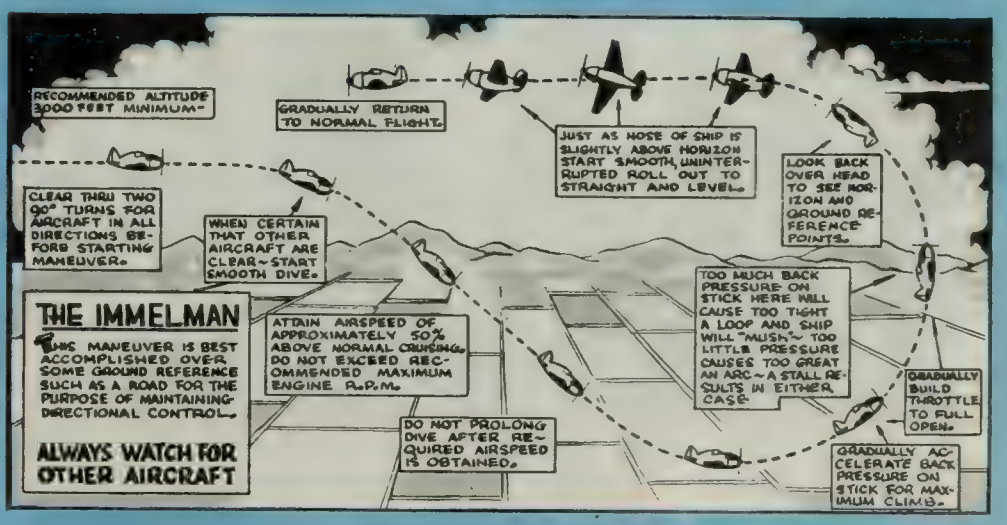
novation in the Army's speed-
ing program of 100,000-pilots-
the Student Pilot's Handbook
Carlstrom Field. A collection
sense and humor, illustrated
isive cartoons, it has replaced
er wordy textbooks. Authored
Hunt, director of flying at
, and Ray Fahringer, top-flight
od animator, this modern man-
popular it must be printed in
form and handed out a few
a time, to keep the cadets from
head of their instruction. Fahr-
angent caricatures make clear
nt at a glance such maneuvers
rmal Stall, the Lazy Eight, and
lmann. In addition, he drives
"don'ts" of elementary flying
ridicule in his drawings: his
ed gnome of a pilot, for ex-
iolates every known rule of
he nonchalantly disregards
tee (upper right) or uses too
and barely misses a power
s take-off (center right). "Stu-
his age react instantly to ridi-
the authors, "and so they
re hard to keep from look-
the pilot in the pictures."
sured page in the handbook
lo Certificate (lower right)
filled out by the proud stu-
tructor after his pigeon com-
first lone flight from the nest

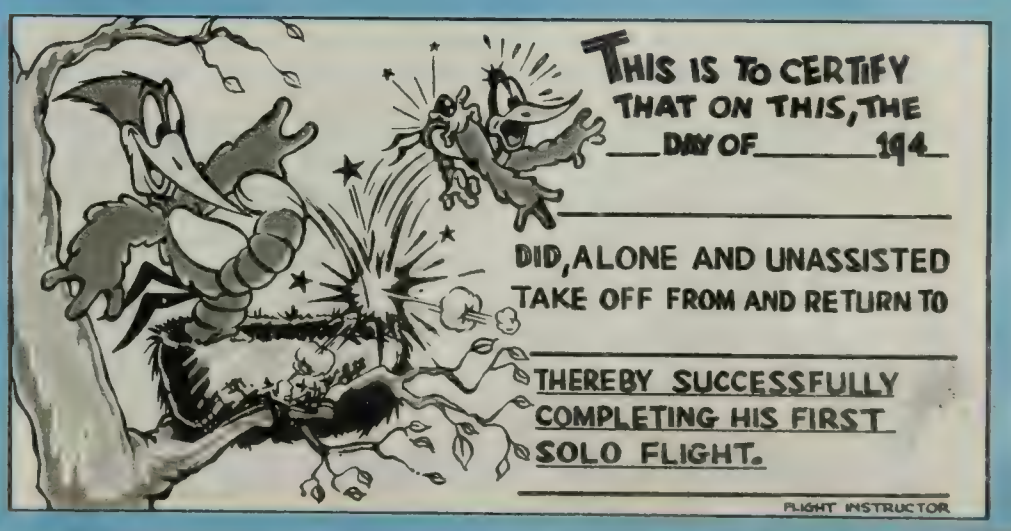












mister." The instructor halts
him. "There's no such thing
orn to fly. That's a lazy man's
nybody can learn to be a flier if
instructions and carry them

tructors try to keep their re-
with the students impersonal;
ining future Army officers and
they mustn't let sentiment in-
eir judgment. But you fly a
hours a day with an eager,
illing youngster who would
an Army pilot than eat and
entally, has placed you on a
s his pet particular god, and
that in spite of yourself you
rsonal problems to heart. Be-
e Primary School instructors
t these youngsters are going
e most jittery stage of their
ning, when a single careless
ror in psychology could ruin
military asset.
st coax, cajole, half kid, half
fledgling pigeons off the limb;
secret inhibitions, build up a
a little timid, knock down the
an who's too cocky, joke with
tense and overwrought, out-
when he starts to read his
mind, curb him if he gets
nt: "Any time you think
ng hot, mister, set that air-
back on the ground and crawl
pilots make cold corpses."
hey must teach him to relax

first thing, the most impor-
the hardest thing of all to
t, every instructor tells you:
ride with the ship, to maneu-
ane by feel. "Fly by the seat
ts." He'll explain what that
tight a turn causes the blood
m a pilot's head, his head
k turtlewise into his shoul-
feels an increasing pressure
eat under him.
seems to rise out of the seat,
hand, it's a sign he's rolling
hoving the control stick too
—literally pushing the air-
m under himself. Too much
uces a skidding effect, and
ps against the side of the
us the instinctive sense of
eaviness in the seat will tell

you, as accurately as your instrument panel, whether you're doing a maneuver correctly.

"A good pilot flies by his head," the instructor says, "but he does a lot of thinking in his butt."

He pauses in the narrow noon shade of the hangar and jerks a thumb at a grinning red-faced youngster walking toward the ready room, dangling his parachute by the straps. "Take that kid, for instance. Three days ago I was about to send him up for elimination; couldn't get him to relax. He'd freeze tight to the stick every time I'd put her into a spin or a roll. I tried to talk him out of it, but no go. I even printed RELAX on the back of my helmet in boxcar letters, so he'd have to see it every time he looked at me. Still no go; his hands would grip that stick like a drowning man and he'd stiffen his legs straight out against the rudders. So I told him to land the ship and take off his shoes and socks and leave them on the ground, and fly the ship barefoot.

After we were up a couple of minutes, I put her in a spin and waited until I felt him tighten. Then I reached down under me and tickled the soles of his feet. Relax? He collasped all over and he's been flying like a gull ever since."

The Unsung Hero

The instructor grins, taps a cigarette swiftly on his knuckles, thrusts it between his lips with nervous fingers. All his movements are deft, swift, agile as a boxer's. He's short, lithe, with black close-cropped hair that has only a glint of gray, a pencil-line mustache, lancing, level blue eyes that go through you; a pilot's eyes. He speaks in the low, distinct voice of a man who's talked into a lot of microphones. He had 200 hours of government-supervised training in his CPT course, before he came here; but when he arrived he was given two flight checks to measure his flying ability and judgment, put through three sweating weeks of ground-school training, and then on a third and final check by an Army official. The Air Forces are taking no chances; an instructor's got to be good.

You wonder why the Army entrusts such a vital job to civilians; for none of these instructors at Primary School has

ANOTHER FRIENDLY SERVICE

To Help Keep Wartime America Informed



SOCONY-VACUUM PRESENTS

Raymond Gram SWING

OVER THE BLUE NETWORK
MON. TUES. WED. THURS.
10 P. M., E. W. T.—9 P. M., C. W. T.
8 P. M., M. W. T.—7 P. M., P. W. T.



RAYMOND GRAM SWING, internationally-known analyst of world-wide affairs, is now being brought to you by the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company in behalf of the 50,000 Mobilgas Dealers from coast-to-coast.

Socony-Vacuum believes that an informed America is essential to winning this war and that the American people will welcome Mr. Swing's frequent, able analyses of world events. We invite you to listen to these informative broadcasts—a wartime service which we feel is just as definitely in the public interest as the careful service Mobilgas Dealers today are giving to America's wartime cars.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., *and Affiliates:*
Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

PRESENTED IN BEHALF OF

Your Friendly Mobilgas Dealer

ıy actual military connection or rank. he arrangement came about quite by ıance, when the Air Forces were handed rernight the staggering task of turning ıt a hundred thousand pilots a year. Scattered over the country, they knew, ere scores of private civilian flying hools, already established and run- ng. To save time, they contracted th these schools to take on the pre- ninary phase of pilot-training, while e Army handled Basic and Advanced. Carlstrom Field at Arcadia in Florida a good example; the Army leases it m its owner, the Riddle Aeronautical stitute, furnishes planes and installs Corps officers to maintain discipline ong the cadets. The contractor sup- es the field, flying facilities, housing l mess—and the instructors.

"And the system works a hundred per t," a top Air Forces officer told us. e wouldn't change a single detail for r of spoiling it. The only hitch is t some draft boards are beginning to e these invaluable instructors away m us to put them in the regular ny. Which doesn't make much sense, s it? Because anybody who can per- ally turn out twenty-five pilots a r is certainly doing one of the big- t jobs in this man's war."

et's have a look here at Carlstrom ld—a typical busy buzzing pilot fac- r located in the placid center of rida's Big Prairie; an idyllic green- -white oasis of neat stucco cadet galows, with a blue swimming pool rounded by leaning palms, lawns, is courts, a flower-bordered patio ide the mess hall where the cadets l weekly dances under strings of red lights.

on't Take Anything for Granted

on't snort and blow out your walrus tache and growl, "Now in my day n I learned to fly . . ." because this osphere of relaxation in the midst ork has paid off in a safety record nd to none: in the past fourteen ths at Carlstrom there hasn't been uch as a single serious accident.

ey make a fetish of safety here. n't take anything for granted," they t. "Look around first; clear the lay it safe." Instructors din it over over into the ears of the cadets. A nt who neglects to look around in ir is apt to do penance for his care- ess later on the ground.

e remember one forgetful cadet spent the better part of a broiling morning wandering up and down ight line in full flying togs and hel- solemnly buttonholing every cadet nechanic he met and engaging him, he Ancient Mariner, in a lengthy gue on the virtue and necessity of ng the air at all times.

ually, it isn't so much carelessness er ebullience of spirits that makes rouble and must be brought up These are normal kids, bursting health and full of beans; and it's natural that they want to let off sometimes. There was the cadet passed his final sixty-hour check ad only a couple of hours to log air before his class moved to School. Roaming far out of s in search of diversion, he ob- in the distance a quiet fishing dotted with rowboats in which gentlemen were snoozing in the ay sun. The temptation was ir- ble.

He climbed his PT to several thou- eet, gave her the gun and power- onto a group of unsuspecting leveling off at fifty feet with a f his motor that caused the star- cupants to bail out head first into ter. Soaring again in search of he spotted a solitary rowboat at end of the pond. Once more he dived, jazzed his motor just as he swooped over the fisherman's head, and glanced complacently into his rear-vision mirror, only to stare horror-stricken into the apoplectic face of his commanding officer. They say the cadet is doing pretty well as a cavalryman at Fort Riley today.

A student must learn to relax but an instructor never relaxes from the moment the ship takes off until it lands again. He's all over the student while they're in the air, shouting instructions to him through the Gosports, watching his face constantly in the mirror, directing him now and then by a system of prearranged hand signals.

For example, holding up a clenched fist and opening it means to ease off, you're too tense; tapping his right ear means to apply right rudder; slowly revolving an uplifted forefinger means to check the tachometer and throttle-setting; pinching his thumb and forefinger together to form an "O" means "Everything's under control, nice going, okay." His nerves are as sensitized as a safe-cracker's finger tips; he can tell by the slightest quiver of the ship not only what the cadet is doing but what he's thinking of doing.

He hammers rapid-fire instructions over the speaker: "Hold the controls loose. No, don't grab the stick; just touch it with your two fingers. No, that's still too much. Look, just put the palm of your hand on top of the stick and follow it around. See? This crate is built to fly itself. Here's what I mean."

He takes his own hands and feet off the controls and motions to the cadet to do the same; the wings of the plane dip and straighten again, like a boat righting itself in the water, and it keeps on flying level.

And all the time he's sizing up each student in his flight, figuring out whether he's the kind who thinks of a plane as a means of getting somewhere —that's your bomber type—or whether he thinks of it as a weapon, a winged machine gun roaming the sky with the speed of light.

A medium-sized pugnacious kid, it usually turns out, falls into the latter classification; he reacts more quickly, he has the proper physique for power diving, and he can squeeze his five feet and a half into the cramped cockpit of a modern streamlined fighter plane.

A big methodical easygoing kid, who takes a fraction of a second longer to figure things out, is more or less slated for one of the big jobs, maybe a B-17; a cool head, calculated courage, a sense of responsibility toward the rest of his crew are invaluable assets for the pilot of a Fortress.

"But there's one thing they've all got to have," the instructor tells you, "and that's judgment. Successful flying is ten per cent ability to control the airplane, and ninety per cent judgment."

This Carlstrom Field has quite a history. They made important strides in pilot-training here when it was a primary school back in the first World War; they're still making them today. One recent innovation is their Student Pilot's Handbook, a pocket-size aviation cadet's bible, which is credited with saving a whole week's time in primary course—and that means something when you're talking in terms of a hundred thousand pilots a year. Jack Hunt admits that it's had a lot to do with their safety record, too. Jack's a quiet unassuming Texan who could fly an egg beater if he had enough gas, a former CAA inspector in the Northwest and for seven years an instructor with the Army Air Corps before he became general manager and director of flying here at Carlstrom.

During these years he'd watched instructors wasting invaluable time trying to explain maneuvers and he knew there was a crying need for simplification of the usual stodgy textbooks. So with Ray Fahringer, another old-line instructor-pilot and a top cartoonist in a Hollywood studio, he set to work.

What they turned out is a brief, straight-from-the-shoulder collection of horse sense and humor, studded with hundreds of incisive cartoons that are more eloquent than volumes of prose. You see Fahringer's stubby gnome of a pilot, with oversize goggles and Mickey Mouse grin, violating every known rule as he loops his plane nonchalantly from page to page.



"Now, you take a few years back—before they run the line through here, New York was a pretty inaccessible sort of place"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"Students at this age react instantly to ridicule," says Hunt, "so they work extra hard to keep from looking like the pilot in the pictures."

The Handbook's a pretty comprehensive job; but there's one maneuver that's not mentioned in it anywhere. That's the Whifferdill. A Whifferdill, the old-time pilots explain, is something you do that nobody else would want to do. They'll give you further details if you pin them down. "You start a loop, and as you complete it, you roll over on your back and come through another loop underneath, then do an Immelmann, and end up going where you started, only in the opposite direction." Maybe it was a Whifferdill that Captain Ola, commanding officer at the post, was doing over Carlstrom that night in the deserted twilight sky.

The sun was down and long blue shadows lay over the cadet barracks and palms and empty lawns; but the last searching rays of the sun still played on the solitary training ship high above us. Over the night insects and the rasp of bull bats, we could hear the drone of its motor, increasing and fading and increasing again. The ship rolled and plunged luxuriously like a dolphin playing in a phosphorescent sea.

As it played, the sidewalks and verandas and lawns in front of the barracks began to fill with awed and silent cadets, emerging from their rooms with books in hand, hurrying dripping from their showers, piling out of their bunks in undershirts and shorts, breaking up a bull session to join the throng that stood in the dusk with upturned faces, staring at the sky. Two tennis players halted their game, rackets still poised. Six cadets walking off gigs kept their eyes aloft as they marched up and down.

Cadets Are Inspired

You understand why these instructors wouldn't trade their jobs for anything else in the world. These cadets are fanatics; they're inspired. Flying's their new god. When a man displays so much honest devotion he's more than just another pilot steering a crate around. He's part of the plane, he gives it nerves and feelings. The wings are his wings, the motor throbs deep inside of him. That's what happens to him on his first solo flight, when he hears for the first time the echoing words: "Take it around by yourself a couple of times, mister."

He realizes all of a sudden that he's alone; he's more alone than he's ever been in his life . . .

He's flying; he's flying all alone. That take-off was all right; it was perfect. Who said he couldn't fly? Look at the way the ship responds. Look at her climb. He eases the stick over, kicks the rudder pedal gently and banks in a smooth turn to the left. Slick as a kitty's ear, he grins. Just relax, that's all you have to do.

This thing might as well be a P-47. He's diving at 400 miles an hour into a bunch of Heinkels, mowing them down, swooping into a chandelle and getting above them once more and letting them have it again. He looks around to see if anybody else has dared to come into his sky. He's boss of this thing now. He's boss of the air. He's boss of the earth that's getting smaller and smaller below him. Fall away, earth! Roll back, clouds! Get ready, sun! Here I come . . .

Far, far below him, a tiny figure is still standing at the edge of the strip, shading his eyes with his hand. He frowns when the plane teeters once, then his face relaxes and he nods to himself with a slow smile.

"I wonder," the instructor muses, "if that kid's getting any bigger kick out of this than I am."

THE END



ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEA

We were about twenty feet away when . . . a tidal wave caused by the sinking ship swept by us, knocking one man out of the boat



Four of us stood by Chief Engineer Harper and Restucher, the oiler, as they could not be moved

Caribbean Casualty

By Captain Roger O'Sullivan

A New England sea captain tells a terse tale of the sinking of his ship by submarine. It's a story that is being repeated every day, but as long as there are ships there will be men to sail them

WE WERE about 100 miles off Curaçao. It was nine-fifteen, on a dark, clear night with little moon, when the lookout on the port side of the bridge reported what looked like a submarine on our port quarter. And a submarine it was, about 300 yards ahead, coming toward us. We were unarmed. I rang full speed ahead on the engines, altering the ship's course about twenty degrees to put the submarine astern, and ordered the general alarm sounded. After picking out my position off the chart, I ordered an SSS sent out by the wireless operator. When I came out of the chartroom the submarine was about 200 yards away and overhauling us.

The first shell fired at us from a large caliber gun carried away the foretopmast and radio antenna. The boat deck and bridge were sprayed with machine-gun bullets.

The submarine was still on our port quarter. Another shell hit us amidships at the port settler tank. I stopped the ship, called all hands out of the engine room and signaled the submarine that we were stopped. I ordered the helm hard to right to put the submarine astern. By now the ship was losing way and swinging slowly until the submarine was on our starboard quarter. I ordered the helm hard left to give submarine our stern again.

I gave orders to abandon ship told the chief officer to get the men i the lifeboats while I destroyed my c fidential papers.

A shell struck the after deck, spattering shrapnel injuring two m who were getting a life raft over on starboard side. More machine-gun b lets and shrapnel struck the boat d and bridge.

It then appeared that we were a being shelled by another submar from forward. It had gone unobserv but the men in number one lifeboat s it later and reported that it was sma than the one first sighted. Shrapnel bursting around the saloon and bri deck. Some of the members of the c went down the forward ladder to life raft on the starboard side. Oth who were near my cabin and had b lying prone on the deck, launched starboard lifeboat.

I went into the cabin for my brief c with the ship's papers in it and for a seconds searched for my pet troup a trained South American bird that u to walk the deck with me, open cigarette packages and occasion have a small beer. I was sorry to l that bird.

The port boat was in the water, ab eight feet from the ship's side. By time, the way was off the ship but hadn't swung quite enough to mak lee for the port lifeboat. I ordered men who were on the ladder tryin get into the boat to haul the boat alo side. The chief officer said, "I'll down there and get her in, Capta He started down the ladder, the first gineer after him. Lind, one of the oil and the last man on deck with me, about to get on the ladder when a s hit the ship's side, over the lifeb throwing the oiler and me on deck. two officers on the ladder were ki

No one ever thought Gus could Make a Speech!



GUS WAS THE QUIET SORT—ran a drill press over in number 4 plant, and had the art of minding his own business down to a science.

Noontimes, eating lunch, everyone talked but Gus. That is—until the day Chuck Adams growled something about "letting someone else buy the bonds—that he'd bought all he was going to."

Well, sir—Gus was no longer the quiet Pole we'd known. He was on his feet ready to fight for something we'd taken for granted . . . "So—you will let others buy the bonds! *And if the others feel that way, too—then what?*

"If you had no letter from *your* family in three years, I think you would buy bonds! The old folks—and the children—I think it is worse for them. When everything is gone—nothing to live for—but still you cannot die.

"We have it so fine in America. The poorest of us are rich here, because we are safe—to sleep at night and do our work and eat well. *But they can come even here.* And if they do—you will know how beasts can kill and laugh. And then you will learn to hate—*when it is too late.*

"And you won't buy bonds to stop them? To send bullets to men who are fighting for you and your wife and kids? When your money comes back *sure*—even if some of the boys don't?"

• • •

ALL AT ONCE Gus sat down—like he had just realized he was talking. And sat staring at the big sandwich in his hand—that could keep a family over there from starving to death . . . for another week perhaps. And Chuck and the rest of us . . . we just stared, too.

It does make you feel ashamed, doesn't it—to realize you have slacker dollars in your pocket? Especially when you're just asked to make a loan—a loan you'll get back with interest! It's still *your* money to spend again, for anything you want after the war is won.

I think it's time *everyone* got mad—mad enough to strip right down to what we *have* to have, and put the rest of our dollars into Bonds! Bonds that will help get this mess straightened out fast—and then come back to be spent all over again. How about *you*, mister—*right now!*

THE WAR AND YOUR HOME

- Everything you own of rubber, metal or other vital material is doubly precious now. Many of them can't be replaced at any price until after the war ends. But with a little care, they'll see you thru.

- Keep your refrigerator oiled according to the maker's directions. And keep it clean—the mechanism—the rubber seal around the door—particularly the finned condenser underneath. At any sign of trouble, call your dealer. You may avoid big repairs by early attention.

- And guard the mileage in your car! Whether you prefer Alemite or other lubricants, get them regularly! This is no time to risk vital transportation to save pennies on grease.

TEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

LEMITE LUBRICATION • STEWART-WARNER NSTRUMENTS • STEWART DIE CASTINGS • ASSICK CASTERS • SOUTH WIND HEATERS DUAL TEMP REFRIGERATORS • MAGIC DIAL ADIOS • SCOTCH MAID ELECTRIC RANGES

ONE OF THE FIRST—AND PROUD OF IT. Stewart-Warner employees were among the first groups, of over 7500 workers, to allot more than 10% of their total payroll to War Bond purchases—thus surpassing the goal set by the U. S. Treasury Department.

The joint Army-Navy Production Award, today's most coveted honor, has been conferred upon Stewart-Warner Corporation—and "E" emblems awarded employees—for unusual performance in war work.



HOW YOU TWINKLE, PRETTY STAR!



MERLE OBERON, United Artists Star, says: "I don't think anything does more to create a sparkling impression than teeth that simply glisten . . . reason enough for me to use CALOX TOOTH POWDER!"

Two ways to WHITENESS

your dentist follows both! So can you...

with Calox

Notice your dentist's technique when he gives you a dental cleaning. First, he thoroughly cleans your teeth. Then, and only then, does he polish them. In your home care why be satisfied with less than BOTH cleaning *and* polishing, when you can get Calox?

5 cleansing and polishing ingredients

Calox gives you not one or two, but *five* special ingredients for cleaning *and* brightening. With every stroke of the brush, Calox helps detach food particles, removes deposits, cleans off surface stains. Your mouth is stimulated, refreshed. And with every stroke Calox *polishes*, too, making your teeth shine with their own clear, natural lustre . . . In Hollywood, many a star trusts to Calox-care. Try Calox for *your* smile!

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Merle's Glamor Regime is planned to include daily exercise, sensible diet, frequent check-ups with her dentist. And for daily care, a dentifrice notable for its superb polishing action—Calox Tooth Powder.



Don't Wait for a toothache before you see your dentist. Decay is often well advanced before actual pain is felt. Save time, save expense, save your teeth. Have a dental check-up *regularly*. It pays.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

instantly and everyone in the lifeboat was severely injured.

Another shell struck amidships and steam started to escape from the fireroom. I was afraid the boilers would explode and told Lind to follow me to the after well deck. The shelling had stopped. With a torpedo due any minute, oiler Lind, as cool a man as I've ever seen, went below saying, "I'll only be a second, Captain. I'm going down to get some cigarettes."

Number one lifeboat, where we belonged, was about fifteen feet from the ship. I ordered the men to bring her alongside, but they were unable to do so. Lind and I ran across the deck to the port lifeboat which was close to the ship at the break of the well deck.

The oiler jumped into the boat and I followed him. We hauled the steward on board, and managed to row away from the ship.

Torpedoed Amidships

I could see the submarine on our port beam about a hundred yards off. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion when the torpedo struck, and another one when the boilers blew. The tin fish hit fifty feet aft of the fireroom. The ship broke in two, bow and stern going down last as she settled in the water in the shape of a V. It all happened within fifteen seconds.

We were only about twenty feet away when a tremendous gusher of water and fuel oil came down on us. Right afterward, a tidal wave caused by the sinking ship, swept by us, knocking one man out of the boat. He was hauled back on board.

The submarine loomed up ahead, coming for us. It was a large one, about 300 feet long, with an oval conning tower. Riding high out of the water, its sharp bow was very prominent. I showed a light so that they wouldn't run over us. The submarine came very close and the captain, in perfect English, asked me my name. I told him we were the S.S. Norlantic, and the submarine passed out of sight, heading southeast. We could hear loud talk and laughter coming from the U-boat's deck.

There was a lot of water and fuel oil in the lifeboat. At first, I thought it was from the explosion, but discovered water coming in at my feet through a large hole. I tore off my shirt and stuffed the hole with it and Lind began to bail the boat. I explored with my flashlight and found that the plates in the lifeboat were ruptured and full of jagged holes.

The men were unable to move because of their serious wounds. Lind was the only man who was not injured. I had been hit by shrapnel in several places but was not incapacitated.

Right near me was an oiler named Restucher who was heaving up blood, indicating internal injuries. I stretched him out on the oars, made a pillow out of my life preserver and put a blanket over him. On my left Chief Engineer Harper was bleeding profusely from a gaping wound in his leg. He was in great pain.

Forward of them the steward was lying on the thwart, very ill. One of the able-bodied seamen, Mike Miller, who was sitting on the thwart forward was unable to move. His leg was badly hurt, plastered with shrapnel.

Messman Bivins was amidships with a terrible gash in his cheek. He later found that he also had a machine gun bullet through his stomach. Third Officer Peterson was forward, lying in the bottom of the boat, groaning and barely conscious. He died an hour later.

It was quite rough and the chief engineer was suffering from the rolling of the boat. We got the pump working and Mike Miller, although badly wounded, pumped out the water. All this time Lind kept bailing with a bucket. W[e] got the water down to two or three inch[es] in the bottom of the boat but m[ore] it continued to leak in through [the] small holes. I cut some pieces of [tin] and hammered them into the hole[s] a hatchet and reduced the leaks to [a] trickles. I then got the sea ancho[r] to keep the boat headed into the [wind]

Second Officer Hayden came [within] hailing distance in number one lif[e] boat. He came alongside and w[e took] off the bosun to help keep our [boat] bailed out. I asked Wireless Op[era]tor Charles Draper if our messa[ge got] out all right. He said that the SS [Norlantic] had been picked up by at least four st[eamers] I told the second officer we would [have to] around all night and that there [would] probably be a plane out in the m[orning] to locate us.

I took inventory of the men [in my] boat and they were not as badly [off as] we were. Of the ten men in it on[e] were injured, Krzywonos, an oile[r] Walker, a fireman, who had [received] wounds from shrapnel.

Early in the morning I buried [Third] Officer Peterson.

At dawn we got our sails up and [the] boats came together. The radio [operator] came from the second officer's [boat] and we transferred the injured st[retcher] to it. The operator tried to w[ork a] makeshift radio but he was unable [to] do anything with it.

We could see a life raft about [four] miles away with what looked like [four] or five men on it. I gave the [second] officer my position and told him to [pick] up the men on the raft while I [would] start for Curaçao because of the [condi]tion of the injured in my boat.

Curaçao bore about west by south [from] where we were torpedoed. Ascertaining the wind and strong current, [the] drift and leeway of the lifeboat, I [told] him I was going to steer south by [west] and would probably make Bonaire, [an] island to the eastward of Curaçao.

Second Officer Hayden made [short] tacks in attempting to reach the [life] raft which was to the windward. [He] found that he could only sail with [four] points of the wind and gave up. [Pre]suming that a plane would be out [in the] morning, and knowing my boat was [not] seaworthy, he decided to follow us.

One Lifeboat Abandoned

After overhauling me, about [noon] we stayed close together all day. [The] wind had freshened and hauled [a] little more to the south'ard. My [boat] was being pounded by the rough [and] confused sea, causing the rivets to [work] up on the damaged plates and I [de]cided to abandon my lifeboat. With [difficulty] we transferred the injured [men] and what equipment we thought [we] needed to the second officer's boat.

The following morning at [about] twenty A. M. the second officer [and I] worked out our position on the [chart]. We had apparently steered too far [to] the south'ard and had not made [the] leeway I had anticipated. There [was] no land in sight. I then set my [course] west by north, hoping to see Cura[çao].

At eleven A. M. I thought I saw [land] through the haze and sailed north [by] east for an hour. When the atmosphere appeared clear, there was no land in sight. I then headed west by [south] again, until two o'clock when I changed my course to north. It proved later that when I saw land, it actually was Bonaire.

At five-thirty A. M. Friday, the [second] officer plotted my courses on the chart. He assumed that we were ten miles north of Curaçao. The wind had freshened during the night and we were now making much speed. I sailed north [for] hours more. The atmosphere was [now] clear, but there was no land in sight.

I decided to go south and if I

uraçao, where I knew there was a fine ospital, I would at least hit the Venuelan coast and get some kind of edical treatment.

The days were very warm, the nights ld. Though my men were suffering d in low spirits we had plenty of wa- r and concentrated foods on board. 'e lived on vitamin biscuits, chocolate d malted milk tablets.

The wind died down in the afternoon d we were practically drifting. After ndown the wind freshened and we ere steering a course south by west. n Saturday, at about 1:30 A. M., the as calmed down. I could smell land d the oil refinery at Curaçao. I let wn my sails and got out my sea anchor.

Schooner to the Rescue

Just before daylight I sent up several rachute flares. When daylight came, ould see no land and decided to head uth again. At about seven-thirty in e morning Curaçao showed up very ainly about fifteen miles away. I ked all day Saturday trying to get to it, but the wind and tide kept me out the same distance off.

At four-thirty that afternoon we saw schooner coming from the Venezuelan ast. She passed about a mile ahead us, heading north. I sent up a flare. e came over to us. She was the ississippi of Bonaire, on her way from nezuela to Bonaire. I put most of my n aboard. Four of us stood by Chief gineer Harper and Restucher, the er, as they could not be moved, and were towed into Bonaire.

We arrived in Bonaire at two-thirty M. on Sunday and were fed and thed by the people of the island. The unded were tended. I sent a wire to raçao, giving the position that the life ts should be in so that a plane could sent to find them.

About seven in the morning, a plane k the six badly injured men to the spital in Curaçao and later returned ick up the rest of us. When I arrived re, I was met by an officer of the val Intelligence, whom I knew, and a captain of the Army Air Squadron. The latter and I plotted the position of the missing life rafts.

I then went to the naval office to make a report on the attack and listed the survivors, known dead and injured. The American consul was also given a report.

Following our arrival in Curaçao, one of the city's well-known merchants and his two attractive daughters came to see us. They showed a great deal of concern over our experience and asked many questions about the attack. Although I knew the man only slightly, he couldn't do enough for us.

Two days later, when the Berlin radio gave a detailed account of the sinking of the Norlantic, the reason for the merchant's generous interest in us became apparent. The German announcer explained that the submarine was forced to shell my ship because we had been the first to fire, adding that U-boats never shell unarmed ships.

For several days I went out with a bomber searching for the rafts. The second officer did likewise but we could not find them. I stayed in Curaçao to do what I could about continuing the search.

A week after we had arrived in Curaçao we had good news. Two of my crew, seamen Hoppe and Svetz, had been picked up from a life raft and were safe in Trinidad.

I left Curaçao for Miami by plane and four days later was followed by nine of my men who had recuperated sufficiently to travel. Thirty-eight days after the sinking of the Norlantic the three men who were in the other life raft, chief cook Lasamana, oiler Inglasias and messman Hatfield, turned up on the Venezuelan coast. They were in good health in spite of their long exposure.

Most of my men, after salting away some of their pay which had accumulated and freely spending what was left, have shipped out on various boats. Outwardly they were all carefree and happy, but inwardly they were mad as hell.

Our bows will cross again.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

top, with only a bent propeller, every n on that field—two generals, a score lesser officers, hundreds of soldiers laud, clap hands. This, in a war! The nky, pink-cheeked little 27-year-old tenant colonel who did the job steps grinning. He asks you please not mention his name. His wife, who s in New York City, might be wor- ll

ND the third picture. We're in another B-17, cruising aimlessly over unbelievably empty never-never d of interior Australia. We're lost. htfall is approaching, and you all w—13 passengers and 7 crew—that 've got to make a forced landing in t inhospitable wilderness in the next minutes. The pilot—a youthful ior, veteran of the Philippines and a; not a day over 25, you'd bet—is ning the ground. His face is sober. le beads of sweat on the bridge of nose betray his feelings. He had a ful of brass hats to add to his wor- . He looks at you, behind the copi- s seat. He looks back into the plane is passengers; stares down again, at earth. Then, with a grin that sudly dissolves the anxiety in his face, a lilt that reminds you of Gracie ds and her "aspidistra" song, he leans to you, indicates all of Australia w us with an inclusive jerk of his head and says: "There's the biggest hunk of nothing in the world!"

COLLISIONS of Yanks with Aussie red tape and labor-union rules have caused what diplomats call "incidents." Each branch of the Yank Army has its favorites. Two of the Air Corps' are:

First, the young pilot who ferried a pursuit from a mainland base depot toward the combat zone, where it was urgently needed. Mechanical trouble developed, and he landed at a small Aussie station for emergency repairs. But no, they couldn't fix it right away. It was time for morning tea. The 21-year-old from Alabama sat on the edge of his cockpit, unholstered and pointed his .45 automatic pistol, and remarked: "Brother, in mah home state, tea is no eme'gency!" The Aussies missed not only tea but lunch.

Second, the Air Corps engineer gang building a new field. There was a row of fine old gum trees on one side. "Too bad," said the engineers; "they must come down—hazards." Oh, said the Aussie local authorities, impossible; those were Commonwealth trees and you'd have to get written permission from Canberra. So the Yanks took down the trees, then wrote a letter to Canberra. That was in March. The treeless field has been in use ever since. The permit has not yet arrived. . . . W. B. C.

Free 50¢ package of vitamins

LOOK FOR THIS SPECIAL COMBINATION PACKAGE AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S



See how Vimms match the 6 VITAMIN formula doctors endorse

HERE ARE THE GOVERNMENT REQUIREMENTS NOW RECOGNIZED BY DOCTORS' OFFICIAL COMMITTEES

3 VIMMS DAILY MEET OR EXCEED THESE REQUIREMENTS ON ALL 6 VITAMINS

VITAMIN	A	4,000 USP Units	VITAMIN	A	5,000 USP Units
VITAMIN	B_1	1,000 micrograms	VITAMIN	B_1	1,000 micrograms
VITAMIN	B_2	2,000 micrograms	VITAMIN	B_2	2,000 micrograms
VITAMIN	C	600 USP Units	VITAMIN	C	600 USP Units
VITAMIN	D	400 USP Units	VITAMIN	D	500 USP Units
VITAMIN	P-P	No value stated. The Food and Nutrition Board of the N.R.C. recommends 10,000 micrograms.	VITAMIN	P-P	10,000 micrograms

In addition, Vimms supply these vital minerals:
CALCIUM . . . 375 mg. PHOSPHORUS . . . 250 mg.
IRON . . . 10 mg.

Yes, doctors officially endorse the very vitamin formula upon which Vimms are based! That alone is good news for the 3 out of 4 Americans U. S. experts say are vitamin-starved.

Get a *free* 50¢ package with every large size you buy. There's *no reason* to be nervous, pepless—vitamin-starved.

Get Vimms free trial offer today!

You get a money-back guarantee! Compare Vimms with all other vitamin products. If you are not completely satisfied that Vimms are better, you get your money back. Mail the large package unopened and the unused portion of the regular size with your reason—and your name and address—to Lever Brothers Co., Pharmaceutical Div., Cambridge, Mass.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

TIRED? JITTERY? NERVOUS? VITAMIN-STARVED?



GET THAT VIMMS FEELING!

The Lady's a Soldier

Continued from page 32

center will keep pace with the construction. Eventually, six to seven thousand women will be on duty or in training at Fort Des Moines at all times. As each class of officers graduates, as noncoms are appointed, as Basics complete their training and become full-fledged Auxiliaries, the permanent complement at the post will become more and more feminine.

The present plans—and they're always subject to sudden change in this rapidly growing army of women—call for this military setup:

As in the men's army, the smallest tactical unit will be the squad, which will be composed of from eight to twelve Waacs and will be under the command of a junior leader, whose chevrons will be those of a corporal.

The next larger unit will be the platoon, which will consist of three or four squads and will be under the direct command of a second or third officer, who will be assisted by one or more noncom leaders.

The company will be made up of three or four platoons and will have a first officer as its commander. She will be assisted by a full complement of commissioned officers of lesser rank, plus the necessary noncoms. And beyond that will come the regiment, which, in the case of the officer candidates, will consist of six companies.

The four regiments already planned will be grouped in about this way: The first regiment will consist entirely of Waacs who are candidates for commissions; the second regiment will consist of specialists who have completed their basic training; the third regiment will contain in its ranks only women who are taking their basic training; and the fourth regiment will consist of officers and Auxiliaries who form the school detachment, plus staff, faculty, and companies awaiting orders for transfer to permanent stations away from Fort Des Moines.

A Surprise in Store

At the rate of approximately one thousand per week, officers and Auxiliaries will be sent to Army posts as they are called. They will serve both within and without the borders of continental United States, and the officers and men at the post to which the first groups of Waacs are assigned are in for a pleasant surprise. Any doubts they may have about exchange of military courtesies and Waac knowledge of Army routine will be dissipated in short order.

Saluting will follow the pattern and rules laid down for the Army: Auxiliaries will salute all officers, whether they be men or women. Enlisted men and noncoms will salute women officers. Among officers, whether they be masculine or feminine, there will be the customary exchange of salutes. It isn't a question of looking to see whether the person to be saluted wears skirts; it is sufficient to glance at the shoulder insignia which marks the commissioned rank.

And, brother, these women have learned how to salute. It didn't take the male officers long to get the idea, and now you'll find on this former cavalry post the smartness of West Point.

Those who aspire to commissions get six hours of instruction on military customs and courtesies; four hours on the punitive articles of war; four hours on the wearing of the uniform and the care of clothing and equipment. They have a nine-hour course on military sanitation, first aid and personal hygiene, and then they study and practice things more martial in tone.

Each officer candidate will receive three hours of practice in the use of the gas mask while performing military duties. She will be taught to identify the more common chemical agents and be taught the means of defending against them. Before she finishes she will have received special instruction in first aid for gas casualties, and will also be given a fundamental knowledge of the methods used to decontaminate buildings, motor vehicles, grounds and equipment.

She will have a rudimentary knowledge of the various types of aircraft used by the enemy, and know how to identify them, and she will know quite a bit about cover, concealment and camouflage processes. She will have put in seven classroom hours—not counting her study periods—learning to use and interpret military maps.

Twenty-five instructional hours will be devoted to familiarizing the officer candidate with the various problems connected with mess management. This course is highly technical and goes into such strictly Army matters as mess accounting, nutrition, cooking, menu planning, inspection of foods, kitchen personnel and management, and the garrison ration system.

An additional twenty-five hours will be given over to the general study of problems pertaining to accountable and responsible officers which will include the receipt, shipment and issuance of material; records of lost, destroyed, damaged and unserviceable property, and transfer of property accountability. By the time she completes this course, she will know all about how to keep clothing records, supply and procurement records and requisitions.

Thirty-five hours will be given to the study of basic company records and reports, individual personnel records, rations and funds, pay roll and allotment of pay, preparation and maintenance of administration forms and files, and she will be versed in all the little niceties of military correspondence, which in itself is no mean achievement.

Each candidate—whether she has been one of the first group selected or whether she comes in with a later group—will be given twenty-three hours' work in the fundamentals of dismounted drill, without arms. Each officer candidate will have opportunity actually to command platoon and company, in military formations such as parades, drills, reviews and ceremonies.



Waacs congregate at the PX for refreshment after classes

Twenty-six hours of each woman's time will be devoted to physical exercise for what is gently referred to as "bodily development and muscular and mental co-ordination." She'll put in a couple of hours learning about the importance of guard duty for the protection of the command as a whole, and she will be expected to have a general knowledge of the duties of a sentry. She'll allot twelve study hours to the problems of cleanliness and sanitation of quarters and equipment and the matter of properly fitting uniforms. There will be other study, too: things which are military in nature and highly technical.

During every minute of every day, each woman at Fort Des Moines will be putting to practical use the things she is learning. In this she will be guided by a meticulously selected staff of officers and noncommissioned officers, and by the time she completes her training she'll know how to give orders as well as how to take them. And, what is more important, when Waac units report for duty to post commanders who have put in calls for them, they'll report as military entities and will fi snugly into the martial pattern of th new outfit.

Officers, officer candidates and en listed personnel will work hard, bu ample provision has been made fo their pleasure and comfort. On the pa rade ground, there are two fields whe the girls may—and do—play softbal There is a golf course on the post. Sat urday afternoons and Sundays, thos members of the Corps whose records ar good and who have not been assigne to duty will be granted leave, and al ready the citizens of Des Moines hav begun to get accustomed to the sight o slim, trim, military, feminine figures o their streets, in their stores and at thei theaters.

To Des Moines was given the privi lege of being the first big city to lear how to adjust itself to the problem o large groups of women in uniform, an the city has answered the challeng magnificently. The girls on the street are treated respectfully and hospitably and if the Waacs come in for a consid erable degree of comment, that i little more than logically should hav been expected.

Problems Ironed Out

From the day these first girls donne khaki, most of the anticipated prob lems ceased to be problems. The learned quickly that less make-up an lipstick is required in uniform than ou of uniform. They settled instinctivel the matter of what to do with their ha in restaurants: They wear them, just a any other woman wears her hat whe she is eating in a public place.

No tiniest detail has been overlooke With each company and regiment, ther is a direct representative of Colon Don C. Faith, the commandant. Whe a girl faces a problem of a strictly mil tary nature, she takes it up with h company commander. But if the prob lem is personal, she talks it over wit her company representative. And she isn't satisfied with that, she can g higher and still higher until she reach Mrs. Ella N. Putnam, whose title Resident Counselor.

Mrs. Putnam's position at the post official but she is a civilian. She wea no uniform and does not have to b approached with military formalit She is a lovely and kindly woman vast experience in the handling of th problems of other women, and an member of the Corps may go to her. necessary, a Waac can get to Colon Faith himself, or to Lieutenant Colon Albert Morgan, the assistant comma dant, for a discussion of anything of re importance.

Already a fine *esprit de corps* is n ticeable. You can't make them com plain. Many of the officers try it—n because they want to hear complain but because they sincerely want to lea what if anything is out of gear. Th answer is grooved, invariable: "Ever thing is fine, sir. . . . No, sir, I haven any suggestions to make." And I've been told by a score of Waacs that th same rule applies in the intimacy barracks life.

If there was ever any doubt as to ho these women would fit into the milita picture, that doubt has been dispell in the minds of every officer and soldi who has come in contact with them.

True, you never forget that they a women.

But you never forget, either, th they are soldiers!

THE END







1 **2** **3**

We Can Tell You About Part 3

merican Airlines is energetically engaged in "war work" an be classified into three main parts. To tell you about *one* and *two* would reveal military information. But the wherein *you* can participate we can tell you about. The part of American's war activity is a vital necessity, because s no substitute for air transportation in our war effort. We ow the pressing need to save travel *time* over the three square miles of our nation. Therefore we have been directed to operate a safe and necessary air transporta- stem for the benefit of the war program first and for the of America. Persons on war missions whose travel is most l are entitled to priority. We shall continue to serve everybody to the best of our ability and bespeak your cooperation, which includes asking you to make your reservations *as far ahead* as possible. We wish to thank those of our passengers who have exchanged seats with priority passengers, and accepted a different flight. That *is* patriotic. Anything that American and our passengers can do to keep the priority system working effectively is to our own and our country's ultimate good. American Airlines directly connects Canada, United States and Mexico . . . a highway between neighbors and allies of great military importance and a link in the solidarity of the hemisphere.

Call your American Airlines office or any principal Travel Agent for information and reservations.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



"Just let me take two more rolls of you in that Arrow Tie!"

• We hope she's using color film, because the new Arrow Ties for Fall have many, many rich colors in them. In addition, of course, they have smart designs, a lining that sends wrinkles scurrying, and an uncanny ability to tie into perfect knots. We suggest you see them at once. $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS ★ *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

PEAK PROTECTION

FOR YOUR COOLING SYSTEM



Prior to installing anti-freeze, Nor'way Cooling System Chemicals will remove old rust and scale and stop leaks.

The finest of all winter protection is Peak, the permanent, anti-corrosive anti-freeze. It especially guards the soldered joints, the aluminum, brass and copper parts which must hold up to make your car outlast the war. War needs will limit the civilian supply of Peak, so order early.

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS *Corporation*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Frost Chek Anti-Freeze



First Lap on Tokyo

Continued from page 17

signalmen in our battle station, as we watched them fly over us on their way back to our carriers to reload their racks.

Flight-deck crews earned a year's pay that day. As soon as the wheels of the bombers and fighters had touched, they swarmed about like flies. They rolled out of the way of other incoming planes and set new records for refueling and rearming. Working tirelessly under the relentless equatorial sun, they kept a shuttle service of planes operating in high between carrier and target.

In midmorning, that target was the Jap troop concentrations in the wooded areas of the islands. Simultaneously with their retreat to the golf course on Florida Island, the Jap forces stationed on Lunga Field on Guadalcanal Island were being forced back by our landing parties into dense forests where they tried to reorganize their defense lines.

As they took to the woods, our planes took to the air above the woods, bombing troop concentrations wherever they found them and strafing stragglers. A column of trucks crossing the pontoon bridge over the Lunga River was bombed and strafed by machine guns into a confused mass of men and machines. A field-artillery battery, set up hastily by the Japs on the west bank of the Lunga River, was given the same treatment until it was silenced. This was no hit-or-miss attack. There was no waste of bombs and ammunition. Our fire-control system was simple, economical and effective.

"Stand by to repel air attack!" The first warning of a counterattack came over the ship's loud-speaker system just before noon. All through the surface fleet word was flashed and most of our pilots caught it on the wing: "Eighteen long-range enemy bombers are headed this way from Rabaul, a Japanese base on New Britain some six hundred miles distant."

This announcement electrified the ship to a new high voltage. For months the boys had been oiling, polishing and nursing those antiaircraft guns for some legitimate target practice and this seemed to be it. Dozens of unnecessary last-minute checks were made as though the enemy were thirty seconds away. The entire ship was so quietly alert that you could hear a firing pin drop; and that's precisely the sound the gun crews were waiting for.

Enemy aircraft were now only a few miles north of Tulagi, at a high altitude. Our fighter planes were ready for them.

Decoy Becomes a Dead Duck

The tacklines' groan came all the way up from their toes: "Why can't those fighters mind their own business? This is our meat."

But the Marines at the AA mounts on deck ignored the reference to our fighter planes, classifying it as irrelevant and immaterial. Two of them in fact were lying flat on their backs on the fo'c'sle, apparently asleep. They were wide awake, however. We discovered that Sergeant Gallagher, the gun captain, had ordered them to take that position with their sunglasses trained straight up in search of enemy planes flying at high altitude. Unfortunately their vigil was vain. All but one of the approaching Jap bombers veered off before they came within range of our reception committee.

A majority of them just decided that it would be unhealthy, but they did send one plane flying in very high, apparently to act as a decoy and draw our own planes away from their carrier bases into a more vulnerable position. Their decoy however soon became a dead duck. His minute of glory ended when one of our air-group commanders reported by radio: "There's one Rising Sun setting right now! Look at those flames!"

Release from General Quarters aboard our ship was sounded in the late afternoon. For more than twelve hours, the officers and men had stuck to their battle stations eating hurriedly from buckets of sandwiches and huge pots of coffee. Then the exhaustion that comes from the tense waiting rather than physical exertion sent them to their bunks for a quick nap before supper. Many of them skipped the meal entirely and slept through until morning. Just how much sleep the carrier-plane pilots got that night after they had fought the battle over with gestures instead of planes has not been recorded, but they were up before dawn next day, waiting for round two.

Mopping Up on Tulagi

When they made their early morning visit to the islands, they found that Marine ground troops were still pushing the Japanese back into the interior. The last remnants of the enemy's occupation of Tulagi were being mopped up, and reinforcements were being landed from transports in the harbor to help dig out the small bands of Japs holed in at Gavutu and on other small islands near by. Meanwhile Marine casualties were being removed by boat to transports.

Japanese losses were heavy in killed and wounded. For an attacking force our losses were comparatively slight.

The fiercest fighting at this point was raging at Guadalcanal Island where the Japs were reluctant to give up the nice new airport they had labored so long to build. The island is about ninety miles long and has about the same area as New York's Long Island—which gave the Japs plenty of room to operate in. Its mountains and jungles offered them temporary sanctuary and bases for whatever antiaircraft guns and field pieces they had salvaged in their re-

Who killed Laura Hunt?

Congratulate yourself, if you can answer the question before the finale of

Vera Caspary's

brilliant murder-mystery:

Ring Twice for Laura

Beginning in Next Week's Collier's

eat. Inch by inch, the Leathernecks ught them back, equally determined retain control of the airport prize. gain the carrier planes acted as aerial tillery to support the ground attack, t this time their troop targets were rder to find in the dense undergrowth. In the late morning forty Mitsubishi mbers were reported headed their way th an escort of Zero fighters. Immeately, we saw reserve squadrons of our n fighters taking to the air from car- rs.

When the action was over, our sure ships' AA guns had knocked thirn enemy planes out of the air, and rest had been dispersed.

Tokyo's Extravagant Claims

hey had inflicted little damage on vessels. For such a bold invasion on on a large scale, the Navy high mand had expected to suffer conrable losses, but the only major es of the campaign to date are one ser sunk, and two others damaged. destroyers and one transport were aged. Most of the crews manning e ships escaped injury.

t this writing, the Navy lists these as red-ink entries on the Tulagi ledger, ite extravagant claims made by yo that they had destroyed thirteen sers, nine destroyers, three submas, ten transports, forty-nine fighter es and nine bombers.

this is being dispatched to Col-, we are more than holding our own e Solomons. Several major islands e group have been completely taken by the Marines whose strength is now increased by the recent arrival of supplies, additional planes and other fighting equipment. Our boys are steadily pushing back the enemy troops cornered on Guadalcanal, and frantic attempts by the Japs to save them with reinforcements landing at night have been squelched.

In one recent night landing, 700 Jap troops were put ashore on remote beaches. Before morning, 670 of these had been killed and thirty taken prisoners. Those Marines don't fool around.

One of our carrier groups out on a morning patrol encountered a superior force of Japanese planes rashly moving in on the Tulagi-Guadalcanal area. Within a few minutes, eight of the Japs were shot down in flames, and the remainder turned tail. Some days later, a lone fighter plane, sent out to investigate a Japanese aircraft reported approaching our ships, radioed back to his carrier that he had met the enemy and had downed same—one four-engine flying boat patrol bomber.

We may have a long hard climb back to control of the Pacific, but our Marines, Navy and Air Forces seem now to have a firm foothold in the Solomons. As soon as they are able to take further steps just as secure, we may look forward to several heartening results. The invasion of Australia and New Zealand will no longer be a threat to the supply lines of the United Nations. In those two places, planes will be safely established, we shall have vital bases for ships and aircraft. In that area, our winning of the war will be simplified accordingly.

THE END

This Wondrous Symbol

Continued from page 14

e gate, red wings spread wide—would persuade the gods!

ki caught up the bamboo knife, down the steps. She circled the made to lift it. But, somehow in moment, she saw her small hands blood on them, saw the dull film th spread over this glossy irideslife. She shuddered—and knew ouldn't do it. Sighing gently, etically, she tossed the knife back veranda, and went to find Alu. uld make her forget these things. i lay on the veranda mats. Her were heavy, her legs were heavy, is thing inside her chest was a now. How could this have hap- How could . . . She turned, , to look at the two babies that ers.

frightened sobs came from the rd: wails rose, were stifled, and ain. That moaning would be the unts, sorrowing over the houses burned. Those high, wild sobs be Ara's—sister Ara who could rry now until this pollution was from the family and from the Raki looked again at those ces beside her.

alarm drum started—a grumumble that might have come from the pit of Fire Mountain t climbed the scale to a staccror, shrieking in and out of evse in the village.

a! Holla!" the elder cried from m tower. "There has been a nder! The village is polluted!" ame across the courtyard. Not , singing, teasing Alu, who ike a dancer and danced like a ut a silent suffering Alu, clad headcloth and knee skirt.

eyes went back to the babies, ered. Such soft honey-skinned She felt something tear apart in her chest, and break. How could two such exquisite beings be a crime?

Alu strode into their bedroom. There was a cracking, splintering sound of bamboo being wrenched from the wall. He brought the piece to the veranda, hacked a top section off with his kris. Then he was pouring out the *guilders* he had banked there.

"—eighteen, nineteen, twenty gold," he counted, catching them as they fell in his hand, giving them to the priest who waited there. He gave the jeweled scabbard of his kris, the ten-generation old silver bowl, the ring and gold earplugs a raja's wife always wears. It would take these and more to pay for forty-two days of purification rites.

ALU turned to Raki. "The exile cart is ready to take us. You must contrive to walk to it now," he said with the helpless misery of an old man.

"Yes, Lord-of-my-World," Raki said, only looking at him.

"The axmen are here to chop our thatch," Alu said, still in that dreary stranger's voice. "The torches are lit to burn it."

"Yes, lord," she said. She gripped her hands to keep from crying as she pulled herself up on the mats. She cushioned the boy baby in one arm: she gathered the sleeping girl in her other, spreading her scarf over and around them.

"Not the scarf, Miserable Raki!" Sister Ara screamed harshly. "It is part of this house! It must be burned!"

"Burn to cleanse!" the aunts moaned. "Burn to purify!"

"Burn! Burn!" a wailing chorus mouthed.

Raki let the scarf slide to the floor. The babies had no covering now, only the warmth of the sun upon them. The work skirt she wore was all she had.

The alarm drum boomed again. "A



Promise yourself that you will write to some boy in the service tonight, and keep writing. It seems little enough to do.

If you could be there when the mail is passed around ...you'd get a real idea of how much a letter means. You wouldn't have to be father or mother or sweetheart to write regularly. Your letters to a friend or former co-worker will keep him in close touch with the places and people that mean most to him.

Esterbrook Pens

The Right Point for the Way You Write—Since 1858

National Letter-Writing Week is October 4th-10th. This advertisement is published by The Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden, N.J., in the hope it will keep you writing to the boys—regularly.

What Colored Pencil

takes a perfect point in any sharpener every time



VERITHIN'S lead, interwoven with countless tiny filaments, is so tough and flexible it takes a fine point ... *and holds it* under heavy pressure. You save time and trouble with Eagle VERITHIN.

... gives you over 4,000 check marks from one point



VERITHIN leads are so durable that a single point gives amazing service before resharpening. You save money when you use Eagle VERITHIN.

... protects your records against water damage



VERITHIN marks won't smear under moist hands nor run from accidental wetting ... the leads are *insoluble*. You insure legibility with VERITHIN.

30 Brilliant Colors

EAGLE

FOR FREE SAMPLE write on office letterhead, naming this magazine, your dealer and color you prefer.

"Chemi-Sealed" ® REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. (SUPER BONDED)

VERITHIN COLORED PENCILS

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

child blunder!" the shouting voice broke out.

Raki stepped down from the veranda, and crossed the yard behind Alu in an agony of time. They passed through the high carved gate, these guilty parents, and down the smooth stone steps. In the road Alu stooped, gathering dust in his hand. He threw it at the old gate, saying without conviction, "You are no longer home. I leave you."

At that moment there was a magenta flutter at the gate across the street, and Lia stood there. She stood proud and precious and beautiful, untouched by ugly disaster, looking sideways out of those talking eyes of hers. It was Alu she looked at, saying here was another love and comfort and diversion, abundant diversion.

Alu glanced up at Lia—to stay looking as though she were food he could eat and drink he could drink.

Then he moved into the cart, and the burdened Raki with him; and Regog, the driver who would also be watchman with them, was whipping at the little short-legged pony. They went flying through the long street.

"*Aie! Aie!*" the women in the street cried, turning their eyes from such a sight.

"Save us! Save us!" the sibilant summons went up.

"Belike the Japanese come now!" an old man cried out. "Mixed twins are disaster's sign!"

The alarm drum rolled on, faintly now, as faint as its hundred echoes.

Where the road turned beyond the village, Raki looked back. A pillar of yellow smoke stood up against the hollow blue, and she closed her eyes, thinking of the things that fed that fire.

She sat for an interval, drenched with guilt, knowing nothing that her eyes saw along the road, knowing only that Alu had spoke no husband's word to her since this thing had happened. Suddenly she looked up to see low clouds, black and heavy with rain. Then something stirred in her lap—one of the sleeping infants.

In that moment Raki became aware. Rain would come—fever rain at this time of year. The babies would sicken. And there were no aunts now, no old wives, to brew herbs, heat stones, and chant the fever prayer.

Raki turned to the driver. "Regog," she said, "drive faster. You do not drive fast enough."

Regog whipped the horse, as her voice whipped him; and the cart flew down through a crowded green valley and up again to the level green of the Rock.

LONG ROCK is a basalt finger dangling out from the land for no other reason, the elders say, than to confuse the fast water in the channel, to divide that green foam into a dozen whirling currents that double back on the shore, assaulting, spuming, but never reaching the level green crest. That is Long Rock—near the sea, and yet not of it: unblessed land, and yet not cemetery either.

Regog pulled the pony in under the tree ferns. Before he had tied it, Raki said to Alu: "We must run for the roof. Here, your son for you to carry. I'll manage with the girl."

She held the boy for Alu to take. Alu did, flushing that he, a raja, should carry a child: constrained that he did it so awkwardly: resenting a wife who did not try to charm him into giving his help.

Raki pointed to the fan palm. "Those lontar leaves for parasols. Quickly!"

Then the downpour came. They ran close in under the camphor trees, dodging from one canopy of matted lianas to another, out into that thrusting rain again, for half the length of Long Rock, until they came to the new shelter.

Raki darted in under it, grateful for its wide stretch. She looked quickly at the two thatched sides, at the bamboo platform that would be a bed for the four of them, and at the new food baskets stacked in the center with uncooked food and unused skirt cloth in them. Panting still, Raki said, "This has the feel of fever rain. Alu, nipa leaves are needed for the third side to keep us dry. Regog, stones are wanted for a stove, and fresh water for the rice pot."

RAKI hurried a little with the soap berries. She had taken too long gathering them. If one of Alu's restless moods came on, Alu would be irritable, having to sit watching sleeping children as though he were a woman. Even now, on the fortieth day, Alu looked at the babies with a resentful look. He could not see, even yet, that the faces they bore were his.

Regog had gone back to the road to meet the village elders and hear their decision. Would he bring good news? Forty days of purification had been purchased. Would the elders say that was enough, that they could return in two more days? Would Alu and she and the sweet, sweet morsels go back and become people again? Or would other expiating days be needed? And what of Lia—waiting Lia?

Raki quickened her long, half-running step. The clearing was just beyond. But what was this stillness? Where was the clack of Alu's mallet tapping the chisel? Had he stopped carving the expiatory panel? Then wouldn't he be beating bark from the paper tree into prayer squares? Raki pushed through.

Alu wasn't there. No one was. Only the babies lying on the bare bamboo platform, quite alone.

Raki dropped her basket, and ran to the babies. It was then she heard the flute off in the forest—weak, exploratory, not quite true. Again it sounded: clearer, truer. Again; and this time it was sweetly melancholy, plaintive, the song of a lonely man. And she knew then Alu had gone off to cut a bamboo flute. . . . Alu, so young, so unwilling to stop being a boy.

Regog came brushing under the leaves, carrying food for them on the shoulder pole.

"Just returned!" Raki managed to greet him, standing with the one baby in her arms.

"Just returned," he answered, easing the pole from his shoulder, wiping his face with his arm.

Raki handed him coconut juice, saying, "And the news, Regog. Tell me."

Regog looked at her solemnly. "The elders," he said carefully, "feel the gods are appeased. No further purification rites will be required."

Raki's sigh was a gust of thanksgiving.

Regog went on: "A new house stands ready for Alu, and for Alu's family when"—he gulped for breath—"when that time shall come."

He was holding something back. Raki stiffened.

"The elders cannot name the returning day now," he said as gently as he could.

"Cannot name it!" Raki tried to understand these words.

"The village thinks to have a new symbol first," he tried to explain. "They would have it to pray to before you and the twins return."

"But where to find it?" Raki gasped. "The symbol is a precious thing."

"They search for it," Regog said comfortably. "Five youths of the village are climbing Fire Mountain this morning. They go to the very pit edge to search out a lucky stone of the symbol's shape. . . . They *may* find it."

"You said"—Raki went back to words that had jarred in her mind—"*before the twins and I return.* Does that mean Alu may return? Alone?"

REGOG closed his lips. But her eyes drew the words from him. "Yes," he said, "Lia's father, the elder raja, has urged it."

"Oh!" Raki said, reaching for a handful of soap berries. "Oh!" she said, crushing them, rubbing them to a lather, and then upsetting the whole basket in the brook.

There was a numb interval before Raki got herself up from the brook margin. She motioned Regog to sit by the babies and went to pick more soap berries. The skirt cloths had to be washed: Alu would want soap for his bath.

She followed her own path out



COLLIER'S

"How in the world do you manage to kill all the time <u>between</u> shore leaves?"

CHARLES

ong Rock again, but where she had one straight before, she turned right ow, seeing there, almost at the cliff ge, an even bigger soap tree. Below as the water like a blue sash; and all out was the silken sound of it sliding n sand.

Suddenly, straight below, she saw a ay and rusty blot riding on the blue, ming for the shore. She leaned farther t between the leaves. It was a boat. strange boat of metal, scooped out like e lid of a box, and low in the water. ere was little in it except a man and lack-snouted gun on three legs. Raki ld see he was a man blown about by ny winds, a man who had come a g way.

WAVES carried the strange craft up on the sand. The man did something to front, and it swung down to let him k ashore. He walked steadily enough hough cautiously, looking about—rying the gun up out of reach of the ay. He returned to the boat: he ap-red to search for something. Finally, r a long time, he came ashore again. his hand he carried a lone object—ylinder thing, the length of a man's d, and bright, shining. He set it de the gun on the cliff ledge.

aki's eyes grew big. It was a sym-

lood pounded in her ears: a mist of ing gathered in her eyes. And in mist she saw two baby faces: saw elf an honored wife: saw a village peace of mind again.

aki began crawling down the cliff ugh the vines.

n the sand it was easy to creep, to behind rocks, coming closer and r. She watched the man. He was w-skinned, stocky, with heavy lders, wearing the pants of some rm. She guessed he was a Japa- and she looked at him curiously, ut resentment. She wondered how man could take treasure from a ng man.

e soldier sat chewing on something ad brought from the boat. Twice ised his head to scan the beach, to the cliff edge above him. Then he on with his eating.

ki stepped on a shell: it broke. The r whirled, and then relaxed seeing only a girl in a sarong who smiled as friendly.

st arrived!" Raki greeted pleas- bowing to him, bowing to the ol.

soldier murmured stiff words had never heard. She smiled back, rassed, bewildered. She hadn't ht of such a thing as not being o talk to him.

pointed suspiciously up the beach, trees, to the cliff path, plainly ask- others were there.

i shook her head quickly. "No," d pointing to her nose. "Just me." as glad to see his relief. He held ting thing in his hand—dried fish,

u're hungry," she said, pointing to mmican. She turned and ran to ana tree, pulled a handful of the le red bananas, and heaped them soldier's hands. She took his bottle to the brook beyond and t.

as smiling when she came back, at her eagerness, smiling at the e ran, at her long black hair, at lips, at her soft sweetness.

put the bottle down beside him, ightening, gazed adoringly at the —so shining, so silvery bright in light. "O, wondrous symbol!" rmured devoutly.

soldier laughed, a grunting amused by her awe of the ma- n shell. He pointed, negligently, black-snouted gun. But Raki are about the gun.

The soldier came close. He was murmuring something. Raki couldn't keep her mind on his queer sounds. Her eyes went back to the symbol; and she took a step toward it.

The soldier was at her side again. His hand tugged on her arm. Raki turned, surprised, and saw he was motioning toward the shining thing, motioning toward her, giving it. Raki stood smiling incredulously. She tried, breathlessly, to thank him, clasping her hands, lisping soft words—and then she was running toward the symbol.

She didn't lift it down from the ledge immediately. It was a precious thing: it must be carried so. She tore a banana leaf into soft strips, gathered *bintara* grass, and with these fashioned a cushion. She made a garland of frangipani and sweet mimosa. Only then did she put hands to it, cradling it on the cushion and draping it with fragrance. The soldier watched, chuckling, humoring . . . this child's play.

Carrying it thus reverently with her two hands, Raki started back to Alu. But, curiously, the soldier followed along the flat curve of the beach, up the cliff path, a step behind her. Twice Raki turned to motion him back. At the top she stopped. He came close, grinning insistently. It was then Raki looked into his eyes and saw the thing that was in them.

She stooped quickly to lay the symbol safely away in the grass. Fear swelled to suffocate her.

As she straightened, the soldier was at her side, murmuring, pawing at her. Raki didn't pull away. She smiled a heavy-lidded smile, leaned closer, putting her two hands on his chest—and then straightened her arms in a swift, fierce shove. And in that second his body was caught off-balance, was arching out from the cliff edge, was falling to the frothing rocks below.

IT WAS the time before evening when Raki came hurrying along the village street, bowing to women, bowing to elders, bowing to empty gates. Her skirt was purple, a flaming proud purple, and her head-tray was heaped. She walked the length of the evening line to step into first place there ahead of Lia.

Raki swayed, setting the rhythm; and all those others carefully matched their long steps with hers. Raki was raja caste now, raised this week to the rank of her husband—as an adored wife should be.

She led the line up the peaceful, happy village street, into the square where the elders sat chuckling over little stories, stroking cocks, chuckling, telling each other with glances, "Our raja's wife is a dancer, isn't she? Such fine dignity. Graces the village, doesn't she?"

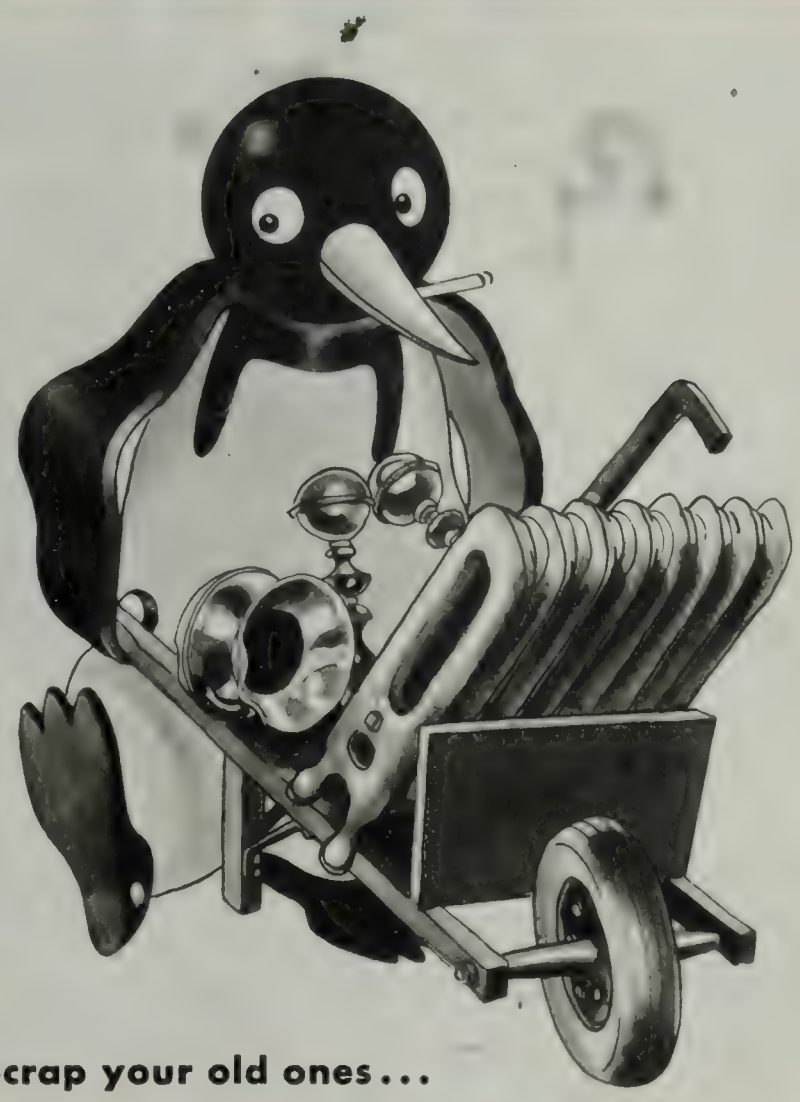
Raki passed the scarred banyan decorously enough, only smiling at it as a happy woman smiles at any tree. But when she led the line through the forked cleft of the shrine gate she moved with a sort of prancing piety and a rapt eagerness. She was to see the symbol again.

Swaying and stepping, Raki moved around the inner square, around the second, the third side. Her hands trembled as she knelt at the offering stones, heaping cakes and loaves there. Then was the time. Then she could feast her eyes on that slender polished cylinder standing there on the new altar.

"O Symbol!" she adored. "O wondrous Symbol! You have accomplished this!"

She swung her purple skirt far, far out in the happy rhythm, swung it ten steps more to the gate, swung it through the gate. . . . And then she was running, laughing at herself, but running home to Alu and those enchanting two.

THE END



Scrap your old ones . . .

SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

Getting tired of your present brand of cigarettes? Try KOOLS for a change! The dash of mild menthol in 'em makes your mouth feel cool, fresh, wide-awake! Yet none of the full, rich flavor of the tobacco is lost. And save the golden coupon on each pack. It's good for handsome, useful gifts.



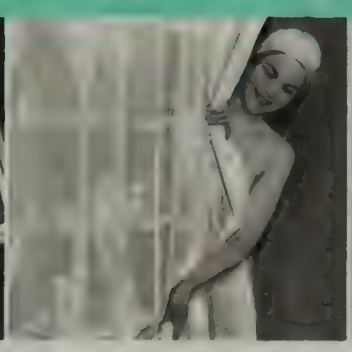
UNION MADE

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK! TWO EXTRA IN CARTONS!



U. S. War Savings Stamps—any denomination—by redeeming B & W coupons for cash value (¾¢ each). 133 coupons equal $1.00 Stamp.



Shower Curtain by Para. Full size (6′ x 6′) Vinylite plastic sealed for long service. Translucent and odorless. Won't stick or stiffen.



FREE! New Catalog #21. Color illustrations. Full descriptions. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

B & W COUPONS ARE ALSO PACKED IN POPULAR-PRICED RALEIGH CIGARETTES

KING COTTEN

Joseph Cotten is one of Hollywood's reigning stars. He's tops with Orson Welles and Alexander Korda—but he still looks back with longing on his impecunious days in Miami

By Kyle Crichton



WHENEVER Joe Cotten sits down and becomes reflective, he comes to the conclusion that it may have been a mistake to leave Miami. Since Mr. Cotten engages in such philosophizing in the garden of his home near Santa Monica, between chores with Mr. Orson Welles, this may be regarded either as treason or supererogation. In a sense Mr. Cotten is at his peak. His motion picture work is successful; he is in the dough; the colleens admire him; the box office finds him interesting. And then he starts thinking about Miami.

"It couldn't be better than Miami," says Mr. Cotten flatly. "Nothing could be better."

The man speaks with authority. He started in Miami as an advertising salesman on the Herald during the great boom. He lived through the crash and came out on the other side. He literally had a roadster blown out from under him in the famous hurricane. He saw it all.

"Boom, Bust and Blow," says Mr. Cotten.

When it was all over and the suckers had withdrawn in agony, licking their wounds and hastening their step like the Italian army in Greece, the place was a paradise. Rents had gone down to nothing; merchants clamored for the opportunity of providing provisions on a lease-lend basis; Cotten had an advertising job that took only a few hours' work a week; days he spent on the beach getting a sun tan; nights he worked with the Civic Theater.

"Like a beachcomber," says Joe.

Hollywood Producers Pick Cotten

This is strange talk from an actor who was a hit in Citizen Kane, managed to get through Lydia with Merle Oberon, has lately been featured in Welles' production of The Magnificent Ambersons, and is now being starred in Journey into Fear by the same great Balto. In addition to all this, he will appear in the new Universal picture of Alfred Hitchcock's, Shadow of a Doubt, with Teresa Wright. When he is not working for Welles, he is working for Alexander Korda. RKO has an option on additional services. And yet he gets spells of doubt.

"I even used to save money in Miami," he says mournfully.

The idea of Cotten being an actor is somewhat fabulous because he really started out to be a special-delivery expert. His father was and is superintendent of mails in Petersburg, Virginia. Joe took the special deliveries out on a bicycle.

"Best pair of legs in the world, I'll bet anybody on it," he declares. "I pedaled a million miles if I pedaled a yard."

There was some thought that he might try engineering at the University of Virginia after his high-school days, but he had been stung by the acting thing in school and prevailed on his old man to give him a year in Washington at an acting school. He borrowed some money from the bank, went up to our nation's capital and found that Washington wasn't Petersburg in a financial way.

He went to school steadily for a while but the money ran out and then he got a job selling vacuum cleaners. That took up the day and at night he attended classes. His real money, however, came from professional football.

He got himself a handsome sock on the puss in one game with the result that he still wears a bridge on one side of his mouth containing various teeth that were never there before. In the summer he would come up to New York less with the notion of getting work in the theater than of being around in case lightning struck.

"I'd make a few mousy gestures just for the record," says Cotten.

He went through the usual tortures of sitting in agents' and managers' offices but soon tired of that and decided to get a real job. He ended up as a salesman in a paint store and held the fort there for two years. On a visit home one Christmas he decided that the South was calling him and thought he ought to see it before returning to New York. There was an excursion to Miami at a good round-trip rate, day coach all the way, but cheap. He bought a round-trip ticket and was just preparing to contemplate his good fortune when a friend on a mail route said:

"In case you get down there and find you want to stay, I'll buy that return half of the ticket from you. I've been trying to get my daughter back from there and it costs too much."

It happens that at just this historical moment Mr. Cotten was in a low mood by reason of reverses at poker. He needed money for meals on the way down; he made a decision.

"Give me the money now," he said. "I'll give her the ticket."

The mail carrier handed over the money, gave Joe an addressed envelope with the location of his daughter on it and shook hands formally. Mr. Cotten was to mail the letter and ticket to the Miami address when he arrived. If he had reservations about the affair they were dissipated by the fact that on the way down he got in another poker game and lost the mailman's money.

Broke in Boom Town

"Not only was I in Miami," says Joe, "but I was stuck in Miami. I gave up all idea of buying the ticket back. I just dumped the letter in the box and turned my face to the future."

It was the days of the boom and Miami had discovered gold. Everybody bought and sold, including Cotten, who got a job on the Herald, but kept his head above water by his wits. His salary was $35 a week and the only place he could rent cost $150 a month. He made up the difference by barter.

"In the morning, pick up an old wreck of a typewriter; sell it by afternoon for fifteen bucks profit. . . . Otherwise you would starve in the midst of fantas

As has been said, the bursting of boom left him there. The town was d nitely changed; Joe wasn't changed all. For five happy years he lived life of Cotten. It couldn't have b softer but about that time he met nore Kipp, who was eventually to be wife, and they felt that Joe should m something of the reputation he creating at the Little Theater. Joe letters to people in New York, figh against the idea to the end.

"What do you do when a stra turns up with a letter of introducti asks Joe. "You run. I run. Everyt runs."

But he had met Daniel Frohma Miami and now ventured to brace for a job. The best he could do was Mr. Frohman on his way to the elev Having a letter to everybody in York, he also had one to Frohman, w he now presented hesitantly.

"A letter from a mutual friend, Frohman," he said.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Froh pushing it away. "You want to b actor. . . . They all do." He pa looked at Cotten grimly and then s a hasty, confidential tone: "I tell what you do, young man; you go a and sit in the agents' and manager fices. That's what you do, young

(Continued on page 67)

CREDENTIALS

By Richard English

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCY LEASON

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SVALDO, hearing the echoes on the cobblestones, looked up from the launch's engines. Frowning, ought to pierce the heavy clingings e night. The Santos basin had long been dark, given over to the stark uettes of the loading cranes and the py blackness of the customhouse. midnight it was a lone, friendless e and the coffee city's lights but a nt murk behind the looming ow of a battered freighter. Osvaldo, cting this was not a place for a fam- an, let his hand linger on a wrench. footsteps were louder now, separate distinct.

ou have the petrol?" the man d, a sudden stocky figure in a white c suit. He had a handbag in his and Osvaldo, smiling, let his fin- slide from the wrench.

m, Senhor Porter," he said. "With little persuasion"—his fingers d suggestively—"I secured enough ke us there and back. Even with ationing in Brazil there are ways, *reende?*"

ood," Porter said tightly, dropping ip aboard. With the cabin's one flickering over his sandy hair, white suit and strange blue eyes, ked the friendliness that Osvaldo lways remarked in Americanos. must make Hajahy at dawn." His guttural on some vowels, jarred do. "There can be no excuses, my *nheiro.*"

aldo nodded, and with a roar, the s were suddenly thrashing in the Then, with the roar gentling to dy throb and the running lights e launch was sliding through the Osvaldo glanced over his shoul- You have the passport? With the rine sinkings there is much ac- among our gunboats. If they cast t upon us they will demand your "

r reached into his breast pocket. , he again showed Osvaldo the an passport with its great gold the green cover. "You don't would lose it since this morn- e demanded. "American pass- e too valuable these days."

do nodded, bringing the launch the choppy waters that marked try into the South Atlantic. "Es- in the state of São Paulo," he After their great war between many of their people came to To São Paulo, where they es- this town they called Villa na."

now," Porter said shortly. out São Paulo he had encoun- azilian-American descendants of uthern rebels. Scowling, he re- eir leadership in the anti-Axis They, whose very grandfathers the United States rather than to its capitalistic democracy. the Nazis sunk any more he asked idly, watching Os- lenderness balanced before the I heard they got a troop trans- other day."

at I do not know. In our vil- e are not the newspapers and gue is unreliable." Osvaldo the wheel around. "Until to- seldom even in Santos."

shifted in the chair behind ing a position where the Luger t push into his shoulder mus- iting, "You must have been when I hired you today. I find a decent launch in all

o shrugged. "Nor is mine too the poor man risks the night said without bitterness. "Then s *simpatico* with your sudden e you learned if your daugh- roved?"

orter said, watching the slen- of his back.

Osvaldo, looking into the breaking ribbons of the whitecaps, recalled that the senhor's distress had been great that morning. He had, in much detail, explained why the trip must be made at once and by launch. With the petrol rationing and the poor roads one could no longer drive so far, and his daughter waned. So ill was she that for a few days he must leave his coffee-buying in Santos. For Osvaldo there would be much money and a father's thanks.

"When I came into the basin I learned of much excitement," he said, slowing the engines to accommodate a wallowing trough. "This day the *policia* discovered a Nazi radio station in Santos. From this place, they say, the Germans told their submarines of our shipping."

The boat lurched but Porter's gaze remained hooded in the night shadows. "Let us hope they arrested the swine."

"Not all," said Osvaldo, wrenching the wheel again. The launch shuddered and not until it had righted itself did he add, "It was said that the most important escaped. The *policia* are seeking him in the hills."

Porter was smiling. "They should find him in the hills. The Brazilian police are most efficient."

Osvaldo nodded, and made a reckoning from the Southern Cross. "Almost two hours we have before the dawn," he estimated, "and then yet another hour to the harbor of Hajahy. Perhaps now we should have the sandwich, no? They are in the basket my *esposa* prepares for me."

Porter ate slowly, his jaws working in audible rhythm, and his eyes scanning the moon-ridden sea. Far to port there might be gunboats but none too near. "Then you wish to be home soon, eh?"

"I am a bridegroom," Osvaldo said simply, and Porter, chafing at the weight under his arm, moved again in his seat. He ate the last sandwich without watching the sea, letting his gaze dwell on the young man's back.

WHEN the dawn came the steady chugging of the engines had brought them along the bleakness of the coast until their destination could be reckoned in minutes. Then it was that scanning the simple chart on the cabin wall, Porter's eyes sought a certain bay. It came, a wide cleft in the ragged coast line, and the Luger was no longer under his shoulder.

"Put in there," he said. Osvaldo started to explain that this was not yet Hajahy, and then he felt the Luger digging in his back. The gray mist was lifting, lifting, and on entering the bay, it was a gossamer veil barely concealing an ugly face. The sun came through, revealing the waiting submarine that had surfaced, the open conning tower and the drab and tiny figures on its deck. Then, in this moment of discovery, there came the pounding roar of the planes that since the first hint of day had been circling the coast line. Porter's eyes jerked skyward and Osvaldo's hand closed on the wrench as he heard that first swishing sound that came shrieking from the heavens.

When the submarine was only an oily splotch on the ragged waters one of the flying boats came alongside the little launch. A grinning Americano pilot helped Osvaldo lift Porter aboard. "Nice work, pal," he said. "We've been staked out in this area since you turned in the tip. What gave you the idea anyhow?"

Osvaldo beamed. "The seal on his passport was not Americano." The pilot stared and Osvaldo shrugged. "Was not my own grandfather an American—one of those Confederate founders of Villa Americana who came here after beating the Yankees in the great Civil War? Many of his possessions I still have and I know the seal of my grandfather's country did not say E Pluribus Unum."



There came the pounding roar of the planes. . . . Porter's eyes jerked skyward and Osvaldo's hand closed on the wrench



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO

Henry was helping Gene now. By noon they had two pretty good-sized piles of stuff in the ditch

LAWD! LAWD!

By John Faulkner

A day in the life of Henry, who shrank not from the pursuit of inspiration to its natural end, nor spared his loved ones on the way

HENRY MOORE sat staring at the blank sheet of paper in his typewriter. It was well after midnight and he had been staring at it since ten o'clock. He was trying to write the ending of a short story, but so far he had been unable to figure out anything that seemed to fit.

"I seem to have gotten all the characters in one room," he was saying to himself, "and now, what can I do with them? Let's see how many words I've got left."

He looked at the last sheet of manuscript in the pile beside his typewriter.

"Thirteen pages so far," he said. "Thirteen pages at two hundred and fifty words to the page is thirty-two hundred and fifty. That from thirty-three hundred and sixty-two leaves one hundred and twelve words that I've got to wind this story up in. I don't see how I can get four people out of a small-town hotel after twelve o'clock on a rainy night in a hundred and twelve words. If the boy and girl were married, I could leave them in the hotel room. If the man was a preacher instead of a night marshal, I could let the boy and girl get married. But I never have been able to marry anybody in less than two pages. Anyhow, I can't use a preacher in this. No one but a night marshal would be out after dark with an old maid moral uplifter. . . .

"By George, I've got it. I'll just get rid of all four of 'em. . . . A fire! Takes too much space. A bomb? That's it. I'll let the Japs drop a bomb on the hotel and blow 'em all up."

Henry squared away from the typewriter and wrote the finale to his story: "The sound of an airplane motor drifted down through the wet night. The hero said, 'Hush. It's an airplane. An enemy airplane. I can tell by the sound of its motors.'

" 'Nonsense,' the president of the Moral Uplift Society sniffed. 'The enemy only kill people. No one would be out on a night like this except we who consider it our duty to protect the lily-white virtue of our young girls.'

" 'They are coming from Cuba to bomb Memphis,' the hero insisted. 'They will pass over this hotel. Listen. I hear a bomb falling.'

" 'Let the bombs fall where they may,' the heroine said as she walked into the hero's arms."

Henry said, "There! An even thirty-three hundred and sixty-two. I can't write 'The End' on account of I've used up the full number of words, but I guess they will know to stop reading."

Henry worked in his bedroom a clatter of his typewriter waked Moore. As soon as the noise st she said, "Did you know it's late

Henry raised one finger at h wigwagged for silence. He re-c the words he had just written turned to Mrs. Moore. "What you said?"

"Did you know it was after Mrs. Moore repeated.

"It is? Why, it was only ten jus minutes ago."

"Are you coming to bed now Moore asked.

"Yes. Sure. Of course. I've my story. Listen."

Henry picked up the man came over to the bed, and put t ing light on. He sat down on t of the bed then and Mrs. Moor and folded her pillows to prop h higher as she reached for a n in the stand.

"Are you good and awake?"

said. "Or would you rather wait until morning to hear this?"

"No. You might as well go ahead now."

Henry read the entire manuscript.

"How do you like it now?" he said. "Did you notice where I had changed those two words back in the beginning of it? Smooths it out, doesn't it?"

"Yes," his wife said, marking her place in the magazine and glancing up at him, then back at the magazine.

Henry rose and put the manuscript back on the typewriter table and stood there a moment patting it lightly with his hand.

"That ought to suit 'em," he said. "But I doubt if it will because I think it's pretty good." He turned back to the bed. "I wonder if I could find anything to eat in the icebox?"

"There's your thermos bottle of coffee on your table by the typewriter, and some sandwiches and pie wrapped in wax napkin," Mrs. Moore said without even raising her eyes from her magazine.

WHEN Henry finally got to bed that night, Mrs. Moore had finished her magazine and was asleep again. When she woke late the next morning, she was well on her way to Memphis for a day's shopping. He put his dressing gown on over his pajamas and went down to breakfast. All the while he ate he kept thinking about the ending of his story. The more he thought about it the more reasonable it seemed. Take this very town he was living in. It was between Cuba and Memphis. The Japs could take a notion to bomb Memphis some time, sure enough. And if they did, they could come from Cuba as well as any other place. Why, they might even pass right over this very house he was sitting in. Without even finishing his breakfast he called to Minnie, the Negro cook, "Minnie."

"Yassuh," Minnie answered, coming to the door between the kitchen and dining room.

"Where is Gene?"

Gene was the gray-haired, sixty-year-old Negro yard boy.

"Miss Annie lef' 'im workin' de flower garden," Minnie said.

"Tell him to get the shovel from the garage house and wait for me at the back door."

"You go'n' take 'im out de garden whar Miss Annie done tol' 'im to work at?"

"What I'm fixing to do is a whole lot more important for all of us than growing flowers," Henry said.

Minnie rose from the table and Minnie watched him hurry from the dining room; then she went slowly to the back door, shaking her head.

"Gene, Gene," she called out into the flower garden. "You, Gene. Mist' Henry said for you to come 'ere."

Gene stopped his hoeing and looked at Minnie. "Whut he want?" he said. "Say fuh you to git de shovel an' wait for him at de back do'."

Gene leaned on his hoe and looked down at the ground around the rose bush where he had been working. He raised his hat and scratched up under it, then let it back in place and turned away from the rose bush. As he came past the kitchen door on his way to the garage house to get the shovel he was saying to himself, "Lawd, Lawd. Whut is Miss Annie go'n' say when she git home this evenin'?"

Then Henry, with his clothes hastily thrown on and his hair still uncombed, came down to the kitchen from his room. Gene was waiting at the door with the shovel. Minnie was busy over the stove but she raised her head and followed Henry with her eyes as he crossed the kitchen and went on out the door. She said, "Come on," to Gene, and Gene lifted the shovel and placed it on his shoulder. Minnie came to the door and watched them, Henry leading and Gene trailing behind him, as they followed the path across the yard, on around the corner of the coalhouse, and on across the barn lot. She returned to her stove then, shaking her head and mumbling to herself.

Henry led the way through the back lot to the gully behind the cow pasture. He scrambled down into the sand ditch in the bottom of the gully and looked back up at Gene who had come to a halt on the edge of the bank above him.

"Come on," Henry said.

"Whut Miss Annie go'n' say 'bout me leavin' dat garden after she done tol' me to work hit?"

"You come on down here," Henry said.

"Yassuh, but whut—"

"You do as I say. Who do you think you are working for anyhow?"

"Miss Annie," Gene said promptly.

"You get down in this ditch at once," Henry sputtered. "Miss Annie, Miss Annie. All I ever hear from you and Minnie is 'Miss Annie' . . . Well, are you coming down here or not?"

"Lawd! Lawd!" Gene said, lowering himself into the ditch.

"Now," Henry said. "We want to dig a cave back into the bank of this ditch."

Gene stood behind him, holding the shovel in his hands, without moving.

"Well, are you going to dig that cave, or are you just going to stand there holding that shovel until the Japs drop something on you?"

Gene looked up at the top of the bank, then up into the oak limbs above them.

"Whar dis Yap?" he said.

"Jap—Jap," Henry said. "Not Yap. And he's not up there . . . yet. He's coming."

"Whut he go'n' drop sump'm on us fuh?"

"Why, to kill us."

"Whut he want to kill us fuh?"

"Because—because—you go ahead and dig that cave. Then there can't anybody drop anything on us."

"Does Miss Annie know 'bout some'un go'n' drop sump'm on us?"

Henry couldn't talk. He only sputtered. Gene lifted his shovel and sidled over to the bank without taking his eyes from Henry.

"Yassuh. Yassuh," he said. "Whar you want to dig hit?"

Henry finally managed to say, "Not there. Not there. That's too sandy. Go farther up the ditch."

GENE walked ahead up the ditch and Henry came along behind him. Henry was examining the bank as they moved along now, but no place seemed exactly what he had in mind until they came to the head of the ditch where Gene dumped all the trash that accumulated around the place.

"Now," Henry said, coming up beside Gene who was stopped at the edge of the trash pile. "This looks more like it. Try this spot right here by the side of this dump heap."

Gene scooped a few shovelfuls from the bank and held them for Henry to examine.

"Now, that's getting more like it. There's more clay in it than there was back yonder. I believe we'll find just what we want under this trash pile. Take this trash along the edge here and throw it back in the ditch."

"Miss Annie had me put dis stuff heah to stop dis ditch fum washing up into de cow pasture," Gene said.

"What's the matter—"

"Mist' Henry, I sho do wush you'd git some'un else to dig dis cave."

"Listen, you—"

"Yassuh. Yassuh. I dig hit."

"You move that stuff like I just told





THOSE (—CENSORED—) sons of heaven have seen to it that Americans don't get any more tires for a while. They'll wish they hadn't. But until Victory, car owners are going to have to use the tires they have.

The same thing goes for cars, too.

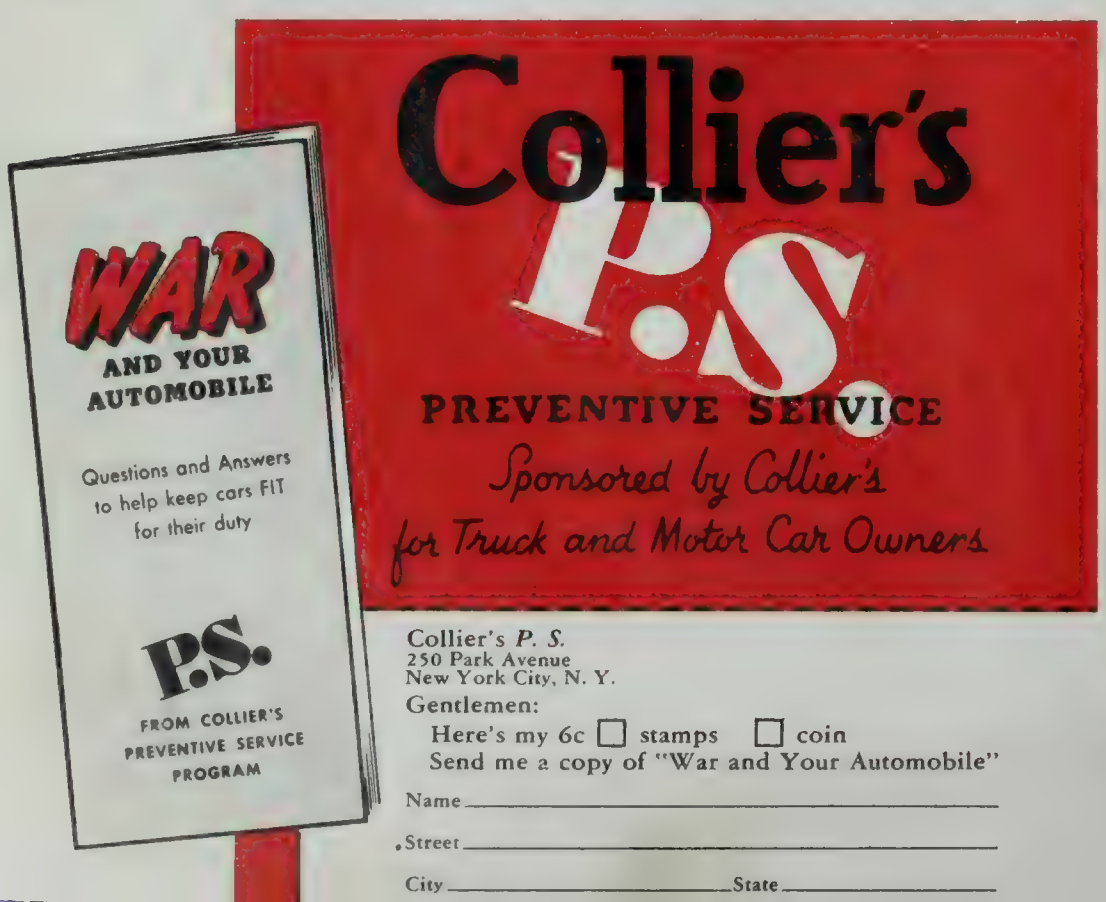
That's why it's absolutely essential to drive carefully—stay under thirty-five—watch starts and stops—take it easy around corners.

That's why it's a *must* to catch car troubles *before* they happen—*before* they become breakdowns that may put your car on soap boxes for the duration.

As part of its *P*reventive *S*ervice campaign for car owners, Collier's has prepared a 12-page booklet telling you how to take care of your car and tires. It's called "War and Your Automobile."

It's crammed full of information on how to get the most out of your car this Fall and Winter—to make your car last longer. It's written in language you can understand. No fancy, technical terms—only simple questions and answers. The questions are those any motorist might ask, the answers by men with years of experience in car maintenance and service.

To get your copy, fill in the coupon, send it together with 6c (either stamps or coin) to Collier's *P. S.*, 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C.



Collier's *P. S.*
250 Park Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Here's my 6c ☐ stamps ☐ coin
Send me a copy of "War and Your Automobile"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

you. Miss Annie will thank us for this when she gets home."

"Lawd! Lawd!" Gene said. "When she git home."

He began moving the trash and as he worked he said, "Who dis Yap anyhow?"

"Jap," Henry said. "Jap. Not Yap. A Jap is just like—just like—you know that Chinese laundryman uptown?"

"Yassuh."

"Well, he's just exactly like a Jap. You can't tell them apart unless you can see their toes."

"Yassuh."

"What's that you've got in your hand? Don't throw it away. That looks like my old fan."

Henry stepped in close to Gene and took the bent-up electric fan from him.

"Why, it is my old fan," he said. "I've been wondering what became of it. That can be fixed up. All it needs is a new motor and new blades and a new blade guard. Put it over there to one side."

Gene took the fan and placed it to one side in the ditch,

"And look there," Henry said, pointing. "That looks like the end of my fly rod that I broke, let me see, three years ago this summer. No. It was four years ago. I can have that fixed. Get it out and put it by my fan."

THEY found other things that Henry had been saving. There was an old desk stool that he had used at his typewriter table. The legs were always coming out and Mrs. Moore had gotten him a new one, but this one could be fixed. Then there was a pair of rubber boots, waders, that the heat of the attic had cracked, but he was sure he could fix them with some patching and glue. Henry was helping Gene now.

By noon they had two pretty good-sized piles of stuff in the ditch behind them. One pile was old pieces of roofing, and some dead limbs, and a few cans, things that were really no good. But the other was things that Henry had been saving to fix some day when he got around to it.

Gene was slightly deaf and Henry was absorbed in the remainder of the dump heap, and they didn't hear Minnie when she rang the dinner bell from the kitchen door. They didn't have any idea dinner was ready until Minnie appeared on the ditch bank at the head of the dump and said, "Ain't you-all coming to dinner?"

"Is it dinnertime?" Henry said in surprise. "I didn't realize it was that late." He looked at the pile of stuff he wanted to save. "We'll go eat and bring the wheelbarrow back with us after dinner."

"You go'n' take all dat stuff back to de house?" Minnie said.

"Why, of course," Henry said. "It should never have been thrown down here in the first place."

After dinner Gene brought the wheelbarrow back to the edge of the bank above the dump heap. He and Henry carried the stuff Henry wanted to save up the bank and built a new pile with it beside the wheelbarrow. When they had the stuff all piled on top of the bank, Henry said, "You start taking that to the house and I'll go through the rest of the trash pile. As soon as you get that first load to the house, come right back. I want to get all this stuff in before night. It shouldn't be left out in the weather."

"Whut I'm go'n' do wid dis when I git hit to de house?"

"Why, put it on the back porch," Henry said. "Put my fan and my fishing rod and my boots in the front hall on the floor by the stairs. I'll take them up to my room when I come in. Hurry back now, so we can get the rest of this stuff in out of the weather."

Gene started off with his first load, saying to himself, "Lawd! Lawd! Whut Miss Annie go'n' say when she come home?"

By late evening Gene had all the stuff moved back to the house. The back porch couldn't hold all of it, so he had to pile some of it in the kitchen on the floor and some in the back hall. And too, Henry had found some more pieces to add to the fan and boots and fishing rod in the front hall.

When Gene came back with the empty wheelbarrow the last time, Henry had only a few pieces on the bank, so Gene sat down on the wheelbarrow handles to wait. He was sitting there resting with his head bowed and his hands hanging limp between his knees when Henry saw the edge of a book sticking out of the dump and pried it out. He took the book and examined the cover but the weather had faded both the title and the color so he couldn't tell what it was. He opened the cover and there on the flyleaf he could make out the tracings of what had once been his own name.

"By George!" he said, seating himself on the dump and holding the book open across his lap. "This is my old geography book. The one I had when I was in the fourth grade."

He sat there leafing through the pages until he came to the New England group of states. Before he could read the names of all the states in the group he shut the book and tried to say them from memory.

"The New England states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and one more. Let's see now."

He named them over again. Still one short. He looked in the book.

"Connecticut, of course."

He looked up at Gene sitting on the wheelbarrow handles.

"Gene, I bet you don't know the states in the Southeastern group."

"Nawsuh," Gene said, without looking up.

"I bet I can name them," Henry said.

He named them over and the group seemed smaller than he remembered. He tried again, and then opened the book and turned to the map that showed them. The same map showed Cuba, too. Henry looked at the map.

"Why, we are not on a line between Cuba and Memphis. We are not even close to a line between Cuba and Memphis. What do you know about that! Now I've got to do the end of that story again."

HE ROSE from the dump and looked up at Gene.

"Why did you have to start diggin in this dump anyway?"

He threw the book back on the dump and climbed up on the bank beside Gene. Once on top he straightened up and walked past the wheelbarrow on his way to the house without a word.

"Whut you want me to do?" Gene called after him. "Bring dis little stuff on or dig some mo' on dat cave?"

"You needn't bother about that cave," Henry said without turning. "We never need an air-raid shelter in this part of the United States."

"Whut you want me to do den?"

"I don't care what you do," Henry said. Then he stopped and turned back to Gene. "Say—you better get back to work in that garden like Miss Annie told you before she left and where you were supposed to be all day. I'm going to tell her you haven't been in it since early this morning."

As Gene rolled the wheelbarrow up the kitchen, Miss Annie was just coming in the front door. She was tired from her day in Memphis and already had her hat half off as she came into the hall. Then her eyes fell on the pile of dirty, rusty objects by the stairs. She recognized them, and let her hat go

rushed on through the hall toward kitchen, calling, "Minnie, Minnie."
Minnie heard her coming and said, n, Lawd! Oh, Lawd!" as the door y open and Miss Annie entered the hen.
Minnie, what in the world is all that k doing in the front hall? The back 's full, too. And look on this floor."
Yassum," Minnie said. "An' de back h, too."
Irs. Moore spied Gene at the back r.
And what are you doing there with wheelbarrow? Did you finish that er garden?"
No'm," Gene said, taking his head in nands again.
Vell, why didn't you? What have been doing all day?"
Ve been diggin' a cave," Gene nbled.
cave?"
Yassum. To hide fum de Chinaman
What in the world are you going to from the Chinaman for?"
e fixin' to drop sump'm on us."
h, for heaven's sake. Why in the l did you bring all this junk back e house?"
list' Henry said me an' you never o business th'ow'in hit in dat ditch fust place."
s. Moore whirled on Minnie. re is Mr. Moore?" she said.
e come th'ough heah, ain't been since, an' went on upstairs."

'HOUT another word, Mrs. Moore ept out of the kitchen, through ll, and on upstairs.
en she entered their bedroom, was sitting at his typewriter star- a blank piece of paper racked in e Japanese raid was in the waste- beside the table.
nry," Mrs. Moore said, coming top across the typewriter from

ry looked up. "Hullo," he said. ou know we are not on a line be- Cuba and Memphis? I didn't ene started digging in that trash Now I'm in the same place I was last night at ten o'clock. I've got to begin all over again."

"You've got to begin all over again?" Mrs. Moore said. "What about me? I spent ten years collecting that junk and carting it to that ditch, and you move it back into the house the minute my back is turned."

"Why, that stuff I brought back from down there is not junk. I've always intended fixing those things up as soon as I could get around to it."

"I intend to take every piece of it back to that ditch this very evening, and you're going to help."

"Why, I can't. I've got to change this story again. The Japs would never get far enough off course between Cuba and Memphis to come by here."

"You needn't bother to rewrite your story on that account. If the Japs ever find out there's as much junk anywhere in the world as you and Gene have piled in this house today, you can rest assured they'll send a special expedition to get it."

"You think so?" Henry said, his face brightening.

He reached into the wastebasket and took the last page of his story out and clipped it back to the rest of the manuscript.

"I must have a pretty good story after all," he said. "But what about that air-raid shelter we were building? In case they find out about the stuff in the hall. Do you think Gene and I had better finish it?"

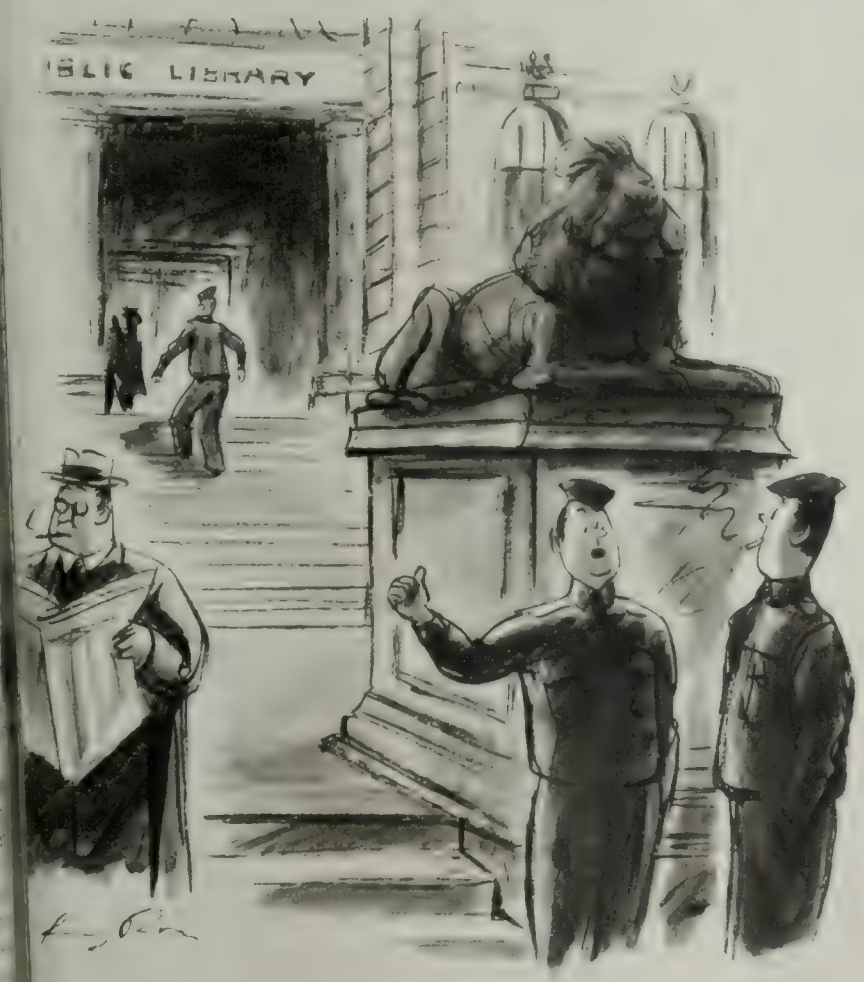
"No," Mrs. Moore said. "If the Chinaman comes to drop something on you and Gene I'll let you know in time and you can hide in the basement."

"The Chinaman?"

"Yes. Gene said you and he were building a cave to hide from the Chinaman in."

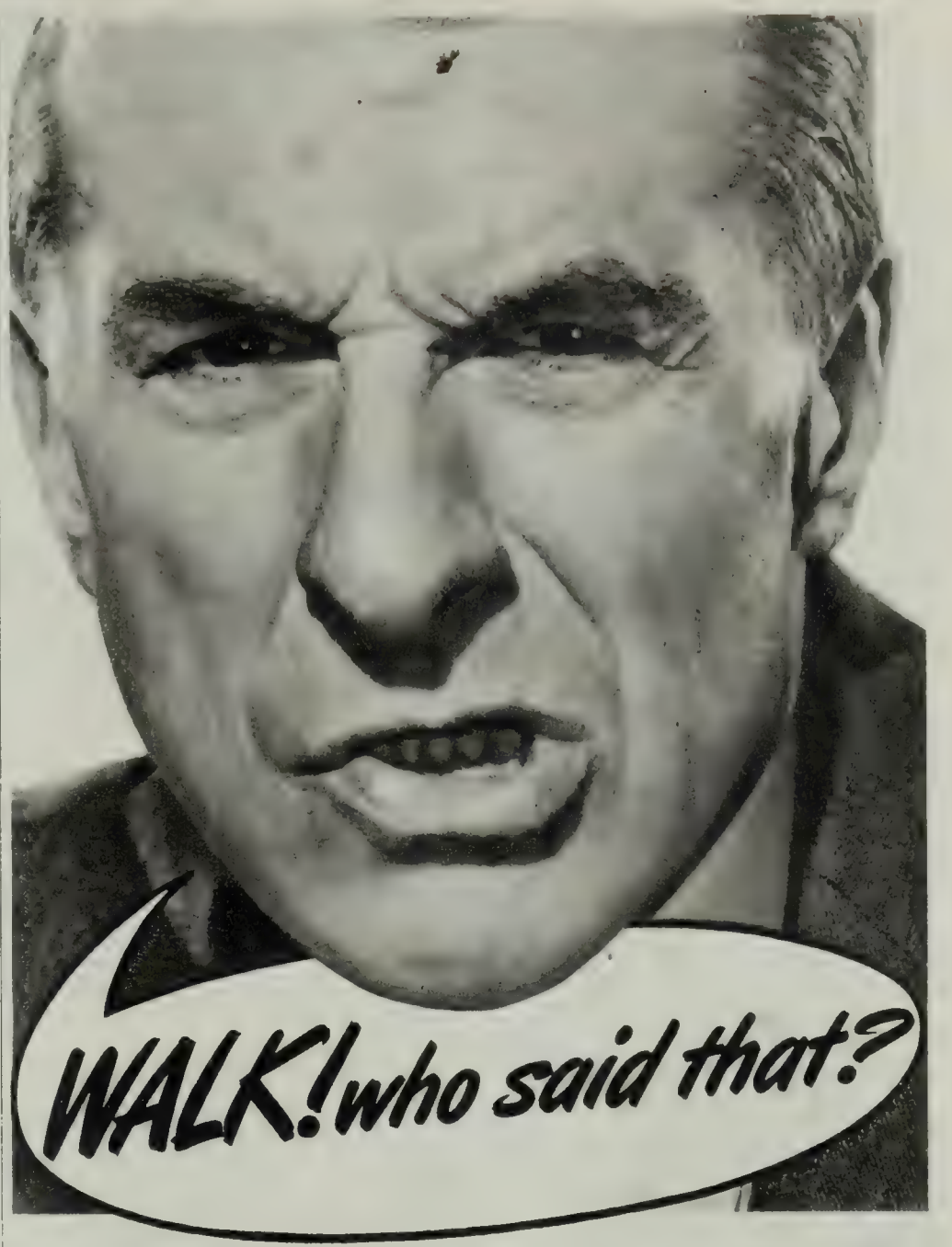
"Oh, that," Henry said. "I was explaining to Gene what a Jap looked like. I told him the Chinaman uptown was just like a Jap except for the toes. He got all mixed just like he always does. Gene amuses me. I never saw anyone that came as near staying mixed up all the time as he does."

THE END



You can laugh, but I've seen him do a few minutes' research in there and come out with some very smooth dame"

IRVING ROIR

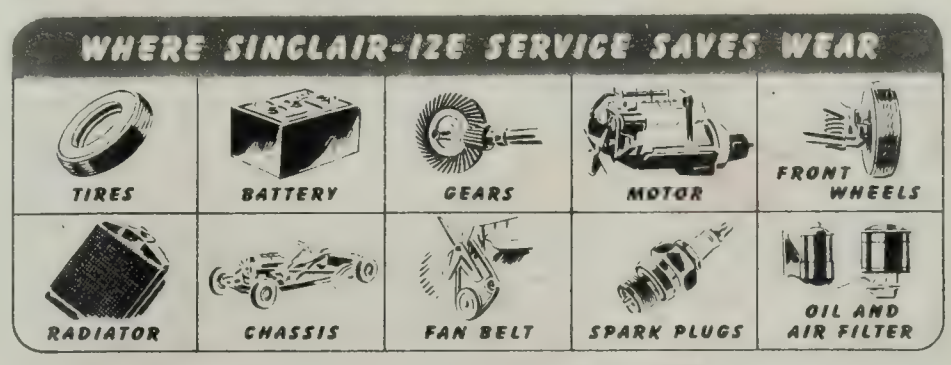


DON'T BLAME US, Mister. Blame Hitler and Hirohito if you have to walk when your present car gives out. But here's a way to postpone that day.

Put your car in the hands of a Sinclair Dealer for regular servicing. Sinclair Dealers have developed a special Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer.

Just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your car.

If your car is vital to you, ask your nearby Sinclair Dealer about his Sinclair-ize service today.



SAVE WEAR WITH

SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR — FOR YOUR COUNTRY



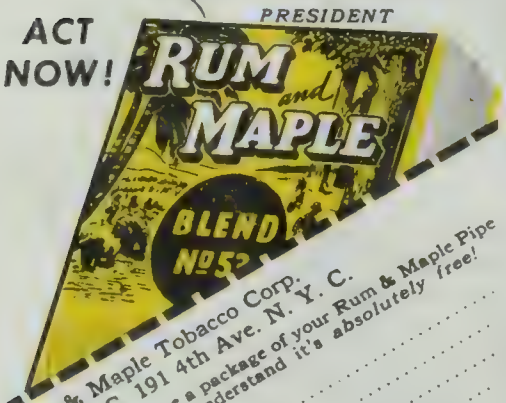
Try it...at My Expense!

I PROMISE you an entirely new pipe thrill with my Original Rum and Maple Blend 53! This distinctive mixture, which I originally perfected for my own private use, has quickly become America's biggest-selling 25c tobacco! And there's a reason!

The secret lies in the exclusive blending process by which I combine four carefully aged tobaccos (one of which is rare Syrian Latakia) with mellow imported Jamaica Red Heart Rum and pure Vermont Maple . . . producing an extremely mild, fragrant smoke completely unlike anything else you've ever tried. So clean and aromatic it's a sure hit with everyone—even the ladies! Ask your dealer for Original Rum and Maple today—or for a generous free sample package mail in coupon today!

Leonard R. Edwin
PRESIDENT

ACT NOW!



Rum & Maple Tobacco Corp.
Dept. C, 191 4th Ave. N. Y. C.
Please send me a package of your Rum & Maple Pipe Mixture. I understand it's absolutely free!
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

RUM and MAPLE
PIPE MIXTURE

Letter to a Man with a Boy in Ireland

Continued from page 12

He went off, and the boys roared with laughter as they watched him bent over with the weight of his kit.

"What did you do?" I asked the boys. "Fill it up with rocks?"

"Not exactly," one of them explained a little sheepishly. "He was telling us about his old man in London. Said the old man was so broke he couldn't afford cigarettes or beer, even. So we saved up our rations of canned beer and cigarettes, and when he wasn't looking, I filled his duffel bag with them to give to his old man. What a joke it'll be on him when he opens up the bag!"

Great practical jokers, these American troops! Great kids, too, believe me! They hear the fifth-column stories of dissension between them and their British comrades, stories that originate in Dublin and Berlin. They laugh at the ridiculous stories, and then go off arm in arm to the local pub for a pint of bitter.

The boys haven't become accustomed to the Irish beer yet. They are allowed five cans of beer and five packages of cigarettes a week from their own commissary. Barter has become the order of the day in Northern Ireland. Troopers who don't smoke but who drink beer exchange with men who do not drink beer but who do smoke. A can of beer will bring two bars of chocolate or one pack of cigarettes.

Ulster's Hospitality

General Hartle had to issue one strict order to his armored troops. He told them never to park their tanks near farmhouses. It wasn't because the farmers or their wives objected; it was because every time a tank did stop near a farmhouse, someone would immediately run out to give the boys hot tea or milk, and Hartle didn't want the local farmers to go short. The co-operation between our troops and the people of Ulster is like that.

The Army has made Belfast its port of leave. At best, Belfast is a rather dreary town, and I defy any Ulsterman to say otherwise. In fact, Ulstermen are the first to admit it. Our boys are sight-seers at heart, and at first they swarmed all over Belfast, looking at such architectural atrocities as the Albert Memorial clock at the foot of High Street, which rivals the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens in London for ugliness.

During the London blitz, London citizens would run hopefully toward this tribute to ugly mediocrity each morning. But, alas, it was never hit and still stands. The boys trooped hopefully into the Belfast Museum and were mildly intrigued to find there the pictures of thirteen former Presidents of the United States in whose veins there ran Ulster blood. If you care for details, the Presidents were Adams, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

The Grand Central Hotel in Belfast is the headquarters for American, Canadian and British troops and officers on leave. Many a noggin of Irish whisky is tossed off by the boys in the bar of the Grand Central and, lest we try to paint an entirely too puritanical picture of our boys in Belfast, let it be recorded that each night a dozen or so of them grope their way out of the Grand Central, not quite clear whether they're in Amarillo, Texas, or Wichita, Kansas. Just as a dozen or so youngsters from the junior class of any college in America occasionally find that their liking for liquor is far in excess of their ability to handle it. But everyone is pretty good-natured about it and nobody minds—and nobody ever gets hurt.

Northern Ireland is not a very big place. You can drive right across it in three hours. On your drive, you'll pass many magnificent gateways to large estates, for Ulster is the land of the very rich and the very poor. At these gateways you'll see sentries in the American uniform, for every large estate in Ulster was taken over, first by the British army, and now by the American Army which is gradually replacing it. Drive into these beautiful estates with lush foliage, lovely, half-hidden streams, often filled with trout, and you'll find divisional or regimental headquarters. The house the staff lives in may be three hundred years old and, more often than not, you'll find that the local squire or lord who owns it is now living quite happily in a gardener's or bailiff's cottage on the estate.

The Price is High

Hundreds of these large landowners gave up their estates to the Crown when war came, for Ulster, unlike her fat sister to the south, never professed to be neutral. She paid for it when Nazi bombers gave Belfast hideous blitzes; but she thinks the price was worth it. She still has her self-respect.

It is odd to follow a trout stream and bump into an armored unit. We have plenty of Honeys (the light 13-ton tanks) and plenty of the General Grants (28-ton tanks) in Ulster, and today the farmers of Ireland are as accustomed to seeing tanks crawl over their pastures as they are to seeing their cattle or their pigs.

In actual warfare (Norway, Holland, Belgium, France?) our tanks will never have to face the difficult conditions they have to face on the Ulster terrain. The country actually resembles that of Normandy which the Germans found excellent for tank warfare.

"But there's one difference here," the officer in charge of the tank unit told me dolefully. "Here, so help me, there's a bog even on the top of every hill you see, and no tanks are any good in bogs."

But that is no disadvantage in training. Our tank boys are getting the finishing touches of their training under the most difficult conditions possible. I spent a few days with an armored unit. It's a group we may hear from some day when they start playing for keeps. It is a real, typical American group. In it are thirty Poles (all of whom speak Polish), one hundred men of Mexican birth (all of whom speak Spanish), twenty-five Swedes (all of whom speak Swedish), and seventeen Norwegians (all of whom speak Norwegian). Some day when the invasion begins they'll come in mighty handy with their various languages.

One of the strangest sights I ever saw anywhere was an American General Grant tank parked outside of the cathedral in the small but ancient town of Downpatrick. I walked inside and found the crew signing the book of visitors.

Lest it be said they are merely sightseeing in a tank, I might add that they had been scheduled to have lunch in Downpatrick but had passed that up to see what many believe to be the burial place of the good Saint Patrick. I heard the sight-seeing tank crew arguing as to whether Saint Patrick had been buried here, as Downpatrick claims, or at near-by Saul (where he died), or in Armagh (where he always said he wished to die).

The argument as to where the dust of the good saint now lies is today as current and as colloquial as is the argument at home as to which was the better ball team, the Yankees of 1927 or the Yankees of 1936. Twenty-three places in Ireland claim his bones. Saint Patrick is no myth in Ulster, and now our lads are chipping in with evidence one way or another.

There are plenty of trees in Ulster which some day may save many lives. General Hartle has dispersed his men and material all over Northern Ireland and both are so well hidden that the occasional German reconnaissance aircraft which fly over have, to date, apparently learned very little as to the disposition of our troops. Had they learned anything, swift bombing would have followed.

As far as food and comfort are concerned, our Army is the best cared for in the world. To date, the only medical complaints which have registered themselves are yellow jaundice (quite a lot of athlete's foot and mumps. Their food, augmented by fresh eggs from the local farmers, is better than the food of either the German, British, Italian or even the Russian army, and at night, when they sleep, their blankets are as warm as magnificent woolen blankets that are given to the Russian soldiers in wintertime.

They have discovered a new form of exercise—badminton. They like it almost as much as they do baseball. The beauty of badminton is that it can be played on almost any pasture, whereas diamonds large enough for baseball are hard to find. The Army has made a variation of the old game of badminton; they play it three on a side and sometimes the soldiers keep up for what seems to be hours.

They March Back Singing

General Hartle is a great believer in sports. However, during the past few months the boys have been too busy with their maneuvers and their training to spend much time at games. Hartle is one for sending them on cross-country marches. I stood with him one morning in camp waiting for two regiments to come in. A chill drizzle of rain was slanting down as they marched into camp. They swung along easily and when they sighted home base they began to sing Roll Out the Barrel, which all the allied armies, including the Polish, Norwegian and Fighting French, seem to have adopted. They sang it lustily and strong and I noticed General Hartle smiling.

"They've just finished a thirty-three-mile march in the rain," he chuckled proudly. "All right, isn't it?"

I shuddered a bit at the thought of anyone walking thirty-three miles and said very weakly, "That's pretty good, sir."

"But you miss the point," General Hartle said casually and he could not keep the pride out of his voice. "They finished those thirty-three miles singing. That really means something."

If the Scrapper says they're good, that's enough for me. The Scrapper went through more than one war and knows more than the rest of us. He is very satisfied with your son, Joe, and with a lot like him. So you ought to be satisfied, too.

Sincerely,
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

King Cotten

Continued from page 60

atted Joe on the arm and disap-
d into the elevator.
er this slender start, Mr. Cotten
all his letters and distributed them
seagulls on a ferry trip to Staten
, which he took to cool off. Then,
ng to be hanged in an elegant
if in any, he broke in to see David
co. Mr. Belasco welcomed him as
friend.
ny, Mr. Cotten, it's a pleasure!"
ed. "You come right with me.
st going down to rehearsal."
trailed along in fear and bewilder-
thinking that his identity would
be disclosed and he would be
out onto the pavement of West
Street. Belasco kept him by his
the auditorium of the theater as
earsal went on.

A Job with Belasco

w, those costumes of the girls,
tten," said he, "don't you think
ould be better in yellow instead
"
, sir," said Joe meekly.
sco yelled to his stage manager.
e," he cried, "I have an excellent
ion here from Mr. Cotten. He
the costumes should be yellow
of red. Don't you think Mr.
is right?"
thought it was nothing less than
t and Belasco turned to beam on
tten.
ow, the contact resulted in Mr.
s being taken on as assistant stage
r and understudy to Lynn Over-
A Dancing Partner. He got $50
and a case of jitters every night
Overman wouldn't appear. He
d the same job with Melvyn
in Tonight or Never, experi-
he same fears.
ldn't learn the lines," says Cot-
don't know why it was but I
d get them straight."
vas along in 1931 and the de-
was killing the theater along
rything else but Joe managed
as leading man with the Cop-
are players in Boston and had
ck engagements and always a
mmer stock work. Then the
ell out of everything. He was
there was no work at all and
acting in one-reel industrial
lso he modeled for photogra-
rom that he drifted into radio
nd not an instant too soon,
ecause the family was having
s. During one interval when
d Joe were on edge from pov-
rew himself up and said huff-

ing to my club."
club?" asked Lenore, baffled.
obert E. Lee Bean Bag and
Eating Club," said Joe loftily
e into the night. This allusion
life in Petersburg had her wor-
idering it a mental throwback
anger. It seemed, however, it
Mr. Cotten's idea of humor.
ded all his humor soon there-
use in radio he met up with
lles and followed him into the
heater. Many people contend
has never been as interesting
since. At least it was alive.
vorite of all plays was an old
d Horse Eats Hat, at which
either laughed uproariously
with absolute bewilderment.
people saw that show thirty
the last night when we tried
ome fun for ourselves and
e lines, the audiences yelled
es right back at us."

When Welles launched the Mercury Theater with a new version of Julius Caesar, Cotten was in it. He next starred in A Shoemaker's Holiday. He was thinking about going into the Welles fiasco called Five Kings when the Theater Guild signed him to play opposite Katharine Hepburn in The Philadelphia Story. After the New York run and road tour, Joe was quite willing to listen to the Boy Wonder, who was now in Hollywood tweaking the noses of the pompous and awakening the hatred and envy of the multitude. Cotten was in a great spot. Welles wanted him for Citizen Kane and two other studios were standing around with contracts.

"You don't turn down Welles," explains Cotten. "He'd be around beating tom-toms under your window."

The Welles set is like no other on earth, as is seen by Journey into Fear, in which Orson has used every strange individual in the outfit. His manager, Jack Moss, is acting as a heavy; his secretary has a good emotional part; his radio script writer, Bob Meltzer, is a Syrian waiter, a terrible sight. Not only is Cotten playing the lead with Dolores Del Rio, but he prepared the screen treatment of the book, along with Welles.

"It's just Welles proving the Alfred Hitchcock thesis that all actors are cattle," explains Cotten sourly.

In a social way, the Cottens go nowhere and do nothing. When seen early this year, they had not been out of the house one night for three months. During the summer they rarely miss a night at the ball games when the Hollywood Stars are at home.

As an indication that youth is no longer so important in Hollywood, Cotten enters along with such middle-aged gentlemen as Walter Pidgeon and Spencer Tracy to stir the fickle feminine. He has a great following already and the Hollywood sages expect him to be among the biggest when the full effects of Ambersons and Journey into Fear are tallied.

Mr. Bennett's Poor Memory

But Cotten was not worrying about that when the latest picture started. He was fascinated by the spectacle of Richard Bennett playing the father. Mr. Bennett has trouble retaining his lines; furthermore, his eyesight is so bad that he can't read from a blackboard during the scenes. So Welles had recited a particularly important speech onto a record and Bennett had taken it home to learn.

"I play it over," Bennett was explaining to Cotten, "and I take portions of it and write them down and study them. I do it over and over, word by word."

"Are you getting them?" asked Cotten.

"Not a bloody blasted one of them!" cried Bennett proudly.

When the scene was shot, Welles stood just outside the frame of the camera and prompted Bennett every few words. Bennett then said the words. Before the rushes were shown, the Welles sound track was eliminated and the rest of the scene put together.

"The greatest acting you ever saw in your life," cries Cotten with bewilderment.

This caused listeners to suggest that perhaps Hollywood was pretty good after all and maybe he was lucky he got away from Miami.

"Maybe we hadn't better press that Miami thing too much," said Joe. "This is pretty soft here, too."

THE END



Five Star 8 years old — *Pinch* 12 years old

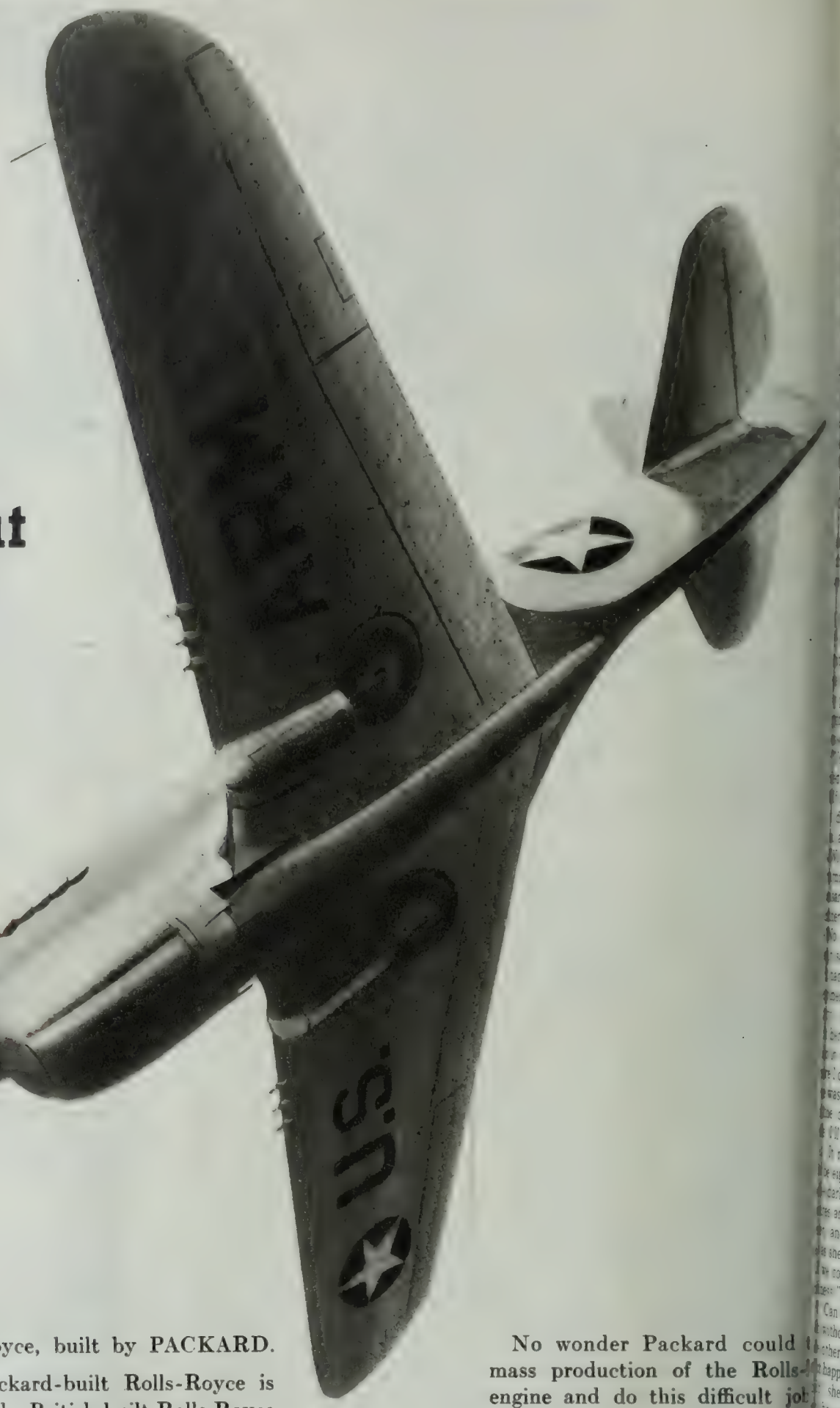
HAIG & HAIG

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Oldest name in Scotch

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

Born to come out on top!





Its name: *Warhawk.*

Its number: P-40F.

Its habitat: *Shhh!* (Suffice it to say, *Warhawks* are now going into action against the enemy.)

Its character: It is the newest, fastest, *most-potent* member of the fighting Curtiss family of pursuit planes—that's a family tree that includes those famous Kittyhawks and Tomahawks.

The power behind the drone

The Warhawk is a fast climber. She can take off and soar to an altitude of better than 30,000 feet in jig time. In high altitude battles, she is born, and *built*, to come out on top. And the terrific power that gets her up in a hurry comes from a team of top automakers. The engine is a Rolls-Royce, built by PACKARD.

This Packard-built Rolls-Royce is similar to the British-built Rolls-Royce engine that powers the R.A.F.'s famous Spitfires, and has helped the "Spits" down the best planes the Axis has to offer. In fact, you can swap an American and a British engine, and the pilot will never know the difference.

Packard is no newcomer to airplane engine-making. Packard made the famous Liberty motors in World War I. It built motors for the aircraft divisions of both Army and Navy between wars. It built the airplane-type engines for "Miss America" and other famous speedboats.

No wonder Packard could t
mass production of the Rolls-
engine and do this difficult jo
the skill of experience. Result: Pa
is delivering these precision e
at a rate that's bad news for th

An important by-product

Making these Rolls-Royce engines—a
gines for the PT-boats—is also teaching P
things that can make fine motor cars eve
Precision power is the war cry at Packar
days—and it will continue to be when c
made again. You can expect your Pac
the future to be better than ever—and it

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS

PACKARD FOR PRECISION POWER

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 23

y its two iron handles and set on a le table in the shadow of the old book-ses. Twelve struck from the big clock the hall. Chris had not come. The or of baked potatoes drifted in from e kitchen regions. Owen, who was w about talking, said plainly "More n-din?" and the twins burst into fret-l crying, "Mommy, we're hungry!"

"Yes; come along," Loveday said. e stopped in the hallway long enough glance down the drive. No car was nkling its way up among the euca-tus and poplars. No Chris. Life s heavy upon her, like a bar of iron, she went out to give the children their ch.

She and Hugh lunched together after . For when he came in again at two lock she was sitting in a deep chair the library, staring vaguely into ce, and in answer to his questions itted that she had forgotten the l completely.

NNIE LUM was gone. Sister and brother investigated the icebox and try and she filled the coffeepot. y sat down in the kitchen, and Love-put out her hand and laid it on his. h blinked at her through his strong ses.

"You'll find that money yet," she as-d him gallantly.

"If I don't, I'm not going to let it make difference," he said. "I've a new , a new plot."

"With clues and leads" she suggested, rning his smile. "Oh, Hugh, it's sant to sit talking with your ner!"

"No; no clues and leads this time," n said seriously, "except this clue: happiness can be a danger, and un-iness a great safeguard, a great se-y. After the war I'm going to come here, if you go; I'm going to live in my grandfather's old room, and e I die—and I may live to be as old was, I'm going to start the hospital, he cornerstone laid. And mean-I'll stop worrying about all the It may take me fifty years—I'll e eighty—"

The dark little face with its mixed-up es and flashing of glasses beamed r, and Loveday felt tears in her s she smiled back.

"If we could only learn to do without ness!" she said. "But isn't it like Can we do without it?"

"To without one happiness, and have others," he said.

"But happiness spurs one—happiness c," she offered uncertainly.

"I've been watching you for all these s," he said, "and I'm your big r after all. I wish you'd let me ." He stopped short.

"There isn't anything you can't say Hugh."

"Is this," he said. "You're built on urney lines; you're head and ers over me, physically and every way. I'm small—Mother wasn't s she? I'm like her people. But big, like Grandmother Gurney; the American girl, Miss Liberty I'm not flattering you; I've just pinking it out. There isn't any n that you could get away with g Larry and marrying Chris. what thousands of women do ear; when they realize that the rriage wasn't any too well-con-or too wise, they pick a smarter nd you've picked a big one!"

Loveday faced him steadily. Her had colored a little as she lis-ow her eyes grew misty.

"Chris," she said simply.

"Chris. He's liked you ever since the old days in Aunt Laura's house—Lord, how long ago they seem! And you're the natural mate for him—the real wife. Merle never was. And Chris is magnificent, Loveday, don't you ever fool yourself about that. He wants you now, and men aren't themselves when they're fretting for some woman who fills the whole sky. But Chris is fine. And he'd give you everything in the world a woman could want. He'd play fair with the children too—he really loves your children."

"I know he does," she breathed.

"So that it would mean shopping with Chris on the avenue for a—what was it Merle was always wanting?—a mink coat," he said, "and it would be little dinners with distinguished men and women, Chris at his happiest; he's a wonderful host. And some day when there's any place to go, it would mean travel, London and Paris and Rome—"

"London and Paris and Rome, with Chris," she said.

"You'd get away with it," he said. "There'd be very little interest in that group in what you had been before. 'The children are hers by a first marriage,' that's all anyone would say. It would be happiness, wouldn't it?"

"Oh," she said simply, and a sudden wild passion of tears was upon her. With a quick movement she cleared a space on the table before her and laid her arm there, and hid her face against her arm. Hugh sat immovable, his own arms crossed tightly on his chest.

ONCE having started, Loveday could not stem the flood. She sobbed uncontrollably, struggled to regain her breath, was abandoned to a fresh burst of crying. After long minutes she got up and went blindly to the window, and stood there seeing the winter-bound earth and forest, the stripped willows and bare fruit trees outside through a bitter flood of tears.

"It's too hard," she said at last thickly, through a childish catching of sobs. Her brother said nothing.

"It's too hard either way!" she presently began again. "Why should it be like this! Why should it come to me? Other women don't have to fall in love with Chris St. George and give him up—and give up everything—everything—"

She was incoherent again. But she was crying more quietly now, and there was no sound in the kitchen except the ticking of the clock, and the occasional scratching of a dry brown leaf against the window pane.

A child cried out far upstairs, and Loveday turned her tear-stained face to her brother, her swollen eyes managing a smile.

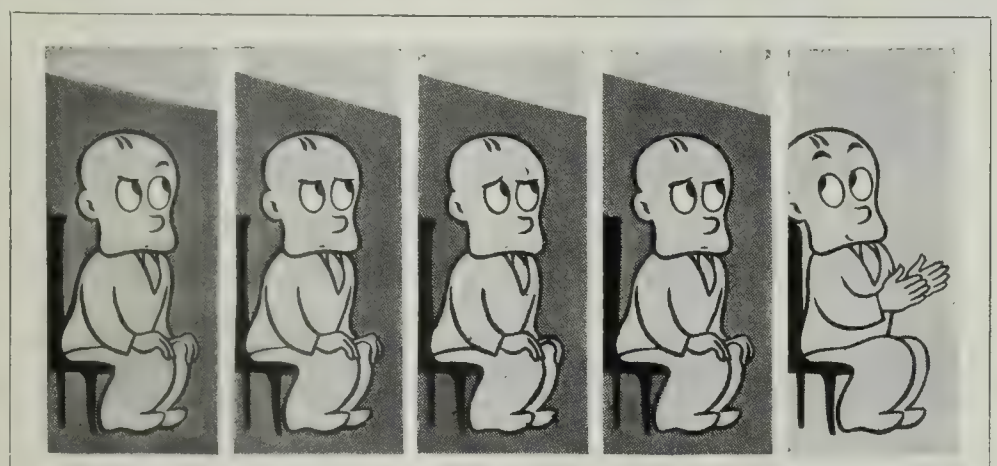
"We'll see it through together," she said.

Hugh said nothing. It was time for him to go; he did not even kiss her goodby. But she saw the look that he gave her, saw the lift to his shoulders as he went away, and she told herself in her soul that she would not fail him.

So then of course there were things to do. Things to do in the dim old house that was permeated with faint drifting smells of woodwork and mold in it on such a winter day. Midafternoon was quiet and somber outside. She turned on the nursery lights as she got the twins and Owen into play clothes, buttoned on shabby little coats.

THEY all stopped in the kitchen for milk and crackers. Loveday piled in the sink the plates from her impromptu luncheon with Hugh, put away butter and cream, answered the children's chattered questions lifelessly.

Were Jean and Johnnie coming? Yes, Mother thought they were. Just as soon as they waked up from their naps. And were they all going up to the mill, and to play "magic places" in the stable?



COLLIER'S — Home Movies — CROCKETT JOHNSON

Yes, Loveday said, her thoughts going to that happy hot summer day when she and Chris had climbed up to the little weather-silvered porch below the great wings of the mill and leaned on the rickety railing, and felt the high, sweet breeze blow over them. How far removed that day, with its glowing heat and its smells of hay and fruit and roses, was from this dark November afternoon! "It will never be summer again," she told herself.

Well, here were the little Fayres ready to share the last of the milk and crackers, and everyone was wild with excitement to get to the old stable and the mill. Agnes, with Geraldine, and Loveday with the toddling Owen, followed them up through the barnyards and past the sheds and fences, and started them on the "journey to magic places" that meant climbing ladders, sliding into meal bins, establishing themselves as householders in the mangers, walking along the railed partitions between the box stalls.

Twin baby lambs, born out of time, were housed in one of the stalls; the anxious ewe ready to butt the delighted and awed little visitors away. Cats prowled among the sacks and bins and kittens stepped daintily on first little journeys over sacks and thresh-carpeted floors.

"You've a way with children, Loveday," Agnes said. The two mothers sat on a bale of pale-green flowered alfalfa; the light in the old stable was dim; rain pattered intermittently on the roof. "It's part of your vitality," Agnes went on, as Loveday acknowledged the praise only with a grateful glance and a flush, "and I love it! I've always been one of these dragging creatures, drinking milk and lying down every five minutes, and now counting vitamins! But you've got the energy and health of a child."

"There's something refined about being just a trifle delicate," Loveday countered laughing. "My troubles are different. I'm always hungry and always worried about getting fat. But I never thought of it as making me more at home with children! I've always loved children."

"I can read them stories, and say 'Yes' when they ask to do something," Agnes said, "but I don't get into their minds the way you do. This 'journey to magic places' that you started the other day. They've talked of it ever since as if it was something tremendously important. 'If we go to Martha's house can we go on the journey to magic places?' They never think of this place as just a stable; it's real magic for them ever since you started it."

"I suppose we're all like them," Loveday said seriously, her eyes on space, "in thinking that quite ordinary things are magic. So many of them all over the world—enchanting places! One wonders if the magic ends when one reaches them! Sometimes I think," she went on, "of grand opera on some snowy night, and of a big fur coat and perfumes and the women in jewels and beautiful gowns and the men in evening dress. Or I think of a yacht anchored off some lovely seaside town with old, white houses and tall trees, and of people arriving on it for luncheon, flowery hats and light frocks—"

"I HAD some of that," Agnes said, as Loveday stopped on a dreaming note. "My Aunt Agnes always had an opera box when I was a young girl, and the juniors of our school used to go to matinees regularly, and the seniors to three evening performances every season. Of course, I'm not musical, Loveday, and I used to be perfectly frantic when Mother'd tell me that I had to go to Traviata or The Barber of Seville with Auntie. I used to squirm around in my seat in the front of that hot box until I ached!"

"You certainly destroy some of the glamor," Loveday smiled.

"I don't mean to! But most of my youth seems to me, looking back, to be terrible boredom," Agnes confessed. "My uncle, Senator Crawleigh, had a partner who had a yacht, and those two old men used to ask me to bring 'some pretty girls' out on Sundays. We'd go out into the bay for an hour, have a very rich lunch, play bridge on deck, and sail home again. Uncle Cass had a crew of nine, so there was no fun with the boat. I don't know—perhaps I'm very unappreciative—but I'm having a better time right now, here near the camp with the children, than I ever did on the 'Willing Wanderer.' I don't mean this kind of life is easy," Agnes finished, "or that it isn't horrible to have John away so much. But it's my *life,* and there's no feeling in the world like living your own life!"

"Independent of other people for your happiness," Loveday said.

"Not independent, exactly. But living for them, getting your joy through them," Agnes amended it.

Agnes glanced at her once or twice in the silence that followed; presently she asked quite casually why Christopher St. George wasn't at the farm. Wasn't he usually here on Sundays?

Loveday, her color flaming up as she



In war as in peace, production is speeded most when shipments travel by the sky route—AIR EXPRESS.

Essential war materials are given air transportation priority. For details phone Railway Express Agency, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, or any airline.



AIR EXPRESS

NOW IN ITS 16TH YEAR

Division of RAILWAY EXPRESS

WANTED:

Before Christmas

100 Busy Housewives!



EVEN if you are busier than ever before, you can earn a substantial sum for Christmas shopping, War Stamps or extra spending money. It is easy to increase your income in spare time as a Community Subscription Representative for this magazine.

This is a fine time to get started because so many people are ready to order their personal and Christmas gift subscriptions. So the sooner you get started, the more time you will have to take advantage of the profitable Christmas season. For full details, just mail the coupon or send a penny postal *now!*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-64
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOW can I earn extra money for Christmas as a Community Representative for this magazine?

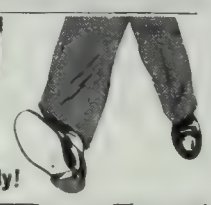
Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

State .....

FORGET CORNS!

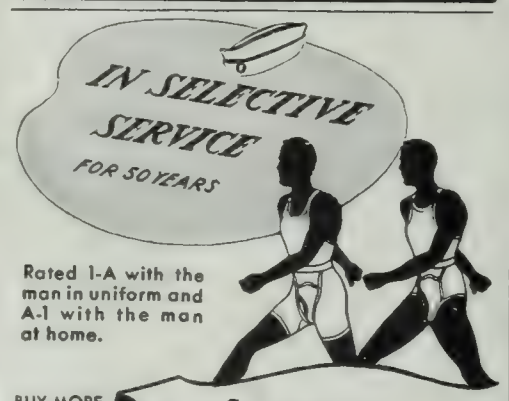


Doctor's Relief Acts Instantly!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns and sore toes. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



UNDERWEAR

One name in underwear it's a comfort to remember.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N.Y.

realized the trend of Agnes' thoughts, had no time to answer, for Chris himself came into the stable at that moment and joined them.

The shadowy cool old stable burst into constellations of stars for Loveday and for what seemed an endless time everything seemed to be whirling about her. It was with great difficulty that she made herself move and speak. She had no conception of what she said, or what Agnes said. Chris was cool and pleasant, and seemed to be taking command of the situation easily. He had not met Agnes before. They talked of New York and Washington, found mutual friends about whom to gossip. If she knew the Rogers outfit she must know Freddy von Tilghmann? Oh, poor Freddy von Tilghmann and his stamp collection! Did Mr. St. George know that the Bridemans had bought the Jordan place in Georgetown and were doing wonders to it?

Agnes and her children, the latter somewhat crumby and milky, drove away into the darkness at six o'clock, and when Loveday had settled the children off upstairs, and descended once again to the library, she found that Chris had kindled a good fire and was sitting there looking into it, his body bent forward on the low davenport, his locked hands dropped between his knees. He rose at once and came toward her, and took her shoulders in his two firm hands, holding her off to look at her. His face was tired and sad.

"My dear, this has been very terrible!" he said.

"Oh, Chris! It has seemed so long!" It wasn't what she had meant to say; it was exactly the opposite of what she had meant to say, but the words seemed to come of themselves.

"We must never do this again," Chris said.

"No." She breathed the little word half unconsciously, her eyes on his face.

"I've thought of you every hour, Loveday—"

He drew her to him, kissed her, and held her tight. Loveday, freed from this embrace, felt the last fiber of her resolution melting into utter bliss and confidence; she could breathe deep; everything was all right. She was going to see Chris again, and hear him, and talk to him—have with him, indeed, a talk so poignant and so thrilling that her senses were swimming already in anticipation of it.

THEY sat down on the davenport before the fire, and for a few wonderful minutes could only say each other's names, and drink in the sight of each other's faces. And when words did come they were laughing and inconsequential for sheer joy.

"I love your coming in and kindling a fire before you even sat down! And what a grand fire, too," Loveday said. "Where else did you ever build fires except here, Chris?"

"I've a little camp next to the Abernathys' camp, up in Maine. And I can tell you that if I don't build fires there we don't eat!" Chris smiled. "You don't know what I can do. I made a goulash last year out of canned hash and peppers and corn that was something, let me tell you!" But he wasn't thinking of what he was saying; his eyes were devouring her hungrily, her hands were gripped in his. "Did you miss me?" he asked.

"Every minute." No use attempting to deny it or conceal it; she was conscious of no reservations; there was nobody else in the whole wide world but Chris.

"But you wouldn't say so?" he reproached her.

"Because you knew it." It was the only answer; anything else would have been belied by her radiant face, her tear-wet lashes.

"Did I *know* it!" He shuddered; shook his head. "It's been endless aeons!" he said. "But it's over now, and it's over forever! I'm on my knees; I'll make any terms, darling. So you tell me—you tell me how it's going to be."

The strength of him, the charm, the power in the dark eyes, and the new note of humility and beseeching in his voice were far too potent to be resisted by any opposition she could summon to her aid, even if, warm and weary and utterly content, Loveday had been in any mood to invoke it. She and Chris were together again, by the fire, after the hungry, empty, aching days; life was flooding back into her veins again, her head was on his shoulder. She had floated away from reality; only this was real, this little cocoon of warm light beside the fire, these flickers and sparkles of fireshine on the familiar pictures and frames and backs of books, this vivid, eager, passionate man against whose heart her hands were held.

HIS cheek rested on her hair; now and then he stirred and she felt his lips there.

"Chris, if we could die now, when we're together again!"

"But we're not going to die. The very best of everything is ahead of us. This is no time to die; this is our hour to live, Loveday."

Then the silence of utter content again. And then the sharp voice of everyday, this time exemplified by Martha, halfway down the dark hall stairs in her nightgown and wailing in sleepiness and terror.

"Mother! Moth-er! Owen's awake and he says his finger hurts where he touched the nettles!"

Loveday was away like a flash, comforting Martha as she guided the small girl upstairs again, lighting the nursery, busy with assuaging treatment for the ills of the weeping Owen.

"We screamed and screamed for you," Betsey said reproachfully from her bed "and Martha said she was scared to go down but I was worse scared and we thought Owen might die."

"He's not going to die, it isn't even the hand he got the nettle sting on," Loveday murmured, tucking in small forms, administering drinks of water to the children.

She snapped off the light, heard three grateful and apologetic good nights. Then she stood still in the darkness for a minute. Her heart was beating fast; she felt frightened, eager, wildly happy. The night was wild with beauty and adventure.

This room, the nursery now, had been her grandmother's room. Much of the furnishing was still the furnishing of her grandmother's day. Tonight, in the silence that was broken only by the children's even deep breathing, suddenly there came back to Loveday the sound of the voice she had so often heard here in this warm shadowy place.

"Be a woman of thy word, Lovedy. Through good, through bad, bearing children, keeping his house, bind thy will to thy man with ropes of steel. If thee does that, thee'll work thy way through to happiness in the end."

FOR a long moment she could not move. Then she heard Chris's voice from downstairs:

"Mrs. Fayre on the telephone, Loveday!"

Loveday went down. Agnes had left her wrist watch, unless she had left it at Loveday's house? Yes, Loveday found it in the darkness of the back hall where the telephone was; Betsey had found it on the stairs.

"Mr. St. George is just going, A

THE WAR and your INSURANCE AGENT

THESE are days when it is important that we all have a sympathetic understanding of the other fellow's problems. No seat on the bus, no berth on the train, no room in the hotel, the laundry late, no meat, no coffee, no gas — so on. The railroad's at war, the hotel's at war, the laundry's at war—we're *all* at war. Your insurance agent or broker is at war. Many of them are actually fighting. All of them are doing the best they can under the circumstances.

They're carrying on . . .

The business of those agents who are in the armed services is frequently being carried on by their associates—sometimes by members of their immediate families. We urge that you continue your insurance account with such agencies. We shall be glad to be of service to anyone whose insurance man has gone to war. If you have any questions to ask regarding any form of insurance — write us. We won't solicit your business and will endeavor to be as helpful to you as we possibly can.

For the duration . . .

Your insurance man can't get around today as much as he would like to. The tire and gas situation is preventing the personal delivery of renewal policies and interfering with the frequent checkups that most insurance men like to make. You can help by calling on your insurance agent if you are near his office and by advising him by phone if you are in need of additional coverage. And be sure to tell him if there is any change in the status of your affairs.

For your protection . . .

Nothing will interfere with your agent or broker furnishing you with any form of insurance protection. You may be sure of that. But don't wait for him to see you. If you need insurance, give him a ring or call at his office. You may find him typing his own policies and writing letters in longhand because some young woman in the office has just become a WAAC or a WAVE. But he will give prompt attention to your insurance needs — as usual.

Keep 'em Flying

HARTFORD INSURANCE
Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

3¢ A DAY

HOSPITALIZATION PLAN



SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

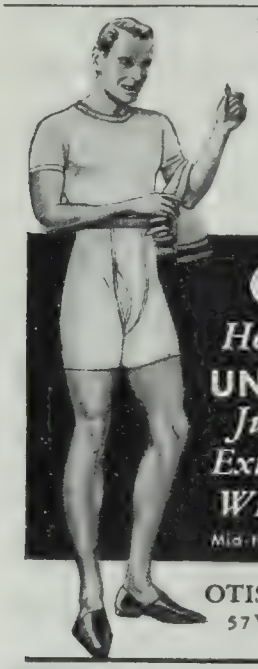
Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

POLICY PAYS
Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to
$540.00
Doctor Expense up to
$135.00
Loss of Time from Work up to
$300.00
Loss of Life
$1000.00
...And other valuable benefits.

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. Z2-10, Wilmington, Del.
Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".
Name ----------
Address ----------
City ---------- State ----------

Buy U. S. War Bonds



OTIS
Healthweight
UNDERWEAR
Just Enough
Extra Warmth
Without Bulk
Mid-thigh and ankle length
Trade Mark
OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York

WRITING A PLEASURE
$1 INK-O-GRAPH $2
14 KT SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED
Lets you dash off letters and reports with speed and ease. Writes smoothly as a soft lead pencil on any quality paper. Unequaled for making carbon copies with original in ink. The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.
INKOGRAPH CO., INC • N. Y. C.



STOP Scratching
It May Cause Infection
Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D. D. D. Prescription.



SAVE TIME in ST. LOUIS
STOP AT HOTEL
Lennox
COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED
RATES FROM $3.25

would you like him to bring it to you?" she said. It was not quite half past eight after all; Agnes could not find any fault with Christopher's remaining until that hour. Agnes answered at once that she would not think of troubling Mr. St. George; she would come over in a day or two and get it.

Loveday could look from the telephone table across a stretch of dark back hall into an angle of the front hall and the open library door. Chris had gone back to the davenport by the fire; she could see his dark head over the back of the seat.

But could he hear her talking? Could he hear her dialing a number? Suddenly she knew that she must risk it; that it meant safety. Her finger jerked the dial about; it seemed to make a great noise. She heard the little hum that meant the number was ringing.

"Hugh," she said, in a tone as soft as a blown feather, "can you come. I need you."

She heard only Hugh's surprised quick, "Sure!" before she put the receiver noiselessly in place.

CHRIS was sitting on the low davenport when she went back to the library—his locked hands fallen between his knees, his somber eyes on the fire. Loveday slipped into the great chair; her heart was beating fast. Was he angry? Had he heard her summon Hugh? Or didn't he even know she was there? She had made no noise, returning, and he had given no sign of hearing her.

"I wonder," he began presently, not moving, not looking at her, "if we might settle this tonight? You told Mrs. Fayre that I was going right away?"

"I had to," she said with a nervous laugh. "It's quarter of nine."

"As if that mattered," Chris said, half to himself. "As if time mattered, with you and me! Loveday," he went on, suddenly pushing a low hassock to her knee, seating himself on it, and grasping both her hands in his own, "do you love me, dear? Can't you tell me that, once and for all? Do you think I'm fooling, do you think there's any fun in this for me? Won't you say—say—*say*, 'I love you, Chris. I'm yours! I trust you. I'll go with you—leave the details to time to settle—prove to you that I'm not afraid, that I'm all woman when I love!' "

"Sh-h-h!" she said, her smile like a mother's smile, all tenderness and pity.

"No; I'll not be hushed, darling. Loveday, Loveday, Loveday, you know what you mean to me! You know how I hate this creeping into another man's house, listening every minute that we're together for the sound of his key! Won't you be generous to me? Ah, you do love me, sweetheart, don't you?"

"I am intoxicated—I am transformed by what I feel for you, Chris," she said in a whisper, "no woman's heart in the world could feel more. Just to have your brown face there, dear, so near—so near that I can lay my fingers against it, so, is something—something for me to remember. Remember when we are parted, Chris. When we can't see each other any more."

"We will never be parted now," he said, the hard hands that held hers shaking, his voice shaking. "You are mine now. I can never lose you again while those words are in my ears! Loveday," he went on feverishly, "you are writing him tonight. You are writing him all the truth. And I am going to stay here as your guard—to guard what is so infinitely precious to me, until I can take you tomorrow to Nevada, and leave you and the children there."

"Chris, this is goodby, tonight. Don't you see that it must be so?"

She leaned her face against his and burst into tears as she said it, and they clung together.

"You mustn't cry," he said, "you mustn't be afraid. Nobody can separate us. You love me; you said so."

"And I love other things more, differently," Loveday said thickly. She groped for his handkerchief, wiped her eyes, gulped, and tried to smile with sopping lashes and a trembling mouth. "Oh, not with the glory, Chris, not with the stars! Not as we were that day on the windmill—just discovering each other—just beginning to know we cared! Never like that. But the way a woman may love with honor, and right, and service. And that's my way."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY



VOLUME III

IMMEDIATRICIAN: Doctor who wants to operate right away.

LACKOMOTIVE: A train without an engine.

BORLESQUE: A girlie show that is terrible.

CONFEATHERATE: A bird who helps another to fly.

POORMANENT: This is a fellow who never will have any money.

CLARINOT: Guy who doesn't play the clarinet.

SCOAL: What a Scandinavian uses in his sfurnace.

EXPECTACLES: That pair of glasses you're going to have sometime.

IDONTICAL: Two things that don't look alike.

PROGRASSTINATOR: Man who keeps putting off mowing his lawn.

Faced with the stoopendous task of making this Fictionary a comprehensive work, Col. Stoopnagle will welcome words (with their definitions) from readers and will pay five dollars out of Collier's pocket for acceptable contributions. Address The Fictionary Dept., Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

"And that's sheer adorable nonsense he said. "Sit down with me here by t fire, and give me your hand, and p your head on my shoulder. We are alone in the world, my darling, and may make our own laws."

"We have only a moment, Chr Hugh is on his way home."

"Hugh!" Chris released her from t hold of his arm and looked at her w darkening eyes. "He said goodby; was going to camp," he said in inst quick suspicion. "When did he say was coming?"

"Just now. I telephoned him," Lo day answered, paling. "When I tal to Agnes."

Suddenly they were both standi looking at each other harshly, like str gers, in the soft lamplight and firel In the silence they could hear a car c ing up the drive in the silent night; h the jerk of brakes and the slam door.

"I must go," Chris said then, sim in an almost absent-minded tone. " left my coat out here, I think—"

He went to the door, walking a undecidedly, stopping once to look a him vaguely. He did not speak to L day again, but she heard Hugh's g ing in the hall, and Christopher's saying good night.

She stood perfectly still. Her life the world and the stars in their co seemed cold and dead.

Much later that night, when had gone to bed and the big house silent, she did write to Larry. He moved steadily over a page, an page. Then she put her head dow rested it for a long time on her arm her whole body shook with sobs. a while she blew her nose and wipe eyes and swallowed hard and beg write again.

"IN ANYTHING official like Loveday said to herself nerv "especially now, when everyon fidgety with nerves, they may terrible difficulties! I wish Hugh have come. He looks important murmured half aloud of a man w walking about in a Coast Guar form, "if he'd just stand still!"

"What is your business, mada policeman said at her ear. L jumped. She hastily groped in h for credentials, put them into hi The official cable from the War D ment, the letters, the pink card blue certificate.

The officer walked toward tha on the long dark pierhead that rectly under a hanging dazzlin lamp; scrutinized the papers c Loveday watched him anxiously

"You are Mrs. Lawrence Ing he asked.

"Yes; I'm his wife."

"And he is coming in on thi This was a statement made aft study of the papers. "He is i

"Yes. His foot's amputated face, turned up earnestly to n man's look, had paled suddenly

"Hospital case?"

"No. They said not. He come directly home."

"How did you know that, gersoll?" said a quiet, mid slender man who had joined th

"I don't know how that ne We didn't hear anything u month. But I was notified th been injured, and his foot an and that he had been decorate day said.

"He must be a brave man," man said, giving her a keen loo his eyeglasses.

"I don't know what he did been recommended for the sional Medal of Honor." groped in her bag again, p newspaper clipping and a pict

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

es tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, , dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh em the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

OTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

" YOU'RE IN THIS FIX . .



P.W. WILL FIX IT

OOSE DRAWER PULLS can be easily and uickly reset with PLASTIC WOOD! Fixes ose casters, and bathroom tiles and fixtures, o. In cans or tubes at Paint, Hdwe., 10¢ Stores.



NDLES LIKE PUTTY — HARDENS LIKE WOOD

/AKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— ITHOUT CALOMEL

-And You'll Jump ut of Bed in the orning Rarin' to Go



e liver should pour out two of liquid bile onto the food wallow every day. If this bile is not flowing , your food may not digest. You get constipatou feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to you feel "up and up." Get a package today. as directed. Effective in making bile flow free- k for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢

Send 10¢ this NICKEL BARREL AND KEY CHAIN



ds 9 nickels on tap in plastic . Solves nickel problem for , parking meters, telephone, nt postpaid for 10c. with portfolio of colored pic- of the famous Haband Ties $3.85). Sold only by mail. *Tie pictures alone REE on request.* Write Dept. 89

HABAND TIES
Paterson, N. J.
Selling Ties By Mail Since 1925

IT IS NOT MEAT
THAT WE SHOULD EAT

Bring on the duck, line up the cod,
Hang high the goose, lay low the scrod,
Enthrone the egg on porkless beans,
And save the meat for the Marines,
The Army and the Navy too . . .
They're hungrier than me or you.

MARGARET FISHBACK

was in the paper ten days ago," she said. "Lieutenant Ingersoll; that's my husband."

The two men looked at the cutting, returned it to her.

"If you'll come this way," the small man said then. Loveday went with him along the dark pier; the early morning hours in March were bitterly cold. A fringe of men and women had been at the shore end of the roped-off dockhead, but down here in the dimly lighted, dark, high-roofed place, only officials, guards and dock hands were scattered about.

THE heavy boards under her feet were soft with sawdust; men were pushing little trucks about. Great crates were stacked in the surrounding darkness, boxes enormous enough to hold bombers, even. Underneath everything, the sea sucked and murmured on the piles. The black starry moonless night wrapped everything in mystery and solemnity that seemed hardly broken by the infrequent blots of light overhead.

There was a narrow, porchlike ledge, fenced heavily with the tops of piles, outside the long shed; here there were some upturned kegs, and to these Loveday's escort led her. She sat down on one of them, and an elderly woman and young boy seated near by made a hospitable little stir as she joined them. For a few minutes everything was dark; then Loveday saw her companions, and the stout fencing of piles to which great bumpers of sacking and straw were tied, and the glimmer of a tug's lights as she moved over the blackness that was the Bay.

"My son's coming. He's got pneumonia and they're sending him home," the woman said almost immediately.

"He's goin' back though," the young boy added.

"Was he at Pearl Harbor?" Loveday asked.

"We don't know. He may have been sick before that. You waiting for someone?"

"My husband. He went away last fall; he's an aviator and had been sent to Honolulu. He's been seriously injured, and I'm afraid he can't go back," Loveday said; "they had to amputate his foot."

"My goodness, that's terrible! That's terrible!" the woman said in instant sympathy. "You poor child, you! Will you have to take him to a hospital?"

"I think not. But my brother's in the Medical Corps connected with the camp at Indian Hill," Loveday explained, "so if he needs it we can put him there." She paused. "You're Mrs.——?" she began, the shaft of light from the great barnlike, doorway light brightening her pleasant smile.

"I'm Mrs. Neville, and this is Tom. Tom's so crazy to get into this war since Pearl Harbor that I'm just about ready to tattoo onto him that he isn't but fifteen!" the older woman said.

"You can wait, Tom," Loveday reminded the boy smilingly, "because we have to do this job pretty thoroughly now, and dig down to the very roots of things, and it'll take time."

"You said it, dear!" Mrs. Neville said fervently. "There's lots we've got to get rid of in this world besides war, before we get started right! But I didn't get your name?"

"Ingersoll. Mrs. Lawrence Ingersoll."

"Well, your husband—" Mrs. Neville stopped short. "Your husband isn't the man they recommended for a medal?" she demanded.

"Yes." Loveday felt the blood rise proudly to her cheeks. "There were others cited," she said, "but Larry is to get the Congressional Medal of Honor."

"For conspicuous bravery under fire," Tom supplied.

"Is that it? I only knew it was for bravery."

"It's the biggest you can get in America," the boy said. "Gee, I wisht you'd let me shake hands with him! Gosh, I wisht he'd give me his autograph!"

"He isn't going to be in any mood to give anyone his autograph," Mrs. Neville said, cutting short her son's rhapsodies; "he'll want to get home, that's what he'll want, and get to bed!"

"You don't get that medal just for gettin' hit or something," Tom elucidated. "You get it—see?—when you're safe. An' when you risk your life for somebody else, when you're all safe an' don't hafter, see?"

"Tom, how'd you know that?" Loveday's voice was awed and eager.

"Oh, I read it somewheres. Gee, I'll bet your husband was lucky to get off with just his foot hurt," Tom said. "Does he walk with a crutch?"

"I don't know. You see, I've not heard from him directly since Pearl Harbor. My brother cabled, but all we knew was that my husband had been promoted, was injured and in the hospital. Then two days ago I was notified that he might be coming to San Francisco, no dates or directions, but just to come in and find out. And yesterday I drove in, and got myself mixed up," Loveday finished smiling, "with officialdom and Red Cross and going to this office and that office and being identified. Luckily I've an uncle who lives here and he could help me out; I stayed with him, and he got me down here an hour ago—hours too early, they say, but they told me midnight."

"I was here at eleven, and now it's past two," Mrs. Neville said. "I don't care. If I can once get my hands on Joe again seems like I'll never let him go."

SHE yawned, drew her big coat more warmly about her. Loveday leaned back against the wall of the shed and huddled herself into her garments too.

A man came down the dock with a big tray. Other quiet forms were seated on the kegs now; talk of husbands, brothers, sons, children and their mothers evacuated from the danger zone went on. Thick cups of life-giving drink, the crisp buttery rolls went about.

Time went by. Three o'clock; four o'clock. For a few troubled minutes Loveday dozed, wakened, dozed again.

She was wide awake and looking up at the star-spangled black sky toward the north when suddenly half the glittering pageant was cut away. Blackness, high, unbroken, silent, had glided in between her eyes and the constellations. The ship was coming in.

(To be concluded next week)

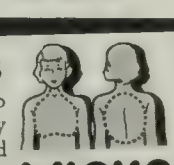
Helps Prevent Many Colds FROM DEVELOPING



EVEN WHEN a head cold stuffs you up, or transient congestion clogs nose at night, Vicks Va-tro-nol does 3 important things to bring relief —**(1)** it shrinks swollen membranes, **(2)** relieves irritation, **(3)** helps clear clogged nasal passages . . . And brings greater breathing comfort. Follow complete directions in package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILDREN'S COLDS
To relieve miseries — rub Vicks VapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!



VICKS VAPORUB

A FINE PIPE *with something no other pipe has!*

In this *different kind of pipe,* moisture is not merely trapped — it is *side-tracked,* and then absorbed by a pipe cleaner in the stem.

Smoke is always drawn through a clean, dry passage—never through a saturated filter. That's why a SMOKEMASTER gives a dry, sweet smoke every time.

What's more, SMOKEMASTER is a truly fine pipe, made to the most exacting standards of pipe craftsmanship . . . Try it for new smoking pleasure.

$1 & $1.50 *at dealers*
Full range of models



Pat. No. 2,166,537

Moisture is drawn through slot in tube and absorbed by pipe cleaner underneath.

Write for booklet showing 32 shapes

One of the $1.50 Custom-made SMOKEMASTERS — still made of AGED IMPORTED BRIAR

BRIARCRAFT, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Briarcraft Smokemaster
THE PIPE-CLEANER PIPE

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director



HILL

Afterpeak section of a freighter is hoisted into position at the Richmond, Calif., shipyards

FREEDOM NO. 5

WE THINK one of the most constructive remarks yet made by anyone during this war is Henry J. Kaiser's statement that he thinks a fifth freedom should be added to the famous four for which the Allies are fighting, and that this freedom should be freedom to produce.

Mr. Kaiser should know what he is talking about. Nobody, of course, can be as much of a wonder boy as Kaiser's more frantic admirers think Kaiser is. In addition to his admirers, he has some capable press agents who don't miss many chances to grab off favorable publicity for him. He may not even be the ideal man to build the much discussed big cargo planes for leap-frogging war materials over the submarines.

For all that, Kaiser has a great record as a dam builder, and an even greater one as a builder of ships by boldly unconventional and speedy methods. His West Coast yards are popping out big freighters now at a clip that reminds you of an Army cook shelling peas.

As such a producer and cutter of red tape in an essential war industry, Kaiser necessarily has run afoul of the bureaucratic mind from time to time. The bureaucratic mind dotes on rules, regulations, restrictions and other devices for killing time and keeping things from getting done. It loves to proclaim that some proposal is "impossible," and to call in five other bureaucrats to prove it.

Many of the Washington bureaucrats would love to make the wartime restrictions and priorities permanent fixtures, to be held over into peacetime and thus keep a lot of bureaucrats in permanent jobs.

If we are to have a working and expanding economy after the war, the Kaisers, Fords, Girdlers, Knudsons, et al., with their "nothing is impossible" attitude toward problems of production and distribution, must be free to go on functioning with a minimum of government supervision.

These men will do, at a conservative estimate, 90% more to win the war for us than the bureaucrats will do. An easy way to lose the peace will be to let assorted bureaucrats realize their ambition to put these men in economic strait jackets after the war.

That is what Kaiser means by saying that freedom to produce is fully as important as freedom of expression and religion, and freedom from want and fear.

The White House and the Hill

GEORGE WASHINGTON as commander in of the Revolutionary armies, long before he President, had his troubles with the Continental gress. From that day to this, war Presidents and Congresses have got along with each other non well.

It's easy to see the reason why this always happ and it's a reason which, interestingly enough, re credit on both the White House and Capitol Hill single Chief Executive necessarily sees the urge getting things done in a hurry in wartime. Congr it is worth its salt as a democratically elected body ing laws for a democratic nation, necessarily wa do things in the democratic way, which calls for debate and deliberation.

So it's no wonder that war Presidents now and dump on the Hill everything they've got in their bomb bays, and no wonder that the Hill frequen torts with the choicest invective it can find in it

That's democracy in operation; and it expla wordy battle between President Roosevelt and th ent Congress over the best way to head off a ba time inflation. It was natural for the President t impatient over the stalling of the farm bloc a obstructionist tactics of various labor leaders. also natural for Congress to resent the White threat to use dictatorial methods if democratic m should hold things up too long.

We do hope, though, that, no matter how lo war lasts and no matter how much worse things fore they begin to get better, the natural tension b the White House and the Hill will be kept und trol by the White House and by the better br the Hill.

After all, we've preserved democratic proces tually intact through all our other wars, and we them all.

The Doctor Shortage

AS THE fighting forces absorb more and more the medical setup in this country is bound nore and more stresses and strains. Alread 22,000 of our total of about 176,000 doctors ha commissioned, with 20,000 more wanted by th this year. Eventually, some 60,000 doctors may ing with the warriors.

What happens to the civilian population, childbirths, accidental injuries, major and m nesses, and so on?

It looks as if a redistribution of doctors will b sary, somehow. As we all know, doctors have b gregating for years in the big towns and their areas, where there was hope of big practices a esting cases, and have tended to pass up smal and rural districts.

We'd say that the American Medical A would be well advised to get busy on plans tating this redistribution. These schemes can b on to make matters worse, as politicians almo ably do when they try to improve situations w know nothing about. Nevertheless, there will and more pressure for political handling of th unless the medical profession shows itself tackle it.

Meanwhile, you can contribute your own l helping out in the growing doctor shortage b ing your own doctor except when you really by not expecting too much of his time, and by him at inconvenient hours except in emerge chances are that he's already overworked, and get more so as the war goes along.

Collier's

TEN CENTS

OCTOBER 17, 1942

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

A NEW
MYSTERY NOVEL
BY VERA CASPARY

RING TWICE F

A
635H5
1/38
PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME
CALIF

Delivering the goods in Style

The self-confidence of able men shows in the easy assurance of their manner... and Mallory expresses that air of personal prestige in three superb new styles, each in a famous felt. *Left:* THE HAMPSHIRE, '*Cravenette*'-processed to keep its crispness of line despite the style-wilting action of mist or drizzle, $6.50. *Center:* THE SENTINEL, crafted by Mallory's exclusive *Pliafelt* process, matches fine imports in luxurious softness and shape-retaining ability, $7.50. *Right:* THE REGIMENTAL, an *All-Season* felt, offers year-'round wearability, plus the prestige of the Mallory label, at just $5.00.

COPYRIGHT 1942, BY THE MALLORY HAT CO.



scrap metal *now* to help ... p th
hat in its rightful ... lace ...

MALLORY *hats*



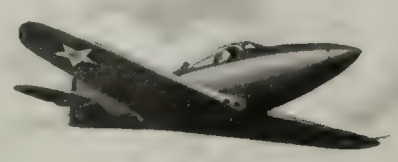
...ETTE' $6.50 TO $10 ★ MALLORY PLIAFELTS $6.50 TO $10 ★ MALLORY ALL SEASON ...

...ig.
...ir own ...
...rtage b...
...really ...
..., and by ...
...emerge ...
...orked, an ...



We're doing the job we're *best* fitted to do!

It is Cadillac's good fortune that the job assigned to it in America's Victory program is a job for which Cadillac is uniquely fitted by experience and tradition. For forty years the Cadillac organization has had but one guiding objective—"Craftsmanship a Creed . . . Accuracy a Law." . . . Today we are solely concerned with arming America. Cadillac tanks are now leaving the Cadillac factory in ever-swelling numbers. In addition, Cadillac is producing, as it has for nearly three years, vital precision parts of a famed aircraft engine. . . . But these different responsibilities have in no way altered Cadillac's basic methods. We are still working to the highest standards in materials and craftsmanship . . . still doing the same fine precision job we have always done. We are doing it faster and better, but it is our own type of craftsmanship—the thing we know best how to do.



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GM ARMS FOR VICTORY GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LONGINES

the most honored watch for a Lady



A Longines Watch for a lady is much more than a charming jewel-like ornament. Within the beautifully wrought case is the Longines "Observatory Movement", a work of incredible precision, and unbelievable accuracy and dependability considering its tiny size. The photos of the Longines Watch and movement above are both greatly enlarged. The watch is one of several in the smart round design.*

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The established prestige and reputation of Longines Watches have resulted in a demand today that is greatly in excess of necessarily restricted production. Your Longines jeweler will be glad to show you the Longines Watches that are available, and all have the dependable Longines "Observatory Movement". Longines Watches have won ten world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. You may also be interested in a companion watch, the Wittnauer, outstanding for value in the moderate price field—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New York, Montreal, Geneva.*

*Trade Mark Registered U.S. Pat. Off.



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just received a letter from Mr. B. Franklin Bustraw of Carmel, California. He offers us, as well as all other columnists, a free course of The Bustraw Build-up, aimed at "restoring morale and even instilling it into writers who never had any." Mr. Bustraw is confessedly a reader of columns. He says that he is "personally familiar with twenty-eight major and countless minor ones." Since Pearl Harbor he finds that they've been "getting worse and worse, with every evidence that either the war has robbed the writers of any intelligence they may have had or has depleted their self-confidence and self-esteem." Mr. Bustraw's observings have been so keen that he notices that even we need a shot in the arm now and then. "You are making the great mistake of not taking yourself seriously," writes Mr. Bustraw. "My suggestion to you is to be dignified. Do not walk about your office. Strut. Do not ask for services. Demand them. When you feel inclined to laugh, hasten to your office, close the door and laugh privately, smothering it that others may not hear. Never laugh in public. Look down your nose at the work of others. Be somebody, man, be somebody! Follow my instructions and you will soon be important in your own eyes. Then others will follow suit. Upon arising every morning inhale deeply and shout BUSTRAW in a loud voice. Do this twelve times morning and night. I have twelve United States senators and twenty-six members of the House among my pupils . . ."



WE HAVE just inflated our chest and bellowed Bustraw. Perhaps we were a bit overenthusiastic. The editor of this magazine came to the door of his office demanding to know what the hell was going on. We said Bustraw. He said shut up and get to work. Perhaps Mr. Bustraw is right in claiming that before Christmas the whole nation will be Bustrawing and even Bustrawed. At any rate we will be, after a Bustrawed Congress gets through writing this new tax bill. That's a very corny observation, putting us right back to normal and to tell you that we've just heard from Mena, Arkansas, from Mrs. Nina E. Watkins. Mrs. Watkins tells us that a young man of Mena and his girl presented themselves before a local justice of the peace "for the purpose of being united in the holy bonds of matrimony." But the young man was a bit inebriated and the young woman's attire was quite abbreviated. She was, in fact, in extremely brief shorts. The J. P. refused to officiate, being understandably scandalized. "But," goes on Mrs. Watkins, "being in a marrying mood and having invested their pre-inflation cash in a license, they hustled over to a soft drink, hot dog and candy stand which is operated by a blond preacher near the courthouse. And there the knot was neatly tied."



BUT Mrs. John Kincaid of Dodd City, Texas, was buying a few newspapers and a couple of copies of Collier's, reading the headlines while the newsdealer doled out change. It was on the 'day when there were Ten Thousand Japs in the Aleutians. "I wonder," said she to the newsdealer, "how they found out that there were exactly ten thousand Japs in the Aleutians." The newsdealer knew the answer: "From the census, lady, from the census. They're always getting up screwy stories."

AND Mr. Hugh Stuart Fullerton, Sr. of Freedom, New Hampshire, and Clearwater, Florida, stopped in, southbound for the winter. In Freedom, Mr. Fullerton told us, one of his patriarchal friends was busy all summer in his cellar making a robot. This was to be no ordinary, graceless robot equipped with such commonplace talents as walking, shaking hands and smoking. The old fellow creating it notified the town that it was going to be as natural as a peck of apples, as agile as a young goat and, mysteriously, as homely as a Democrat—"particularly as one of them New Deal Democrats who are running the war like it was paying folks for rakin' leaves." But before the creature was ready for its public debut, somebody broke into the laboratory and stole it. The old boy adopted a policy of silence. All Freedom began asking him how his robot was getting along. But he merely said "Fine" and no more. Finally they broke him down. A group of village wags, led by the town card, a spectacularly ugly fellow, goaded him until his new policy broke. Pointing his finger at the card, the robot maker said: "I ought to had finished you before they stole you from my cellar. Then you'd had some brains." W. D.

Vol. 110, No. 16. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States

THIS WE

OCTOBER 17,

SHORT STORIES

D. D. BEAUCHAMP
Slow Fuse. Explosion up Big Sea

CHARLES HURST
Right in the Basket. It pays to ta your own hands.

FRANK X. TOLBERT
Virgie and the Angry Fi-fi. Little turns diplomat.

KERMIT SHELBY
True to the Navy. A girl's got to culation.

THE SHORT SHORT STOR
The Long Road Home, by Lew Die

SERIAL STORIES

VERA CASPARY
Ring Twice for Laura. The first of

KATHLEEN NORRIS
An Apple for Eve. Conclusion.

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
Air Power Did It. How Gener drive on Egypt was halted.

KYLE CRICHTON
This is the Army. Songs! Laughte in Irving Berlin's great soldier sho

M. C. FORD
Jap Propaganda Amuses the C they're short of paper, too.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Letter to a Man with a Boy in lier's correspondent reports on th the Marines in Londonderry.

J. D. RATCLIFF
Health Spies. Medical Intellig against unseen enemies.

V . . . — MAIL.
Letters to our boys via film.

HENRY L. JACKSON
Pressing Necessity. Give your su longer—life.

WALTER DAVENPORT
Washington Round by Round. tioned—plenty.

WILLIAM CULLEN FAY
Football Bombardier. Angelo Be "incendiaries" for Notre Dame.

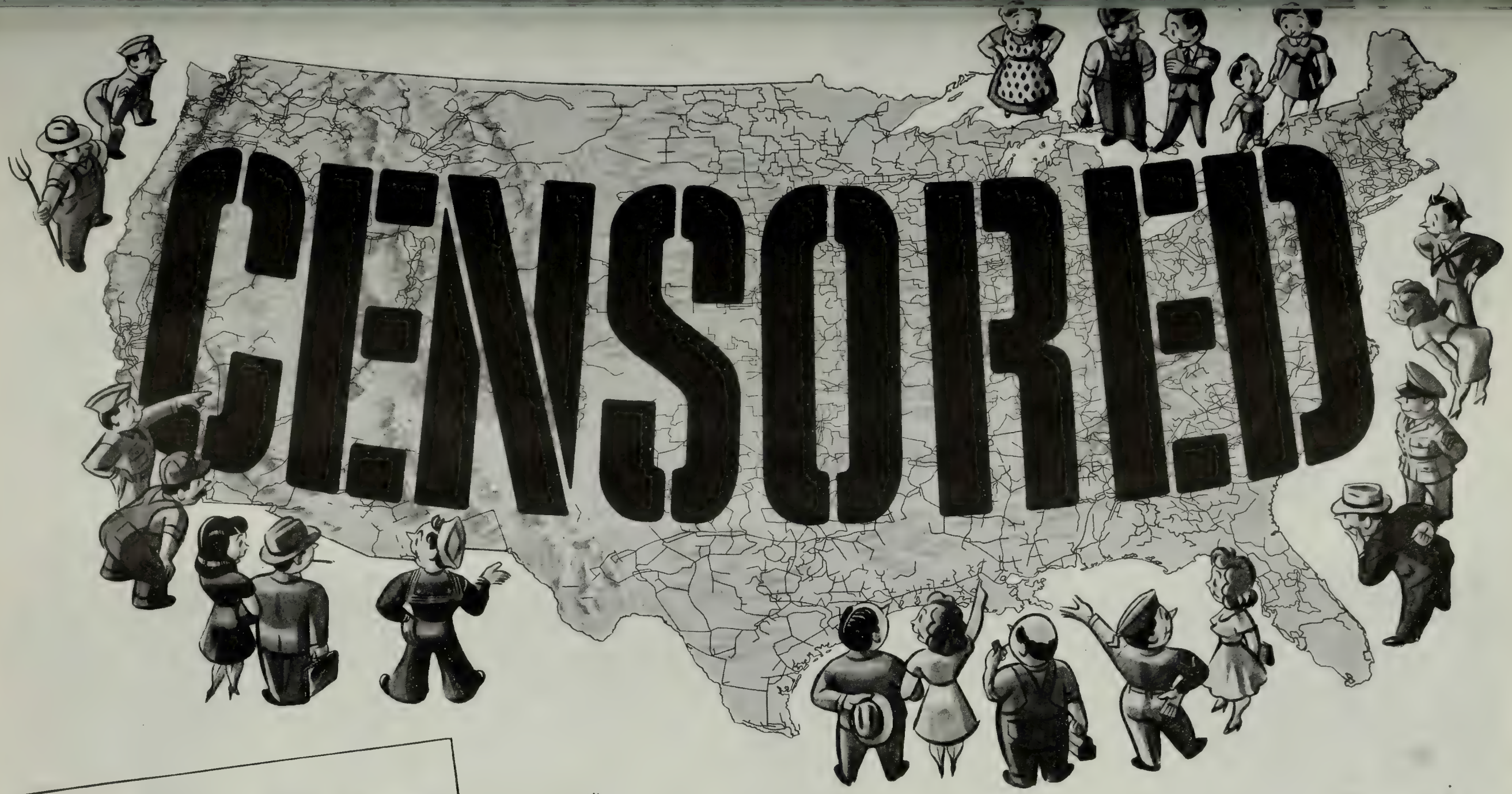
MARIAN STEPHENSON
A Big Bite of Lunch. Better me work.

LUTHER B. DAVIS
Sherman Revised. What total wa

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS
United We Stand.



IT'S ALL YOURS—

AND NO JAP OR NAZI HAS ANYTHING LIKE IT!

**We're glad to cooperate in concealing information that might aid the enemy*

This ~~is~~ was a road map of electric power. It shows how high-voltage electric lines criss-cross the country—carrying power to busy war plants and to 27 million homes.*

Here is the greatest electric transmission system in the world. No other nation has anything like it. The famous British "grid system" could be dropped into one small section of it. It carries more power than all the Axis countries combined.

This nation-wide network was put together in peacetime to serve *you* and other Americans. *Almost all of it was built on the savings of the same people it serves*—by the business managements of America's 400 electric companies.

Did you ever wonder why American industries—like the electric industry—lead the world? There's a good reason and this is a good time to think about it—because it's one of the things we're fighting for.

The reason is the *freedom* of the *individual*—the right of every American to work when and where he wants, within reason—to enter any business or profession—to create and produce and benefit by his own success. That's a powerful incentive.

Under the Jap and German systems of political management and state slavery, the individual counts for nothing. Only bureaucrats and political favorites have anything to hope for. In the long run, *that won't win wars.*

Here in America, 133 million people have a *personal* stake in Victory—and in preserving the system of American business management under public regulation that has helped so much to make us the strongest nation on earth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 89

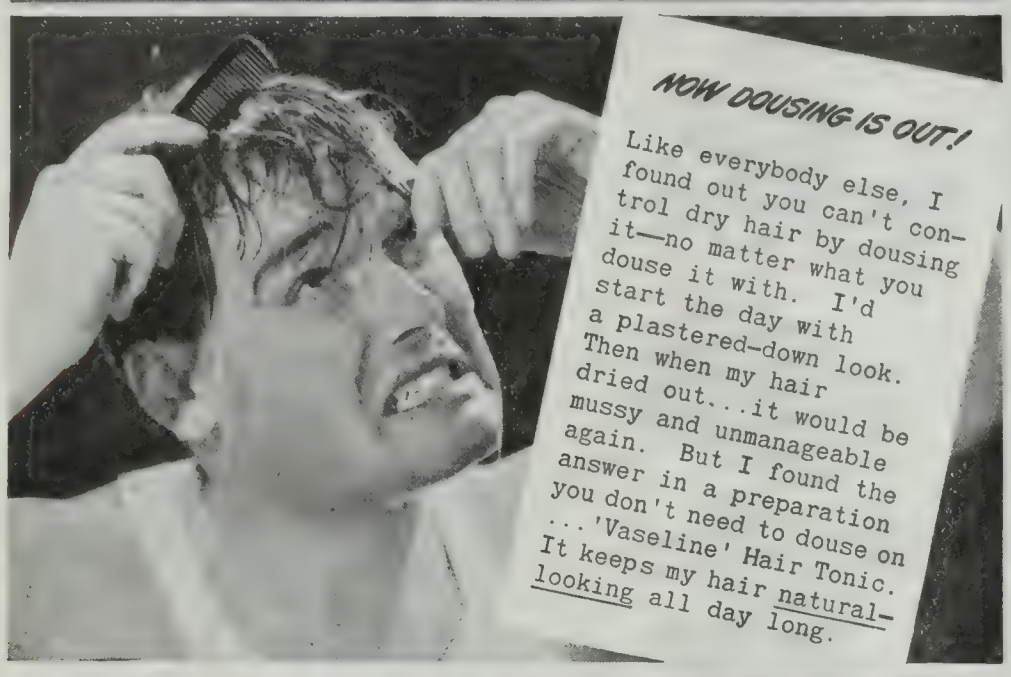
ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

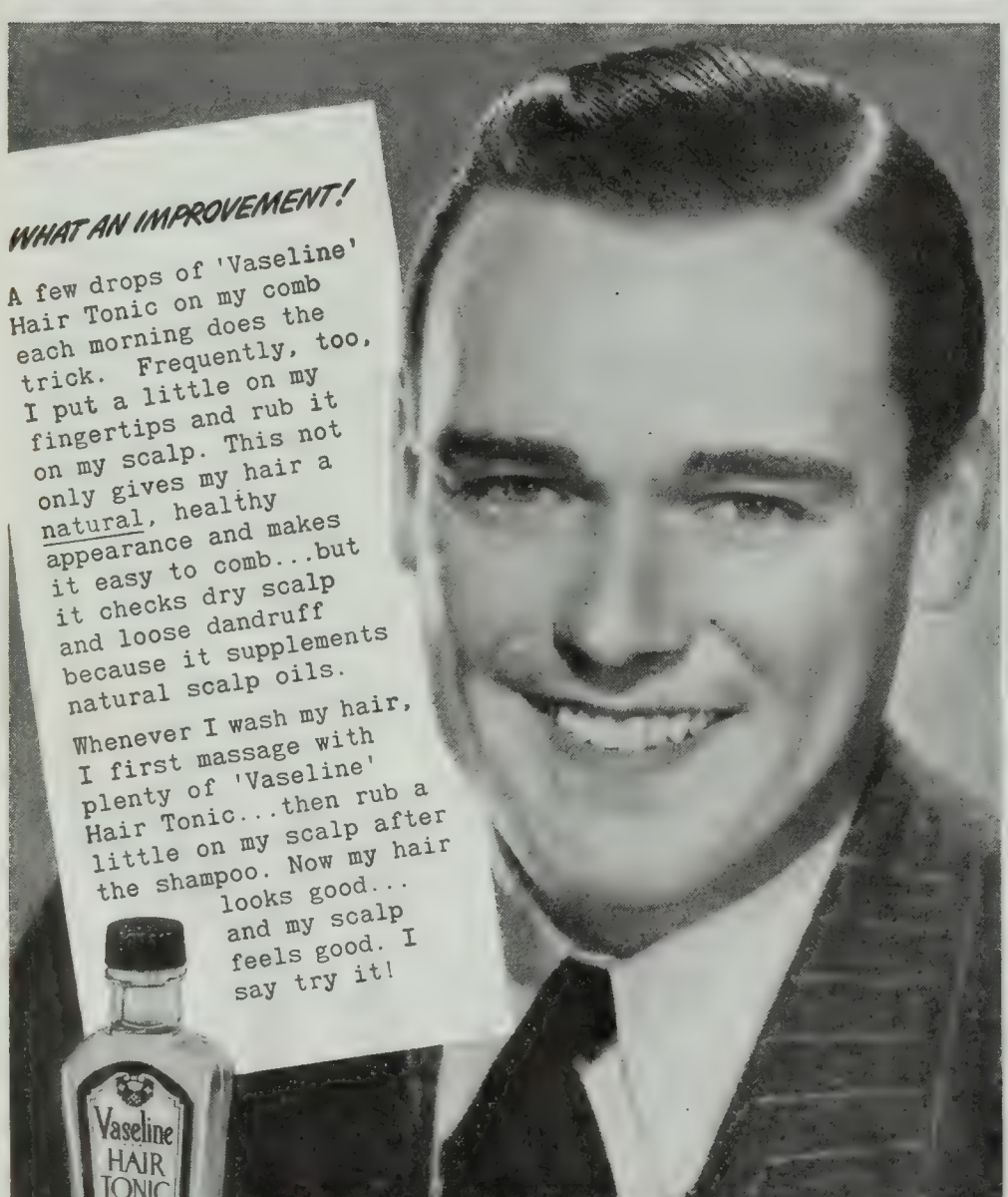
Invest in America! Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

"My hair looks better since I stopped dousing and started to check dry scalp!"



NOW DOUSING IS OUT!

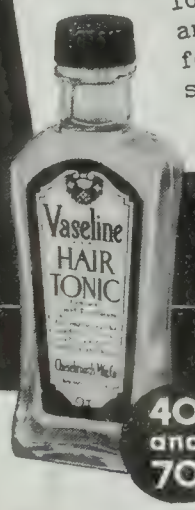
Like everybody else, I found out you can't control dry hair by dousing it—no matter what you douse it with. I'd start the day with a plastered-down look. Then when my hair dried out...it would be mussy and unmanageable again. But I found the answer in a preparation you don't need to douse on ...'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It keeps my hair natural-looking all day long.



WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT!

A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb each morning does the trick. Frequently, too, I put a little on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. This not only gives my hair a natural, healthy appearance and makes it easy to comb...but it checks dry scalp and loose dandruff because it supplements natural scalp oils.

Whenever I wash my hair, I first massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic...then rub a little on my scalp after the shampoo. Now my hair looks good... and my scalp feels good. I say try it!



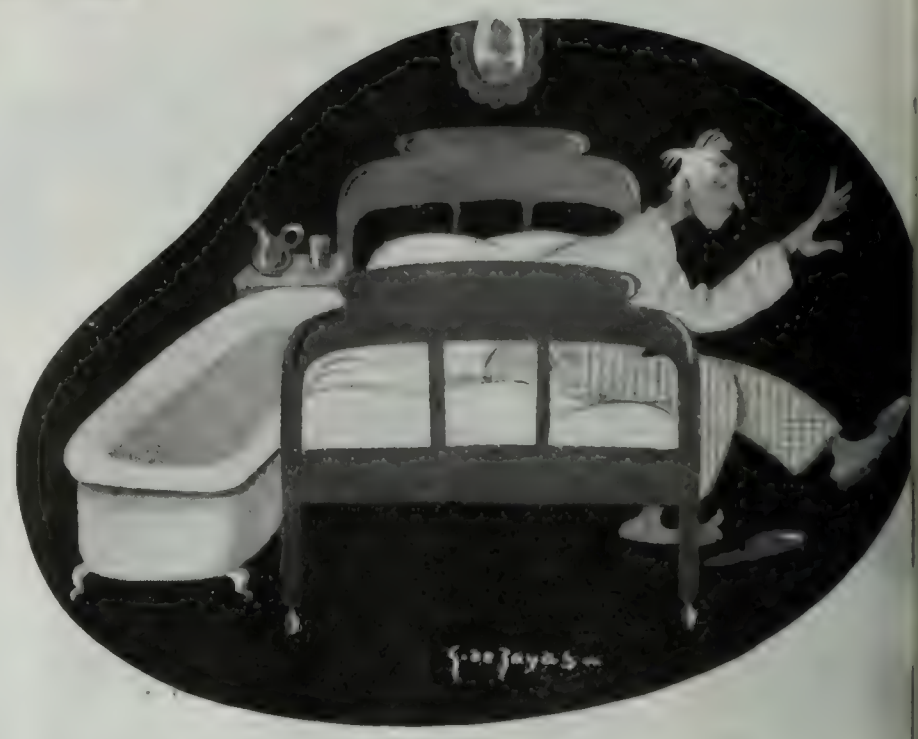
FOR DOUBLE CARE ● BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

40¢ and 70¢

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1942, CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The ease with which the subconscious mind can train itself is illustrated by the case of a certain somnambulist. The man placed a tub of cold water beside his bed when retiring so he would step into it and be awakened when starting his nightly sleepwalks. The plan worked successfully a few times and then his subconscious mind began to make him get out on the other or "safe" side of the bed.

A Greek word which contains 171 letters and means hash in English is the longest one in any language. Incidentally, it may be found in line 1169 of Aristophanes' famous comedy The Ecclesiazusae.—*By Mary W. Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scotia.*

Watches are not harmed by turning their hands backward, rats do not instinctively desert a ship before it starts on an ill-fated voyage, and the stars in the American flag do not represent particular states.

Other than seamen, persons whose occupations require much body balancing, such as acrobats, professional dancers and tightrope walkers, are usually immune to seasickness.—*By Lorena Jolly, Fresno, California.*

Centuries ago many English churches had a "Devil's Door" near the front so that the master of evil could make a quick exit during a baptism when the sponsors "renounced him and all his works" in the name of the child. One such door still exists today in the church in Mullion Town on Lizard Head in Cornwall, England. —*By Margaret Gazza, South Ozone Park, N. Y.*

When a purchaser orders a "regular lot," instead of specifying the number or amount of the things desired, this term is understood to mean, for example, 100 shares of corporation stock, 100 bales of cotton, 250 bags of coffee, 250 barrels of pork, 1,000 ounces of silver bullion, 5,000 bushels of grain or 85,000 pounds of lard.

Until they were invaded Japan, the people on the island Bali staged an odd ritual, the participants being a group of gi about eight years of age. Using parts of the body, they perform a dance with music lasting a ha hour, although in a trance induc by a narcotic.

Because the wild and poisono mushroom, the *Amanita phall des,* closely resembles some of t finest edible forms and does n blacken silver, the age-old but f lacious home test for wholeso fungi, it has deceived many tho sands of housewives and caus ninety per cent of the deaths sulting from this kind of food p soning.

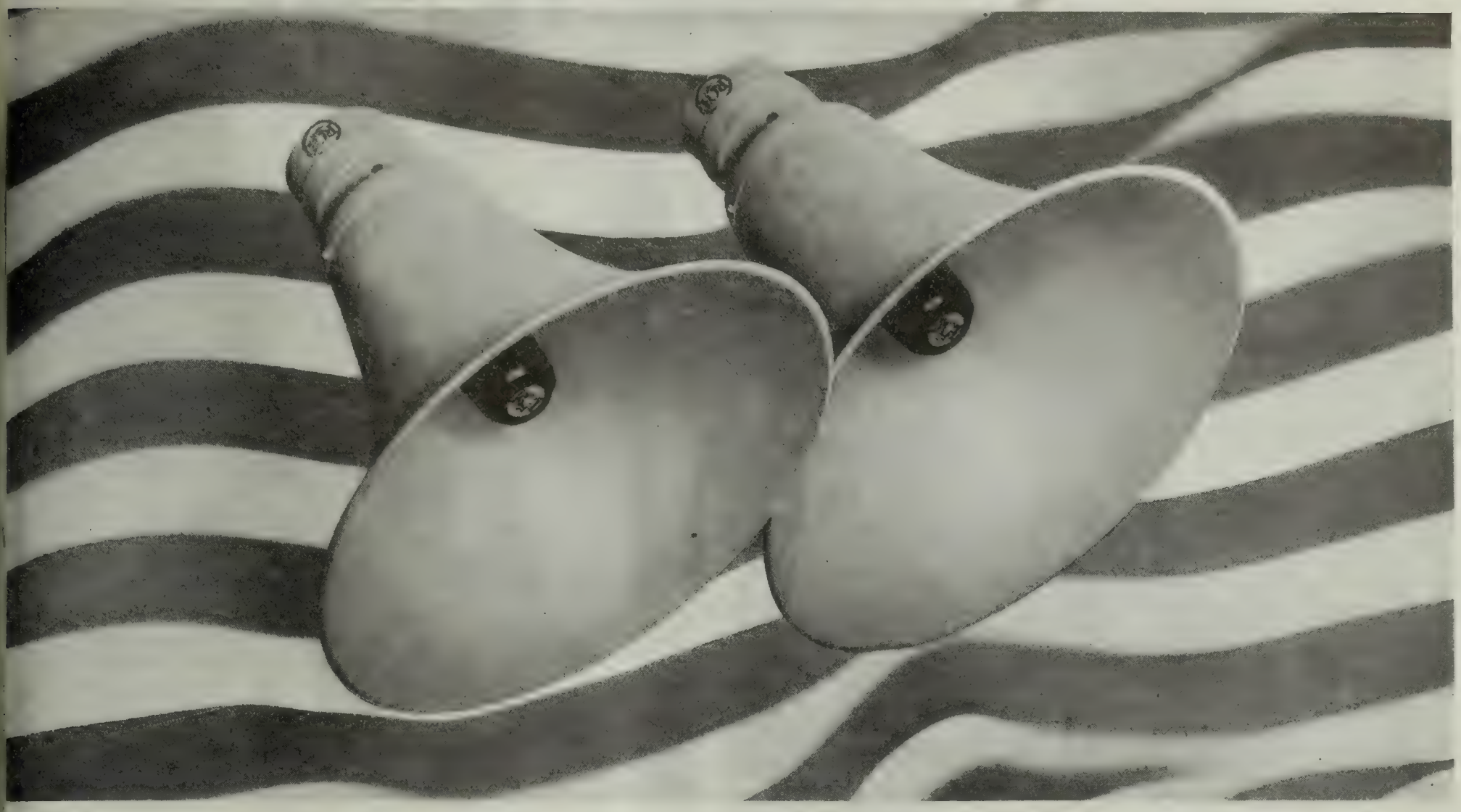
Gold, platinum and some otl heavy metals evidently emit a ki of ray or metallic vapor that harmful to plant life. Scienti have found that mustard se cease growing and certain spec of germs die after being wit one eighth of an inch of these m als for several days.—*By D. Shirk, Fairfax, California.*

In New York City, every C nese who rents a store or so other business building claims t he has a "basic property right" it and, therefore, will not allow other Chinese to lease it until man has purchased this rig When such a demand runs i thousands of dollars, the owner seldom able to rent the prope again to a member of this race —*By Ted Pittenger, New York, N York.*

The Hebrew hymn Lec Dodi has more than two th sand different melodies, the lar number of musical compositi ever written for one set of lyric —*By Beatrice Traub, New Yo New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interes or unusual fact accepted for this colu Contributions must be accompanied by f factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New City. This column is copyrighted by Coll The National Weekly. None of the items be reproduced without express permissio the publisher

How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production



SOUND...TO KEEP FREEDOM RINGING

IN THE BATTLE for production, American industry has a powerful ally in *sound*—the sound of RCA Industrial Communications Systems.

Sound makes it possible to reach men and women *while they work*. It stimulates their production, boosts their morale and spurs them on to greater effort.

In most RCA Victor plants, for example, war bulletins are broadcast regularly. Music tides workers over "fatigue periods". Even the voices of former employees now in the service are broadcast—from records made at army camps and naval training stations.

In dozens of ways, an RCA Industrial Communications System has played an important part in RCA Victor's famous "Beat the Promise" Campaign...a drive undertaken months before Pearl Harbor, by all RCA Victor workers, to increase the production of vital military radio equipment.

We have not used sound alone. Posters like those below—contests, suggestion-awards, rallies and printed messages—all played their part. Yet sound has played such an *important* part that hundreds of other companies have now installed RCA Industrial Communications Systems as *essential producing tools!*

This use of RCA Industrial Communications Systems—like the other elements of the RCA Victor "Beat the Promise" Campaign—grew out of the spirit of RCA Victor men and women. A spirit expressed in a statement published in September, 1941: *"With RCA Victor, National Defense comes first. By comparison, we hold nothing else important."*

RCA Victor invites from all firms now engaged in war production, inquiries concerning this system or any part of the "Beat the Promise" Campaign. Address Dept. BTP- 1A

• • •

Lucy Monroe, RCA Victor's Director of Patriotic Music, is conducting song fests at various industrial plants. RCA Victor will make her available to all firms in war production as her schedule permits.

• • •

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS *EVERY* PAYDAY

RCA VICTOR

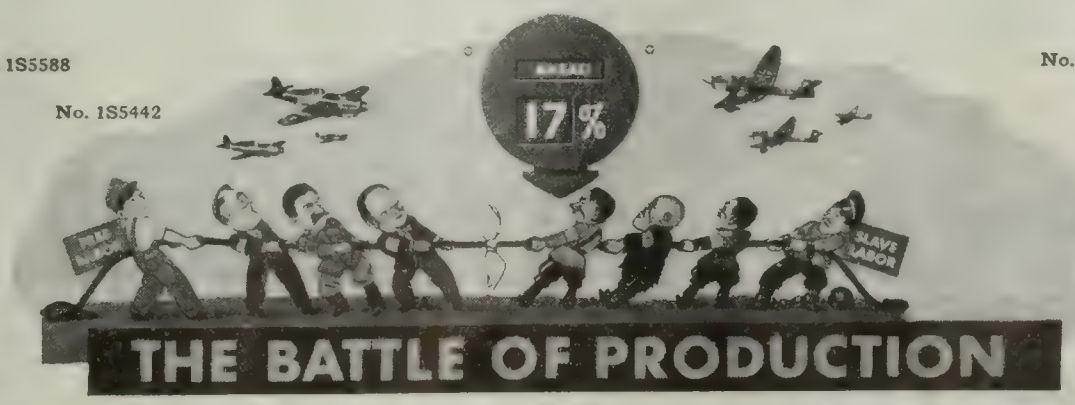
RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., Camden, N. J.

A Service of the Radio Corporation of America



No. 1S5588

No. 1S5442



No. 1S4591



Three of the many full-color production-stimulants prepared by employees of RCA Victor as part of the "Beat the Promise" Campaign—and available, at cost, to other manufacturers of military equipment. As this advertisement went to press, 90 companies had adopted, in whole or part, the "Beat the Promise" material. Posters shown measure approximately 20" x 27". The central piece is a display 42" long—the tug-of-war figures slide forward or backward to indicate the current status of production.



SEALED POWER
is in this fight!

ON THE ENGINE firing line as battle rages are millions of Sealed Power Piston Rings. Bombers, fighters, tanks, jeeps, motorcycles, mobile radio units, torpedo boats, tank landing boats, destroyers, submarines—all engine-powered fighting machines—must have trustworthy piston rings that are thrifty of precious fuel.

Sealed Power Piston Rings, in scores of war engines, are saving gasoline and diesel fuel, saving lubricating oil, safeguarding bearings and journals and cylinder walls, on every front in our country's struggle for Victory.

In distinguished civilian service through the years of Peace, Sealed Power earned the honor of serving America's Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps. Protect the investment in your car, truck or tractor by insisting on Sealed Power piston rings packaged in sets specially engineered for each make of engine. There are none finer. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.

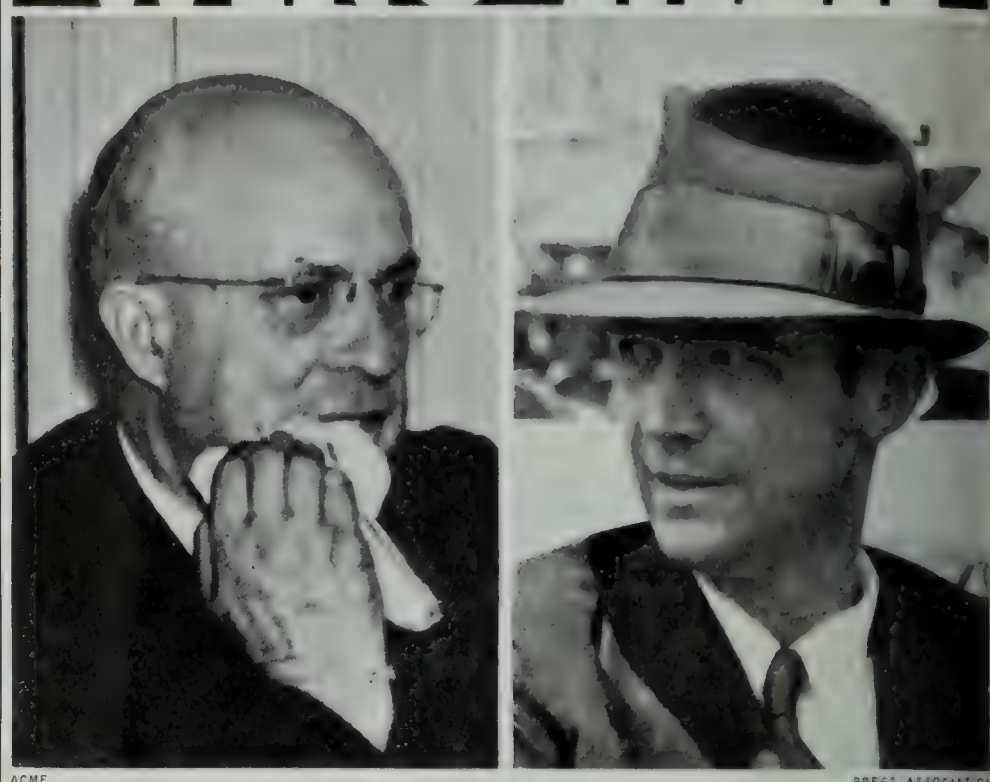
Sealed Power Pistons, Piston Rings and Cylinder Sleeves are used in many phases of war effort in pumps, compressors, gas and diesel engines.



SEALED POWER
Piston Rings

©1942 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TANK



ACME PRESS ASSOCIATION

Henry J. Kaiser, left, California shipbuilder whose specialty is ships in a hurry, and Howard Hughes, aviator-designer. As a result of their meeting may come the 200-ton cargo plane

WHETHER Henry Kaiser's proposed 200-ton cargo plane ever flies or not, it will have some historic value because of the strange ceremony at which it was conceived.

When Kaiser decided he could make cargo planes as easily and rapidly as he makes ships, cement and manganese, he realized he would need a reputable designer. Aircraft designers with both fame and skill are scarce. So word went out through Kaiser's tremendous organization that the boss was in a predicament, and the brows of the Kaiser brain trust bulged, trying to find a solution.

At the height of the thinking, a voice identifying itself as "Mr. Jamieson" tried to get through to Kaiser on the long-distance phone. The voice explained it belonged to an engineer in a plant which does business with Kaiser, and would somebody please talk to Mr. Jamieson as soon as possible? Finally a Kaiser assistant went to the phone. Mr. Jamieson then said he understood Howard Hughes wasn't affiliated with any of the big aircraft corporations, and maybe would be available.

A furious search then started for Hughes, the playboy of the Western aircraft world, and a designer whose personal specifications suited Kaiser perfectly. But he was missing.

Finally, he was found in an obscure San Francisco hotel, trying to hide behind the name of Jones long enough to recover from pneumonia. Kaiser and an accomplice somehow got into the sickroom, where Hughes lay stretched out in bed, looking frailer than usual.

The business is reported to have proceeded thusly:

"Sit up," said Kaiser. "We want to talk about winning the war."

"I am very tired," Hughes said in a dull monotone. "I haven't had any sleep. Besides, you're crazy."

But a deal was made, and Hughes told his visitors to leave. He already had the plane designed in his head, and now all he needed was some sleep and then some drafting paper. Kaiser's last words as he boiled out should be etched in stained glass in an appropriate shrine. "Take a pill," he said, "and get some sleep."

Engineer Jamieson was thanked very much.

SOME of the tales of the weaknesses of our warplanes stem from what seems a typical American belief that one Yankee ought to be better than any given quantity of the enemy.

After a particularly sizzling air battle in the Pacific, six Navy fighting planes returned to their carrier, and the flight leader stomped over to his commanding officer.

"Those blasted ships are no good," he said in a voice squeaky with anger pointing to his plane. "The Zeros climbed all over us."

"But you all came back," the officer said. "So what are you complaining about?"

"Why, we couldn't match those Zeros for sour apples. They outclimbed us outmaneuvered us, and finally ran away from us. With decent ships we could have wiped them out."

"How many did you get?"

"Four."

"How many Zeros were there?"

"Twenty."

With odds against them of 20 to 6 the boys chalked up a score of 4 to 0, but that wasn't good enough.

BEFORE the clamp-down on civilian flying along the East Coast, a private pilot was popping leisurely northward over peaceful farmland and cool green forests.

Suddenly his eardrums were wrenched by a ferocious roar a few yards off his right wing. His little plane rocked violently, caught in the aerial version of a very heavy surf. No sooner was the putt-putt leveled off than another prodigious swoosh streaked past the left wing, closer than the first, and again the pathetic little ship rolled and rocked like a frightened animal.

The pilot wasted no time after No. 2. He dived, and bounced down in a cow pasture. In a few moments he was surrounded by soldiers, and then he learned. While drifting and dreaming so pleasantly, he had come over a forbidden proving ground. The roughness that nearly tore his plane apart came from a couple of 90-millimeter anti-aircraft shells pushing him aside on their way upstairs.

He's much more careful now . . .

R. McC.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

"How much Life Insurance should a married man with two children own?—

I'M 30 AND EARN $45 A WEEK"

orry, sir, we don't know!

My error, I thought you were a life insur-nce company!



Exactly, that's why we don't know. When ou have six million policyholders, you know om experience that no two families are alike. ake you and the man on your street who makes e same salary and has the same number of ouths to feed as you have. . . . We wouldn't ecommend the same kind or amount of life surance for both of you any more than your



octor would give both your babies the same ormula. . . . We'd have to know more about ou than we do now.

You may have something there. But I'm a busy man. I haven't got all day to recite my life history.

It doesn't take all day. We respect your time as well as our own. That's why we worked out — after a lot of study of thousands of cases — a specialized John Hancock service which simplifies the whole process of getting the information our representatives need to arrive at a recommendation which will suit you.



What happens if I'm just curious but don't want to do anything about life insurance now?

Our representatives like nothing better than a healthy curiosity. They are always glad to make a recommendation. From there on you are on your own, of course. It might turn out that you have enough life insurance. It sometimes does!

When can I see an agent?

Any time *you* say. Our representatives suit *your* convenience.



John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President



This is a

Long Distance Cable

Its circuits are throbbing with war messages.

Please stay off the lines to centers of war activity unless your call is vital.

Don't get in the way of the war. We need to win it as quick as we can.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"I'd build more telephone lines if I could. But vital materials are going to war these days."

Collier's

The National Week

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Beginning the brilliant and sophisticated story of a New York girl whose death was of the utmost importance to four people

THE city that Sunday morning was quiet. Those millions of New Yorkers who, by need or preference, remain in town over summer week end had been crushed spiritless by humidity.

Sitting at my desk, pen in hand, I treasured the sense that, among those millions, only I, Waldo Lydecker, was up and doing. The day just past, devoted to shock and misery, had stripped me of sorrow. Now I had gathered strength for the writing of Laura's epitaph. My grief at her sudden and violent death found consolation in the thought that my friend, had she lived to a ripe old age, would have passed into oblivion whereas, the violence of her passing and the genius of her admirer gave her a fair chance at immortality.

My doorbell rang. Its electric vibrations had barely ceased when Roberto, my Filipino manservant, came to tell me that Mr. McPherson had asked to see me.

"Mark McPherson!" I exclaimed, and paused, assuming the air of one who might greet Mussolini without trepidation, I bade Roberto ask Mr. McPherson to wait. Mohammet had not rushed to meet the mountain. I knew his visit of a not unimportant member of the police department—although I am still uncertain of his title or office—conferred a certain honor. Lesser folk are unceremoniously questioned at headquarters. But what could young McPherson to do with the murder? His triumphs were concerned with political rather than civil crime.

Screened by the half-open door of my library, I watched him move restlessly about my drawing room. He was the sort of man, I knew at once, who affects to scorn affectation; the irritable Cassius who emphasized the lean and hungry look by clothing himself darkly in double-breasted blue worsted, unadorned white shirt and dull tie. His hands were long and tense, his face slender, his eyes watchful.

In my drawing room, it was obvious, irritated him; to a man of his fiercely virile temperament, such delicate perfection must be cloying. But habit had made him alert to detail. Shunning Lowestoft, Crown Derby and Wedgewood, he stretched his hand toward the mercury glass which he associated with the globe-and-pedestal vase he had observed on the mantel in Laura's living room. I leaped like a mother leopard. "Careful, young man! That stuff's priceless!"

Of all my friends, Laura was the only one with whom I was willing to share my press-box. She became known on opening nights



He turned so sharply that the small rug slid along the polished floor. As he steadied himself against the cabinet, porcelain and glass danced upon the shelves.

"A bull in a china shop," I remarked. The pun restored my humor. I extended my hand.

He smiled mechanically. "I'm here to talk to you about the Laura Hunt case, Mr. Lydecker."

He settled his long frame carefully upon a frail chair. I offered a cigarette from a Haviland casket, but he pulled out a pipe.

"You're supposed to be quite an authority on crime yourself, Mr. Lydecker. What do you think about this business?"

I warmed. No writer, however popular, disdains a reader, however humble. "I am honored to know that you read And More Anon."

"Only when my paper happens to open to the page."

THE affront was not displeasing. In the world I frequent, where personality is generously exposed and friendship offered without reticence, his aloofness struck an uncommon note. I forgave graciously.

"Isn't criminal investigation out of your line? A trifle unimportant for a man of your achievement?"

"I've been assigned to the case."

"Office politics?"

Except for the purp-purp of his pipe, the room was silent.

"To a man of your achievement, Mr. McPherson," I said, "the investigation of a simple murder is probably as interesting as a column of figures to a public accountant who started as a bookkeeper. . . . How about some whisky?"

"Don't care if I do."

I poured him a stiff one. He took it and returned the empty glass for another.

"I hope you don't mind the crack I made about your column, Mr. Lydecker. To tell the truth, I do read it once in a while."

"Why don't you like it?"

Without hesitancy he answered, "You're smooth all right, but you've got nothing to say."

"What is your idea of good literature, Mr. McPherson?"

When he laughed he looked like a Scotch boy who has learned to accept pleasure without fear of sin. "Yesterday morning, after the body was discovered and we learned that Laura Hunt had stood you up for dinner on Friday night, Sergeant Schultz was sent up here to question you. So he asks you what you did all evening. . . ."

"And I told him," I interrupted, "that I had eaten a lonely dinner, reviling the woman for her desertion, and read Gibbon in a tepid tub."

"Yeah, and you know what Schultz says? He says this writer guy, Gibbon, must be pretty hot for you to have to read him in a cold bath."

Roberto announced breakfast. With his natural good manners, he had set a second place at the table. I ha taken a bite of food since that hi moment, twenty-four hours e when I had been informed, while raspberries with clotted cream, Laura's body had been discover her apartment.

The picture of red berries, against the luster of a Spode-Co bowl, returns whenever I recal voice of Sergeant Schultz and the statement that Laura Hunt, afte ing to keep her dinner engagemen me, had been shot and killed. N the attempt to restore my failing tite, Roberto had stewed kidney mushrooms in claret. While w Mark described the scene at the m where Laura's body had been ide by Bessie, her maid, and her aun san Treadwell.

In spite of deep suffering, I cou but enjoy the contrast betwee young man's appreciation of the and the morbid quality of his "When they were shown the he paused to lift a morsel o fork, "both women collapsed. I hard to take. The face was nothi blood and bone," he soaked toast sauce. "With BB shot you ca agine . . ."

I closed my eyes as if she lay me, as Bessie had discovered her, except for a blue silk taffeta robe pair of silver slippers.

"Fired at close range." He sp relish on his plate. "Mrs. Tre passed out, but the servant took a veteran. A queer duck, that E Cool as a cucumber when the bo up to the apartment. Opened the and pointed to the body so calmly have thought it was an everyday for her to find her boss murdered

Roberto brought in the coffee. een stories below a motorist ble horn. Through open windows we the rhythms of a Sunday morning concert.

"No! No! No!" I cried as R handed Mark my Napoleon c reached across the table and took self, leaving the Empress Josephi my guest.

He drank his coffee in silent proval.

"I must say you go about your in a leisurely way," I remarked a petulant silence. "Why don't you and take some fingerprints?"

"There are times in the inve tion of a crime when it's more i tant to look at faces."

I TURNED to the mirror. "How larly innocent I seem this mo Tell me, McPherson, have you eve such candid eyes?" I took o glasses and presented my face, and pink as a cherub's. "But sp of faces, McPherson, have you m bridegroom?"

"Shelby Carpenter. I'm seein at twelve. He's staying with Treadwell."

I seized the fact avidly. "S staying there! Wouldn't he just!"

"He finds the Hotel Framingha public. Crowds wait in the lobby the fellow who was going to m murder victim."

"What do you think of Sh alibi?"

"What do I think of yours?" torted.

"But you're agreed that it's quit mal for a man to spend an even home with Gibbon."

He shrugged. "How long ha known Laura Hunt, Mr. Lydecke

"Seven, eight, yes it was eight y I told him. "Shall I tell you abo

Roberto entered noiselessly to the coffee cups. The radio orc played a waltz.

(Continued on page 68)

In the mirror's gilt frame, Mark saw the reflection of an advancing figure. She was small, in deep mourning, and carrying a Pomeranian whose auburn coat matched her own bright hair



Bombers like this Boston rained thousands of tons of explosives on Gen. Rommel's advancing columns

AIR POWER DID IT

By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

Halting Rommel's big push was no miracle. British and American planes averted disaster in Egypt and Mr. Gervasi, returning from a raid on Tobruk, tells what he saw

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

'IR power saved Egypt when it seemed early in July that Egypt was doomed. Rommel had driven Achinleck's armies from Gazala approximately three hundred and seventy miles in a straight line to El Alamein in forty-two days. The British were pushed to within seventy miles of Alexandria, were merchants with easy loyalties removed faded photographs of King George and Churchill from their windows to make place for those of Mussolini and Hitler.

In Cairo we read of thousand-bomber raids from England on German towns and we wondered if the brass hats in London and Washington had read newspapers and seen what was happening to Egypt. In Cairo, a certain American who is habitually disinclined to pessimism said, "Pray for a miracle—" while officers who knew how vital to victory the possession of Egypt was, frantically goaded Washington and London to rush weapons which would make that miracle come to pass. It did. It was a very unmetaphysical miracle.

Light, medium and heavy bombers, bound for India for war against Japan, stopped in Egypt. They came from the factories of America and England. They included big British Wellingtons and Halifaxes and huge American Flying Fortresses and B-24s and Bostons and Mitchells and others made in the United States. They dumped thousands of tons of bombs on Rommel's advancing columns. They smashed his supply lines, battered the coast ports through which he received fresh men and new weapons. They struck at enemy convoys in the Mediterranean.

Bombers Finish the Job

Yank pilots flew Fortresses until their engines wore out. American and British pilots flew gargantuan B-24s and Liberators without rest. (It is practically the same plane, but in Yank language it is a B-24 and in R.A.F.-ese a Lib.). These four-motored giants took off on new sorties almost before their engines had cooled. They arrived late, those big fellows. They didn't get into action until June 27th but they finished the job which fighters and fighter-bombers and medium bombers had already begun. These smaller pieces of air artillery had made 13,000 raids in less than thirty days.

Rommel was stopped dead. He was stopped for many reasons. Tired Tommies, Indian troops and South Africans were suddenly reinforced, first by New Zealanders and then by an Australian force which was rushed up from base areas. They had time to rest, re-form and dig in on the line from El Alamein south to the edge of the Qattara salt marshes where the Egyptian desert narrows down to fifty miles. The restricted nature of the new battlefield in itself helped halt the Afrika Korps general. Rommel is a military quarterback who likes plenty of room for his razzle-dazzle kind of warfare, for his end sweeps, fake bucks and off-tackle thrusts. He found himself suddenly cramped and unmaneuverable.

For the first time, Rommel was obliged to fight what was straight orthodox warfare against soldiers whose major strength was that very orthodoxy which had been their undoing on broader battlefields farther west. Rommel might have reached his objectives —Alexandria, Cairo and Suez—had he been able to plow through to the Nile

(Continued on page 76)



Armorers hauling up bombs for a B-24, or Liberator, wonder ship of the war in Africa. These giant planes finished the job the smaller bombers had begun



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S

The rousing finale to a great show. What they are saying is that a show is a show but soldiers are made for fighting. They sing the theme song again, "This is the Army, Mr. Jones." It is tough, it is hard—but it's war. No more private rooms, no telephones, no meals in bed. The old days are OVER

The famous Russian Wi-hin-ter ballet starring those fabulous females, [illegible] ert Sidney, Cpl. Nelson Barclift and Pvt. Clarence Jaeger (from left to [illegible] the most beautiful dames on Broadway and by far the best dance[illegible] turbaned figure in the center is Pvt. Julie Oshins, comedy star of [illegible]



This is the Army

By Kyle Crichton

After twenty-five years our very versatile Army does it again. Stage-struck soldiers have taken Broadway by storm with the aid of a civilian named Irving Berlin

THE ringing of a bell will not stir Irving Berlin; the honk of a horn will not frighten him; but the sound of a bugle will immediately start him writing another Yip, Yip, Yaphank! Between wars, he is merely a journeyman millionaire; during wars, he writes Yaphank.

The new version is called This is the Army, and the American theater has never known a greater success. During its first week in New York it grossed $75,000, and it has played to an average of $48,000 a week ever since. First-night tickets sold for $16.50 each, and the show has never known an empty seat. The movie rights were sold to Warner Brothers for $250,000. It is estimated that by the time the nation-wide tour is finished, the show will have turned in $5,000,000 to Army Emergency Relief.

"The only man in history who ever started a war to get a Broadway hit," they say jocularly of Mr. Berlin backstage at the show.

Mr. Berlin didn't start the war but as soon as the first draftees turned up at Camp Upton, he began edging his way down Long Island to look over the old camp. There was nothing left of the layout he had known during the last war, but the Army was throwing up r[illegible] ings on the same site, and Berli[illegible] suffocated with memories.

He allowed it to be known th[illegible] ficiently pressed, he might writ[illegible] Yaphank show. He even intim[illegible] he needn't be floored by the cl[illegible] wanted to help and if the go[illegible] needed him he would turn on th[illegible] popular music faucet since th[illegible] Stephen Foster and let the A[illegible] the results, for free, no charge, [illegible] attached.

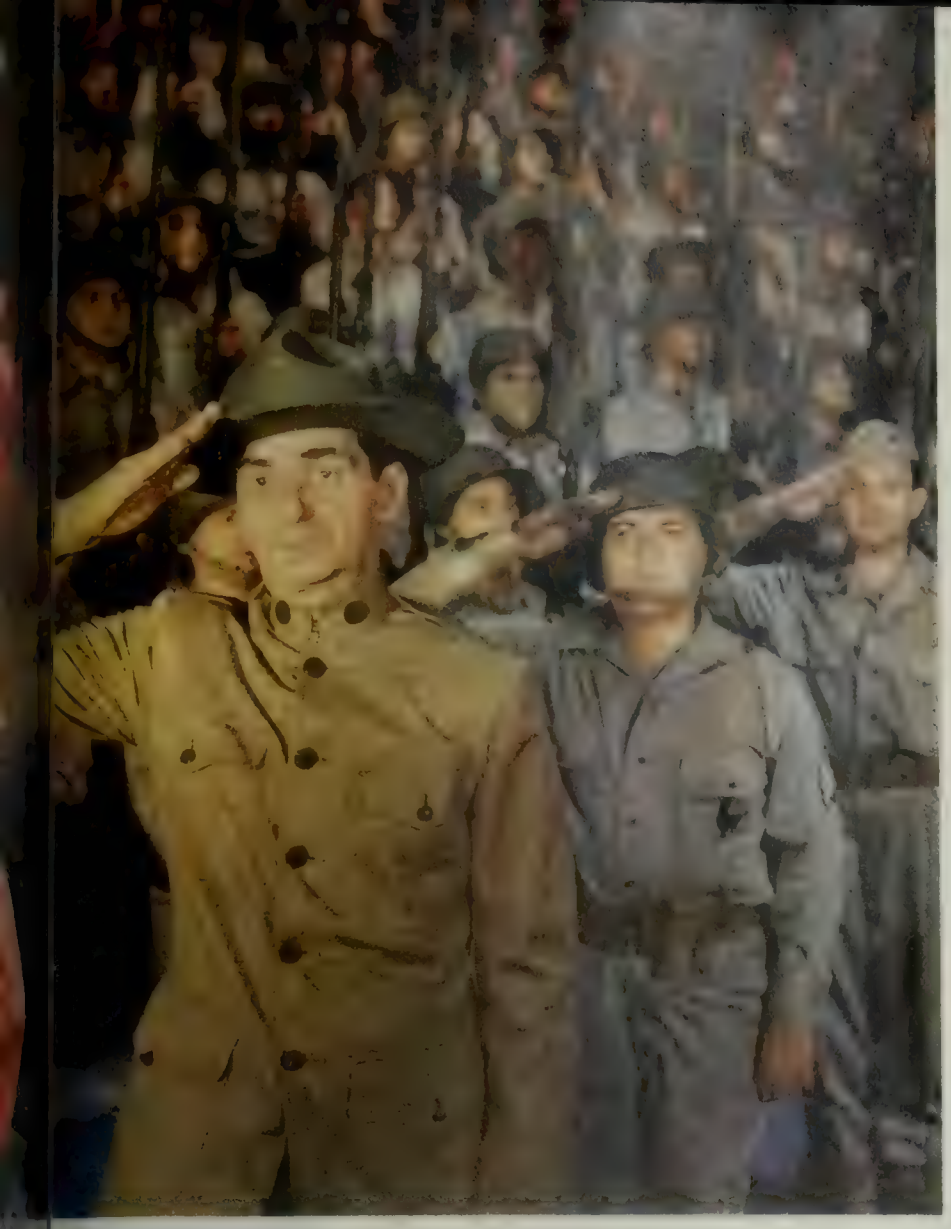
The Yaphank show had bee[illegible] camp to raise money for a b[illegible] house families visiting the so[illegible] had been an Army sensat[illegible] brought to New York for thr[illegible] and got $80,000 for the caus[illegible] thought this one might be a lit[illegible] in scale. His friends were not [illegible] This was another war, and it [illegible] that the Army was too busy [illegible] with play-acting.

"You mean soldiers change [illegible] Berlin anxiously, making a me[illegible] to look around the house and [illegible] could find his old uniform. [illegible] worked up to a sergeant in the [illegible] pleasantness and had felt pret[illegible]

His offer of doing the new [illegible] started through the proper cha[illegible] then he waited. When it see[illegible] nothing was going to happen ar[illegible] just about to take a new Holly[illegible] fer, a letter came approving of[illegible] and asking him to get startec[illegible] that, he hadn't put a note on [illegible] now he sat down and wrote t[illegible] show in three weeks.

"It's just like Yaphank," he [illegible] just followed that."

With the numbers in hand, [illegible]



is the great man himself—Irving Berlin, in his old Yaphank
m. Behind him is Sergeant Ezra Stone, director of the present
Many a tear falls when Berlin sings "Oh, How I Hate to Get
the Morning," in a cracked alto voice filled with nostalgia



Just in time, the Army realizes that there is also a Navy in the war. They are prompted by a song that says: "The Army may be in the groove, but Walter Winchell won't approve unless you give a cheer for the Na-a-avee." This is the cheer with accompanying chorus rumpus, a first-act finale that almost tears the roof off



elebrated Stage Door Canteen number, featuring the impersona-
of James MacColl (not shown here) and of Pvt. Alan Manson,
ght, in back of Julie Oshins' big hat, as Jane Cowl. The lady,
, is Louis de Milhau; the romantic gentleman is Earl Oxford

Camp Upton and enlisted the
ergeant Ezra Stone of Broadway
ry Aldrich fame, who had al-
aged twenty-one shows at the
d knew what talented birds were
around. Stone collected the
d Berlin picked out the tunes.
rkable thing," the members of
still say. "He had the whole
the thing that first time, and
exception of putting one num-
e second act that was originally
st act, we play it now the way
ed it."

f the cast was found at Upton,
the show was announced, ap-
s began to come in from former
The greatest find was the Allon
nnasts, held by many to be the
t of its kind ever to appear on
. On their questionnaires they
writen: "One of us was drafted
ther two enlisted so we wouldn't
rated." They had managed to
ether in the Army and now
up at rehearsal. Their names are
Buono, Louis Bednarcik and
bisti.

own to them, another performer
ing heaven and earth to get with
This was Belmonte Cristiani of
us circus family, the aristocrats
nbark. When he found he was
owhere, he took other means.
ly sent his agent around to see
show people say.

ani proved to be a great find,
he double-somersault leap over
n that makes the act so mar-

Manson had been fooling around
camp shows, and he was even-
o become Jane Cowl in the fa-
mous Stage Door Canteen number. He had never seen Miss Cowl but his burlesque of her floored Broadway.

Julie Oshins, the comedian, had been a favorite on the "borsch circuit" of the Catskills and had been as far as London with his partner Lessy, but he had never been able to make Broadway. On his questionnaire he had written: "Have tux; willing to travel." After the opening night in New York, he could have had his pick of jobs on Broadway. The only drawback is that Broadway doesn't exactly have its choice of Army men. Oshins isn't too excited about his success.

"I do a couple of lines, and they're hysterical out there," he says. "For years I massacre myself. And where do I get? Anyhow, I wanna fight." He pauses and makes a hasty gesture. "Not too long, understand . . . But I wanna fight."

William Horne had sung under Toscanini and Stokowski and had appeared in recital at the White House. The chances of his engagement by the Metropolitan Opera were good when war broke out and he went to camp. He was brought back from Fort Slocum for the show and was a hit singing I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep.

James MacColl had a minor reputation around *(Continued on page 28)*



Mr. Berlin resurrects the Ladies of the Chorus number from Yaphank and sets it up in Mid-Victorian dress, with some pretty and some awfully homely dames. The arch little thing fourth from the left is Bobby Moore, son of Victor Moore



"The pitiful plight of this pair of lovers" is the catchy title f
scene. Roosevelt, somewhat the worse for wear, is saying, "Let
to our own country!" To which Churchill tearfully answers,
what straits we have gotten ourselves! What is there left for



"The man who would swallow up Asia," the heading here, is just the white race in general. The writer, a hard man with an exclamation point, says on the left, which is where you would look last if you were Chinese, "Asia is for the Asiatics! To liberate Asia from the White Man's prison is the natural duty of every Asiatic! All of you Asiatics who have groaned under the yoke of the White Man unite!" At the right, he goes in for question marks: "Who swallowed up India? Who crushed Malaya? Who annihilated the South Sea Islands? Who bit off Hong Kong?"

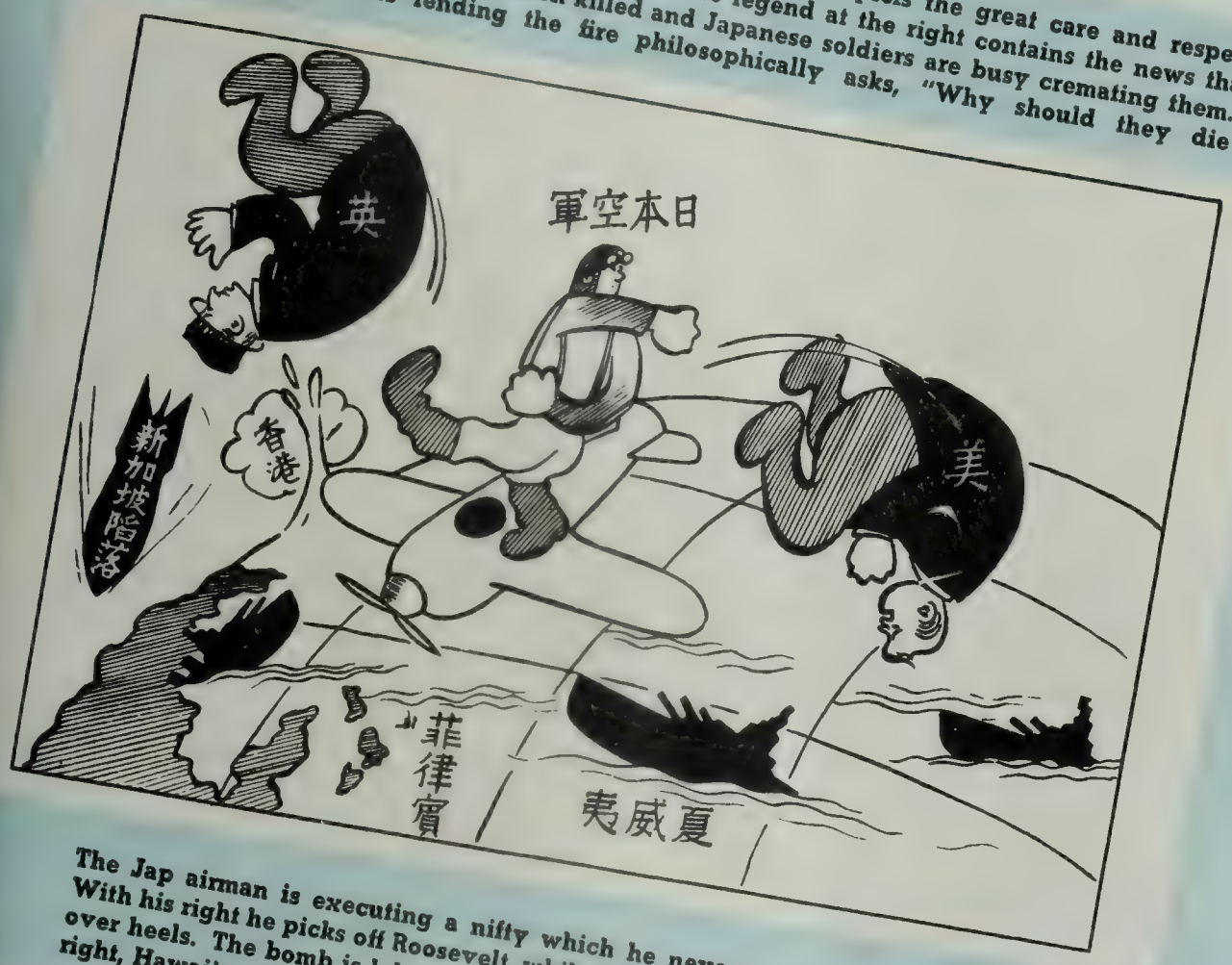


"The political power of Chiang and Soong is doomed" is this melodramatic warning. "The Communists' plot thickens: so-called Nationalist-Communist collaboration will bring misfortune to the country and misery to the people." Chinese Communism is depicted bowling over Chiang's political power, while T. V. Soong, Minister of Foreign Affairs, takes it on the lam with treasury funds. Stalin, Churchill and Uncle Sam enjoy the spectacle in the background. The note at bottom right says, "Anyone who surrenders to us holding this leaflet will be given a reward of $5.00" (worth about 25 cents in American money at the rate arbitrarily established by the Japs, but, at black market prices, as little as 7 cents). As an afterthought the note at bottom left promises, "The Japanese army will not kill anyone who surrenders to it"

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



To win friends and influence Chinese, this handbill depicts the great care and respect shown by the Japs for the Chinese dead. The legend at the right contains the news that "Many Chinese soldiers have been killed and Japanese soldiers are busy cremating them." One of the soldiers tending the fire philosophically asks, "Why should they die?"



The Jap airman is executing a nifty which he never picked up in jujitsu. With his right he picks off Roosevelt, while his left boot sends Churchill head over heels. The bomb is labeled, "Fall of Singapore;" the sinking ship at the right, Hawaii; the splash, Hong Kong. The Philippines appear in the middle



Reading from top to bottom and from right to left, Roosevelt is shown cracking the whip over the Philippines, Churchill over India; Thailand, too, is in chains until the friendly ax of Japan severs them. The pay-off comes when (reading clockwise from the bottom) India, Malaya, the Philippines, Thailand, Japan and China turn on the enslavers. The title, of course, is "Liberation of the Far East"

Jap Propaganda Amuses the Chinese

WHILE I was a "guest" at Bridgehouse, the Japanese prison-cage in Shanghai,* they asked me what I thought of Japanese propaganda. I told them. I said it was pathetic. They admitted that propaganda was a little out of their line and accused us of prolonging the Chinese war with ours.

I pointed out that the Japs probably didn't need propaganda as long as their winning streak continued, but that they had missed the boat before the war. Their propaganda efforts then had consisted of letting any nondescript junior officer sound off on foreign affairs, with wild swings at America in particular.

"What people believe this year, they forget the next," said my interrogator.

But that was strictly a sour-grapes attitude. The Japs are going in heavily for propaganda—especially of the picture and cartoon variety. The samples shown on these pages were dropped from planes over Shanghai. Batches of handbills are dumped over occupied and unoccupied areas of China whenever the Japs have some victory to crow about or a political anniversary to celebrate.

Much to their delight, the Chinese run and pick them up and appear to be very amused. Within a few minutes after the handbills are dropped, not a single one remains in sight. The Japs even have motion pictures to prove it. They show these films to the folks back home, deluding them with the hope that the Chinese are prepared to hop on the Axis bandwagon with willingness and enthusiasm.

The Japanese propaganda offices have yet to learn the real reason why the Chinese run so eagerly for their childish messages. They do it not out of idle curiosity; throw-aways attacking the British and Americans are no novelty to the Chinese. One of the things Chinese coolies and ricksha men have least of is paper . . .

The Japanese "paper raids" come in very handy.

M. C. FORD

*Slow Death in a Jap Cage by M. C. Ford, Collier's for September 5, 1942

SLOW FUSE

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The war was partly to blame; so was the U. S. Government. Mostly, though, it was a mean bear that started picking on Lafe Pardee

MAYBE, as Lafe said later, you could lay some of the blame on the war for what took place; but war or no war, what happened wouldn't ever have happened to anybody but the Pardees, because nobody else on earth could have thought up the idea Lafe thought up.

Not that the United States Government didn't have some responsibility in the matter, if you wanted to look at it in that way. In the first place, if they hadn't taken Lafe's pack of hunting dogs to train for sentry duty with the Army, that bear wouldn't never have come within gunshot of the Pardees' place. And in the second place, if they hadn't cut down the production of sporting ammunition to make cartridges for the soldiers Lafe might just have took his gun out, and shot the bear, and got the whole thing over with; although I doubt that anything that simple would ever have occurred to him, his ideas running more to complications, as a general rule.

Professor Kintner, up at the Big Sag High School, once said Lafe was a genius in reverse, and I guess that comes as close to describing him as you can come, because he can think up more harebrained ideas than any man I ever saw, most of which ought to get him killed, but don't.

This bear idea was one of them.

The reason I happened to be there when it took place was I'd been laid off out at the Little Willie. It was purely a gold mining proposition, and the government hadn't started making bullets or tanks or airplanes out of gold yet, so when we run out of steel to work with, we were through, our priority rating being as far down the list as the bottom man on a totem pole.

Ordinarily it wouldn't have bothered me much. In a place like Big Sag a man could usually pick up enough work to keep him in groceries, but the war had changed that. What with the defense industries drawing men out to the Coast, and the draft, there wasn't hardly nobody left in town except women and children and old men, and what old men there was left weren't doing any business.

I HUNG around town for a while, and asked everybody I knew, and there wasn't any work to be had. It was about that time I decided I'd go out to the Pardees' for a few days, and maybe do a little fishing.

I should have known better. It seemed like every time I saw Lafe I got in some kind of trouble. The last t I'd got dog bit and couldn't get ar very good for ten days, but in spit that I decided I'd go. One reason I liked Lafe, no matter what the pe in Big Sag said about his being cr Another reason was that Babe Frank and Dave had joined the Ar and now Lafe's dogs were gone, a figured maybe he and the old might like some company for a cha

So I went out there.

I was late getting started. It twenty-eight-mile ride, and Old B isn't as young a horse as he used to so I took it easy.

It was sundown when finally I there. I unsaddled Old Blue down a barn, and forked some hay down the mow. It was getting dark by time I finished, and I could see a l burning in the kitchen window u the house.

I started up the slope, and for ju minute I was sort of grateful to Army for taking those dogs of La because with them gone a man cou least walk from the barn to the h without maybe having to climb a and holler for some help. It see right peaceful and quiet without t barking and yelling the way they to do.

I WAS thinking of that, how peac it was, and that's why it scared m when something rose up out of shadows by the woodpile and let o "Woof" that liked to have made jump right out of my shoes.

It wasn't a dog either. I couldn't actly say I saw it, it being a little for good visibility, but I didn't nee see it to make a good guess as to wh was. It sounded like a bear, an smelled like a bear, and that was g enough for me.

My hair rose up till it lifted my Those dogs were bad enough, I thou but one thing I could say for them: they'd been there I wouldn't h walked face to face with any wild mals in the back yard; and between two I reckoned I'd have had to sta preference for the dogs, mean as t were.

It was maybe twenty yards from woodpile to the back door, and I m it in not more than four—five jump didn't go busting on into the h though, the way I felt like doing, beca I didn't want Lafe or the old ma get excited and maybe shoot me be I had a chance to identify myself knocked on the door and said, "It's Jeff. Jeff Tatum!" And somebody s "The door's open, ain't it? Come on So I went in.

Lafe and the old man were both the kitchen. The old man was pou a glassful of moonshine whisky ou a jug, the way he was apt to be d almost any time you happened to him, and Lafe was tending somethin a frying pan at the stove. The old m set the jug on the table.

"Jefferson," he said, "I can't exa say we was expectin' you, but now you're here draw up a chair and s

I drew up a chair and sat, becau was still a little weak in the knees f the way that bear had scared me drank off a half tumbler of liquor old man poured for me, and after I my breath back I said what was on mind. "Lafe," I said, "it ain't any my business, but you ain't got rid

(Continued on page 40)



Old man Pardee came out with the jug in one hand and lit for the barn. He's eighty years old, but when he came alongside of me he just lengthened his stride and passed me, jug and all



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HERRINGTON

Kent McCrea looked down at the postage-stamp runway and followed his squadron leader in a wide sweeping bank

Right in the Basket

ly Charles Hurst

s a sound idea, taking fe war to the enemy, povided, of course, you ee sure that he's there

HAVING completed its assignment, the fighter patrol slid over at around four thousand; then the n formation of blue-gray specks broke , to slant sharply down toward the rrier heading into the wind, her wake white plume in the jade-green sea, hile the narrower ribbons of the de-oyers at landing positions indicated were making their ordered twenty-e knots.

Kent McCrea looked down at the post-e-stamp runway that grew smaller d smaller the nearer he got to it and lowed his squadron leader in a wide eeping bank. Circling the carrier in ngle file they took up landing positions. Kent watched the signal officer closely. The checkered paddles gyrated furiously. Too high . . . too slow. Kent growled and gauged his distance again. He thought his speed was right.

A rash of colored flags broke out. The landing crews ducked for the catwalks but Kent grinned and bent his attention upon that tilting expanse just ahead of him. He eased her off a trifle and then cuffed her down at the top of a high pitch. He felt the cross cable of the arresting gear seize upon his hook, the pull firm but steady. The squat little fighter plane came to a stop; the crash barrier dropped and the handlers sprang to his wings.

Kent felt the curiously intent eyes of the plane directors upon him as he made his way toward the island. He was aware of a feeling of impending crisis; as if something important to him was about to happen, something not altogether unexpected but nonetheless unpleasant; as if things were at last catching up with him.

"Rise and kowtow, men, here comes Cold-landing McCrea!" the little fighter pilot, Shorty Seymour, from Wichita, sang out from across the lounge just off the wardroom. "Come over and have a drink, or are you going to get tough and force me to shake you for it?"

They rattled the dice and Shorty won.

"You know," Shorty confided, his eyes still faintly questioning, "you had the S.O. guessing for a minute out there this afternoon. He didn't quite know whether you were coming or going."

Kent's eyebrows lifted. "That was a waveoff, you know. I thought you were going to come short."

Long John Black, the squadron leader, barged up. "Thought for a minute you were going to stub one on—nice cooking! But didn't you see that waveoff?" he demanded practically.

Kent shook his head, his eyes steady. "No, I didn't," he said. "That bobbing deck was right down a one-way tunnel."

"Well," Long John grunted, "one of these fine mornings it's liable to fly up and kick you right square in the seat of the pants, if you don't watch your flap speed."

"Aw, don't mind him," Shorty counseled largely. "Any time you walk away from a carrier landing—you can chalk 'er up as a good one."

STEADILY, day after day, the fleet and its train forged south and westward.

"All officers report to the wardroom!" The order—twice repeated through the loud-speaker system—came, deep and raucous.

Kent followed Shorty up the ladder, through the watertight doorway and along the blue-lighted passageway and on into the wardroom. Extra blackboards had been brought in from the ready rooms. A map of the Pacific theater had been chalked in sections, Darwin to Dutch Harbor.

"This is it," Kent said to himself. "This is what you've been waiting for."

"Gentlemen," said Captain Roberts

without warning, "early this morning a contact was made with the enemy by a number of our scout bombers. I regret to advise some of them failed to return. We rendezvous with other units of the fleet tonight."

The wing commander touched the maps with a long wooden pointer as Captain Roberts outlined the operations order in relation to the general battle plan as far as he considered it necessary and expedient. His round face was touched by weariness but his eyes were alert as he finished.

"Our objective is to intercept and destroy the enemy carrier with its supporting units which we have reason to believe is the one attacking the western islands. Gentlemen, each of you will prepare yourself to go ahead."

Kent turned in with the words ringing in his ears: "Prepare yourself to go ahead." He wondered.

Morning found them steaming slowly west, reinforced by other portions of the Asiatic Squadron. Tension grew, and scuttle-butt rumor had it there was to be a shake-up in command.

"Guess who is coming to our house!" Long John grinned as he came into the wardroom for breakfast. He looked directly at Kent. "None other than your old friend from Pensacola—"

"Gimlet-legs Parker!" the table chorused as one man. "Walk the plank! . . . Walk the plank!"

Rumor was right—Captain Roberts went to the Big Flag and Captain Parker came aboard on the first dogwatch. Kent and the others were idling about in the ready room, when Commander Iselen came in.

"Check flying sheets," the commander ordered. "A big Jap carrier is based somewhere in the islands to the south. You must locate her and return to support an attack by our torpedo and scout bombers. In case of emergency you will be in reach of land at several points.

"You are not to invite attack but are to bend every effort to locate the enemy carrier. I may say now that it is most imperative this be done. The safety of Australia, even all India, may well be dependent on it."

LOOKING down through a light layer of cotton-puff clouds from five thousand was like looking at a vast yardage of dotted Swiss—white dots on a blue background—as Kent swept over the outlying reefs guarding a number of flat jungle-covered islands. He had come farther than he had planned and much father than his orders had covered. As he passed over the islands, away to the south he thought he could detect a low line of smudge. He was unable to determine whether it was smoke or clouds. But dead ahead, some thirty miles, bulked the dark, jagged reach of another island.

Kent checked on it quickly. He could do it. It would be cutting it a bit fine, but he thought he could make it.

When he had climbed to seven thousand he found himself looking down upon a rough pock-marked terrain, scarred by volcanic eruptions and successive lava extrusions which were but partially screened by the encroaching jungle. A lighter-colored spot off to port drew his attention; it lay near a great pile of broken rock.

He slid down and looked closer. An age-old blackened headframe swam into view, and knifing out to sea was a deep green lead of color that marked the line of an abysmal fault. He circled the spot, still looking down. It was an old abandoned mine and dump; the dirty white was cyanide tailings. He circled again, something in the back of his mind not wholly at ease. He dropped to a thousand feet, looked intently at the sky for a long moment to neutralize his eyes and then flashed a quick glance at the end of the deep lead where the thickly matted jungle swept down to the water's edge.

And then he had it—had what the patrol had missed the day before.

NEAR the low islands he had passed coming out, Kent ran into a line squall that rocked the plane back on her tail with the sudden shock of an explosion. He righted quickly and tried to climb above it, but his motor decided to declare all bets off by conking out.

Without a moment's hesitation, he kicked her over and streaked for the lee beach in a long erratic glide. He had time to tell himself there was a lot of wind pushing out from somewhere, for the water had drawn off the beach, leaving a strip of sand he hoped was fairly



"I'd like to exchange 'Toujours' for a small bottle of 'One Moment with You' "

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND

firm. The space was short and without hesitation he slapped her down, hard and quick. The jerk nearly snapped his head loose from his spine.

He crawled out and the wind tore at him with savage fingers. A quick glance showed landing gear intact. It cracked open the engine cowling, and he had to hold on with one hand while he checked over the motor.

"Now if this were a story I've read," Kent told himself, "I'd have to tear her down with the help of a toothbrush handle and a busted watch spring and realign a crankshaft, but it appears that all I've got to do now is to assemble a magneto that looks about as closely knit together as a five-and-ten dishrag." He looked for his tool kit. The kit was gone. All that was to be found was a single taper file; and with this simple tool Kent went to work on the magneto.

The squalls had now developed into a full gale, and soon little rivulets began to seep down from the matted roots of the jungle behind the plane. Kent realized he would have to work fast or soon find the beach sand cut into gullies from the waves piling high on the opposite side of the low island. He set to work, driving down on the cap screws with the aid of the file and a small piece of coral.

Like a well-trained pup, the motor sat up and barked when he wound her up. He gunned her and felt the wheels lift from their cups in the wet sand.

"Come on, baby," he implored, "step out for papa." And somehow he managed to horse the plane around and head up the beach. Then he felt himself picked up like a leaf in the wind and slapped down toward the white nest of combers.

But the little plane got her teeth into the gale and hung on like a bull terrier; slowly, foot by foot, like a student fireman going up a knotted rope, she edged up into the gathering murk.

"Now all I've got to do is to find home base somewhere out there in the soup," Kent grinned wryly. "And then comes the little item of setting her down."

A HUNDRED miles out from the beach the plane plunged into the clear of an underset. Kent looked up to see stars faintly luminescent behind a thin semitransparent screen—center of the circular disturbance. The plane bored on and Kent was debating whether to climb upstairs or to stay where he was, when he spotted a darker blot on the ghostly white-capped surface off astarboard. He failed to make it out at first and then he knew. It was an American cruiser. He shot a quick look at his fuel gauge to find the needle "on the pin."

His mother ship should be up ahead and to the south. She had to be s... *where*, pretty quick. He shot o... darkly wallowing battlewagon ar... ahead along the train. Then the ...ght deck of the carrier slid under him a... he circled to come in lower.

It would be touchy from now o... in. He knew that flight path was pit...ing like a horse with a sand burr und... its tail.

A discreetly shaded lamp blinked ...p-idly. Okay . . . lower. Kent gri...ed. The setup was for a crash landing. He could even see the asbestos man, a ...ght smudge against the solid black o... the superstructure of the island. He ...ed her down a bit, felt his wheels ...am down just clear of the stern ramp ...nd the plane shoot into the air. He ...ed back firmly and hooked onto the a...st-ing cable at the bottom of a long ...ep pitch. And he walked away witho... so much as a strained landing gear ...the strain was all upon his legs; they ...elt like rubber.

Ready Room Number 1 filled ...e a ten-cent movie for kids on Gene ...try night.

"Hi-ya, cowboy," Shorty who...ed, jumping to help with the chute st...ps, while Kent grinned around at th...es of blankly questioning faces. "...me knittin'!"

"You kinda cut her a mite fine," ...ng John observed dryly. "We was all ...et-ting set to walk out to meet you w... a lantern."

"Lieutenant McCrea report to ai...ot. . . . Lieutenant McCrea report to ...r-plot," the loud-speaker blared per...p-torily.

"Regards to Gimlet-legs," Long ...hn grinned sourly.

THE words of Captain Roberts ...me to Kent as he made his way up to ...rd the bridge. *Prepare yourself to go a...ad.*

At the end of the blue-lighted ...s-sageway, the air officer joined m... "Take it easy . . . and say it slow ...he warned, not unkindly. Kent nodded ...nd a moment later he was standing b...re the long barren table, facing the s...nt men behind it—Captain Parker, hi...x-ecutive officer, and the wing comma...er. They were coldly serious.

"I wonder, Lieutenant," said Ca...tain Parker somewhat grimly, "if you d...ot think it singularly appropriate tha... ny first day aboard should not wan... for some manner of extra problem?"

A yeoman came in from the c...rt-room and handed the wing comma...er a slip of paper. The wing glanced ...it and shoved it along to Captain Pa...er. "Your tank shows exactly three ga...s of fuel," he said quietly. "That's ...st about on the ragged edge of suicide

"What caused you to land?" Ca...tain Parker asked. His thin face was gl...al.

"Racked magneto, sir."

"Do you feel that you have anyt...ng to say in support of your action?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"You understand, of course, that ...ou not only risked your life, but also ...he almost certain loss of some thirty ...ve thousand dollars' worth of governm...nt property?" the captain demanded ...ly.

"I have found that enemy ca...er sir."

The wing commander stared at ...t "Our patrol advise they have sco...ed that sector thoroughly and saw not...ng to indicate—"

"It is quite easy to understand ...by they overlooked her. The camou...ge was rather more clever than usual ...nc there is no sign of a base bec...se they've laid her tight to an old ...ne pier."

"Well," the W.C. grunted, "we ...ill soon have a check on that. If your ...b-servation is accurate you have rend...ec a valuable service to the fleet—"

Kent knew why he stopped at ...at

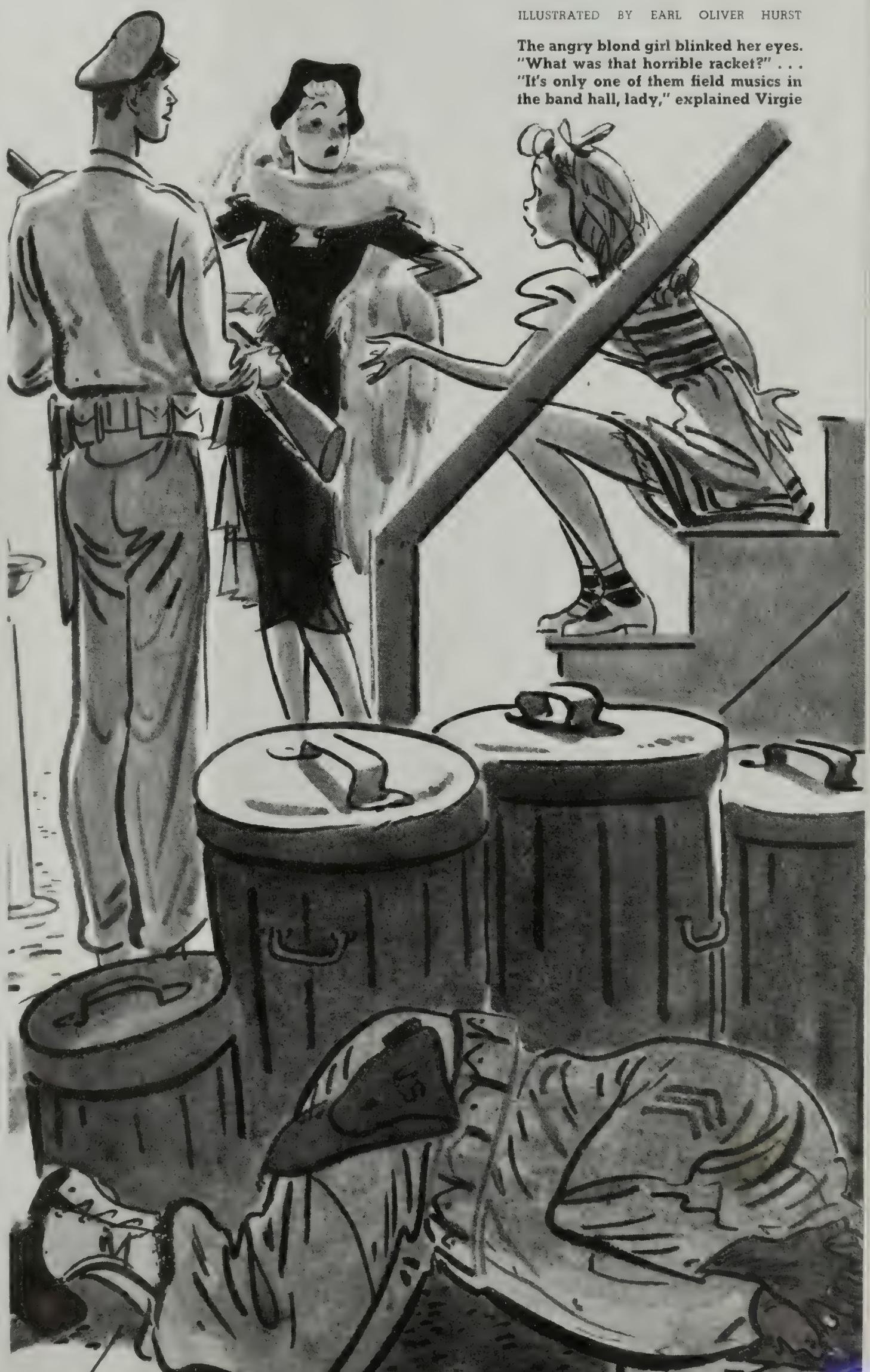
(Continued on page 56)

Virgie and the Angry Fi-fi

By Frank X. Tolbert

In the language of the Marine Corps, a fi-fi is a lady. Marines love ladies, but sometimes there are disagreements in which weapons are flourished

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



The angry blond girl blinked her eyes. "What was that horrible racket?" . . . "It's only one of them field musics in the band hall, lady," explained Virgie

ERGEANT MICHAEL J. (Asiatic) DONOHOE weighs two hundred and five pounds in his skivvy drawers. And around the post he is known as a monument to Marine Corps chow.

One afternoon this summer Sergeant Donohoe had to conceal his two hundred and five pounds behind the scuttle butt and the G.I. cans on the O.D. shack porch. This was a pretty undignified thing to do since Donohoe happened to be sergeant of the guard. But under the circumstances, Asiatic could only be thankful for the cover.

On this particular day, Asiatic and Miss Virgie Grew, aged eight, had been sitting on the O.D. shack steps talking in Chinese. The corporal of the guard and the sentry at the main gate were listening to the exotic monotones and cricket chirps and wondering what was ailing Virgie and the big sergeant.

"I would ask Asiatic what kind of lingo that is," said the corporal of the guard to the sentry, "only he has just had another big scrap with his gal. And when Asiatic is sore at his fi-fi you just lose numbers any time you shoot the breeze with him."

For sometime only two persons around the post had known that Virgie could speak Chinese. Major Arthur Chidester and Sergeant Donohoe shared the little girl's secret.

Virgie had lived more than half of her eight years in Shanghai and Chungking. Her nurse had been a North China woman. And the red-haired child had learned something of the Peiping colloquial—when her parents were not within earshot.

Since China, Virgie's father, Colonel Elmer Grew, had been stationed in London, San Diego, Quantico. And now the colonel was commanding officer of the crack Marine Barracks battalion in Washington, D. C. So Virgie might well have forgotten all she had learned from her nurse but for the two "China Marines," Major Chidester and Asiatic.

"Why is your fi-fi corked off at you?" Virgie asked. The little girl's eyelashes and eyebrows were very black and, contrasted with her flame-colored hair, gave her a slightly surprised look.

"Aw," replied Asiatic, "she is just mad. I do not understand women. In Scotland, where we trained with the Commandos, or San Diego or Havana, the saxophones in the sloop shoot all sound about the same. But the women are different. And Ronnie is the most different of them all."

"What would you think about, Asiatic," asked Virgie, "if you'd got all shot up and were about to die?"

"Don't go talking about shooting," said the sergeant. "Ronnie still has that .38 I giv' her. I guess, if I were going to check in I might think some about how red and yellow the water looked when I was standing watch on the Ranger in the evenings. But most of all I would think about Ronnie. I have known fi-fis all over the world. But Ronnie is the most beautiful of them all."

"You shouldn't teach those fi-fis how to fire a pistol," said Virgie. "Remember that White Russian girl who took a shot at you from the dock when you left Shanghai."

"Aw, her," said Asiatic, and his bony, tanned face arranged itself into a crinkly grin. "She was just saying goodby. She was a sweet fi-fi and she hated to see me leave, I guess."

Then Donohoe added:

"But my new girl, Ronnie, can really shoot. I would put my money on Ronnie against some of them cannery sergeants out at the range. And she is plenty corked off at me. I would not be surprised much if she took a few shots at me without no time for snapping in."

"She likes you real well," said Virgie. "Why don't you explain things and make up?"

"Explain! How you going to explain anything to a jealous fi-fi who has a hog-leg and can shoot straight with it?"

Donohoe looked down Eighth Street, through the wrought-iron fence. A blond girl, who was neither fat nor slender but very shapely, was approaching the big gate. Her pretty face was tense with anger.

Asiatic hit the deck, belly-cruised for a few yards past the scuttle butt and squirmed behind the G.I. cans.

"That must be your fi-fi," said Virgie, "and she sure looks corked off."

"You've got to help me, honey," whispered Asiatic. "This is serious. Get down there and tell the corporal of the guard that I ain't home to nobody. And see if you can't get her to shove off. The colonel will bust me again if ornery fi-fis come around taking shots at me here on the post."

Virgie said, "If you live to get busted." And she went down the steps at double time. The blond girl was only a few yards away.

"Asiatic is off on a detail, *(Continued on page 30)*

Collier's correspondent reports to an American father on the welfare of our Navy in Northern Ireland. After spending a week with them he finds their health is perfect, their diet something to arouse the envy of the richest Londoner, and their morale high. This heartening picture is the result of careful planning that makes you feel proud of our officers and men overseas. John, rest assured, the boys are doing all right

The American boys are great sight-seers and it didn't take them long to learn all about Londonderry and call it "Derry" the way the natives do. They'll tell you, too, that it's Britain's only completely walled city



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA



LETTER NO. 2

DEAR JOHN: You'll perhaps recall that when your son joined the Navy last December he weighed 133 pounds with a copy of the Sunday newspaper in his lap. He had what you always called a "cigarette cough," and you were a bit worried because he never took any exercise. His idea of a strenuous day was eight hours behind the cage at the bank, and then, if he had energy enough, a two-hour stretch at the neighborhood movie theater. You always figured that if he took a deep breath he'd knock himself out and you were surprised when he passed his physical.

I've spent the past week here in Londonderry with your kid and a lot of others like him and all I can say is that I don't want any trouble with either him or any of his pals.

They are all hale, hearty and husky, and the average gain in weight among the men here during the past three months has been eight pounds. They didn't gain those eight pounds by eating toasted marshmallows and reclining on their backs. They earned those eight pounds the hard way and what they've earned is all muscle. Take a look at his picture and the pictures of his pals on this page. This bunch here at Londonderry is just about the healthiest group of youngsters in the world.

Captain Brighton Davis is the medical officer in charge of them and of their very modern hospital. He has twelve doctors working under him and for the moment they have pretty soft jobs. I went through his hospital today and found that more than 50 per cent of the beds were empty —no customers. Captain Davis has been with the Navy all his life. He went through the last war but even he is amazed at conditions here among the men.

"You know how many men we have here," he told me today. "Take that same number of men in civilian life. There would, in the normal course of events, be enough disease and operations to keep a pretty big staff of doctors busy. But, as you see, half of our hospital is empty and most of the beds you see occupied by British patients—we treat them just as we treat our own men. What do we get mostly? An occasional fracture, which is inevitable when men are working on ships and in machine shops; a few appendectomies, a few tonsillectomies and now and then a case of mumps. And as for what writers call 'social disease,' that is virtually nonexistent here in Londonderry. The health of the men here is far, far better in every way than the health of the same number of civilians an in America."

This amazing good health is due to discipline, in part to the ne healthy life they lead, in part to alistic, honest, common-sense out the Navy in insisting that every precaution against any kind of i be taken—but it is chiefly due pride, common sense and decency men themselves.

Captain William Larson is th man here. He is in charge of th works. This morning I followed inspection tour. When the "Ol has an inspection, he misses noth went up and down the rows of standing at attention and he look disappointed because he couldn button missing or a shoe unshine

Captain Larson is one for making up his mind to have an in most any time. This morning, had inspected a very large group ors, he told his aide that he'd lik spect the Marines. They had no notice of his coming. A bugle too inspection was on. First there routine inspection, the inevitabl ing up and down interminable neat, uniformed Marines. That fect, as it should be. But then Larson said he'd like to see a fe huts.

"I'll just pick them at random," casually.

Marines' Quarters Are Immac

"Yes, sir," the major in char and I wondered at his confidenc trailing into perhaps fifty of t Nissen steel corrugated huts w men live, eat and play, I could stand the major's confidence. I army barracks in Germany, Fran ain, Russia, Libya and a few poi but I never saw anything as imm as the living quarters of the Unite Marines here in Londonderry. T with, none of the men live under The huts (all brought over from A have wooden floors and every every floor is scrubbed with a c tion of warm water and kerosene. most army service huts of any are drab-looking, these huts painted brightly inside. The lig good and in many cases the men p provised ingenious lamps with b as bases, or have taken packing c made chests of drawers. These vised chests were painted and i cases were covered with green We went from one hut to anot soon it got to be a game.

"Come on, *(Continued on p*

Navy standards prohibit the use of local milk, but there's no objection to local talent—for laughs anyway

Castle Dunluce used to be good fortress. But that was dred years and several sie







William Larson, the head man, misses nothing on his tours of inspec-
e sailors had no advance notice of this one, but look at their shoes
bove: A baseball game and a devastating swing that fails to connect



On the sight-seeing picnics held each Sunday, lunch consists of thick ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, American beer. The shillelagh carried by the sailor is just a souvenir; he has more potent weapons for protection

typical warm, clean Marine hut, Pvt. Malenkamp of Michigan cleans
and Pvt. Tewksbry of Boston, Mass., reads a welcome letter, while
ro of Charlotte, North Carolina, gets ready to pose for this picture



The British sail them and when the Nazis hit them, the Americans make the repairs. "Are they doing a job? What do you think?" said the captain of a damaged destroyer. He'd expected a two-week shore leave and got four days





For night landings, soldiers ashore with mosquito nets o their heads. These nets are m more important than gas m

HEALTH SPIES

By J. D. Ratcliff

Wherever our soldiers go, throughout the world, they are protected against disease, fever and parasites by the careful advance research work of the Army's Medical Intelligence Division. It is a splendid job



Troops avoid water holes used by native tribes, for fear of hookworms

BLINDFOLD yourself and drop a pencil point on a map of the world. Maybe it will land on a country in the tsetse-fly belt of Africa or on one of the unwashed states of India. No matter where it lands, the chances are that the United States Army has more medical information about that place than local physicians practicing there.

Its Medical Intelligence Division—a part of the Preventive Medicine Service of the Surgeon General's office—collects information about every country on earth. It spies out health facts the way other intelligence organizations gather information about enemy combat planes and deck armor. No matter where troops move, it must be ready with a complete file of facts. It tells Army doctors from Arkansas about the dengue fever in China, about filariasis in India and sleeping sickness in Africa.

The reason for this activity is apparent. We face a situation radically different from the one faced in 1917. At that time our Army was fighting in countries with problems parallel to our own. In France, doctors found the same measles they had known at home in Iowa, the same pneumonia they had seen in Pennsylvania. This time we are headed for some of the backwoods regions of the earth and we are encountering some very special miseries.

Medical Intelligence has a spectacular mass of facts. It knows about poison snakes along the Gold Coast and about lice, ticks, and disease-spreading insects of other countries. It has surveys of buildings all over the world which might serve as emergency hospitals and it has word about the type of electricity generated by utility plants; if the Army decides to go to a certain country it doesn't want to take 60-cycle X-rays when only 25-cycle current is available. Medical Intelligence has full information about breeding habits of mosquitoes that infest any country; it has charts that show disease rates.

Reports have to be complete. Not even the most astute general staff is exactly sure where its armies will be six months hence. The Medical Corps has to be ready to go anywhere, prepared to meet any conditions.

One recent—and relatively minor—job will give you an idea about its work. When troops moved into Trinidad, Medical Intelligence was prepared. One of the most striking bits of information concerned a mosquito. Certain relatively arid regions of the island were eaten up by malaria—involving as much as 70 per cent of the population.

The War on Malaria

One of the varieties of anopheline mosquitoes—the malaria spreaders—didn't breed in swamps. They bred in trees—in the water cup of an air plant. This plant particularly favored the immortelle tree, which is used to shade cocoa plantations. Extensive plantings of these trees had created ideal conditions for the mosquitoes.

Armed with these facts, it was a simple matter to rid Army posts of this health threat. Medical officers dispatched details of men to destroy the air plants and to cut trees. Malaria was greatly reduced by this measure.

The Army got interested in geographical medicine two years ago. Under guidance of Colonel James S. Simmons, chief of the Preventive Medicine Service, it began collecting random health facts from all over the earth. Libraries furnished the basic picture of any country. Traveling doctors, missionaries and businessmen brought it up to date.

The work grew in importance when it became apparent that we were in for a global war. Medical Intelligence be- came a formal organization in J 1941. Last spring it was upped in st to a division of the Preventive M cine Service with Lieutenant Col Tom F. Whayne in charge.

Colonel Whayne, 37, is a big, q Kentuckian. He has been in the A ten years—two of which were spen Panama where he got invaluable perience in tropical medicine. He i able organizer and a shrewd fact fin

Step into his office. It is littered maps showing world distribution various diseases. There are maps Grade-A miseries like cholera, ty and bubonic plague, and maps for eases you've probably never heard things like kala azar, the black fev China, and African loa loa.

The files contain an incredible va of medical believe-it-or-nots. They about poisonous sea snakes in Persian Gulf and about South Pa clams as big as meat platters that grab a swimmer's foot with a bear- grasp. The jungle regions in Bu are infested with leeches vorac enough to produce anemia in a s time. They must not be yanked c this leaves their heads under the to set up infection. The recommer method: Touch them with a lig cigarette and they drop off.

Medical Intelligence also posts w ings to troops—warnings that save l sometimes, or long periods of hosp ization. Thus, troops in Australia advised to avoid water holes use native tribes. The ground around t is sure to be infested with hookwo

Scorpions are a problem in N Africa. These poisonous creatures a warm place to spend the night. they crawl into shoes that have been taken off—and bite when owner puts them on in the morning

Doctors bound for Iceland, Ru and Alaska get cold-weather h Don't rub snow on frostbitten feet; one of the worst things that can be d The frozen foot should be war gradually. The Russians have develo a novel and satisfactory treatment: the frozen foot in another man's p If he doesn't object too much, the will thaw out in time.

Desert warfare also imposes p lems. Men with chronic respiratory t ble should be kept out of the sandst

(Continued on page 43)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is doing a grand job in the Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS to the boys)

☆ You should see her starring in the new Paramount Picture **"PALM BEACH STORY"** ☆



KEEP 'EM SATISFIED WITH *Chesterfield*

Milder . . Cooler . . Better-Tasting Cigarettes

. . . that's what smokers ask for . . and that's CHESTERFIELD. *Milder* when you smoke a lot . . *Cooler* when the going's hot . . and *Better-Tasting all the time!* Buy CHESTERFIELDS by the carton and treat the boys and yourself to more smoking pleasure than you've ever known . . .

They Satisfy



Copyright 1942, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER



"It's all temporary," Vina-Lou said. "Temporary job. Temporary dates, just to fill the blank spaces till I get the price of a ticket to San Diego"

True to the Navy

By Kermit Shelby

She was young, good-looking, and in love with her husband. But he wasn't around when she began to step out—not at first

THE way the Tennessee State Employment Service lady had explained it to Vina-Lou, when you worked at Hanky-Pack (Kind-to-Your-Nose) Inc., you worked behind a machine in a snow-white uniform, furnished and laundered by Hanky-Pack, Inc. You had your own locker, too. So when Vina-Lou showed up for the new job that Monday morning she had on her slacks, her white wedgies, and a double-strength uplift "bra" beneath her blouse. She was a little surprised when Mr. Rose led her to the second-floor warehouse.

"The government froze our prices," Mr. Rose vaguely explained, "so I'm putting you to work pulling coupons."

As she followed Mr. Rose across what seemed to be acres of dusty-smelling concrete floor, all the fellas in the warehouse stopped putting boxes of Hanky-Packs on the ball-bearing runways and greeted Vina-Lou's arrival with low whistles of welcome.

Vina-Lou didn't turn or wave back or anything, but a warm glow of pleasure broke out up and down her spine, making the white wedgies click faster, making the slim hips sway more rhythmically. They couldn't see, yet, that her blue eyes held impish lights that danced; that her mouth was a rosebud; that her flat black freckle was a God-given beauty spot; that her provocative eyebrows suggested one who might, startlingly, burst into song.

All they could see was her figure.

Tall, slim, and graceful-curved, Vina-Lou was built like a not-yet-grown, blooded race horse. No one was more aware of this than Vina-Lou. Nevertheless, it *was* reassuring to a Navy widow like herself—Vina-Lou was nineteen—to know that her cylinders weren't getting rusty.

To Vina-Lou, that low, admiring whistle of the fellas had the same tonic-bracing effect that her kid husband, Mack, claimed Scotch liquor gave to sailors.

Mack! The wedgies clicked faster as his man-blue eyes and sleep-tousled head—always the vision she carried of him—flashed in her mind like a sort of sweet-tingling lightning.

What would Mack say when she wrote him she was working out her ticket to San Diego in a Hanky-Pack factory? She'd ought to have a letter from him, sure, by tonight!

Fellas, to Vina-Lou, were kindred spirits who wore pants. But Mack was in a class all by himself.

Vina-Lou regretted the loss of the white uniform, kinda; but she saw, right away, with so many fellas around, that the place wasn't going to be dull.

Mr. Rose led her through a sort of hallway of boxes stacked higher than his head, and into a cubicle where four girls, all looking new and vaguely uneasy, were huddled like frightened chickens beneath a clear-burning electric bulb.

Mr. Rose turned a box over with his foot.

"All you have to do is stencil out where it says 'Profit-Sharing Coupon Inside,' on all four sides. Tear the box open, take out the coupon inside, reseal the box with tape, and stack 'em over on this side, in rows."

Vina-Lou took a good look around. The heavy cardboard boxes were sealed tight with glue. All you had to open them with was your two hands. Vina-Lou gathered she was supposed to wade in.

A slim, swarthy-skinned girl named Betty, with curly short black hair and calculating dark eyes, had charge of the coupons, and she counted them with a great show of concentration and often. Betty was an "old" girl—meaning she had worked downstairs on the machines, the past three weeks. She seemed to take it for granted her seniority gave her authority. She subtly bossed the

(Continued on page 60)

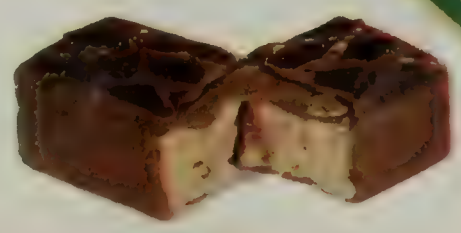


HEY FELLOWS, LOOK WHAT MOTHER SENT ME...

AND DO I LOVE MILKY WAYS!

Yes, it's the little things that do so much toward keeping our boys happy . . . little luxuries that you can provide. Every last man of them loves a Milky Way candy bar . . . loves the pure milk chocolate coating, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and that luscious center of chocolate nougat, flavored with real malted milk. Just think how much he will appreciate a whole box of the same delicious Milky Ways he enjoyed so much at home!





cool shaves

For Facial Harmony!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

A SYMPHONY of smoothness—a jam session for speed—that's an Ingram's shave! Tune up your cheeks and chin—with Ingram's!

Ingram's billowy lather does such a quick and thorough job, even black, bristly beards are easy for your humming blade. We've made Ingram's COOL and delightfully refreshing. It soothes your face and helps condition your skin for shaving.

Yes, and an Ingram's shave has a lingering effect on your grateful epidermis. That soothed, refreshed feeling lasts and lasts. Your face feels and looks like a cool, cool million. Get Ingram's—in jar or tube—today.



Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S
shaving cream

This is the Army

Continued from page 15

Broadway, but no manager was annoying him with offers until he appeared in the Army show in the Stage Door Canteen sketch, which he wrote and in which he gives remarkable impersonations of Alfred Lunt and Herbert Marshall. If the war will kindly stop, MacColl is fixed. He now has a tremendous reputation, both as an actor and writer.

The toughest bit of casting the show faced was in a field which seemed originally to be the easiest—the Negro dancers. Operating on the theory that all Negroes are hoofers, the management experienced a shock on finding that the colored soldiers at Camp Upton were interested in more serious things. It was necessary to send out a talent scout with a piano accompanist to camps throughout the country before the dancers were found. They happened to be pipperoos, stopping the show cold on opening night, and repeating often since.

Another find was Corporal Milton Rosenstock, who is credited with much of the success of the production by the way he handles the orchestra and choruses. He had been assistant conductor of the Brooklyn Symphony, but it was no secret during rehearsals that Mr. Berlin was worried about Rosenstock. He confesses it freely.

"That's a fifty-piece orchestra out there, the biggest any Broadway musical show has ever had," he says. "I'm not going to impress you by saying I knew Rosenstock could do it. I didn't think he could do it. I wanted to make a change the last week of rehearsals, but the others talked me out of it. He's great. isn't he?"

When Mr. Berlin found Philip Truex, son of Ernest Truex, at Camp Upton, he conceived the idea of including other famous sons. Joe Cook, Jr., was found at Eglin Field, Florida, and now does an imitation of his father, teetering precariously on a unicycle while juggling Indian clubs, meanwhile admonishing the audience to hurry their applause "because I don't keep this up long." Others are Robert Moore, son of the celebrated Victor Moore, and Alan Anderson, son of Maxwell Anderson, the playwright. Anderson is stage manager of the production.

The Dancers Are Sensational

But what distinguishes the show, in addition to the Berlin music, is the dancing. That had been a problem from the start. This was before the days of the Waacs and Waves, and the female dancers had to be men. In the usual college show, the football players get rigged up in skirts, and fond parents scream with delight—but this was going to face Broadway competition. The rest of the cast could be something less than wonderful, but the gentlemen in gowns had to be good. They turned out to be sensational, thanks to Private Robert Sidney and Corporal Nelson Barclift.

Sidney had formerly worked with Balanchine and had directed the dances for Banjo Eyes, the Eddie Cantor Broadway show; Barclift had been successively a chorus boy and a dancer with Weidman and Martha Graham. He was training at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he qualified as a rifle marksman and as an expert with the hand grenade. Together, the two directed and danced in such sensational numbers as That Russian Winter and A Soldier's Dream, but their favorite is I'm Getting Tired, in which they dance, ballet-fashion, about a park bench with such grace and agility that eyes are apop all over the audience.

As an example in co-operation nothing has ever excelled This is the Army. It cost only $18,000 to put the curtain up, and most of that money went for labor. A. L. Berman was in charge of production and he had help from all quarters. Hassard Short lighted the show gratis; Lynn Murray did the vocal and choral arrangements as a work of love; Nat Dorfman had handled the publicity out of the kindness of his heart and will continue to do it throughout the year's tour.

"The women at Brooks' worked at night without pay to finish the costumes in time for the opening," said Mr. Berlin. "Hundreds of people helped. I wish you had space to name them all."

The sentimental high spot of the show is the appearance of Mr. Berlin singing Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning, the hit of the original Yaphank production. With him is a chorus line of other old Yaphankers, looking, as someone has said, like men who had been sitting around the Lambs Club ever since the last war, waiting for this opportunity. However, when Berlin lifts his squeaky little alto voice in the nostalgic old song, there is many a damp eye in the house.

A Gargantuan Moving Job

The production opened on tour in Washington on September 29th; goes to Pittsburgh, October 12th; Philadelphia, October 26th; Baltimore, November 9th Boston, November 16th; Cleveland, November 30th; Cincinnati, December 7th; St. Louis, December 14th; Detroit, December 21st; Chicago, January 4th. It then jumps to Hollywood to make the picture. After that, the tour will be resumed in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and cities not yet arranged for. A separate Army unit will handle transportation and housing on the road, quite a task when dragging four hundred men around the country.

Here are some figures about the production: (a) In four weeks 130,000 pieces of sheet music were sold in the lobby, over 100,000 being of the hit song Earl Oxford puts over, I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen. (b) Souvenir programs sell at the rate of 4,000 a week. (c) Record albums are now being sold. (d) The shirt Mr. Berlin wears for his number is 14¼ neck size. (e) The company members were originally paid $2.35 a day for room and board in New York and later raised to $2.75 a day; on the road the pay will be boosted to $3.75 a day. (f) Rain or shine, the company does two hours of military drill a day.

When Berlin first played the numbers for the cast, somebody said in surprise: "Where's the dialogue?"

"You just make that up," replied Berlin easily.

So they sat around and thought up gags. After a week or two of that, Berlin said, "That's enough; write those down."

The best line of the play goes to Julie Oshins and we won't ruin it by repeating it.

"A guy threw me that from the chorus," he explains.

Help came from strange quarters. The production was laid out and built by a former stagehand, Sergeant Peter Feller. His father had helped on the original Yaphank show.

"Put in a plug for the stagehands," says Feller. "They're always getting kicked around. An apprentice stagehand has to be as much up in engineering as a stage designer."

And now with all this done, Hollywood is getting a whack at This is the Army, and the rumors are terrifying. There has to be a story, it seems, and that means a dame must be dragged in. There are rumors that Jimmy Stewart will star in it and perhaps Clark Gable will be allowed to show his shaven phiz. The girl will naturally be the colonel's daughter, and there will be a romance and moonlight and a lot of husky soldiers acting as background for the usual Hollywood banalities.

Just a word to Hollywood: *Watch out!* Hundreds of thousands of people are going to see the show on the stage and like it for itself. They won't like something else made of it. Go easy on the colonel's-daughter stuff. Some people instinctively dislike colonel's daughters.

THE END



When these gentlemen are unscrambled it will be found that under them all is Geno Erbisti, the "understander" of the Allon Trio. The squirt on top is Pvt. Pinkey Mitchell; farther south are Pvts. Louis Bednarcik and Angelo Buono, other members of the old Allon. To the left, hanging on, is Cpl. Leander Berg; to the right is Sgt. Art Steiner; sitting in Erbisti's arms is Pvt. Belmonte Cristiani, of the famous circus Cristianis

Lightning War, U.S. Style—

Leaps Rivers on Rubber Bridges

IT will avail America's enemies little to burn their bridges behind them. Today U. S. Army Engineers can speed tanks and guns across rivers in only a fraction of the time required with the ponderous wood or metal pontons of former wars.

This is accomplished through the use of inflated pontons, built of rubberized fabric by Goodyear and others to Army specifications. These pontons are massive air floats, made with numerous compartments so that they can withstand bullet punctures and still retain enough buoyancy to support a heavy tank. Yet when deflated, they fold up so compactly, many can be carried on a single truck.

In crossing rivers, pontons are inflated on the bank by air-compressor trucks, quickly floated into place, and covered with steel runways over which the Army pours. With this relatively light, compact, portable equipment fewer trucks are needed in bridge-building battalions. But most important, it enables U. S. forces to jump water barriers at the speed essential in modern lightning war.

The new knacks and skills we are learning in building these pontons stout enough to support 30-ton tanks will one day pay dividends—when countless articles made of rubberized fabric bring new comfort and convenience to our peacetime life.



Virgie and the Angry Fi-Fi

Continued from page 21

see, Spencer," said Virgie to the corporal. The sentry brought his riot gun to port arms. The corporal spoke:

"Yes, ma'am?"

"I want to see Sergeant Donohoe," the blond girl replied. "Send him down here in a hurry or I'll go in and get him."

"Asiatic has gone ashore on some kind of a detail, ma'am." And then Corporal Spencer added, politely, "There's not nobody goes through this gate unless they got the right kind of papers."

From the porch there came some strange sound effects.

"*Chui* (attention)!" Asiatic howled from under the scuttlebutt. Then he shouted a stream of instructions in Chinese to Virgie.

The blond girl blinked her wide green eyes. "What was that horrible racket? It sounded a little like Asiatic."

"It's only one of them field musics in the band hall, lady," explained Virgie. "They're always making goofy noises."

"*Ni-men tung pu tung* (Do you understand)?" Donohoe yelled from the porch.

"*K'o-pu-shih ma* (Yes, to be sure)," Virgie answered the hidden sergeant. Then she spoke to the visitor:

"That's the kind of stuff those field musics are always yelling. Lady, Asiatic has been trying awfully hard to get in touch with you."

"I've got a telephone and a mailbox, and he knows where I live."

"Yeah, but he has been away on so many of these crumby details and everything. He said he was awfully sorry you got mad with him. And he wants you to meet him tomorrow afternoon around 16:30 over in the park on the corner of Pennsylvania and 17th Street. He was going to send you a telegram. He's awfully sorry."

"What do you mean, 16:30?"

"That's 4:30 o'clock," replied Virgie, patiently.

THE girl looked at the deserted O.D. shack porch. She looked along the southern arcade of the barracks and up the driveway. Her green eyes were still angry. She said, "All right, kid. Tell that big ape I'll be there tomorrow afternoon. But Asiatic better be there or someone is going to get hurt."

When she had gone, the sentry brought the riot gun down from port arms and drew a long breath. Virgie went back to the porch. Lieutenant Hitesman, the officer of the day, was there and he was saying, "What the devil are you doing under that scuttlebutt, Asiatic?"

"Aw," replied the sergeant. "I have lost a battle pin down here among the pipes. I'm always losing them things."

"All clear," said Virgie. "Your fi-fi just caught a taxi in front of the drugstore."

Sergeant Donohoe gathered his long legs under him and got up.

"Thanks, Honey," he said. "But I don't know whether you should have made that date for me or not. I would hate to be shot in action over in Lafayette Park. Why is it that the most beautiful fi-fis have the worst tempers? I am afraid we ain't going to make up very soon."

That night Virgie dreamed about heaven. In the dream, heaven had a rifle range, and the Lord was a big noncom with no room left for hash-marks on his sleeve. But the blond fi-fi came into the heaven and started shooting at Asiatic with a Browning automatic rifle. And the Lord had to stop her and give her a good shaking.

Virgie woke up troubled. She got up and brushed her red hair and put on some coveralls, very like the dungarees which the men wear when they're out boon-docking.

She tiptoed into her father's bedroom for a before-breakfast talk. But the colonel was taking a shower. A shining new Reising submachine gun was lying on the bed. Colonel Grew had a nervous habit of field-stripping weapons while he read. And he had, probably, disassembled and assembled the submachine gun a dozen times while studying some reports the night before.

The gun was one of the M-55 models with a folding butt stock. Virgie took a look out in the hall. Then she picked up the weapon, fondly.

Frowning, the little girl removed the magazine, set the fire control selector on full automatic, unwound the takedown screw and removed the stock, pulling the trigger to make sure the hammer was forward. She next unscrewed the bumper plug in the rear of the receiver and tipped the muzzle of the wicked little gun up vertically while pulling the trigger so that the hammer spring would drop out. . . .

She had some trouble taking out the action bar, and it was a full three minutes before she managed the field strip. Now, the little girl could take apart and put together with considerable speed and ease most of the infantry weapons used by the Marines. She could do these things because she had watched her father and the men handle firearms for years. And, too, she loved guns. But this new Reising, though beautifully simple, was not so familiar.

"I need some schooling on this," said Virgie to herself. "I'll see Corporal Watt."

SHE had started to assemble the weapon when her mother's voice sounded in the hall.

"Come to breakfast, Virginia," said Mrs. Grew. She was approaching the door to the bedroom. The parts of the Reising were arranged neatly on a piece of wrapping paper. Virgie had to scamper from the room to keep from being discovered. She grasped her mother tightly by the hand and steered her by the bedroom.

So it was that Colonel Grew appeared at the breakfast table with a slightly annoyed look on his face and with the Reising gun, now assembled, under his arm.

Mrs. Grew had a beautiful voice and sometimes she sounded like an actress in a Shakespearean tragedy. She had been married to Colonel Grew and his collection of firearms for fifteen years. But she was still afraid of guns.

Now she looked at the Reising gun, and she said in a low, accusing and questioning voice, "Elmer?" Then, after a silence, she added, "Are you trying to ruin Virgie's nervous system by bringing a thing like that to the table? You know how guns scare the poor child."

Virgie drank her orange juice and said nothing. The colonel laid the submachine gun on a desk. He kissed his wife and he kissed Virgie, spanking the little girl's plump legs briskly as he bent over.

"I'll see you after breakfast," he whispered.



COLLIER'S "Can't we move up a little closer?" VIRGIL PARTCH

Mrs. Grew smiled at Virgie and said, "I've a nice surprise for you, dear. You are going to a movie this afternoon with Wainwright Becker. The admiral will bring Wainwright over sometime after lunch."

Virgie answered her mother: "That's nice."

Virgie thought: "Of all the dirty details—I really get 'em. Going to the movies with that nasty little poge from the Navy Yard."

Wainwright was seven years old. His father was an admiral at the nearby Navy Yard. The fat little boy had lived at naval stations all of his life. He had acquired a thoroughgoing dislike for Marines, and he considered it his mission to make things as unpleasant as possible for members of the Corps.

The colonel said, "You're not going to let those kids go to the movies alone, I hope. That Wainwright should be put in a cage, anyway."

"I," replied Mrs. Grew, "will take the children down in a taxi. I've a club meeting which should last about two hours. After it's over I'll go by the theater and get Wainwright and Virginia."

The thought of spending an afternoon in Wainwright's company made Virgie sad. She took a piece of French toast and she wandered out on the screened-in porch of the colonel's quarters. She sat in the porch swing and chewed on the toast and looked out on the Barracks parade ground.

Now, during the War of 1942, the pa rade ground was a very busy spot. Th day before, Secretary Knox and Gen eral Holcomb had stood in the shadow of the ancient arches and decorated Marine hero of the Battle of Midway On this morning, a platoon of athletic looking boys in dungarees were rollin heavy marching orders. At another en of the compound, a company in well starched khaki was wheeling throug close-order drill while Asiatic howle commands rhythmically in his bariton voice:

"Hup, tup, th-ree, fou-R—th-ree fou-R, th-ree, fou-R—and to ya LEF' sang the sergeant. And it was like musi to Virgie.

On the porch she tapped her feet wit the cadence and counted in Chinese *"I, erh, san, ssu—I, erh, san, ssu—I, erh san, ssu—."*

Now she was singing with Asiatic and her voice grew louder. Then sh stopped. There was someone else o the porch. Boldly, Virgie chewed o her toast for a moment before look ing up. It was the colonel.

"I'll be a hootin' nanny-hoot," sai Colonel Grew, "a Chinese cadenc count. I guess you've heard Chines soldiers a lot—but how could you re member? You surprise me every day Honey—almost as much as you're goin to surprise your mother some day whe she learns that you're a gun-lovin' littl hyena and not the crybaby she want you to be. I was going to punish you fo leaving that Reising all torn up an lying on the deck. But I guess you'v got enough trouble—with Wainwrigh coming over."

THEN the colonel added, "You'd bet ter wait down at the gate in the after noon and meet Wainwright. The me don't like the little pest much, and don't blame them."

So it was that Virgie was stationed o the O.D. shack steps when Wainwrigh appeared at the main gate that after noon. The fat little boy demanded ad mittance and called the sentry a num ber of salty but uncomplimentar names. Wainwright had been eatin chocolate candy and there were smear of goo on his white collar and on hi round, fearless little face.

"Secure everything," said Asiatic "here comes Wainwright, and with pog bait smeared all over his face a usual."

Wearily Sergeant Donohoe yelled a the guard: "Let him in."

Wainwright was slightly knock-knee and his fat legs hit together as h crawled up the steps to the porch. H greeted Virgie politely. He turned t Sergeant Donohoe and said, "How' things with you bellhops? Did you hea about the scrap over at the Cross Road Inn last night? Two Navy Yard sailor whipped five of these here Eighth an Eye Street Marines."

Wainwright made up the story abou the fight. But he knew it would in furiate Donohoe.

"Wo yu pu feng (such an idiot)! commented Virgie.

"Na-ko jen t'ai tsao koa (he's a ba one)," agreed the sergeant.

"My dad needs an orderly, Asiatic, continued Wainwright, "maybe yo could get the job."

"I reckon," said Virgie, "that I ha better take Wainwright down to th house and secure him until it's time t shove off to the movies. Goodby Asiatic, and be sure and show up fo that date. Come on, *shui-shou* (sailor)."

Wainwright said, "Sergeant, do yo

"In black and white, we'll demonstrate
Why Happy Blending's simply great!"



1. We're loving mates, indeed, we two;
We've won our stripes at pitching woo.
On Happy Blending, if you please,
We're qualified *authorities!*

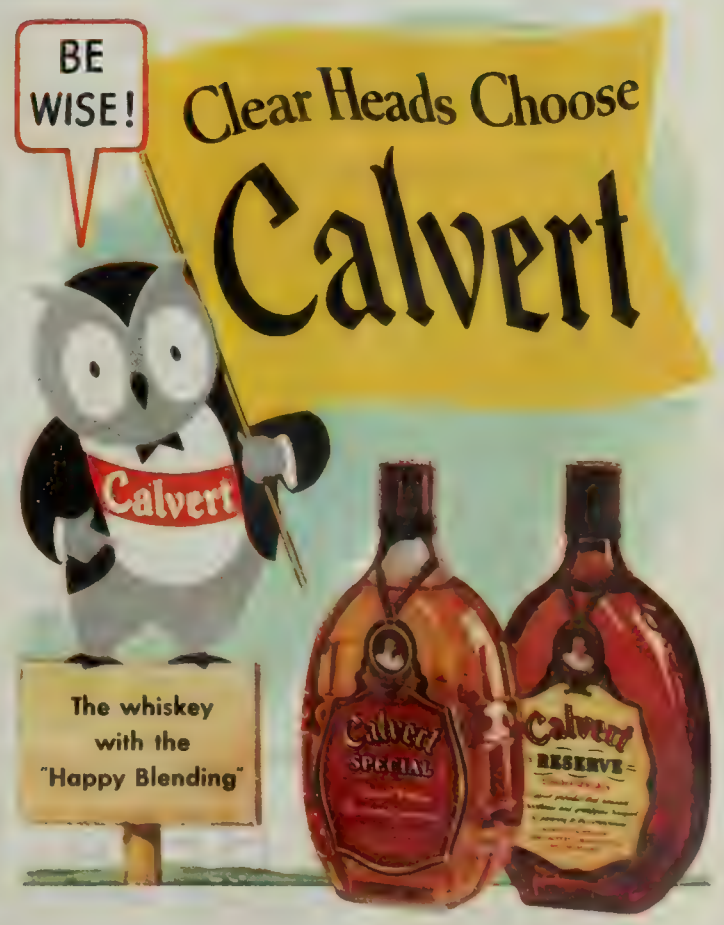
2. So if you'll step up closer, friend,
We'll tell why CALVERT'S Happy Blend,
A blend of whiskey virtues rare,
Is super . . . tops . . . beyond compare!





3. You see, some whiskey traits are *scrappy,*
While others are congenial, *happy.*
So CALVERT chucks the traits that fight
And blends *just* friendly ones—*just* right.

4. That's why each mellow sip you savor
Is tops in smoothness, mildness, *flavor!*
No drink has got what CALVERT'S got—
It's *Happy Blending.* Try a spot!



Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Carl slows down factory operation!



CARL NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but he has to show the men at the plant how to operate some new machines.

"Interruptions won't do," Carl figures. "Even man-minutes count today!"



HAVING POSTPONED needed relief, Carl fumbles, can't seem to explain things clearly.

"I slowed things down all along the line," he confides to Mrs. Carl when he gets home, all in.

John wins production award!



JOHN NEEDS A LAXATIVE. He's training a group of new workers, too.

But—to feel better faster—John takes speedy Sal Hepatica, which usually acts within an hour.



BY THE TIME HE GETS TO WORK, John feels more like himself. He tries a new production scheme. His trainees get the idea fast. And John gets the plant award for stepping up production.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

TODAY—when man-hours and man-*minutes* count—it's your duty to keep fit.

So don't put off till evening the laxative you need in the morning. Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.



Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—with no discomfort, no griping. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity . . . helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica!* Next time *you* need a laxative, take this sparkling, speedy saline. Remember, it's up to all of us to keep fit!

**Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.*

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE"--Tune in Eddie Cantor Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. W. T. (Beginning September 30th).

want some candy?" And he held out a half-melted chocolate in a fat fist.

"Naw," said Asiatic, "shove off."

Wainwright, with a swift downward motion of his hand, rubbed chocolate over the sergeant's starched, shining-clean precisely pressed khaki trousers. Then the fat little boy started to scramble off the porch. But Asiatic caught him on the bottom steps.

"You ornery little chow-hound," said the sergeant. "Here's one time you're going to get spanked, even if your pa secures me in the brig."

Asiatic sat down on the steps and became very busy giving Wainwright the flat of his hand. Wainwright squirmed and pinched Asiatic's muscular legs as he took the spanking. Then the sergeant heard the clicking of heels. The corporal of the guard was saluting. The sentry had his riot gun at present arms. Admiral Becker was coming up the driveway.

The sergeant scrambled to his feet and saluted. Wainwright, scowling, was now sitting on the ground. The admiral looked at his son. Then he said to Asiatic, "Good afternoon, Sergeant. Carry on."

The admiral lit a cigarette and walked on up the arcade toward the colonel's office.

A HALF-HOUR later, when liberty call had sounded, Asiatic left the post in "sea-going" attire: blue pants, khaki shirt and white cap cover. At about the same time, Mrs. Grew, Virgie and Wainwright were riding downtown in a taxi. This trip proved almost disastrous. Wainwright, still tingling from his spanking, was standing up in the cab. He was studying the driver's neck at close range.

"I," announced Wainwright, in a gloating voice, "know jujitsu." The admiral's son had watched sailors learning judo at the Norfolk training station.

"Yeah?" answered Virgie, without interest.

Wainwright spread his fat arms wide, doubled his fists and hit the taxi driver a smart blow on each temple. The surprised fellow almost swerved the cab into a trolley car. He slammed on the brakes, and it looked for a while as if Wainwright were going to get his second spanking of the day. But Mrs. Grew soothed the driver's feelings by promising him double fare. And Wainwright ate five chocolates and gave no more trouble until they arrived at the theater.

Mrs. Grew escorted the children to seats well up front and said, "Now, stay right here until I get back, no matter how long you have to wait. Wainwright, I want you to be a little man and don't bother any of the ushers."

The movie was about a Mexican gal who stabbed her boy friend fifteen times in the back because she caught him dancing with another girl. After Mrs. Grew had been gone about twenty minutes, Virgie said, "This thing bores me. I'd about as soon listen to First Sergeant Sylvester lecture the men on Rocks and Shoals."

"I know what Rocks and Shoals is," announced Wainwright, triumphantly, "it's about naval law."

"Let's leave," said Virgie, crossly. She was getting worried about Asiatic. "We can go over to the park and see if Asiatic is getting along all right. That fi-fi might really shoot him."

"I don't want to see that old bellhop," said Wainwright. "I hate him." The little boy's stomach was beginning to hurt, and he was curled up in the seat, half asleep. Still, he followed Virgie out of the theater. The doorman was wearing blue flannel trousers with red stripes down the sides. As Virgie was getting pass-out checks, Wainwright smeared a generous quantity of melted chocolate on the uniform of the doorman. The children had to leave rather hurriedly.

The corner of Pennsylvania and 17th was on the far end of the park. And Virgie and Wainwright approached Asiatic's rendezvous stealthily, moving from bush to bush. Wainwright was holding his stomach, and he began to moan a little.

"Stop your blubbering, you little poge," said Virgie, "I don't want Asiatic to know we're watching. But I'm just worried about him—that's all."

The children peeked from behind a bush and saw Ronnie and Sergeant Donohoe standing on the corner. She was hitting Asiatic over the head with a small bag. Apparently, the bag contained something heavy, for the big Marine was staggering with every blow.

Wainwright had ceased crying. His round, little face shone, happily. He selected a large rock.

"Bellhop!" screamed Wainwright. He charged from behind the bush, got in range and hurled the rock, hitting Asiatic squarely on the burr of the right ear. The battered sergeant fell into a flower bed. And the little boy charged in and started smearing a chocolate icing on the Marine's blue trousers.

Wainwright was starting on Asiatic's shirt when Ronnie grasped the fat little boy firmly and jerked him to his feet.

"Oh, you horrible little brat," she said, and she gave Wainwright such a hard spank on the back side that he, too, fell into the flower bed beside the sergeant.

Asiatic was still dazed and he was only half aware that he was being thoroughly kissed. "Will you ever forgive me, darling," the blond girl was saying. "I'll never get mad at you again—if you behave."

Asiatic's head was beginning to clear and his eyes were getting back in focus. He looked to the left and there was Wainwright sitting there, calmly watching Asiatic being kissed.

The sergeant scrambled to his feet, picked up Wainwright and began to paddle the little boy. Wainwright's fat face was dark with anger, but he wasn't blubbering now.

A husky man in a khaki naval uniform had emerged from a side entrance to the White House grounds. He crossed the street to the park. He was Admiral Becker.

The admiral stopped for a moment. He looked at Ronnie rubbing the bumps on Asiatic's head. He looked at Wainwright being spanked by Donohoe. Then he lit a cigarette.

"Carry on, Sergeant," said the admiral and he started walking downtown with long strides.

Virgie said, "After your spanking, Wainwright, we'll hustle back to the movies. I'm sorry I had to bring you over here. But I knew that Asiatic and his fi-fi would quit fighting as soon as you got around 'em."

AT DINNER that night Mrs. Grew said to the colonel:

"I'm not going to let Virgie go to the movies for a while. She's much too nervous. The poor darling was so excited that she was almost breathless when I took her out of the theater today. You would have almost thought that she had been running. And Wainwright had been crying, I believe. Virgie seems much better now, though, and she has gone upstairs to play with that big doll that Colonel Potts gave her."

Colonel Grew looked at the desk where he had left the Reising gun that morning. The submachine gun was gone.

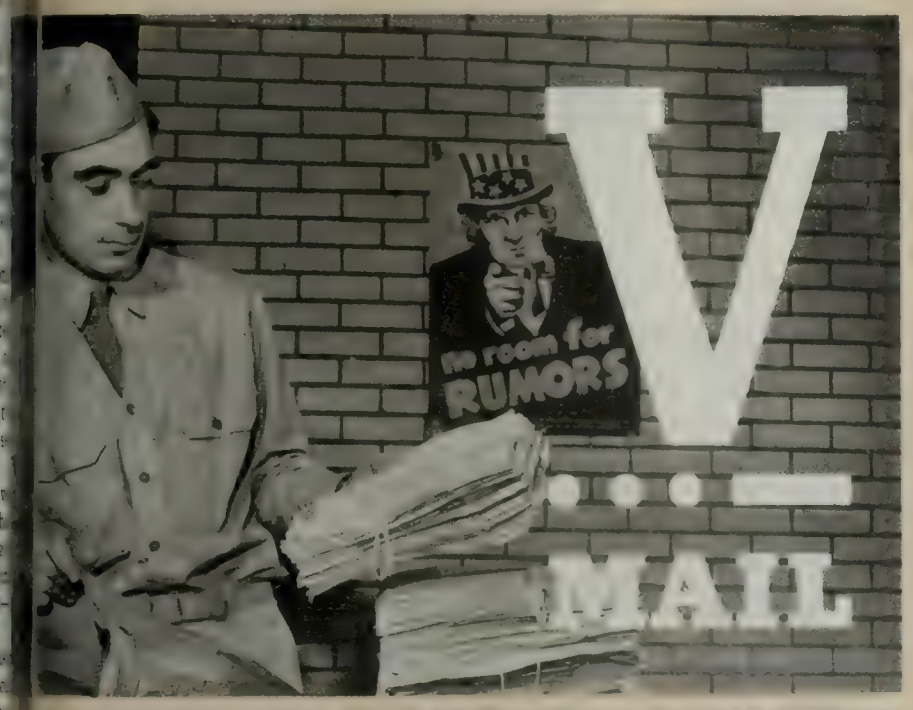
"I know," said the colonel, "that Virgie is having a wonderful time playing with that big doll."

THE END



LY new, but now very popular, is the V-Mail system for letters to oldiers overseas. Written on special forms, letters are mailed in the nner to San Francisco or New York Army P. O. and censored (above)

three categories (whether written in pencil, in ink or on a type- ndles of 500 letters (below) go to an Eastman laboratory to be photo- n movie film. Each letter is reduced to the size of a postage stamp



ke that shown at right 1,500 communications. y, snapshots and other cannot go by V-Mail



ing photographed, film ed to an inspector. Lt. r (below) is in the Adju- eral's Dept., Manhattan



, V-letters are projected alf their original size tized paper, cut (lower d wrapped in envelopes



SLEEP SOUND TONIGHT



★*Work Better Tomorrow!*



Your Serta dealer will show you how to feel, look, work better every day by getting sound, revitalizing sleep on a fine Serta Tuftless

PERFECT SLEEPER MATTRESS

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!

Feel the velvety softness, yet that supporting firmness, an amazing combination for healthful sleeping luxury. You sleep *on* it, not *in* it. That's Serta Vitalized Cushioning. It comes from the patented ribbon steel innerspringing which adjusts to your individual size and weight, assures guaranteed lasting comfort.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

You can actually see the extra comfort. Absolutely smooth, no tufts, bumps or hollows. Lighter weight, easier to keep clean and handle. Makes a smoother, neater bed. Fully ventilated Sertaseptic coverings, permanently germ and odor repellent.

$39.50
WEST COAST AND CANADA, $42.50

SERTA SLEEP SERVICE

Expert advice to help you put your sleeping equipment in first class condition is now available to you without obligation. Don't delay! See your Serta dealer today for this new, helpful service.

DUE TO THE WAR . . .

Your dealer's supply of Serta Tuftless Innerspring Mattresses may be limited. If so, ask to see these other fine Serta Mattresses.

Serta AAAA	Four A Model	$39.50
Serta AAA	Three A Model	29.95
Serta A	One A Model	19.95
Serta Tiny A	. . . . .	

(West Coast and Canadian Prices Slightly Higher)

Soft, luxuriously comfortable, beautiful to look at, smart and healthful. Every mattress fully posturized. Permanently germ and odor repellent Sertaseptic coverings.

(Also available: Serta Restal Knight, Smooth Rest, Smoothie, Coilux, Matching Box Springs, Crib Mattresses and Couches.)



LOOK FOR THIS SERTA LABEL

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

Copr. 1942 Serta Associates, Inc.

LONG'S
Hats



ARISTOCRAT OF
FINE FUR FELTS

The refinement and luxury of regal fur-felt . . . styled by expert artisans . . . distinctively detailed to meet the exacting demands of discriminating men.

Longworth $4.40

Long Royal $6.00

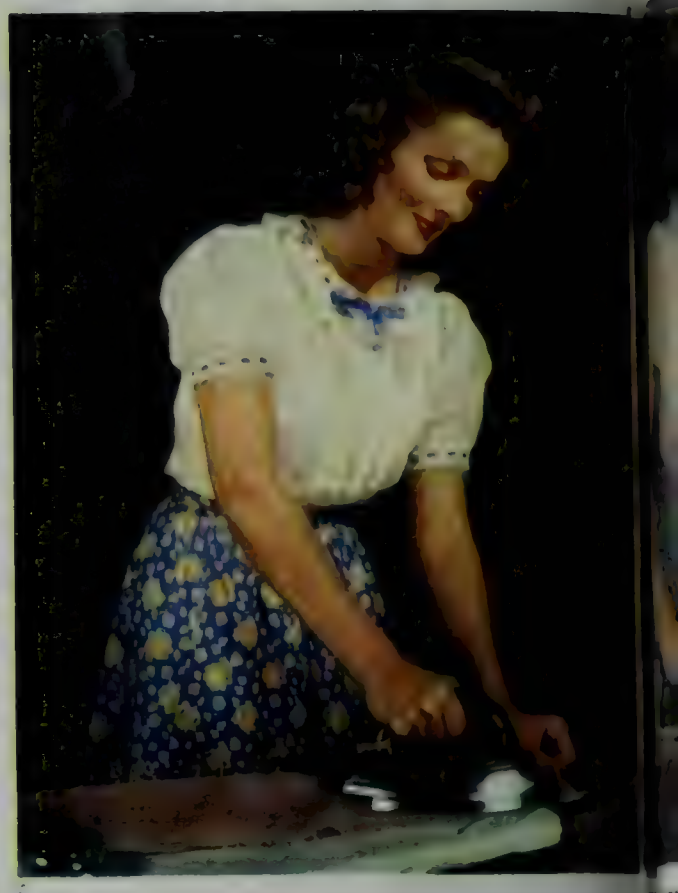


LONG'S HATS
"Wear like the Name"

Featured at all ADAM HAT STORES
and other fine Shops Everywhere



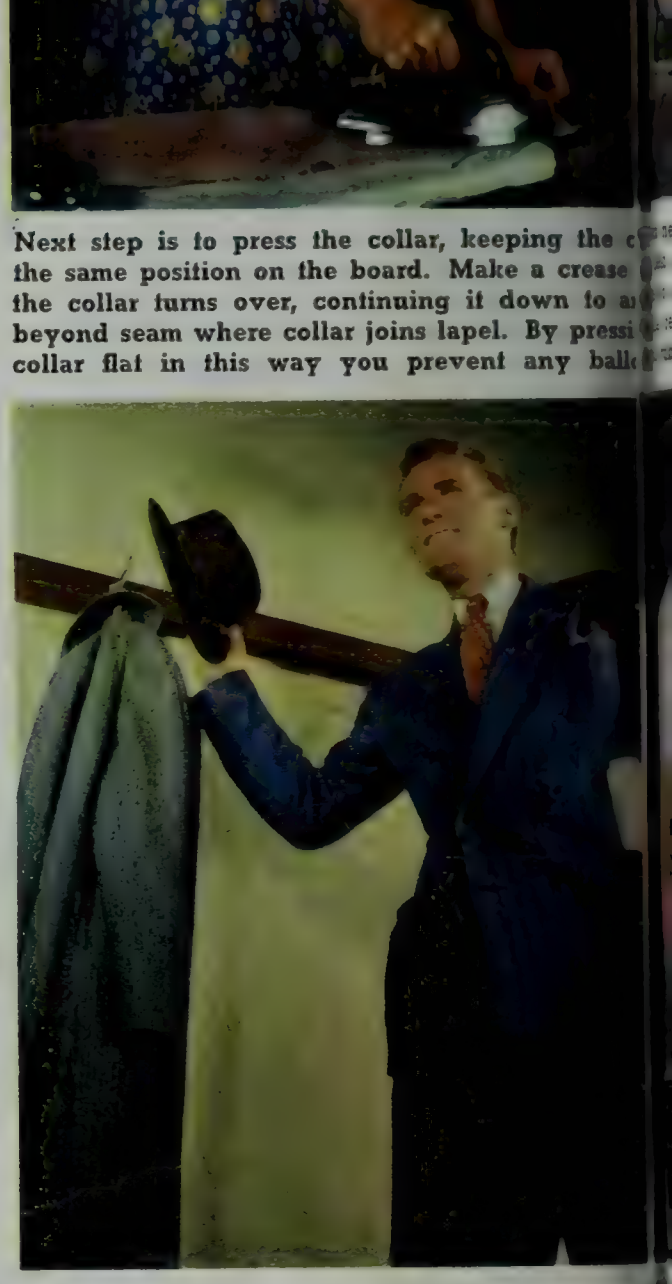
Helen Mueller demonstrates a new patriotic skill—pressing a husband's suit. Secret of a professional job is the piece of cotton twill, thick enough to retain moisture and prevent shine. Start with the shoulder and don't repeat Helen's mistake by letting the iron touch the fabric



Next step is to press the collar, keeping the c the same position on the board. Make a crease the collar turns over, continuing it down to a beyond seam where collar joins lapel. By pressi collar flat in this way you prevent any ball



Careful, Helen, the iron has slipped off the twill again! This time she's working diligently on the sleeve. Best for this is a sleeveboard. Keep turning the sleeve as you press so you won't get a crease, undesirable because it cuts across wrinkles and makes them more noticeable



Here's friend husband himself showing you how carry a newspaper, unless you want ripped p He hangs his raglan-sleeve coat on a hook bec hanger would throw its sloping shoulders out c Never hang his regular coats or jackets thi



PRESSING NECESSITY

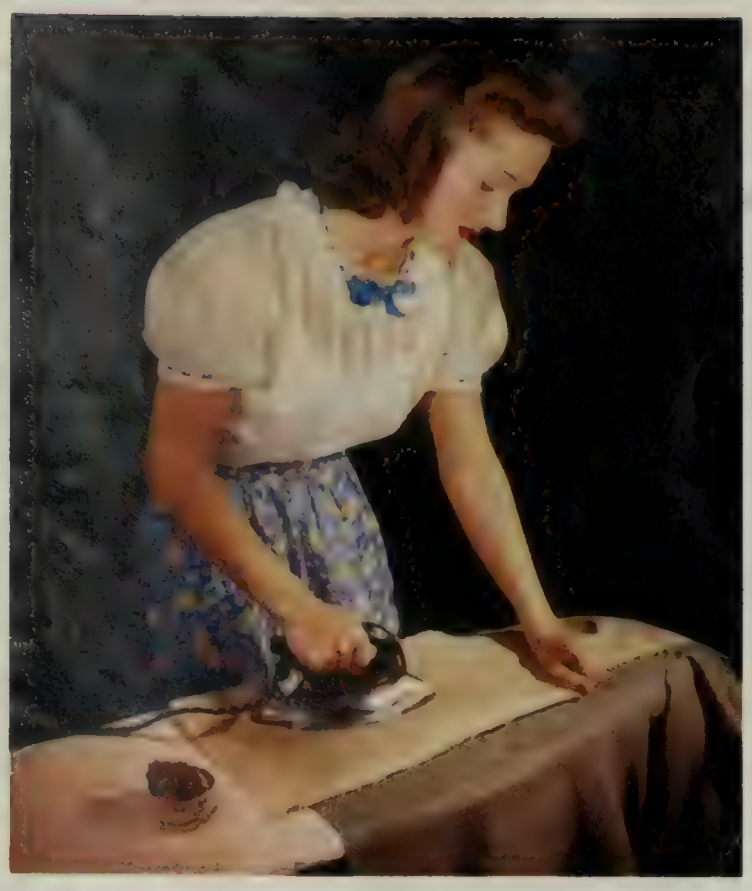
By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR TH

Good treatment to give a hat is brisk brushing. use a whiskbroom because its stiff bristles te fabric. Use a hat brush with curved handle. A brush your hat before wearing so if you decide strolling in a cloudburst, rain won't beat the d



rk next on the lapels, to be rolled instead of ed. Best way to do this is to press lapels flat on s to an inch below seams which join them to e reason for rolling the lapels is that they f rubbing and when creased they fray sooner



Press the back and sides of the coat by laying them, in turn, flat on the ironing board. Remember to keep the cotton twill dampened with a sponge. Soldiers, sailors and Marines will find Helen's routine is best for putting snap into a tired and wrinkled uniform



akes talcum daintily on a good wool coat in ess of removing a gravy spot. Start by rub- good commercial cleaner on with a sponge or h, placing blotter underneath to absorb ex- ust with white talcum and when dry, brush off



Best type of clothes hanger is the wishbone type which approximates the average person's shoulder structure. Pants can be folded over the cross bar. To utilize closet space it's a good idea to put a bar near the ceiling, using wooden hangers with extension poles

' suits are getting scarce. Tailors are getting scarcer. I it now appears that we shall see blossoming his- cally beside the arts of war, the humbler arts of ressing and button-sewing.

n Mueller, the girl you see handily wielding the iron e top of the page (and, incidentally, the girl who r this week's cover) postponed her trip to Hollywood, he is representing Collier's in Columbia's picture irls, in order to help us demonstrate a few tricks that e life expectancy of your suit.

irst thing to remember is to buy clothes that are large The strain of movement in a tight suit weakens If you are wealthy enough to own two suits, it is wear them on alternate days. Hang the one you're ring in the closet and it will iron itself out. This will u many pressings, which tend to weaken fabric. If t is particularly wrinkled, wet a whisk broom and go wrinkled places. They will be gone by morning.

h your clothes after you take them off. Otherwise, has eight hours in which to eat quietly away at the Empty the pockets and go over them, inside and out, with your whisk broom. Brush under the lapels. If you still have cuffs, turn them down and brush.

Conquer your natural inertia—or that of your wife—and see that lost buttons are replaced, small tears mended, ripped pockets fixed. If you get caught in the rain, hang your suit to dry where the air can circulate through it until completely dry.

Pressing at home is an elementary matter. It requires merely a good ironing board, a nice shiny iron, piece of cotton twill, sponge, sleeveboard, and steady nerves.

If you land in a mudhole the best thing to do is whip over to the cleaners. But egg spots and beer spots and other small accidents can be obliterated if you have ambition and the right condiments. The experts say that ninety-five per cent of the spots men get on their suits can be removed with warm water, if they're taken care of immediately. That goes for egg, coffee, tea, fruit juices, beer and wine. Tobacco stains require a little alcohol. But let them remain a few days, and they baffle even the shrewdest professional cleaner. Turpentine will get rid of paint spots, and any good commercial dry solvent will eliminate oil and grease. ★★★



DAVID ROSS, CBS ANNOUNCER, SAYS:

"I have smoked Edgeworth for years and it was a pleasant surprise to me when Larus & Brother Company, the makers, asked me to do a series of poems on the radio. This is one of those occasions when a radio announcer feels he wants to tell all of his friends about his sponsor's product. I hope you'll enjoy smoking this grand tobacco."

"Just Like You And I"...

I was browsing through
a book last night,
When, much to my surprise—
The name of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco
Flashed before my eyes;
It was Gunther's: "Inside Europe,"
Page five-hundred-thirty-two,
And it told about a famous man
Who smokes that tin of blue.

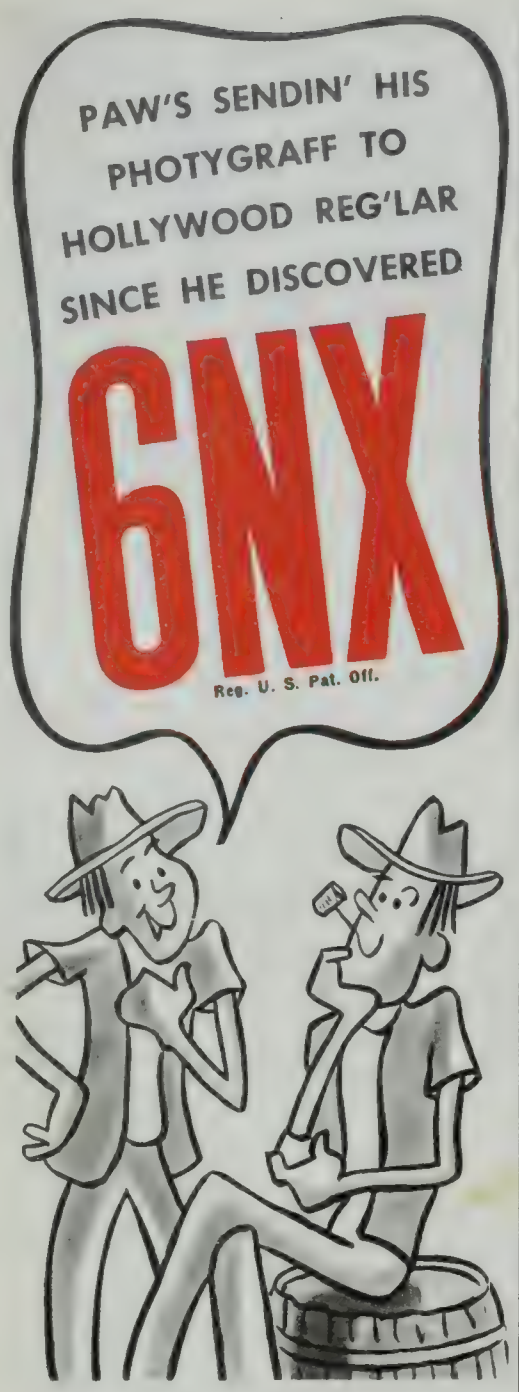
His name is known
throughout the world,
A name you'd recognize,
For he's the Chief Executive
Of one of our Allies,
And I couldn't help
but thrill with pride
To know that great men *buy* . . .
In fact, *demand* that Edgeworth
brand—
Yes, just like you and I.



© Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH

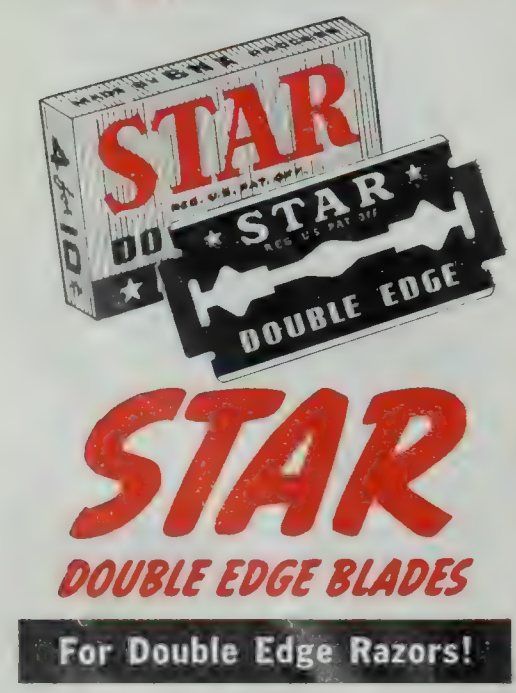
"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"



★ You'll like *your* face a lot better after you use 6NX Star Double Edge Blades. 6NX is a new combination of special, tougher steel, new machines, new sharpening methods. It produces vastly keener, more uniform blades that make your double edge razor perform miracles!

SAVE STEEL *by making your blades last longer. Handle carefully, dry thoroughly, protect the edges! Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

REGULAR 10¢ PACK ... ECONOMY 25¢ PACK



Letter to a Man with a Boy in Ireland

Continued from page 22

Captain—surely you can find fault with something?" I suggested to Captain Larson.

We went into one of the kitchens. Unlike the kitchen in your own home, there was no odor of cooking or of coal or gas. Captain Larson opened one drawer after another. In the very back of one of them he found a bowl. He held it up, but his face fell—the bowl was immaculately clean. The food that was being prepared there in that kitchen almost made a London exile swoon with envy. The menu for the day was tacked up on the wall. Take a look at it.

Breakfast:

Canned fruit
Assorted cereals
Milk and sugar
Fried eggs
Fried bacon
Hot rolls, jam
Bread, butter
Coffee

Dinner:

Rice chicken soup
Creamed chicken on toast
Mashed potatoes
Buttered corn
Vegetable salad
Ice cream
Bread, butter, coffee

Supper:

Soup and crackers
Grilled hamburger steak
Brown gravy
Baked potatoes
Succotash
Cold baked beans
Jelly roll
Bread, butter, tea

The richest man in Britain couldn't buy three meals like that today.

Discipline among the American sailors and Marines is as good as among any group in the world, but it is on a slightly different plane. For instance, the head cook sidled up to Captain Davis while we were inspecting the kitchens and said: "Captain, you know that good No. 3 cook I had—that kid who was always gettin' in trouble?"

Davis smiled. "What's he done now?"

"Well," the head cook said, "he ain't done nothin' really bad. But he came in a little late last night and the Marines, seeing him sneak under a hedge, shot over him. That's orders. Then they nabbed him and now he's in the guardhouse and up for a court-martial. They won't let him come back to work for me no more, but I was thinking if you could use a good cook out at the hospital, he'd be all right."

The Guy is Human

"The calf might behave better in a new pasture, you think?" Davis laughed. The cook nodded and Davis said he'd see what could be done. That night I heard Davis pleading the case of the errant cook to Captain Larson. At his court-martial, he got a bawling out from the captain and was then assigned to the hospital. A lot of commanding officers would have thrown the young cook in jail for a long period. Larson has a warm, human feeling for his boys, and when he is sure that their dereliction from duty is merely the result of natural high spirits, of youngsters finding themselves for the first time in a new country, he treats the dereliction as such. But no real troublemaker would find any sympathy with Larson.

However, a week spent with the boys while they were playing as well as working didn't reveal any troublemakers to me. I went out with them to the local pubs at night; to the dances arranged by Londonderry authorities; to the picnics held far out in the country every Sunday afternoon, and I couldn't find any more difference between our sailors and Marines than you would find with average junior classmen at any college.

The boys are great sight-seers and it didn't take them long to learn all about their new home and to call it "Derry" as the natives do, for no one in Ulster ever calls it "Londonderry." They have walked around the walls of Derry and they'll tell you that Derry is the only completely walled city in the British Isles.

The Green Pastures

They've visited the enormous Cathedral of Derry, exceeded in age only by the venerable Armagh Cathedral, and they have climbed to its tower to look over the River Foyle and the lush green pastures beyond. Then, too, they have learned to take the climate of Ulster in their stride. The most fervent Ulsterman must admit that his climate leaves much to be desired. It rains part of nearly every day in the Six Counties, but perhaps that is why the sides of the hills and the meadows are greener than almost anywhere else in the world.

They take long tramps but they can only walk two miles to the east, for that is Donegal, and to all intents and purposes, enemy territory. Donegal belongs to Eire, and American troops are forbidden to cross the border. De Valera and his people shelter many German agents who are under the guise of diplomats, but southern Ireland's "neutrality" prevents her offering hospitality to Americans in uniform. The hundreds of sailors and Marines of southern Irish extraction now in Ulster are rather bitter toward the land of their forefathers. They know that every move they make is reported to Berlin by spies on the hilltops of Donegal. They know that one night they heard Lord Haw Haw on the radio say smugly: "Late this afternoon Captain Larson returned to Londonderry after a visit to London," and they knew that Haw Haw was right. They often feel that invisible Nazi eyes from Donegal are upon them and this is no pleasant feeling. But they've grown fond of the people of Derry.

Hollywood will have to find a new formula if it wishes to depict this new Navy and Marine Corps. The drunken, swearing, boisterous, bragging Captain Flaggs and Sergeant Quirts just don't exist any more, if, in fact, they ever did exist. Not that these men are sissies, but they just don't do their fighting in barrooms and brothels.

I went with eighty of the men on a Sunday picnic. Each Sunday these sight-seeing picnics are held and each Sunday between two and three hundred sign up. They are taken by turn. Now there's nothing exciting about a Sunday afternoon picnic, and I doubt if Captain Flagg or Sergeant Quirt would have gone along. All we did was to drive forty miles from town to visit the Giant's Causeway in County Antrim and then we went to see the ruins of the ancient Castle Dunluce, which was once a mighty fortress. It rests eighty feet above the sea on a rugged cliff and we sat here and had our thick ham sandwiches, our hard-boiled eggs and our cans of beer, and then the walls of the old castle were undoubtedly pu… to hear shouts of "Kill the bum!" a… boys "choosed up sides" and had a g… of softball.

In this war there is no absurd feud … tween the sailors and the Marines. T… all know they're fighting this one … keeps and there is no time for chil… side issues. On the way home from … picnic, our crowd of eighty was al… half Marines and half sailors. The … rines shouted their lusty song. F… the Halls of Montezuma, and then … sailors countered with Anchors Aw… Our two busloads of sailors and Mar… awoke every twisted lane in An… with one old American song after … other. Then, becoming more mod… they sang what seems to be the off… song of all American and British fo… —Roll Out the Barrel. As we ro… into camp late in the afternoon, the … sang God Bless America.

The boys in Derry are still talkin… the visit made to them by the king … queen. They went strong for both … them, but especially for the queen. … did a wonderful job of making the … feel at home; chatted with the sa… and Marines about their home to… and their families. One of the boys … ing me about it blurted out, "She's … like my old lady!"

One of the main jobs of any n… base is the repair of ships. Brit… Canadian and American destroyers … corvettes limp into Londonderry to … repaired. The trip across the North … lantic is not an easy one and the li… destroyers and corvettes, what with … thing and another, are apt to wind … very tired. I sat in the wardroom … British destroyer, drinking pink … with the officers. The destroyer … taken a bad beating while convoy … and was in for repairs. I asked the B… ish captain, "Are our boys doing a g… job on this crate of yours?"

Ready, Willing and Able

"Are they doing a good job?" … looked thoughtfully at his pink gin. … wirelessed ahead that I had forty-ei… repairs to be done to my ship. We ha… fastened the lines to the dock be… twenty of your lads were climbing o… the side with their tools. I had expec… it would take two weeks to get the … pairs done, which was all right too; w… been at sea a long stretch, and two we… on shore sounded good. But in f… days they've finished the forty-ei… jobs plus two more, to make an e… fifty, and now, damn it, we're off to … again. Are they doing a job?

"I know you've spent lots of time … the wardrooms of His Majesty's shi… the captain continued. "And in t… time you've no doubt had to drink m… toasts to the crews of His Majes… Royal Navy. And now for a change, … to show you what I think of Capt… Larson and the whole bunch here … Londonderry, let's charge our glas… and all of us rise and drink a toast … them—to the American Navy and … United States Marines!"

Well, John, maybe that'll give … a picture of how your kid is doing … Londonderry. He's doing all right … he'll do all right, no matter where … sent, because the Marine and the sa… of today is a much smarter lad t… was his father in the last war. He … haves better, he is more intelligen… disciplined, and when the time co… I'll bet you six-two and even that h… fight better too.

Sincerely,
Quentin Reynolds

DIVE BOMBERS BEWARE—

he [redacted] will get you if you don't watch out!



Deep-laden with the needs of besieged humanity the convoy moves . . . with maddening but majestic slowness . . . rising and falling to the surge of the gray sea's heavings . . .

Suddenly from nowhere out of the sky come infuriated hornets bent on effecting its destruction. The raiders go into their dives—10,000 feet . . . 7,000 . . . 4,000 feet . . .

ith a roar the convoy's batteries of anti-ft cannon speak out with vicious voice. sive shells at the incredible rate of [redacted] inute throw a protective curtain about the y.

e lead plane disintegrates into a blazing , while its companions veer off to hunt less y victims.

ey know from bitter experience what high l Naval authorities have reported: "The [redacted] anti-aircraft cannon is the best defense evised against dive bombers."

d because the safe and speedy transporta- of arms and men to the far-flung theatres of is of supreme importance today, we recall it satisfaction that the manufacture of this hard-hitting weapon was the *first* of Pontiac's war assignments—undertaken ten months before Pearl Harbor.

At this writing its production is taking place at the maximum specified daily rate—*months ahead of schedule*—with the cannon itself having been improved by redesign and considerably reduced in price to the government.

Yet only a fraction of Pontiac's productive power is being devoted to this single activity. In other Pontiac plants—both new and converted—the lessons learned in the manufacture of over two million automobiles are being applied with similar success to projects of similar importance and complexity.

Ranging from automatic field guns and instruments of aerial attack comprising over 4,000 precision parts, to tank units, [redacted] power plant assemblies and vital transport mechanisms, they call for skill, ingenuity, zeal and devotion to duty of the highest order.

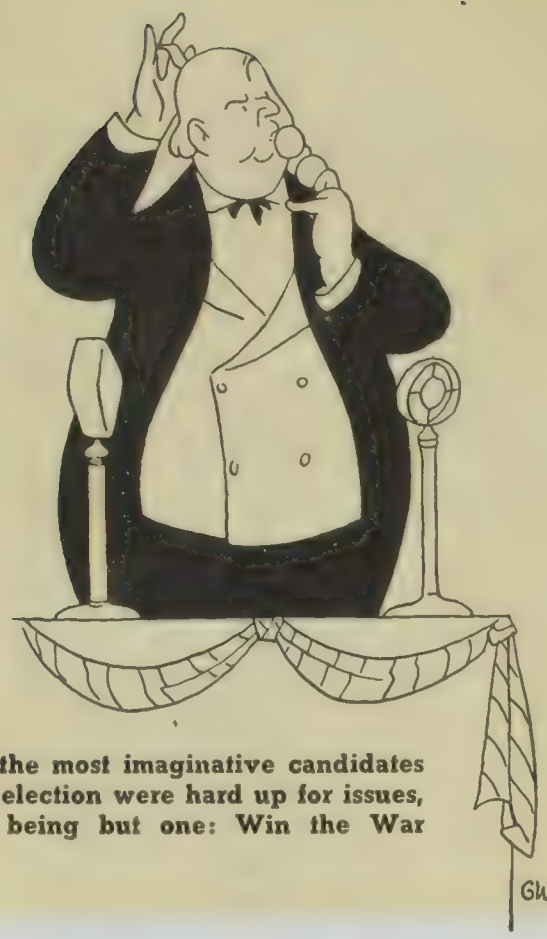
And that is the order of the day—*every day*—at Pontiac!



Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.

VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



Even the most imaginative candidates for re-election were hard up for issues, there being but one: Win the War

WASHINGTON ROUND BY ROUND

By Walter Davenport

Right now, politicians are having a field day in the OPA. But wait till after election when patronage goes out and rationing comes in. You'll know we're in a war

IT WAS on the fifteenth of July—and a beautiful day it was if ever we saw one—that Mr. Leon Henderson, boss of the Office of Price Administration, paused to say:

"No one in the OPA organization is going to be permitted to play politics with the war effort . . . OPA is going to be run on nonpartisan lines. . . . If the Hatch Act doesn't get them, the Henderson Ax will. . . . As the focal point of contact between OPA and the public, members of our War Price and Rationing boards must be above suspicion . . ."

Before proceeding with this tale we must say, in the interests of truth and not merely of expediency and friendship, that Mr. Henderson meant every syllable of that. He is an able, honest, intelligent public servant, although a trifle on the "Gangway! Gangway!" side. As an administrator he vibrates with the times, conducting himself and his office in the manner of an independent, guerrilla tank corps.

To do battle with price zoomings, Mr. Henderson got but $125,000,000 of the $210,000,000 he asked of Congress. At least one of his division commanders told us that had Congress granted him all that he asked for, Mr Henderson might have been so disappointed that he'd have lost his head and yelled back at them: "What's the matter—yellow?"

But heavily occupied as they were, after that statement of July 15th, Mr. Henderson's ears managed to catch the disdainful "Oh, yeah?" that greeted it in the several states. The current congressional campaign was then blossoming into an importance than which the war, in the opinion of many members of Congress, was greater only in a manner of speaking.

Even the most imaginative of the representatives and senators seeking re-election, thinking only to save their constituencies from the national disasters which would attend their defeat, were hard up for issues, there being but one: Win the War. Local political machines needed tires, gas and, above all, sugar, if completely dispensable patriots were to ride them back to Congress. And nine tenths of the reason why Mr. Henderson wasn't getting along with Congress was that he was not permitting senators and representatives to appoint their own chosen rationers in their respective states and districts. (We are now on the trail of a congressman who, we've been told, has said that it is not at all essential that he be returned. But we think someone's been kidding us.)

But when Mr. Henderson's capacious ears caught that derisive reply to his "No politics" manifesto, his agitation was of major proportions. Had he got all the money he had asked for, he'd have had complete regiments of investigators beating the brush for rationing politicos. And as fast as culprits were flushed he'd have fired them—if he could. The trouble was that a system had been adopted under which the odds were in favor of local patriots.

For example, upon instructions of the OPA, the governor of each state was asked to submit a group of names of gentlemen who, in his opinion, would be dependable in the important office of state administrator of the OPA. These names were duly investigated by Mr. Henderson's agents, and the gentleman considered least likely to be too political was chosen.

Of course, the governors were not silly enough to submit names of candidates who had known political ambitions of their own, nor of men who were likely to carry on, after appointment, with scandalous independence. Nor was it at all clear that Mr. Henderson could thereafter fire a local administrato after all, was the governor's appointment, n and whom Mr. Henderson had merely appro and not anointed.

It was not long before noises of a disturbi ture began to be heard from a number of stat some of these—Tennessee for example—there responsible charge that Mr. John Turner Gray administrator, was doing less than an hone But from that state, particularly from Mempl still-standing citadel of Boss Ed Crump, cam of indignation. Sugar-rationing books assigned custody of the county clerk of Shelby County phis) were suddenly wrested from that offici Gerald Stratton, when he broke off politica tions with the Crump political racket.

By a singular coincidence, a contractor w on a United States Army air base in Tennes ceived 102 inner tubes and 84 tires two or hours after he had transferred his patronage fr gasoline and oil firm to another. Until then, a ber of that contractor's trucks were idle for th of just that many tubes and tires.

Mr. Gray, a newcomer to the post of state istrator and too busy to be familiar with stat details, promises painstaking investigation, b campaign sandstorm obscures vision. When to it, he will have the testimony of Tennesse chants and contractors who *(Continued on pa*



ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIA

A contractor working on an Army base receive inner tubes and 84 tires shortly after transfe his patronage from one gas and oil firm to an

The governor mentioned that some 800 OPA jobs be available and asked that qualified persons Quite a few of his congregation departed on t

My War Bond Savings Will Buy a HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN Like This



THE OTHER DAY at Red Cross a new light dawned when one of the girls told me how surprisingly little she paid for *her* Hotpoint Electric Kitchen. Why, the money we are saving every month by investing in War Bonds will buy that Electric Kitchen after Hotpoint finishes its war job and starts making home appliances again. And believe me, I can hardly wait . . . In my new kitchen all my work will be like play!

and It's the FIRST Thing I'll Get AFTER the War!





The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen averages about 10% of home-building costs.





FOR A $4,000 HOME—The lovely Americana Kitchen (above), typical of hundreds which have been installed in low-cost defense homes throughout the nation, is equipped with the thrifty, efficient Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator and handsome Hotpoint Sink and Steel Cabinets. It is a practical, attractive room designed to save the homemaker time and work.



FOR A $6,000 HOME—The Morning Glory Kitchen (above). So inexpensive are the Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Electric Dishwasher, Sink and Steel Cabinets that thousands of homes costing only $6,000 enjoy them.

Buy War Bonds Today—Electric Kitchens Tomorrow!



● Automatic controls on the Hotpoint Electric Range will do all my "pot watching" for me! Complete, delicious meals can be cooked for the family while I'm gone the whole afternoon!

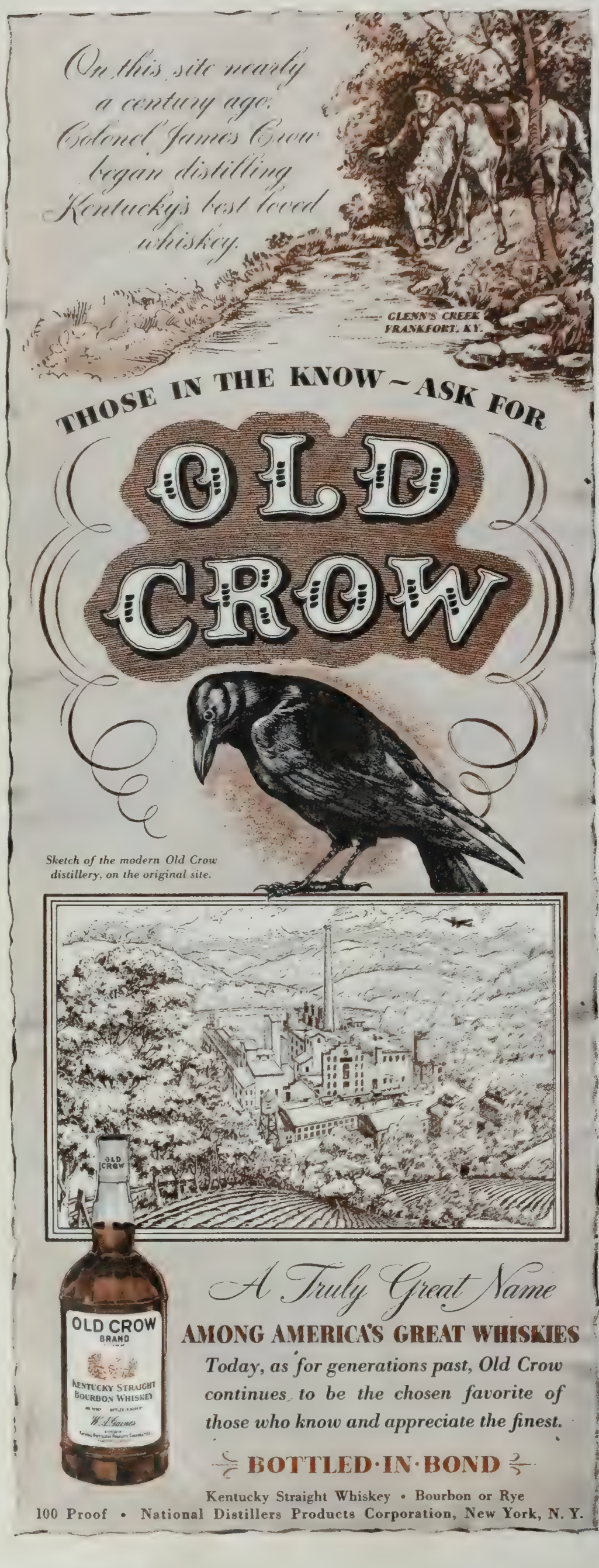
● Because the Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps food fresh far longer, I can save time, tires and money by doing my shopping in big quantities on special bargain days!

● Thanks to the marvelous Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher, Disposall and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, my kitchen will be as modern as tomorrow's news.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC KITCHENS

EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC., 5686 W. TAYLOR ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



Slow Fuse

Continued from page 18

those dogs and took to keepin' a bear, have you?"

I wasn't wholly fooling either. I just figured that maybe Lafe had got lonely without something man-eating on the place and had brought in a bear to sort of keep him company. It turned out I was wrong though.

The old man let out a yelp and slammed his glass down on the table.

"Don't tell me that danged varmint is out in the back yard again."

"If you're talkin' about what I saw when I came in, it is," I said. "You had it around for long?"

"Mebbe a week," the old man said. "Every day she comes in here a'lootin' and a'plunderin', and I'm gettin' so I can't abide it no longer."

It seemed he had a good reason for being mad. As a general rule bears aren't so bad, but when you get a mean one you got something awful, and this one was mean. She'd raided the pigpen twice and carried off two shoats, and busted into the kitchen and ate up two weeks' ration of sugar, and the old man was having to use blackstrap molasses in his coffee, and he didn't like it.

"Lafayette," he said, "you just plain got to do something about it."

"I been workin' on it," Lafe said. "I'm gettin' me an idea. You ain't et yet, have you, Jeff?"

I said I hadn't, and he put another chunk of meat in the pan and another potato in the pot, and then he came over and sat down. I was still thinking about the bear though. It seemed to me the simplest way of getting rid of it was to just plain go out and shoot it, and I said so.

Lafe just sat there and looked at me as though I'd spoken something that didn't make sense.

After a while he said, "I reckon you ain't very patriotic, are you, Jeff?"

"What in tarnation," I said, "has patriotism got to do with shootin' a bear?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Lafe said. "A week, two weeks ago I was talkin' to the man in the hardware store down in Bi Sag, and he said as how he figured was a man's patriotic duty to be savi on sportin' ammunition, seein' as th Army needs all the lead and powd they can git. I been thinkin' about ever since," Lafe said. "It's right discom modin' just now since that bear com round, but a man's got to do what right. I only got a few cattridges le for that gun of mine. I ain't a'goi to go wastin' any on something I can eat, and right now I ain't got no hank erin' for bear meat."

"I see," I said.

It seemed to me that maybe Lafe wa stretching a point, and I couldn't ex actly see how one cartridge was goin to affect the outcome of the war on way or the other, but I didn't argu There isn't any use in arguing with Laf ever. I just said, "Maybe you was fig urin' on goin' out and fightin' it man t man with your bare hands."

"Nossir," Lafe said, "I didn't figur on doin' that. I'm gettin' me an ide though."

THAT was all he'd say on the subjec and I didn't press it, because whe Lafe won't talk he won't talk. He pu the supper on the table and we ate i and after that we sat around for a whil just talking.

I gave them all the news I'd hear around town and out at the mine, an they were real interested the way the always were. After a while I notice that Lafe was quieter than usual.

"What's on your mind, Lafe," I said "You still worryin' about that bear?"

Lafe didn't say anything. The ol man got out his knife and started whit tling at the heel in his pipe.

"It ain't purely that," the old ma said. "I reckon that bear is what yo might call a side issue. The truth i Lafayette's real put out about the wa the guv-mint's runnin' this war. No that I blame him none," the old ma said. "Any war I ever heard of th



"On the other hand, of course, the government will be pleased"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



THE Army's Air Transport Command recently made a decision of far-reaching significance. It called in the commercial airlines and assigned to them the task of operating air routes to combat areas all over the globe.

The response was characteristic—the result electrifying. Already 17 airlines are operating scores of new routes to foreign lands. *Hundreds of flights are now scheduled daily, with the number rapidly rising.*

Hundreds of new transport planes, ordered by the Army over a year ago, have already been turned over to the airlines for these operations. Hundreds more are to come. Airports are being carved out of jungle and desert; maintenance bases set up; communications systems established; and trained flight and ground personnel provided . . . a global air transport system being created with masterful speed and efficiency.

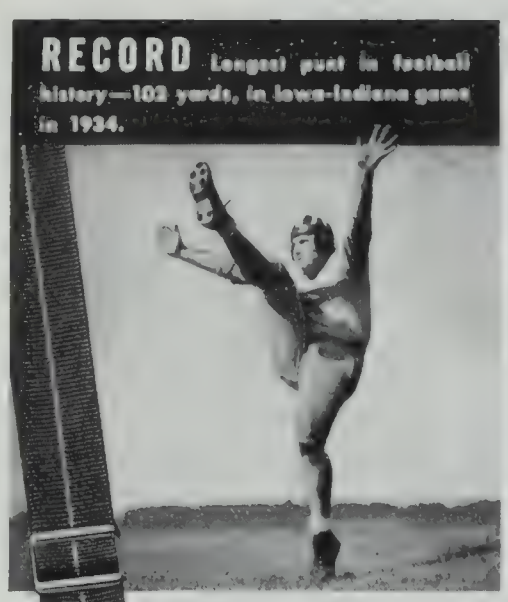
Yesterday America's aircraft manufacturers teamed up with the military to perform a miracle of production. Today America's commercial airlines are called upon by the military to perform a miracle of transportation. *A new chapter is being written in the dramatic story of air power.*

• • •

Pratt & Whitney air-cooled radial engines power the vast majority of these transports. Hamilton Standard propellers drive them all.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT



In 1934, too, Pioneer introduced the famous, original

Streamlon BRACES

Worn by a constantly increasing number of well-dressed men, these smart jewelry-clasp braces make new friends...new records every year. On and off with a flick of the fingers, they grip gently but firmly — right where you want them for proper support ...for accenting trouser creases.

See them today at your favorite men's wear counter, or write



PIONEER

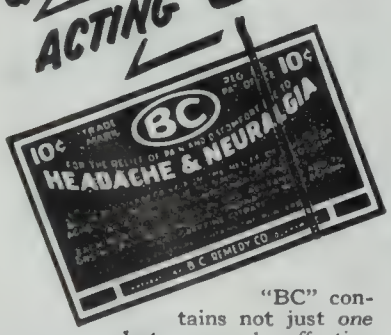
12th & Wood Streets • Philadelphia, Pa.

BRACES • BELTS • WALLETS • GARTERS

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR



RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"



"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

idea was to git out there and git to shootin' somebody, but this one it seems all they want you to do is grow potatoes. Who in the dangnation ever heard of gettin' killed by a potato?"

"What about that, Lafe?" I said.

"That's the way I heerd it."

He told me about it then. It seems that after the Army had taken his dogs Lafe had gone down and tried to enlist. He was over forty-five though, and besides that he lived on a farm, and it seems they didn't want any farmers enlisting in the Army, there being sort of a shortage of them as it was.

Not that you could exactly call the Pardees farmers. The only things they'd ever taken off the land were one volunteer crop of wheat and some of the hardier vegetables that could sort of outfight the weeds and bunch grass without any outside aid or cultivation. I'd known Lafe for going on four years and I'd never seen him do anything that resembled farming. The Army didn't know that though. According to them he was a farmer, and that was what was bothering him.

"They ain't got no right to go miscallin' a man," Lafe said. "They hadn't ought to go namin' me a farmer when I ain't one."

"I reckon the name won't hurt you none," I said.

CONSIDERING the way he felt about not wasting ammunition I should have known right then what to expect.

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said, "I got to be honest about it, ain't I? If the guvmint of the United States of America is dependin' on me to farm I reckon it's my bounden duty to start farmin'. But I'll tell you straight out I ain't hankerin' after it none."

It looked to me like if that was the way he felt about it, there wasn't much else he could do. But you can never tell about Lafe.

"I been thinkin' on it, though," he said. "Give me some time and I reckon I can figure somethin' out, soon as I git shut of this bear problem."

He did too.

I got up early the next morning and lit out upcreek to do some fishing. The high water had passed, and the water was clear as glass, and the trout were rising good. I went six or eight miles upstream, and fished on the way down. It was late afternoon when I got back.

I cleaned my catch down at the creek and brought them up to the house. The old man was sitting in a chair on the sunny side of the building. He told me Lafe was up in the attic.

"Workin' on that bear idea of his," the old man said.

I'd forgotten the bear by that time, but I got curious all over again. I climbed the ladder up to the loft, and got there just in time to see Lafe finish up tying what looked like some sort of a package, except it was the funniest looking package I ever saw. I couldn't be sure just what it was from where I was standing, but it looked offhand like he had about ten pounds of raw beef, cut in thin slices and wrapped up and tied in a bundle.

He's going to poison her, I thought, and it made me feel better about Lafe, because it was something that almost anybody might have thought up.

I went over to look. I said, "What you using, Lafe? Strychnine?" And then I saw what he was using and I almost fainted. It seemed like I'd done Lafe an injustice by judging that he'd ever do anything the way any sensible person would do it, because he didn't have any poison in that meat, or at least not in a strict sense of the word. What he had was eight or ten sticks of dynamite, wrapped up and with a cap and a fuse all set.

"Got my idea from listenin' to them dive bombin' raids on the raddio," Lafe said.

I said, "Lafe . . ." and that was as far as I got, because just then that bear came out of the timber in front of the house. She was a silvertip grizzly, and seeing her in the daylight she was just as big as I'd thought she was the night before.

I was standing in front of the window looking out, and I opened my mouth to say something about getting a gun, and Lafe started yelling, "Get outta my way, Jeff. I'm a'goin' to fling her."

I heard him scratch a match for the fuse, and I ducked my head and he flung her. That bundle of meat whistled past my ear and lit about twenty, thirty yards out in front of the house.

That bear sort of perked up her ears when the meat lit, and then she sniffed a couple of times and walked over there to see.

I was so nervous by then I was holding my breath. I thought: So far so good. And then I liked to have swallowed the cigarette I was smoking.

I yelled, "Fire in the hole, boys. And a short fuse."

That's an expression miners use when there's going to be a blast; and there was going to be a blast any minute now, and it was going to be right where I was at; because I'm darned if that bear didn't pick up the meat, and then walk over and set down on the front stoop to eat it.

The stoop was right below the window Lafe and I was looking out of. I didn't dare go down the ladder because that was within spitting distance of where she was setting, and I wasn't sure as to just when she was going to cut loose.

Well, it seemed I must have yelled louder than I thought. I yelled so loud I scared the bear, or maybe she burned her nose on the fuse. At any rate she moved out of there, which was all right, except she left the dynamite laying there on the stoop. The last I seen of her she had took out for the timber, and I took out for the back of the house. There was another window back there. It wasn't very big, and I'm fifty and getting fat, but I went through it feet first and never even grazed the edges.

IT JARRED me some when I hit ground twelve feet below, but I lit running. The screen door to the kitchen slammed behind me, and old man Pardee came busting out with the whisky jug in one hand and lit a shuck for the barn. He's eighty years old, and I was doing my best running, but when he came alongside of me he just lengthened his stride a little and passed me, jug and all, like I was tied to something.

I had a course all laid out for the root cellar, but I was looking back over my shoulder to see what happened to Lafe, and my navigation went wrong. I veered a little to port, and fell over a sawhorse, and almost busted my skull on a length of stovewood.

I sat up just in time to see her blow. Lafe had started through the window headfirst, and the sash had come down and pinned him halfway through. It was quite a sight to see. There was the ear-splittingest bang I ever heard, and Lafe come out of that window like he'd been fired out of a gun barrel.

He left most of his pants on the sill, and that must have held him back considerable, but in spite of that he made a good thirty feet through the air, and come in for a landing, face down in a duck pond. There was water went ten feet in the air.

After that I didn't see anything for a minute or more. The ground riz about two feet under me, and then settled back down, and the air was full of pieces of boards, and rocks, and shingles, and what looked like old pieces of rags. I ducked my head and after a while things stopped falling and I looked up again.

Well, I want to say there was never anybody like the Pardees. You'd think offhand that if a body had seen his house get blowed up he might at least sort of ease his feelings with a little heartfelt cussin', but not the Pardees. I looked up when I figured it was safe, and there was the old man, sitting on the chopping block, sort of rocking back and forth and still holding onto the jug.

"She made a heck of a report, didn't she?" the old man said. He seemed real pleased about it. "I guess that'll learn that varmint not to come a'plunderin' around here no more."

Right then I wasn't figuring on how much it had scared the bear. My head hurt where I'd lit on that stovewood, and it felt like both my ankles was broke from jumping out that window, and I wasn't in a kindly humor.

"Maybe you hadn't noticed," I said. "But you ain't got hardly any house left."

"Oh, that," the old man said. "I

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY



VOLUME IV

THUMBRERO: Hitchhiker's hat.

MASTUFF: A big dog that eats too much.

INFIZZIBLE: What the bubbles in a drink are when the drink's flat.

BOTHTUB: A place for bathing twins.

WRANKLE: A wrinkle in your ankle.

BASEBULL: Talk between the pitcher and the catcher.

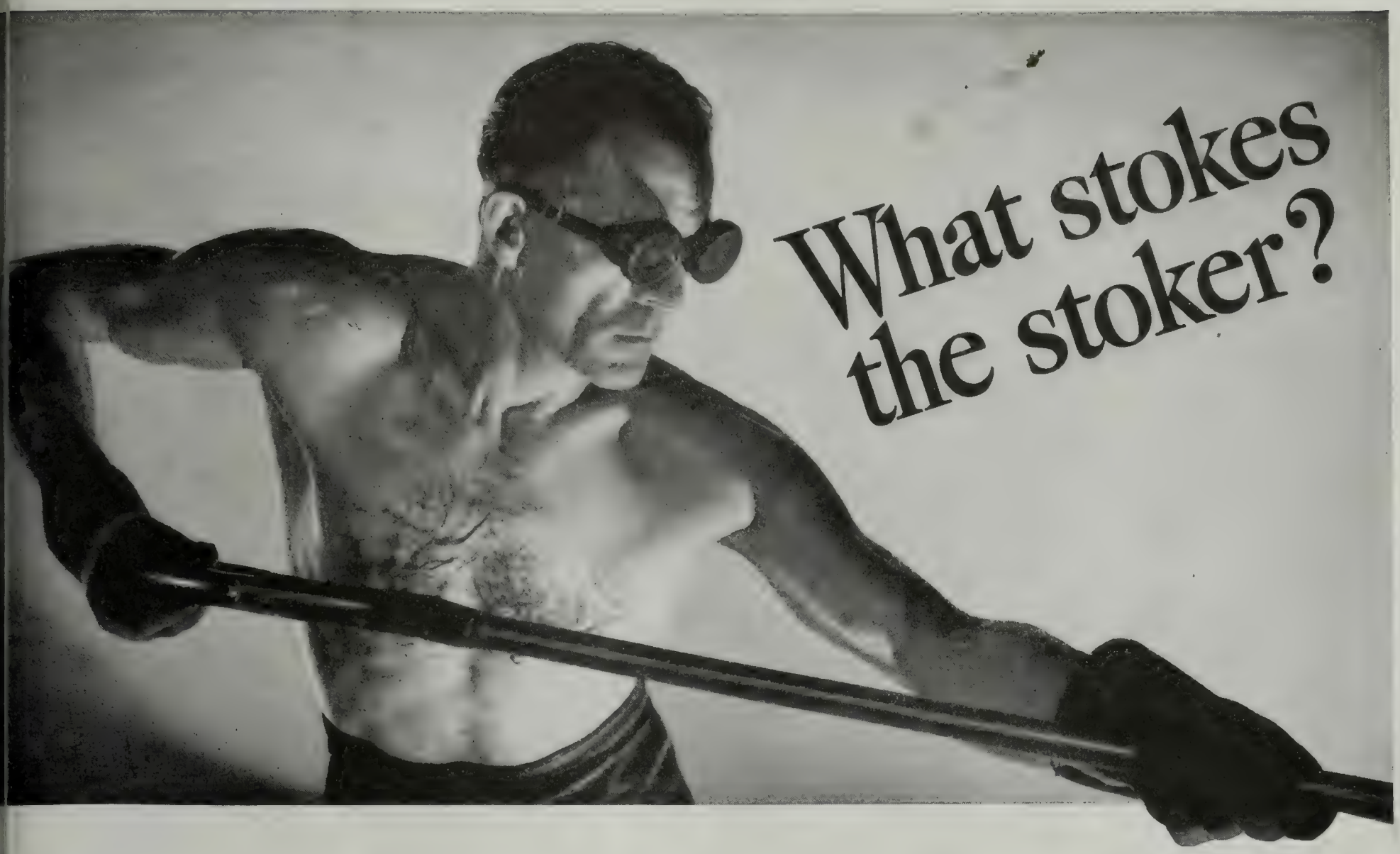
SOBMARINE: A submarine that can't find the mother ship.

PREPRIETOR: Former owner.

PROFISHIONAL: Man who catches herring for a living.

BREADSTEAD: What you have after eating crackers in bed.

Faced with the stoopendous task of making this Fictionary a comprehensive work, Col. Stoopnagle will welcome words (with their definitions) from readers and will pay five dollars out of Collier's pocket for acceptable contributions. Address The Fictionary Dept., Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

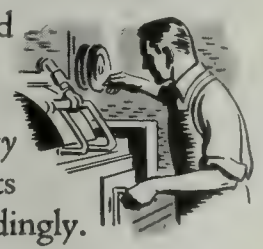


here a lesson for you in the lunch boxes
huskies like this who are stoking the
ry fires all over the country?

ere something you can learn about keep-
yourself ready and able for the wartime
that come your way? We think so.

he Whole Nation's Working

ler wartime conditions, *every one of*
leading a more active and strenuous
whether we work in war factories or
ly drill in home-guard
ories.



re burning up more energy
of us. And our diets
to be stepped up accordingly.

thing you'll always find in the stoker's
h pail is *bread.* Thick, husky, man-sized
of it, packed with the *carbohydrates,* and *proteins* that are *first essentials* to a high-energy diet.

You Need It, Too!

Bread is just as basic to *your* wartime diet.



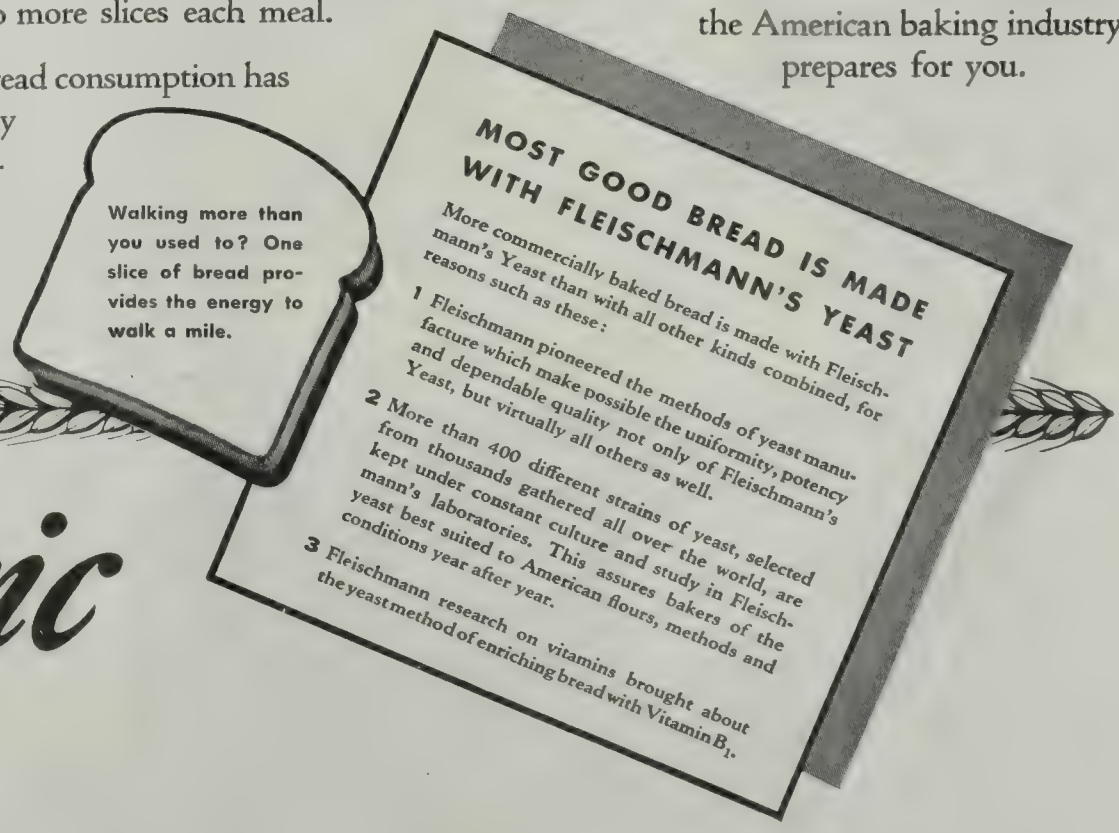
A man who has stepped up from a sedentary occupation to moderately active work will need the extra food-energy that at least two extra slices of bread each day will supply. If you've moved up from moderately active to active work, the increase will run as high as five slices —perhaps two more slices each meal.

That's why bread consumption has gone up steadily since we entered the war —*and is still going up!*

You'll need other things too, of course. Meat, vegetables, butter—good, solid, rib-sticking basic foods. But to do your part properly *you need such energy-food as bread.* And that's especially true of the new vitamin-enriched kind of white bread which most bakers are offering in cooperation with the government nutrition program.



So eat your fill of bread these days. It's good to eat, convenient — and nowhere in the world is there better bread than the American baking industry prepares for you.



Bread *is basic*


Revolutionary
new
designs
ALCOA

How to BUY *those after-the-war* BARGAINS

★ If you want to enjoy those after-the-war bargains, buy War Bonds today.

When victory is won, your buying of merchandise will be helpful to the country, while today restraint in buying is the mark of patriotism.

When you put all your spare money into War Bonds, you help your country on two fronts; the military, and the economic. The money you loan buys munitions, airplanes, and ships; moreover, it prevents disastrous inflation which would make America weak.

When Uncle Sam repays your loan, you will then have the money with which to buy the fabulous products of the postwar era. Better, more responsive, more economical cars; new types of houses, and the conveniences of newly designed furnishings and appliances. The display counters of tomorrow will make you doubly glad you saved today.

We are so sure of the improvements in the merchandise of tomorrow because we have a profound faith in the imagineering* of American industry.

Take aluminum as an example. Today, all aluminum is going into war production, mostly for planes. To meet America's need today, the output of aluminum in the country is approaching 7 times that of prewar America. The price has been dropping sharply, too.

Alcoa engineers are projecting thousands of new peacetime uses of the light, durable metal so vital to war strength. They are using imagineering to help provide new jobs for men released from the service, to help stabilize the freedoms we are fighting for.

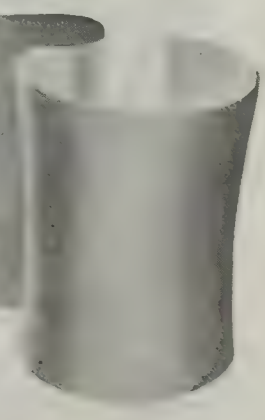
Buy War Bonds today, and you'll enjoy shopping tomorrow.

---

*Imagineering, *a word coined by Alcoa from* imagination *and* engineering; *the art of deciding where we go from here.*

ALUMINUM

ALCOA ALUMINUM







never liked the dang' place anyway." He unstoppered the jug. "Lucky I picked this up in passin', ain't it? She mighta got broke. You better have a drink, Jefferson."

I took the drink. After that I walked over to where Lafe was. He'd crawled out of the duck pond by that time, and he was sitting there on the ground scraping the mud off of him with a stick.

"Lafe," I said, "I've seen you do some darn' fool things now and again, but it looks like you outdone yourself this time. I got a lump on my head my hat won't fit over," I said. "I'm stove up in both legs, and my nervous system ain't what it should be, and you ain't got any front to your house. I hope you're satisfied."

Lafe put down the stick he was scraping mud with.

"To tell you the truth, Jeff," he said, "I ain't wholly content. I been settin' here thinkin' about it though, and I reckon I see where I made my mistake. It was that fuse, Jeff. I done cut it too long. If I'd cut it just a mite shorter she'd have blowed up out there in the front yard afore she had time to make the stoop."

"Yessir," I said, "she certainly would have."

We went over then to take a look at what damage was done, and it was considerable. The two front rooms of the house was blowed away entire, and the rest of it was setting sort of anti-goggling. There was a hole five feet deep where the front stoop had been.

"Lafe," I said, "I got to admit one thing. There ain't another man in the United States could have figured it out the way you done it."

It perked Lafe up considerably.

"Yessir," he said, "takin' it by and large she worked out just about the way I planned. I can't say I exactly figured she'd leave that powder on the front stoop, but I reckon she ain't goin' to come back here a'pesterin' us no more. The noise it made must have scared her till she's runnin' yet. Lookin' back on it though," Lafe said, "it comes to me that maybe I charged that meat a little higher than was needful."

I looked at the hole in the ground. "Maybe just a little," I said.

Well, I couldn't see that it was any of my responsibility, but just for the sake of past favors received I offered to stay over for a few days and help rebuild the house. The old man said it wasn't necessary though.

"We won't need her till cold weather," the old man said. "We can shore up that kitchen a little and she'll stand, and we can sleep in the hayloft."

THAT'S where we slept that night, in the hayloft. I spent most of the time I should have been sleeping picking fox tail and army grass out of my blankets, but it didn't seem to bother Lafe and the old man any.

The next morning at sunup I saddled Old Blue and lit out for town. I wasn't in a very good humor, not having had any sleep. And besides that my head hurt all the way in, and the way my legs felt I wasn't going to be able to walk right for two or three weeks, and right then I swore I'd never set foot on the Pardees' land again if I lived to be a hundred. Which just goes to show how much I knew about it.

It was a week before I saw Lafe again. I'd been all over Big Sag by that time, looking for work, and not finding any; and I'd just about made my mind up to travel out to Spokane while I still had bus fare in my pants. They were building a big aluminum plant out there, and from what I heard it was easy for a man to get a job. I hated to go too, but there didn't seem to be anything else left to do.

I had my suitcase packed, and I was on my way down to the bus station to find out when I could leave, and somebody yelled at me from across the street, and I walked over there, and it was Lafe. He had on his store clothes, and he looked almost civilized, but not quite. I shook hands with him, and we stepped into the Board of Trade for a drink. No use leaving with any hard feelings, I thought. I noticed though that Lafe was looking sort of pleased about something, and after a while he came out with it.

"You remember that trouble I mentioned a spell back?" Lafe said.

I thought back and I recollected sitting in the kitchen and the old man telling me about Lafe being upset over the way the war was being run.

"You mean about bein' a farmer?" I said.

"That's my trouble," Lafe said. "It looks now like I just about got her figured out though."

I didn't encourage him any, but he told me about it anyway.

"I was just settin' there one day," Lafe said, "and all of a sudden it come to me, so I found out about it, and then I writ a letter to the guv-mint."

Maybe what he was saying made sense to him, but it certainly didn't to me. I said, "Lafe, what the dickens have you been up to now?"

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said, "I just got done tellin' you. I was settin' there by the hole that bear blowed under the front stoop, and it come to me. I picked up some of the rock she'd blowed loose and brung it to town and got the assayer's report on it. He says she runs pretty heavy to lead and silver."

I had to lean into the bar or I'd have fell flat on my face.

"I writ to the guv-mint and asked 'em," Lafe said. "I reckoned maybe with all the bullets they're makin' for the Army they'd rather have me minin' lead than growin' spuds."

"I reckon maybe they would," I said.

I couldn't think of anything else to say. I poured me another drink though, and I took a good look at Lafe, so I wouldn't ever forget what he looked like, because he was the only man I knew of on earth could dynamite his house and come out of it with a mine. You don't meet people like that very often.

"There's only one thing troublin' me," Lafe said. "I reckon maybe you could help me, Jeff."

I had my mind all made up to say no, and I knew just how I was going to say it, but he surprised me.

"The way it is," Lafe said, "I ain't never done what you'd call a lot of minin', and I'd consider it a sort of a favor if you'd come out and take charge of things for Pap and me."

I put my glass down on the bar. "Lafe," I said, "are you offerin' me a job?"

"You might put it that way," Lafe said.

I HAD to think about it for a minute. I'd swore a solemn oath I'd never set foot on their land again, but these were what you might call sort of extenuating circumstances. The way I saw it, it had took a combination of a world war, Lafe Pardee, ten sticks of giant powder, and a she bear to find me a job, and a man couldn't very well turn a proposition like that down.

Which explains how come I'm working as superintendent out at the Slow Fuse, Number One. It's not a bad job either.

THE END



"The hardest part of the trick was teaching him to mix 'em"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON



...elinski Is A "Sky-Fighter" Too! She's an operator ... G-E department that makes gun-turret con... for thousands of Uncle Sam's war planes. Her ...nd is with the Navy, her brother with the Army.



Special Peacetime Sewing Skill of Mrs. Paul Montanye is now devoted to making G-E electrically heated aviators' suits. These suits—descendants of the G-E Automatic Blanket—keep U. S. fliers warm up where it's 60° below zero.



Armies Need Nurses! Thousands of graduate nurses have been released for war service because so many "double duty" women have qualified for Nurses' Aide through 7-week training courses.

Who Said This Is a Man's War?

THERE'S no "Male Help Only" sign on this war! Never before in America's history have so many women been called upon to give so much of their time and energy to war effort. They are serving in homes, through volunteer organizations and on production lines from coast to coast. At General Electric factories—where time and labor-saving appliances once were made for your home—thousands of women have enlisted for war work to help speed Victory!





...Wives Are "War Workers" Too. They're learning new facts on ... from Director Edwina Nolan of the G-E Home Institute ...hey can serve more healthful meals and save for War ...ds. Pamphlets used in these courses are free on request.



Every Homemaker can assist the national war effort by keeping the electric appliances she owns operating efficiently. See the General Electric dealer who displays this sign. He is trained to help keep your appliances serving for the duration. After Victory he will have wonderful new G-E home servants to offer you . . . but as none will be made until this war is won, you should take good care of the ones you now have. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn., Dept. ZG-1123-31.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY WAR BONDS

ALL SMOKERS INHALE—

BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T KNOW IT!

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke . . . and inhale.

Look at the *difference* below. It was found and reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

No finer tobaccos grow than those in PHILIP MORRIS. *But—in addition*—PHILIP MORRIS give you this exclusive, *proved protection!* No worry about throat irritation—even when you inhale.



REAL PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER PLEASURE!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

Health Spies

Continued from page 24

belt. Minute particles set up an almost unbearable irritation. Another point about sandstorms: Mentally unstable people often break under the strain. Some desert tribes recognize this and refuse to prosecute for murder committed during long storms.

Medical Intelligence has collected mountains of material of this sort. Whenever a troop movement is ready to start, all this store of knowledge is compressed into a 50- or 60-page report for medical officers accompanying the movement.

Suppose we follow one batch of troops bound overseas. Since the Army is notably shy these days about exact localities, let's suppose that this group is bound for Shangri-la.

Medical Intelligence in Operation

As soon as plans for the movement are made, requests for data on Shangri-la come to Medical Intelligence from the Operations Service in the Surgeon General's office. One officer is assigned to assemble all available information and digest it. If time is short, the report may be turned out in a couple of days; but as a rule several weeks are allowed.

These reports contain introductory material about the stability of the government of Shangri-la (good health departments go with stable governments), also names of health officers who may be of assistance. There will be information about sanitation, sewage disposal and water supply—and even ice plants; many serums and vaccines must be refrigerated.

Then comes the meat of the report—specific disease information. While preparing his report the officer may find gaps. If he does he may have to use real ingenuity to fill them. Possibly he wants to know more about a small outbreak of cholera. It had threatening potentialities, but no late word is available. He gets busy. Perhaps a ferry pilot just returned from Shangri-la can fill in with some facts, or it may be necessary to cable a Military Intelligence man stationed there.

The report contains a variety of incidental information. Perhaps bats are infected with rabies; they are, in some West Indian islands. If so, troops must be carefully protected at night.

Possibly river eddies in Shangri-la are contaminated with disease-bearing flukes which burrow into the skin. If so, troops must be warned not to swim in those waters. It is known that malaria is one of the biggest problems in the country. So immediate precautions are necessary. If landing at night, soldiers go ashore with mosquito nets over their heads. These mosquito head nets are much more important than gas masks. In the last war the British neglected this precaution in one landing operation the Persian Gulf. A third of the tro contracted malaria the first night!

Medical Intelligence knows that ma ria threatens to be the No. 1 dise problem of this war. So the report Shangri-la covers the problem in tail.

Exact details about mosquitoes necessary: Are they day or night fe ers? Do they breed in still or runn water? What is their flying range? value of such facts is indicated by experience of U. S. Public Health n who did excellent work in combating explosive malaria along the Bur Road. The mosquito which was he pering road construction could fly o short distances. Here was the solut to the problem. Labor camps w moved beyond the flight distance fr breeding grounds—and malaria greatly reduced.

Shangri-la had a bad outbreak sleeping sickness a few years ago medical officers will want to know about it. They will perhaps want a p ture of the tsetse fly which spreads t disease and will want details for us the arsenical drugs in treatment.

They will also want to know whet inhabitants of Shangri-la are infes with lice. This isn't an effort to into the private affairs of citizens. L spread typhus—one of the most fear of all diseases. If lousiness is gene the officers will take elaborate prec tions to protect troops.

Prepared for the Enemy

No fragment of fact is too small to included—provided it has a bearing health and well-being of troops. T story of a crab, included in one rep was such an oddment. In certain Pac islands, a species of crab lives on co nuts. It opens the nuts and subsi on the meat. The rotted, half-co sumed coconuts make ideal breed places for flies; some of the islands pestholes. Flies spread dysentery, phoid and other diseases.

Thus, a crab might have played important role in lives of soldiers, l medical officers knew what steps take. By cutting coconut palms, t destroyed the crab's source of fo When the crabs left, flies left with the

The information collected by Medi Intelligence spells the difference tween an army ready for action and ready for the hospital. Medical Inte gence is doing an excellent job seeing it that we are fully prepared to fight seen enemies. Their work is plodd and methodical—completely stripped the usual glamor of intelligence wo But it is work that will play a big p in winning the war.

THE END



Air-Raid Duty—12 to 4 A. M.

Washington Round by Round

Continued from page 38

ay hat they've been told that they can ave what gasoline they need, provided hey use certain tires, and what tires hey require if only they'll confine themelv to a specified gasoline. Already Mr. ray has spoken harshly to several f M. Crump's boys who have been ver thusiastic in seeing to it that as ar rationing goes it pays to be a trumpet.

In Tennessee it is estimated that bou ninety per cent of OPA's rationing nd war-price board members are mber members of the state governmen Incidentally, quite a few of them re embers or employees of the state nd county Democratic committees. ut y resigning from state and county olitical offices and taking OPA jobs, hese ladies and gentlemen create vacan es in public office, and these vacancies an be filled by Governor Cooper from lists of the idle deserving. If that an the way to rebuild and lubricate a ing political machine, then all the ime we've spent watching the racket as been wasted.

Fresh Bait—for Votes

A month or so ago Governor Cooper, who does not regard Boss Crump with vision, made a speech at the lovely city of Lebanon, Tennessee. Incidental to exhorting his hearers to greater patriotic endeavor in behalf of the United Nations, the governor mentioned that the eight hundred OPA jobs would be available in Tennessee reasonably soon. It was at this point that the cheering became rather hysterical. The governor said that qualified persons apply and until a few of his congregation departed with on the dead run.

It is the following morning, one of our scouts dropped into the governor's office as is the wont of otherwise unemployed public-spirited citizens who take an interest in which way the gravy's running and other political phenomena. He reports that he was shocked to hear Mr. Jim Hardin, secretary to the governor, telephoning to Mr. Cooper's campaign headquarters in various county seats and discussing the number and sort of OPA jobs which would accrue to those counties. And quite naturally he suggested that they draw up their candidates for such jobs—just in case.

Considering the amount of money to be spent by OPA, the material it affords for the reconstruction of obsolete political machinery is meager when compared with WPA in its heyday. But you've got to make your political togas carry with shoddy. Moreover, it may have occurred to you by this time that the whole business is somewhat sordid in the light of what of real importance is going on in the world. And it just occurs to us that this is the sort of news that must warm the hearts of Hitler & Company.

With the Nazis in the Caucasus oilfields, while American lads are dying for us (Boss Crump included), all this seems a trifle inconsequential, if not actually too bad. And yet you must realize that in due time, the OPA will be represented throughout the country by fifty thousand local boards of six members each, rationing everything from soup meat and bridal veils to tombstones. (Note from Anxious Writer: Buy yourself a few pairs of shoes and pants while it's easy.) And he who doesn't believe that war-starved politicians are not going to fight for 30,000 new jobs for themselves and incompetent friends is suffering from a bad case of jug-head.

Not that filling such jobs isn't fraught with dangers. A Tennessean almost won such a post when the alert chairman of a local board discovered that once when young this fellow worked for the United States Secret Service. He was rejected in the nick of time. A man with such a background might be overinquisitive, might snoop, might make notes; and he might later become dissatisfied and take himself and his observations over to the other faction.

Another Tennessean who had worked for five years for the anti-Crump element applied for an OPA job, or at least he got as far as to ask local headquarters for an application. He was told that there were no more application blanks and that, therefore, it was impossible for him to apply. Not satisfied, he went higher up and was told that it would be necessary for him to have the endorsement of both Senators McKellar and Stewart and of the governor too. With a loud laugh he announced that he could take a hint and forthwith joined the Marines that he might fight for Democracy or something.

We have mentioned Tennessee as a sample, not necessarily as a horrible example. All that we have cited here, complete with names, dates and instances, is in the possession of Mr. Henderson who is characteristically eager to do something peremptory about it—after the election.

You're probably a trifle weary of those words—"after the election." But calm yourself. Unless all our hitherto completely trustworthy sources of information have failed us for once, you've seen nothing yet. On this election you're going to vote to the accompaniment of the din of war such as the world has never heard nor imagined. And after you've voted, rationing to a degree you've scarcely dreamed of is going to overtake you. There'll be fighting this fall and you'll be in it—up to your chins.

Rationed to Your Shirttail

Solemnly we pass the word along that you'll have news which will tempt you to forget that Mr. Henderson's scouts will be making life all the harder for local patriots in Tennessee, Texas, Pennsylvania, New York and California—just to mention a few soft spots. His investigators are even now on the prowl. They're raising their hands in mild astonishment at what they hear in the state of Missouri, the home of that vigorous investigator Senator Harry Truman.

But somehow the political fortunes of the Boss Crumps are not important in the light of things to come. Prepare to realize at last that we're at war. Our head athrob with what we've heard in the War and Navy departments, we've wandered as far afield as the Government Printing Office. There, they're getting out a nice new ration book. Mr. Paul O'Leary, the exceedingly capable rationing director of the OPA, is fashioning an edition which can be used to ration you down to your shirttails.

It's a fascinating booklet filled with stamps, each of which will represent a number of points—a handkerchief, for example, so many points, half soles for your shoes so many points, a razor blade so many more. That sort of thing. Perhaps railroad travel too. And as for tires and gas—phooey!

Where were we? Oh, yes, politics in the OPA. Take it away, Leon, take it away!

THE END

DON'T WASTE BATTERY LIFE!

See Your Delco Battery Dealer For

CARE AND CONSERVATION Service

He will

CHECK WITH HYDROMETER • • • ADD WATER

CLEAN TERMINALS • • • CHECK GENERATOR

CHARGING RATE • • • CHECK FOR WORN OR DAMAGED CABLES • • • RECHARGE BATTERY

and when you MUST replace—



replace with a

DELCO BATTERY

Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES MANY VITAL PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA'S LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES

All America Knows Budweiser... but Few Know This



THE STORY OF BREAD

may well be called The Story of Civilization

Bread, the most venerable of prepared foods, has helped man, and man in turn has bettered the quality of his staff of life.

YEAST is the life of bread . . . and the story of yeast is the story of scientific research, uniform quality, mammoth production, modern refrigeration . . . and daily delivery to bakers in every city, town and village throughout the land . . . even by boat, by sled and by plane when other transportation is interrupted by floods and blizzards.

Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest sources of baker's yeast.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's biggest sources of natural B Complex vitamins for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Formerly America depended upon Norway and Japan for fish oils rich in Vitamin D. Today we produce from yeast enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—Anheuser-Busch is the biggest supplier of yeast vitamins to fortify animal feeds, thus improving the quality and propagation of cattle and poultry.

CANDIES—Corn syrup is an essential candy ingredient. Our Corn Products Division, an industry in itself, produces annually many millions of pounds of highest quality corn syrup, rich in food and energy value.

SYRUPS—(*for food—for medicine*)—In addition to fine table and confectionery syrups, Anheuser-Busch produces special syrups used as a basis for medicines.

STARCH—Thousands of food industries all over America choose Anheuser-Busch pure food corn starch for their products—millions of pounds each year. We also supply starch to the textile, paper and many other industries.

FRESHER FOODS—Retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over have equipment manufactured until recently by our Refrigeration Division. Today, however, this division is working all out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our armed forces.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

COPYRIGHT 1942

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

FOOTBALL BOMBARDIER

BY WILLIAM CULLEN FAY

Coach Leahy of Notre Dame faces the football future with confidence. Chief reason is Angelo Bertelli, the frustrated gondolier, who is expected to pitch the Irish to yet another undefeated season

IN THE spring of 1940, Coach Frank Leahy was putting the frosting on his Sugar Bowl champions at Boston College. A few miles away in West Springfield, Angelo Bartolo Bertelli was the talk of New England prep school circles.

This Bertelli could play hockey. The Boston Bruins wanted him.

This Bertelli could play baseball. Both the St. Louis Cardinals and the Detroit Tigers wanted him.

Most of all, this Bertelli could throw a football. Every Eastern, several Southern, most Midwestern and a few Far Western colleges wanted him.

But this Bertelli had decided to play his football for Notre Dame—thanks to the missionary zeal of Milton Piepul, 1940 captain and fullback of the Fighting Irish who preceded Angelo at Cathedral High.

Leahy dispatched his backfield coach and chief talent scout, Ed McKeever, to West Springfield for a talk with Bertelli. Angelo had heard about McKeever, who reputedly could sell Florida oranges in California. It was astonishing how many boys went to Boston College after a few minutes' conversation with McKeever.

Bertelli feared a similar few minutes would be Indiana's loss and Massachusetts' gain. The evening McKeever called at the Bertelli homestead, Angelo hied to a downtown movie house where he sat through a double feature and two Mickey Mouses.

McKeever went back empty-handed to Boston. Bertelli entered Notre Dame. The wheel of football fortune spun crazily. Elmer Layden resigned as Notre Dame coach to become commissioner of the National Football League. Frank Leahy returned to his alma mater to succeed Layden.

They Find Their Man

Here's where a Stanley-Livingstone angle creeps into the story. McKeever accompanied Leahy to Notre Dame. The first afternoon of 1941 spring practice, McKeever, still hot on the scent, after stalking his man from the rock-ribbed coasts of Massachusetts to the flat prairies of Indiana, sighted his quarry.

McKeever closed in stealthily, tapped Angelo on the shoulder and inquired, "Doctor Bertelli, I presume?"

Leahy and McKeever finally had come into undisputed possession of Bertelli. It was a disillusioning experience. Angelo had a nice smile, blue eyes, brown hair, surprisingly Nordic features, but he was six feet one inch tall and weighed only 168 pounds—just three more than he had scaled in high school.

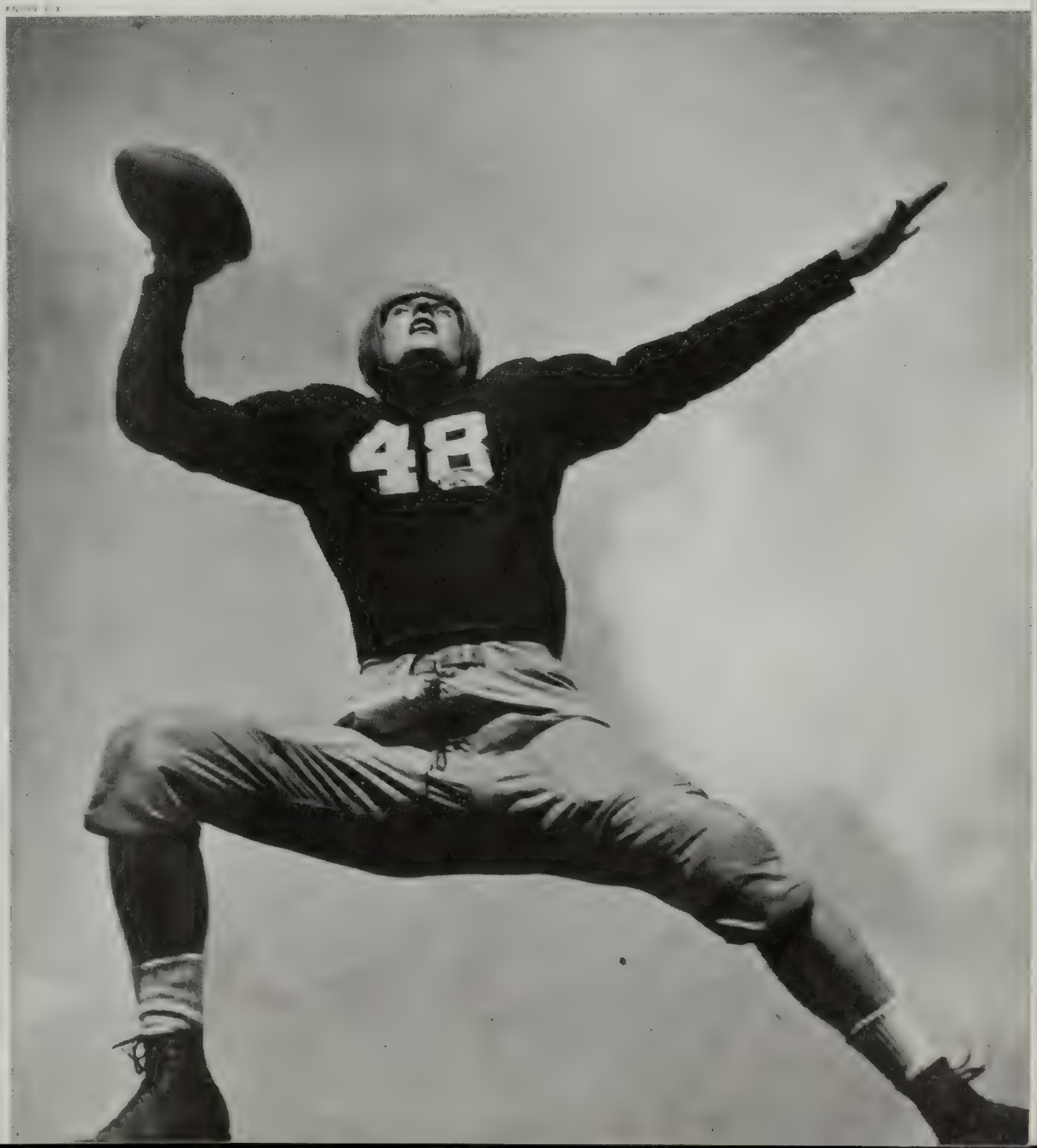
Outside of throwing a fast, accurate pass, any resemblance between Bertelli and a Notre Dame halfback was coincidental and probably an optical illusion. Angelo could punt 40 yards, with a stiff wind behind him. He could run, but not far. Somebody always tackled him without much trouble. Angelo didn't really run. He skated along, ankles close to the ground, no high knee action, a hangover from his hockey training.

Only a prophet could have predicted that in the fall, "Skinny" Bertelli, the awkward freshman, would pitch the Irish to an unbeaten season. Leahy was no prophet. He dropped Bertelli to the fourth team and forgot about him—for almost two weeks.

But Angelo quickly graduated from the fourth team. He received very special attention from his



Sipping soda through a straw with as agreeable a companion as this one is Bertelli's idea of pleasan relaxation from the cares of a Notre Dame All-America back who is also in the U. S. Marine reserv



Notre Dame's star passer Angelo Bertelli pitches the pigskin with a peculiar feinting motion. You can't guess when or where he's going to throw



The store now showing *Sugar and Spice* . . is bringing you this *unique STEHLI fabric*—soft, powdery and enduringly handsome. Its remarkable draping quality gives you an expert's knot every time. It's the only one of its kind and only **$1.00.** The designs illustrated are being featured, as *right* for right NOW!

Colors:
Eighteen Correct Shades

$1

SUPERBA CRAVATS

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1942 Superba Cravats

PADDLER

LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS CANNON, late of South Carolina and Louisiana, currently is commanding officer of a detachment of Military Police somewhere in Ireland, but he should probably be in the department of tactics and strategy.

Exhibit: Not long ago, boys in his outfit visited the lieutenant with a request. Would permission be given for a table-tennis tournament? It would. A slight pause and another question: Would the lieutenant care to participate? Thank you; yes, the lieutenant would. A much longer pause and a third query: Would the lieutenant, as C. O., care to make a nice gesture and offer a little cash prize to stimulate interest in the forthcoming event? Well—yes.

But the lieutenant forgot to tell the boys that back in his college days he was quite some shakes as a table-tennis player. He merely went through several days of practice, meanwhile keeping a sharp eye open; and on the day before the tournament, he saw to it that the two most likely looking among his opponents were granted furloughs, with the privilege of leaving the post.

This story has only one possible ending. You can write it yourself.

old friend McKeever. Each afternoon they went off into a far corner of the field and for hours practiced forward passing. Bertelli fired ball after ball with his peculiar feinting motion, flicking the ball around under his nose the way a bartender handles a cocktail shaker. You can't guess when or where he's going to throw.

May 1st was moving day for Angelo. The inevitable happened. Leahy promoted him to first-team left halfback. And it was inevitable that Angelo would be promoted to the first team. Anybody in West Springfield, Massachusetts, would have foreseen that, for back home Angelo had reduced to a fine art the old American custom of starting in at the bottom and working to the top. Here is the bare outline of a story that would have kept Horatio Alger writing for 300 pages:

Angelo's mother and father were tobacco farmers near Venice, Italy. In 1915, they emigrated to West Springfield. Angelo's father went to work as a gas maker. Three children were born, Rose in 1918, Josephine in 1919 and Angelo in 1921. When Angelo was five years old, the Bertellis returned to Venice to sell their farm and visit friends. They stayed a while, then sailed for New York, disregarding the strident protests of young Angelo, who wanted to become a gondolier.

Learning the Tricks

Angelo entered West Springfield grade school, played baseball, football and hockey—mostly hockey. He was a rink rat for the Springfield professional team. He sharpened skates, cleaned uniforms, stayed late with the janitor to sweep up after the crowds had gone home. The players liked Angelo and taught him the tricks of the game, and he had no trouble making his high-school team. Eddie Shore, the ex-Bruins star, who now owns and manages the Springfield Indians, called Angelo the greatest prep player he ever saw.

Angelo was on the fourth team of the football squad at Cathedral High at the beginning of his junior year, until Coach Billy Wise saw him fire a pass with the same wrist flick he used to bewilder goalkeepers and throw runners out at second base. Wise, who had pitched Holy Cross to football victories over Harvard in 1925 and 1926, knew a natural passer when he saw one.

Billy showed Angelo a few tricks—how to feint and fake, look one way and throw another, and then assigned Angelo to the first team at left halfback. Angelo showed his appreciation by pitching Cathedral to eight consecutive victories and an unbeaten season.

In his senior year, he hurled Cathedral to eight more victories and another unbeaten season. He was named captain and quarterback of the all-city team. And he was graduated an honor student and president of his class.

Practice makes perfect was the secret of Angelo's home-town triumphs, and he did not forget the magic formula at Notre Dame. Leahy might have been satisfied with Angelo's passing proficiency in 1941 spring practice but Angelo wasn't.

Bertelli got a job on the campus for the summer, painting. All summer long, Angelo painted and toughened that right arm. He painted everything from the stadium press box to the apartment of Clashmore Mike, Notre Dame's Irish terrier mascot. And every afternoon George Murphy, varsity right end who lives in South Bend, drove out from town for a game of catch.

How much these practice sessions helped was apparent when Notre Dame played Georgia Tech at Atlanta. Bertelli made one of his few bad throws of the season, a wobbler seemingly destined for the bleachers close behind the end zone. Up went Murphy in the far right corner to take the ball in one hand. Up popped a big white 6 under Notre Dame on the scoreboard.

Two other Notre Dame greats, Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne, back in 1913 did the same thing when they spent the summer as lifeguards at Cedar Point, Ohio, throwing a football around in their spare time. Then that fall they went east and forward-passed Army dizzy.

Well, Bertelli and Murphy were rewarded, too. Murphy was elected captain for 1942, and the extra measure of passing accuracy Angelo achieved made him last fall the most highly publicized sophomore in the history of football.

It was a well-deserved distinction. Angelo completed 70 of 123 passes for 1,027 yards. He threw eight touchdowns and set up seven others out of Notre Dame's 28 total. The Irish won eight games and tied Army for their first undefeated season since 1930. Bertelli, though only a sophomore, was runner-up to Minnesota's Bruce Smith for the Heisman Award, college football's equivalent of major league baseball's "most valuable player" trophies. Angelo made more All-America teams than you could throw a football at.

Here was success with a capital S. It might have increased the size of Angelo's hatband, except for several reasons. Angelo can remember all the way back to when he was a rink rat, and Angelo's teammates never let him forget that good little sophomores are seen and not heard; speak only when spoken to.

A few days after Angelo made his varsity debut against Arizona by completing 11 out of 14 passes, the inevitable ribbing of the sophomore sensation started with Steve Juzwik, Angelo's running mate at halfback, the chief ribber. Steve discovered that Bertelli was interested in gangster lore, a sinister

hotly that ran the gamut from the Jan's boys to the Dillinger mob.

Angelo soon won the nickname of "Duke," after the comic-strip villain who was then fighting a losing battle with Dauntless Dick Tracy.

Everywhere Duke went, a few members of the Irish varsity tagged along, slouching in the approved Humphrey Bogart manner, their hands in their pockets on imaginary guns. This pantomime brought the attention of the student body to Bertelli who, up until now had been merely a name in football headlines to the great majority of Notre Dame's 3,000 students.

Discovering Bertelli's identity did not exactly uplift student morale. He didn't look like much without his shoulderpads. There is the story of the freshman who got a good look at Angelo, then went out and canceled his two-dollar option on the Northwestern game.

Not Such a Hot Runner

Gradually the ribbing shifted from the Duke's underworld interests to his clumsy running. Angelo was completing more than 50 per cent of his passes, but all he heard from his teammates was the dismal news that he was averaging 1.4 yards as a ball carrier.

Before the Army game, Juzwik was looking out of the dressing-room window, in New York's Yankee Stadium. The rain was splattering down. The field was ankle-deep in mud. It was apparent that Angelo's passes would not figure in Notre Dame's attack.

Juzwik turned to Angelo and grinned. "Why don't you stay in here where it's warm and curl up with a good book?" he suggested. "You won't be worth a nickel to us in that muck."

It is doubtful, though, whether ribbing really affected Angelo's football outlook. Joe Petritz, Notre Dame's sports publicist, says Angelo is the greatest player before, during and after game since Frank Carideo quarterbacked the 1930 Notre Dame team. Joe tells this anecdote:

"Bertelli pitched his best game of the year against a great Navy team, completing 12 out of 18 attempts for 232 yards. He threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to Juzwik; completed two passes to the Navy 8- and 2-yard lines, respectively, to set up Notre Dame's two other touchdowns in the 20 to 18 victory.

"What do you think about when you drop back to pass?" a sports writer asked Angelo, in the locker room, later.

Angelo hitched a towel around his middle, thought for a moment. "Not much of anything," he finally replied. "You see, I know who the receiver is and where he should be before the play starts. Nine times out of ten, he's there. Then it's automatic. I throw the ball."

"Were you surprised at completing so many passes?"

Angelo took another hitch in the towel. "Not surprised, exactly. Every pass I completed this afternoon I've completed a hundred times in practice. And it's a lot tougher completing passes in scrimmage against our second and third teams because they are familiar with every pass I throw. Navy didn't have that advantage. I figure this way: If I can complete 25 per cent of my passes in practice, I should complete 50 per cent in a game."

That's pretty accurate figuring; over the season Angelo's competition percentage was .569.

One of the reporters turned to Harry Wright, the quarterback. "Doesn't that guy," the reporter pointed to Bertelli, "ever get excited, even on the field?"

"That guy," said Wright, "has sherbet for blood. Remember when Cameron intercepted Angelo's flat pass and ran it back for the tying touchdown in the third quarter? That was Bert's fault—he threw two yards behind Dove, the end.

"Couple of minutes later we had the ball at midfield. Time for another flat pass, but I was afraid Bert might be a little shaky after throwing one away. I nudged Bert in the huddle. 'How do you feel?' I asked.

"Bert didn't change expression. 'I feel fine,' he said, 'How do you feel?'

"So I called the flat pass. Bert hit Dipper (Evans) right on the nose, and Dipper ran down to Navy's eight-yard line. Two plays later we had our winning touchdown."

One afternoon last February, Leahy called Angelo into his office. "Bert," Leahy said, "you are the finest passer and the worst runner I've ever coached. We've got to do something about it."

Leahy diagrammed a Notre Dame pass play on his memorandum pad. "We were lucky last year, Bert. We didn't have any deception. Everybody knew when you were going to pass. You just took the ball from center, dropped back a few yards and threw. No deception, but they'll be laying for us next fall. Think you can play quarterback?"

"I guess so," Angelo replied. "Why?"

"Because"—Leahy sketched a new offensive diagram—"here's what we're going to try out in spring practice. It's the T formation. That means we'll have to discard the Rockne shift, and we may get a few howls from the synthetic alumni, but we're really not throwing Rock's stuff out of the window. Rock was using the T formation 'way back in 1920, long before the Chicago Bears made it popular again."

A Lot of Memory Work

Leahy drew a big circle on the pad. "This is you, Bert. You'll play right behind center and handle the ball on every play. You'll feed it to the other backs or you'll fake and drop back to pass—that's where we'll get the deception we lacked last fall. Of course, it means a lot of work for you. You'll have to memorize 50 or 60 new plays next month."

"Sounds good to me," Angelo said. "I think I'll like this T formation."

The Irish face a long football haul, for this is Notre Dame's centennial year and an appropriate schedule has been arranged. They open against Wisconsin on September 26th, then meet Georgia Tech, Stanford, the Iowa Preflight School, Illinois, Navy, Army, Michigan, Northwestern, Southern California, and finish December 5th against Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Leahy is not worried particularly, even if the Irish face the toughest schedule the university has ever taken on. He has some awfully good holdovers who are either enrolled in the campus Naval R.O.T.C. and the United States Marine Reserve, or they are not yet registered for selective service. Twenty-one of his freshman linemen, who last year enjoyed pushing the varsity around, are available this year. A reporter who watched the yearlings work out commented, "They're too big to stop and too young to draft."

And if Leahy ever did have morose moments, it was before March 19th when Angelo Bertelli, his football bombardier, enlisted in the United States Marine Reserve. Which means that Angelo will complete his college course before going into active service and therefore will be on hand this fall. He'll be in there with a new set of plays, calling signals, blocking, tackling and—throwing deadly passes.

No, Leahy isn't worrying. But those ten coaches whose teams are playing Notre Dame should be at least apprehensive. Or they're crazy.

Take them away, Angelo!

THE END





A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Long Road Home

By Lew Dietz

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THIS Abel Sparks sure was a mangy-looking critter, and Shep Lambert, the yard personnel man, said afterward he didn't for the life of him know why he ever took the old geezer on. Shep had been in the office chewing the fat with the government hull inspector when he first laid eyes on Abel. What he saw standing just outside the wicket certainly didn't look like no shipworker. He was a lumpy little man with a week's growth of gray bristle on his corrugated face. He had on a pair of speckled pants too big for him and a shiny blue serge jacket that hung on him like a sack. He stood there road-dusty with a vacant look in his watery eyes, and he seemed held together by spit and a prayer.

"You," Shep said. "What do you want?"

The old geezer inched over to the railing, kneading his cap in a pair of big grimy hands. "I hear," he said in a very small whine of a voice, "I hear over Burnt Falls way, mister, that you're takin' on."

Shep gave the hull inspector an amused glance. They needed men right enough! They had government orders for as many motor barges as they could turn out. They needed wooden-ship men who knew what a broadax and an adz were for. But for twenty years wooden-ship building had languished along the coast and now that breed was gone.

"So you hail from Burnt Falls, Pop," Shep said. "Where you been working?"

A dark fire came into the old man's

When the quitting whistle blew Beany dropped the plank they were toting like he was shot and ducked for the paymaster's table. Abel just stood there

eyes for just an instant and now there was coast of Maine in his speech as thick as tar. "Don't hail from that Canuck town, mister. I just been there. I been there fifteen years." Then his eyes fell away and he looked furtive again. "I been sick. Fact is I ain't been working what you might call regular. Off and on, you might say, at the Corning shoe plant. But I'm good now, right as rain, mister. I figure the sea air is what'll fix me up good."

"This yard ain't no rest cure, Pop," Shep said. Shep didn't have to ask what his trouble was. There was rummy written all over him. Work a week, drunk a week. Shep was about to send him packing when the old guy caught at his sleeve.

"Look, mister," he wheedled, "I don't belong in that Canuck shoe town. I come seventy miles. Try me on as a lumper. I'll clean out bilges, brush up chips—" He sheered off his talking all of a sudden as though the sound of his own voice had scared the pants off of him.

Shep said, "Take it easy, Pop. Come around in the morning. We'll try you on as a lumper. Fifty cents an hour."

ABEL SPARKS was there at the gate a half-hour before the yard whistle blew that next day. He filled out his blank in the office and he got his number and a button to pin on his cap. Then Shep took him over to Billy Hines, the yard superintendent. Billy was the best wooden-ship man on the coast and he'd forgot a lot more about ships than most men ever knew.

The first day Abel found the going hard. He'd been teamed up with a jerk high-school kid named Beany to move fir stock into the sheds. The kid wasn't so bad until this Red Bolster, a beefy-faced mechanic fresh off an ice wagon, came down the yard that afternoon and gave the kid a little encouragement. "Whatcha got there, Beany, at the end a that plank?" Red chortled. "Did you get them fancy pants off a corpse, Pop?"

Abel didn't say anything. He was too dog-tired.

That afternoon after quitting he went out alone and up through the town. It was work just dragging one foot after the other. He saw the state liquor store on the corner and stopped. He could get maybe a pint, he thought. He'd just take one slug to set him up, then hide it away. Just one slug. He started in the door and suddenly he turned away and started running. He went up to his four-dollar room over the fruit store. He waited there until it was six and the liquor store was closed, then he came crawling out and went down to the wharf and got himself a sandwich and a glass of milk.

All that week it was about the same. Nobody paid any attention to him except this Red Bolster. And as Abel's clothes got worse, Red's ragging got worse. By Friday his jacket had a split clean down the back and his knees were coming through his speckled pants.

"Don't let the gover'ment inspector get a load of you, Pop," Red said. "He sure looks like a fire hazard, don't he, Beany?"

Red winked at the kid and the kid grinned. Abel didn't say anything at all. The next day would be payday and now the money was adding up and he could take it better. He'd decided to draw out maybe four bucks for his room and three for grub. He figured maybe it would be better to have that mon kept by for him. Not that he needed drink so bad lately, but all the same was coming too close to take a chances.

After that first payday, the next we went along pretty good. Abel had g a little meat on him, and his hands h calloused up. He even began rassli that stock so that the kid started co plaining that he was killing the job.

"You don't want to be talkin' to P that way, Beany," Red said when heard the kid grousing. "He may be t skipper some day. Pop don't want be a lumper all his life. He's got ami tions. Too bad the boss ain't got a bea tiful daughter, eh, Pop?"

Abel didn't even bother to look The next day would be payday aga That next afternoon he'd get in line a the paymaster would say, "A Sparks?" And he'd say, "That's m and he'd have that envelope right in hands. He'd made a rough calculati and, figuring in time and a half Saturd afternoon, he'd have something ov fifty. . . . Then he felt Beany give sudden jerk on the fir plank and knew the yard supervisor was wand ing by. There he was. He saw Bi Hines' eyes following them halfw across the yard with their load. He sp and went off down the line.

The next afternoon when the quitti whistle blew, Beany dropped the pla they were toting like he was shot a ducked for the paymaster's table ou side the office. Abel just stood the He didn't move from that spot for long time. There was just a half-doz left in the line when he went over last. The paymaster looked up wh Abel's turn came. He was the last m in line.

"Abel Sparks," Abel said. "I figu I'll take the hull of it."

The paymaster checked Abel's butt fingered through his box, and toss over the envelope. He reached for butts. "Don't spend it all in one pla Pop," he said.

"I figure to," Abel said.

BILLY Hines glanced up as Abel ca across the yard that Monday mor ing. He looked away; then his eyes ca starting back. It was this Abel Spar right enough! He was shaved smoc as a duck's back and he wore a pair dungarees with a lazy roll at the cuff a a denim jacket and a peaked cloth h And he came right on, carrying a ch big enough to hold an adz and a p of broadaxes as though it was a b box. He came right up under Bill staring eyes with an easy rolling g and set it down.

"Look," Abel said. "I'm a shi builder. And a pretty slick rigger, t I built wooden ships down east at Ba rington in the last war and so did r old man, Joe Sparks. You can use r on that new keel in number three."

Billy stared just a minute long "Why the heck didn't you say so?" wanted to know.

"I'm saying so now," Abel said.

He moved off to park his chest in t south shed when he came upon R Bolster on his way down to the machi shop. Red stopped and gaped. "G if it ain't Pop in disguise! What y got in that box, Pop—your lunch?"

Abel set down his box and a ha glint froze over his eyes. He didn't s a word. He looked at Red. He sp without moving his jaw. Red didn't s anything either. He turned and we on his way.

It was about ten that Billy Hin came over to where Abel was hewi down the oak keel. Billy watched minute as the broadax hewed along t bevel as sweet and clean as an apple.

"How's she goin', Ab?" Billy said.

"Good, Billy," Abel Sparks repli

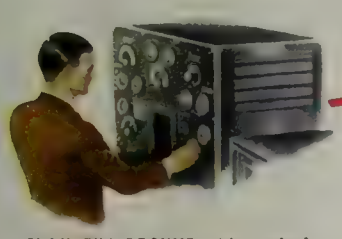


The Seeing Eye of "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

Target for Tonight: a map-dot deep in enemy territory. A thousand miles of Stygian black from take-off to target. No beams, no beacons . . . yet, "The Seeing Eye" of ***The Invisible Crew*** will guide the fighting men of this American warplane to their objective and bring them back to their base again.

Aloft in darkness, "The Seeing Eye"—the Bendix Radio Compass—sights a far-off radio signal and unerringly points the correct course. Still others of ***The Invisible Crew***—Bendix precision instruments, accessories and controls—help to keep that course and perform many more tasks of flight and combat.

Members of ***The Invisible Crew*** back our fliers' skill and courage with superhuman senses and strength on every American plane. The many thousands of Bendix workers, by putting precision into high-speed production, help our invincible crews hit the Target for Tonight—and the Target for Tomorrow—*Victory*.



FROM THE GROUND, this typical Bendix Radio Transmitter air-base installation flashes orders "upstairs" with the speed of light.

THE VOICE AND EARS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

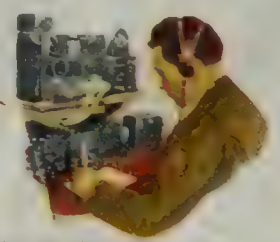
BENDIX RADIO DIVISION

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY

Bendix

AVIATION CORPORATION



IN THE SKY, light, compact Bendix Aircraft Receivers and Transmitters keep crews in constant contact with base and other ships.

Join America's invincible crew! Fly to Victory with the U. S. Army, Navy or Marine Corps. If you are between 18 and 26 apply for pilot training to your nearest Recruiting Station.

Copyright 1942 Bendix Aviation Corporation



ONE PUFF PUT HER IN A HUFF

— but Rookie Ralph's out of the dog house now!



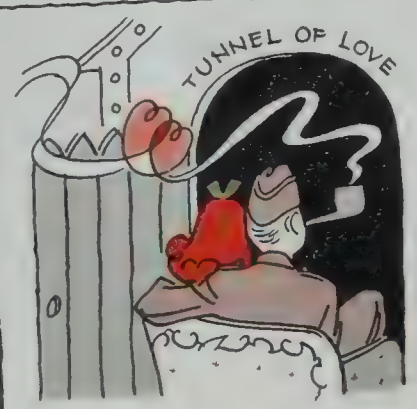
"LET'S GET COZY," said the soldier. "On a roller-coaster ride you need protection." "Protection?" she snapped. "Protection from that dirty-smelling *pipe* of yours!"



"BEAT IT, BIG BOY! I'm gonna go find me a man who can tell a pipe from a garbage incinerator!" And off she went! Too bad. Someone ought to put that rookie wise.



"I HEARD IT ALL," said the barker. "Let's clean that pipe and switch to a *mild* tobacco like my Sir Walter. Its fragrance flatters the fancy of the most *fastidious* female!"



KISSES COMING UP, thanks to Sir Walter! No wonder soldiers prefer this tasty burley blend. It's the *one* pipe tobacco that smells good to the girl-friend! Try some today.



KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

Right in the Basket

Continued from page 20

Right or wrong, there was that additional and unauthorized distance beyond his assigned sector to be considered. But he knew that he had not been mistaken.

THE scout bombers came back, flying high and from the northwest. The squadron leader faced Kent in airplot not five minutes after landing. His manner was coldly formal as he saluted Captain Parker.

"I regret, sir, to report our mission unsuccessful. There was no enemy carrier. A careful survey indicates no sign the island's been inhabited for years."

"But I tell you she lies under a network of transplanted brush and woven lianas at the end of the deep lead!" Kent insisted. "It looks like unbroken jungle, right down to the water's edge." And then slowly: "All but the color."

The wing commander looked hopeful.

"There was nothing to indicate that, sir," the squadron leader demurred.

Old Gimlet-legs Parker bent a smoldering eye upon his lieutenant.

"I can quite appreciate the reason behind all this, gentlemen. I know Mister McCrea of old. He is doing a bit of the usual grandstanding. He is still on the field at Stanford. He is carrying the ball, gentlemen—without the need of any blockers—as usual; he is still carrying the ball. And for the next few days he will do it in quarters!"

Silence spread over the wardroom as Kent entered. He went on into the lounge and purchased a few things he would need at the canteen. Restricted to quarters! He felt like the young victim in the mouthwash ads.

Shorty and Long John drifted into Kent's stateroom. "The old man got you down for a shot?" Long John quired casually.

"Yeah," Kent grunted.

"What did you find today?" Sho probed. "The old man's not sending any SBDs loaded for bear for nothi I smell a—yellowbelly."

"I thought I did, but it begins to l as if I've been kidding myself," K admitted.

Gradually they wormed it out of h Long John was serious but Shorty came seized with the shakes.

"What's a Jap bird cage holing up an undefended island for?" Long J asked. "And without any support force? That's too dangerous for the And suicide if she's spotted."

"That's just what they figure They gamble on her not being spott until after the fleet enters the stra where she can pick off the end of train," Kent explained. "She's probal doubled up on her bombers, and fleet's walking right into a nice lit trap. They'll lay low right under noses until the rest of their bases set—and then *wham!*"

"If that's the case," Long John sa "it's liable to be any time—from tom row, on."

"We've got to do something," K declared. "But I don't know what."

And for once, Shorty was silent.

Until now Kent had never stopped wonder just what it was that had i pelled him to enlist. There could be doubt it was for a purely abstract re son, because, unquestionably, he was more definite use to his country as builder of motors for military aircr than he was flying one of them. he could have remained at Pensac and held the rating he had signed



COLLIER'S "It's simple, once you get the hang of it" J. MONAHAN

...ut he hadn't wanted to remain ...instructor. Yet now that he was re...icted he considered what he'd done so much wasted effort—the act of an espe...sible and callow undergraduate. ill... horty's words stuck with him. ...meting had to be done about that p...perhead lying there doggo, wait... to strike without warning.

"E...'S request for an audience was ...ted by old Gimlet-legs.

"I ... not quite understand your rea... forcing an issue which apparently es... favor you," Captain Parker d...avily from behind his desk in ...arters, meanwhile permitting ... remain standing. "But if you ve... anything to say in support of ...tion today I will be glad to hear ...pe, however, that it is something ...han another of your most in... attempts at plausible explana...

K... felt his ears redden; he looked co...ortable. "I did not come here, ...h any idea of an explanation. I ...ith the thought that perhaps you ...ermit me to prove the accuracy ...eport today."

"M... mmpf!" the captain snorted. h...st time you did that, I recall it ...d in something of a flareback." "I ...sist, sir, *that* error was the result ...se of mistaken identity. And I ... you that I had not been drink...

...ain Parker remained silent and ...new that was that.

"...ut your report, then. What is it ...nt now?"

"I ...quest permission, sir, for one of ...ut bombers and a volunteer crew ...rn to the island and attack the ... basing there."

"... say this seriously, Mister?" the ... demanded.

"..., sir."

...ain Parker said nothing. He ... for the telephone. "Moody? ...ptain Parker. Get hold of Doctor ... and change that McCrea exami... for tomorrow morning. . . . Mc... that's right. And ask the doctor ... me on it."

...ain Parker tapped his desk with ... forefinger. "Before we go any ..., Lieutenant," he said less ..., "we are going to find out just what is behind all this. You are no longer restricted to quarters, but you will be relieved from duty."

Like a man moving slowly along under a heavy load, Kent made his dreary way back to his quarters. Grounded. Beached. The words galled and he wanted to hide himself away, but he knew that would be about as easy as hiding a new-laid egg on top of a full coal scuttle.

"Give out," Shorty demanded. Shorty was direct if not diplomatic. "Yardarm, stone wall or washout?"

"You are looking at a shining example of the filliloo bird, who neither runs nor flies. And old Gimlet-legs has got me slowed down to a walk. You'd have thought I was old B.O. himself, the way he looked at me. I must have been dropped on my head, according to him. All I've ever done is to keep him awake nights, along with his dyspepsia. Now he's even got the pill roller prescribing for us both."

Shorty came up with a jerk. "Say that again. He's got you down for a shot?"

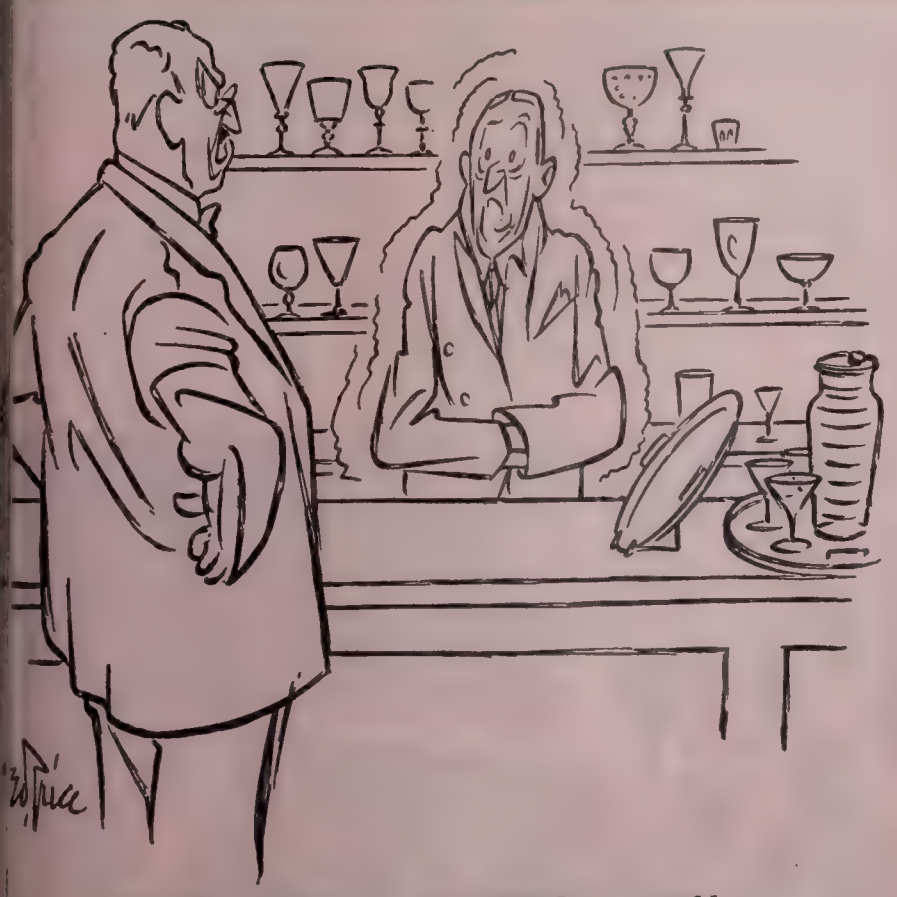
"Yeah, tomorrow morning," Kent growled in deep disgust.

"Then, my boy," Shorty declared, "you're sunk. You may not know it, son—but you are sunk—scuttled—*pfft!*" And after a time when Long John had come in and sat glumly on the foot of the bed: "Ain't you got a single idea? Not a little one, even?"

Shaking his head, Kent fished absently for cigarettes. "Shoot or hand over the gun," he said and walked out on them. He went to the canteen and purchased two packs, one for himself and one for the moochers. Then he went on up to the hangar deck on the way forward for a breath of air and an attempt to think things out. They were readying a single take-off. He watched idly; and then a bee began to buzz.

"IF WE do it—that means a court-martial," Long John said.

"But if a force shows up," Kent argued, as if he were up in airplot whipping up an official operations order, "they'll hear it coming and get their fighters up and slip away before we get there. We'll have more of a chance with just one plane. They've avoided detection for so long now, they'll play pos-



"As long as you have that chill, Jones, would you mind demonstrating cocktail shakers?" GEORGE PRICE

PEN REPAIR MATERIALS GETTING SCARCE—
MAY SOON BE IMPOSSIBLE TO OBTAIN!

Help your pen escape wartime failure! Use this sensational

NEW PROTECTIVE INK!



15¢, 25¢, and up. Made by the makers of famous Parker Pens. 7 PERMANENT COLORS: Black, Blue-black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 WASHABLE COLORS: Black, Blue.

NEW PARKER QUINK *is the only ink containing solv-x.*

Eliminates the cause of most pen failures:

1. The *solv-x* in New Parker Quink dissolves sediment and gummy deposits left by inferior inks. Cleans your pen as it writes!

2. New Parker Quink with *solv-x* also prevents the damaging rubber rot and corrosion caused by strongly acid writing fluids.



● The pen that breaks down today may long be out of commission. Pen repair materials are running short. Rubber, copper, steel are all needed for war.

That's why Uncle Sam wants you to safeguard your pen and keep it out of the repair shop. That, too, is why the protective new ink discovered by Parker chemists is such a sensation.

It's the brilliant new Parker Quink, the only ink containing magic *solv-x!* Nothing like it has ever been known.

Pen failures most often start with faulty inks, repair records show. *Solv-x* in new Parker Quink eliminates clogging and gumming . . . flushes away the sediment resulting from inferior inks . . . keeps pens safe against the corrosion and rubber rot inevitable with inks that are strongly acid.

Let new Parker Quink with *solv-x* help protect your pen against wartime failure. Quink is rich and full-bodied. Dries far faster than ordinary inks! Excellent for steel pens, too. Get a bottle of new Parker Quink today—at any store selling ink. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

PARKER Quink



Your tickets to *inexpensive* recreation

CRISP, COLORFUL little bits of paper—fifty-two in a box. And *very* important they are in these war times. For in the hands of you and your friends, these bits of paper become tickets to inexpensive relaxation.

In a game of cards with the folks next door . . . or a quiet game of solitaire, there's relaxation for tired nerves. Your energy is recharged . . . your enthusiasm rekindled for the tasks of Victory. And since recreation at home requires no traveling, you save tires and gas . . . and money for War Bonds.

• • •

Yes, playing cards are tickets to relaxation—the inexpensive kind needed for Victory.

And four-fifths of your fellow Americans are taking advantage of them—finding refreshment and good fun in cards.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Makers of BICYCLE and CONGRESS Cards



…ain. I'm sure we'll have the best …with just a single plane."

…a darned good chance of wash-…" Long John growled.

…do it," said Shorty flatly, "I get …-martial. . . . But I'll take a …"

…get the handlers lined up," Kent …, looking at Long John. "I'll take … the 'nav.' Shorty can get the …acks and the fish basket all set." … best chance will be just before …n patrol shoves off and when the …s are still a little dopey," Long …minded them. "But you'll have … fast to avoid getting spotted by …nt officer. I don't know why I'm …ff on this snipe hunt, but I guess …s was a pushover for any crack-…ear."

… dawn patrol was making up. …, in full flying kit, pushed boldly … knot of plane handlers, seeing …the corner of his eye that Long …nd Shorty were in position and … in the shadow of the huge ele-…

…ere is the SBD?" he asked …

… of the handlers spoke up: "Sir, …erstood the patrol wasn't to take …l seventeen."

…ance reconnaissance," Kent …. He gave the bomber's number. …er out. Have to take this delay …h the F.O. Snap into it, here …the crew."

… he fidgeted while they warmed …p up, Shorty and Long John hov-…n the background.

… a whine of elevators and alto-…too much noise to suit him, the …g crew rolled the big plane out …he flight deck where a twenty-…t wind was whipping strongly …rom the bow. Kent looked se-…toward Shorty and Long John as …ame up, and snapped, for the …rs' benefit, "Next time, you lugs, …get here on the dot."

…nebody got it fritzed," Shorty …l.

…t it we didn't shoot until eight-…Long John growled.

… handlers were eager to make …s and they stood by anxiously … the big ship warmed up a bit … Kent tried not to look up toward … If only some alert officer didn't …em for another minute and come … around!

…'s go," Long John grunted uneas-…oo much *hablar—es malo.*"

Kent checked the controls and signed the tab. He clamped on his headpiece and jacked in the interplane circuit. "You birds all set?"

"Shove off," Shorty yipped. "I got me a basket of eggs an' a nice shiny tin fish I gotta deliver to a yellowbelly."

The fuel pressure up, Kent started rolling against the red light just as a signal officer broke out of the island and ran toward them waving frantically for them to stop.

But the big ship, with its load of bombs and the sleek tin fish clamped to its belly, thundered down the flight path and across the white lines, gathering speed with each foot of the long runway. They cleared the ramp as Kent lifted her, and then they were out over the blue.

Figuring their course from the carrier's position—which Long John had eased out of the navigator under the pretext of checking on Kent's report, they headed almost due north. In another six hours the fleet would be in position for the attack by the enemy bombers, if Kent's "nav" was correct.

On oxygen, they came over the island at their maximum ceiling. Nothing showed. Kent slipped downstairs to four thousand and then headed inland along the deep lead. All was quiet below. But Kent could see the net had been extended, a new section added.

"There she is," he sang out. "We'll let 'em think we're on regular patrol."

"I don't see anything," Long John said a bit doubtfully. "Sure you don't imagine—"

"How does she lay?" Shorty cut in.

Kent knew Shorty was in there trying.

"Almost square with the end of the lead. About two hundred feet below the old headframe. Can't you see her? Why can't you get on her?"

"You're nuts!" Long John yelled.

The bomber circled and again sped back along the lead. Long John's voice came sourly . . . "—what kinda hop-hop you been smokin'—" and snapped off at the sprouting of a whitish mushroom against the dark sweep of the jungle, followed by a round thistle-puff floating just under and ahead of their nose.

Kent promptly put the big ship into a dive. Then the flat jungle sprouted a whole bed of mushrooms. A splinter whanged through the side wall, leaving a nice ragged hole.

Kent pulled out and skinned over the old headframe of the abandoned mine just as a mighty detonation whipped across the jungle top.

"Right in the basket, Shorty!" Long John yelped. "Let's go back an' give 'em the other bar'l! McCrea, you got eyes like a bloody eagle!"

"Just a little more aft," Shorty requested in a thin voice. "They're invited to an old down-South fish fry!"

Below them a battery of antiaircraft guns whammed away, and the Jap carrier opened up with everything it had as they swung out and came in low along the fault line. They could see that the net was punctured and rent asunder in a dozen places, and the survivors were frantically trying to cut it adrift up forward where a towering column of yellowish-brown smoke drifted skyward.

Kent bored in and Shorty delivered his tin fish. At the last moment Kent lifted the plane over the old pier. They could not see Shorty's little present arrive but they heard the deep rumbling explosion, followed hard by a series of lesser, muffled detonations.

"Magazines and boilers, Shorty," Long John drawled.

They circled the area of smoke and ash. The lead was clogged with debris and a few swimming men.

"That," said Long John, "is what you might call a neat bit of tatting, Shorty." And to Kent: "Let's go home, sailor. The joint's closed up on us."

And as they circled for the last time, the old mine dump inched downward in the slow movement of a dirt-covered glacier rolling the hulk of the enemy carrier before it like a huge boulder in a terminal moraine.

THEY were all there; with enough gold braid to have sunk the admiral's barge. And the Old Man from the Big Flag was over. He looked up from Doctor Brose's report. There was a gleam in his eye.

"Disqualified for further service, eh?"

The doctor looked at Gimlet-legs Parker.

"It was Captain Parker who hit upon the answer," he said. "Somehow there was a cross entry on the papers when Lieutenant McCrea was examined. His eye test was put on a man's named Norton. The report I have made here explains the reason for those little mix-ups McCrea has been in. That Pensacola affair. . . . Those waveoffs. And I am sure that McCrea suspected the answer right along.

"But no other man, except a man in McCrea's condition, could have spotted that Jap carrier under that camouflage—for the reason that McCrea is—*color blind!*"

"Too bad," Captain Parker sighed. "It will just about finish McCrea. Good man."

"*Finish him?*" the admiral snorted. "That's where you're all away off your beam. I'll get a waiver on that boy—if I have to go clear to the White House, myself!"

The Old Man glowered about and his eye lit upon the open book wherein a jumble of varicolored dots resolved themselves into neat numerical patterns.

"So that's what tripped the lad up, eh?" he boomed and glared at the offending combination. And as an afterthought: "Who the dickens thought up that hodgepodge of colored flyspecks, anyway?"

"The man," said Doctor Brose, "is named Ishihara."

The Old Man was silent for a long moment.

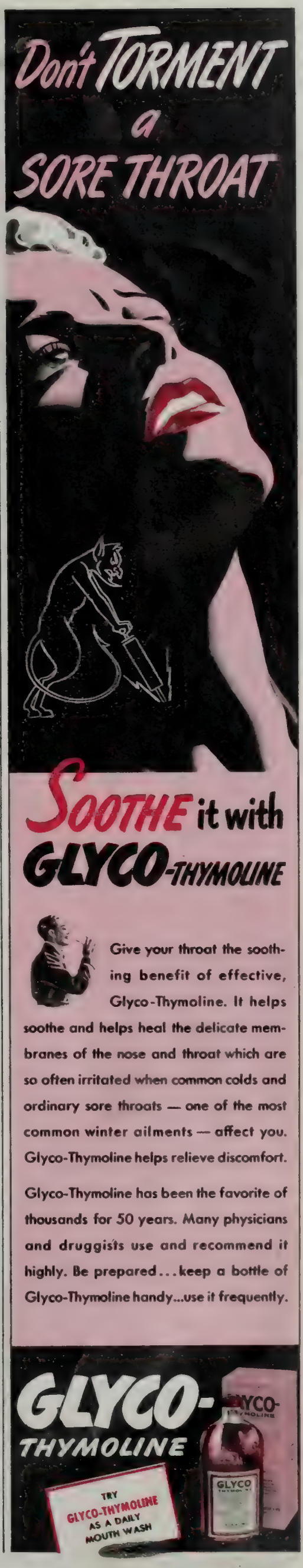
"A man's chickens—" he quoted softly. "A nation's chickens—part of them, at least—have come home to roost. If the lad had passed the Japs' own test, they would be stronger by one carrier. How do you like that?"

THE END



"He says he knows today is Tuesday because a little bird told him so"

ROBERT DAY



as you like 'em . . . CRISP!



as you need 'em . . . NUTRITIOUS!

★ ★ Even blue Mondays have a rosy side! Let Kellogg's Rice Krispies show it to you.

They're gay as sunlight. Listen to them snap! crackle! pop! in milk or cream. Breakfast skimpers just can't resist this cheery crispness call. Watch 'em pitch in!

Nourishment? Rice Krispies are crowded with it. As recommended by U. S. Official Food Rules, they are restored to the whole-grain nutritive values of natural brown rice. Thiamin (Vitamin B_1), niacin and iron are added in just the right scientific amounts.

Enjoy Rice Krispies tomorrow. That delicious "crunch" in every spoonful . . . that mellow, tantalizing flavor . . . are the result of an exclusive Kellogg recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting. Better order *two* packages!

"Rice Krispies" is a trademark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its oven-popped rice.

Copr. 1942 by Kellogg Company



True to the Navy

Continued from page 26

other girls, prefacing her every remark with a "Look, hon—"

They all worked more or less silently the first few minutes. But eventually the all-important status of man rating must be established.

Their questions were simple and direct. "You married?" Betty's seniority permitted this.

"I'm married," Vina-Lou informed them gaily. "But I haven't got a husband. He's gone to live with Uncle Sam."

"Private?"

"Nope." Smiling proudly, Vina-Lou meticulously stenciled out a "profit-sharing" line. Her reply she hoarded in a blissful pool of silence. "Ensign. San Diego. He's been a Navy man almost five years."

"Five years!" Hazel, the small-boned ash blonde, flashed gray suspicious eyes. "I bet you're not twenty yet, yourself."

"I'm nineteen," Vina-Lou admitted. "You see, we got married last Christmas—just before they called him back."

"No honeymoon at *all?*" asked Jo, sympathetic. Jo was older than the others—thirty-something—with warm red-brown eyes and generous mouth. With her head done up in a bandanna, Jo looked like an ad for pancake flour.

"Well—we had three weeks." Vina-Lou sighed big, nostalgic. "I reckon, in a way, we lived a lot."

"MY MAN left me." Jo candidly announced. "Ran off with a blonde. But the Marines took him away from her."

"How about you, Lucille?" Betty prompted. "You married?"

Lucille flashed her quick smile and said, "Not any more." And then her mouth went hard. She added, cryptic, "His plane cracked up."

Hurriedly, Betty stated, "My man's a Coast Guard. Stationed right here in Memphis." Light softened her hard dark eyes. "I'm helping him build us a home."

Hazel said, resentful, "And *my* old man was drafted."

"The War Widows' Club," Jo lightly summed it up. Her lips smiled wryly—but not her eyes.

"Sister, you *said* it." Fiercely, Hazel attacked a box of Hanky-Packs. "If you ask me, I think we got a problem."

Vina-Lou was kinda glad when the stencil ink ran out. It gave her a chance to look around.

"Look, hon," Betty instructed, "how about you running across yonder to the shipping desk to Lee—he's the tall guy, sitting down—and ask him how's to borrow some stencil ink?"

Vina-Lou said, "Okay," and picked up the empty can. Speculative, she looked down at her slacks—just one big splotch, so far, on that left leg.

When the fellas started whistling, Vina-Lou just smiled. She thought, *Oh, well, if it gives 'em any kick . . .*

A moon-faced Swede, not twenty, with pink cheeks and straw-colored hair, moved his hand truck parallel with Vina-Lou. Singing in high falsetto, "Somebody else is taking my place," he dumped his load near the runway, peered from behind his stack of boxes, and called, in deep bass, "Hi-ya, Babe?"

A slender, wiry, dark fella—older—with spectacles and a red scar above his temple, spoke: "Don't mind him, Gorgeous, all he knows is Stockyard Blondes."

Vina-Lou gave the fellas a close-up. She gave them the flat black freckle, the rosebud mouth, the lilting eyebrows suggesting song.

She kept smiling right on and said, "Hi-ya, fellas? How's to mooch yo for some stencil ink for the workin girls?"

Lee, the fella who was stencilin boxes, pressed a button that stoppe their speed. After that, the boys lo all pretense of working.

They crowded about the runway lik flies knotting about the crusted borde land of tanglefoot. And Vina-Lo couldn't have told you why, but sh found it to her liking.

Most fellas were loyal beings, Vin Lou's feminine intuition confirmed. Sa the right words to the right one, an he'd be your friend for life.

Instinctively, without effort or for thought, Vina-Lou found herself sayin the right words. "Ain't he crazy?" Vin Lou said, apparently admiring, as th Swede went off into another falsett verse.

The Swede strutted and flashed hi a wide-toothed smile.

"I bet you sure get tired doing that Vina-Lou observed, friendly, as Le stenciled the last three boxes of Hanky Packs.

Lee said, "No, not much," and flushe Then he stenciled out those three an had to stencil them over with a ne card.

He was tall, and all muscle, with lon dark hairy arms. Dark hair crowde like weeds over the sagging neckline o his sweat shirt. His jaw was hard—lik Mack's jaw, Vina-Lou decided, admi ing.

After Lee ran the can over with sten cil ink, and after a fella called Fats adjusted her stencil brush so it wouldn leak so bad, the Swede sidled over an asked shyly, "Say, kiddo, are you ma ried?"

Vina-Lou's laughter rang out, liltin good-natured. She spaced her answe loud enough for all to hear: "I'm ma ried, but the Navy took my husband

"In that case," Scarhead spoke u smoothly hopeful, "maybe you'd go o on dates?"

Vina-Lou said, "That depends upo what type of fella asks me." Turnin she skipped off with the stencil ink.

Loud laughter told her she had score a hit.

THAT first day, Vina-Lou got thr bids for dates. But that was befo the fellas really got acquainted.

Nearly all the time, now, they ha fellas around to take down boxes Hanky-Packs, or to stack up boxes Hanky-Packs. The other girls, too, g lots of offers.

They talked their offers over, in de tail, among themselves. "Burnt chi dreads fire," Jo would say, humorously "but burnt child dreads lonesome, to I reckon, in this case, she'll risk th burning."

Lucille always said, "Not tonight."

Hazel said, "My old man would sk me alive. But, gee, what he don't kno won't hurt 'im."

Betty, curious, asked, "Ain't yo Navy man jealous, Vina-Lou?"

"Mack's jealous," Vina-Lou fond admitted, letting his name roll on h tongue. "But, gee, how that man co tradicts himself! He says a stay-a home wife gets rusty like an old unus door hinge. Says it's our job to ke ourselves perked up and pretty. Th he'll write, if he ever catches me ste ping out on him, off will come my hea I swear, it's got me running round circles."

"So you've decided to keep hi fooled?" Betty asked, puzzled.

"Yes and no." Vina-Lou put n

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

ape i the machine. "Mack's spoiled, f cou e, the lug. But he's—well, when ou're *crazy* about a man— You think wan Mack telling *me* I'm rusty? So nles want to lose 'im, I feel I got to rcul e. And to circulate, a girl must ave man to take her places."

"I tought I'd heard 'em all, but this e's inda new." Hazel's paintbrush, egle ed, dripped glue spots on the oor To hold her navy man, married s us out to date civilians."

"H can a girl swim in the water id get wet?" Lucille asked.

"n." Vina-Lou's rosebud mouth mile gay, self-confident. "But, then, system."

"I love 'em and leave 'em system?" archly inquired.

"I *don't* love 'em and leave 'em " Vina-Lou corrected, wise. "It's ied girl's business to know how o rol her heart. Personally, I be- er safety lies in numbers. It's ady dating stuff that gets a girl 'ch. But so long as she keeps ng dates, a married girl can cir- And at the same time, she can ue to her husband."

"Y might control *your* heart," Jo d, her voice experience-scarred. hat about the other guy? How ow who's going to control *him?*"

"I t'll have to be his lookout. Un- d, I don't wanna hurt nobody. don't wanna get involved—"

"Hg your clothes on a hickory Jo quoted airily, "but don't go e water."

"Anyway, it's all temporary," Vina- ionalized. "Temporary job. Tem- dates to keep myself brushed fo Mack. If that big lug would only crap-shooting alone—" Vina- sigh was big, tolerant. "I'm just to fill in the blank spaces till I e price of this ticket to San "

"Kp me informed, girls," requested "In some ways, this is better'n a ied story."

Vi -Lou followed out her system th different date each night. She hard at Hanky-Pack. She harder at her self-imposed job co ulating.

She went to movies—always with an eeled for what might interest For Mack's benefit, she stored precious feminine tips—this star's ; that one's blouse; another's The best gags she relayed to nightly, in her letters.

She went to dinners in cheap restau- where beer was good and food oor. She went swimming. She tennis. She went dancing.

In pite of this, there were many sleepless hours that made her wonder.

"Mack'll write tonight," Vina-Lou kept telling herself, after she wrote Mack about her Hanky-Pack job. "When he finds out I'm working out my ticket to San Diego, I'll get a Special Delivery Air Mail, certain."

Then tomorrow night would come and she would rush home to the tiny apartment—the only concrete evidence she had, now, that there'd ever been a honeymoon at all. And there would be the mail box—empty.

The thing that bothered Vina-Lou was this thing that had happened to Jo, at Hanky-Pack. Jo, whose husband had walked off with a blonde. Men, Jo said, were fickle. Could it be that Mack didn't want Vina-Lou to come to San Diego to find a job? Could it be that Mack had met a blonde?

THE White Streamliner would go by. Vina-Lou learned to watch for the Streamliner. It ran nightly—ten fifty-nine. Sometimes there would be as many as ten coaches of soldiers. You could see their uniformed silhouettes at lighted windows. The Streamliner brought her, somehow, close to Mack.

Watching it pass, Vina-Lou would think, *Each window a face. For each face, some girl waiting in the dark!—like me . . .*

The war did crazy things to you. It picked you up and set you down. Like it had her and Mack. This time last summer she was just a girl from Arkansas, visiting her cousin Thelma here in Memphis. Then they'd gone on the excursion boat that night. And there were those two sailors, Mack and Hub.

She'd known, after that first kiss on the top deck, there'd never be anyone else for her but Mack . . . Mack said, "We'll be married in December, when my four years is up."

But December brought Pearl Harbor. They married, anyway, before Mack got called back.

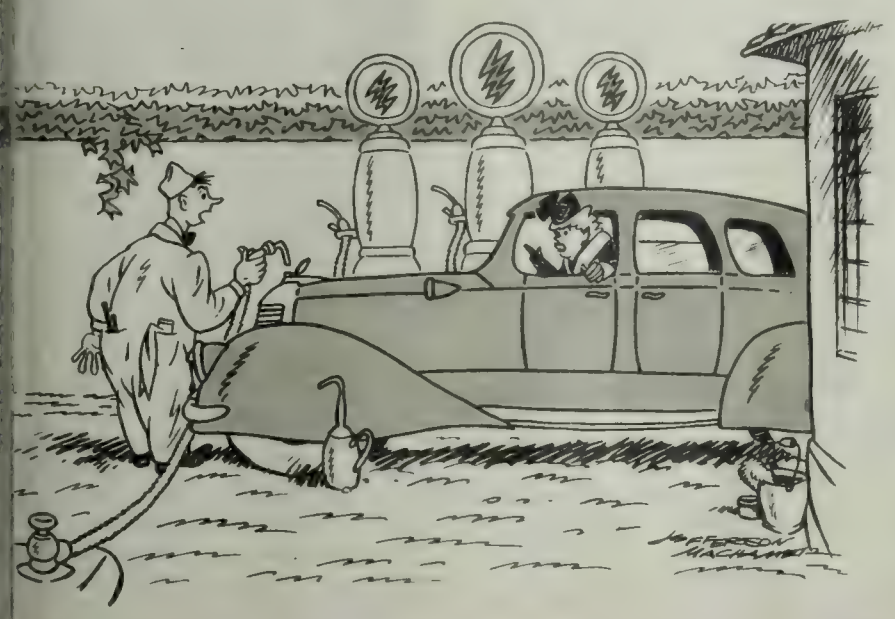
It picked you up and set you down. Betweentimes, you wondered where it would land you next.

Their honeymoon . . . three weeks of Paradise, *it* had been. She wondered was three weeks of Paradise enough to hold a man? Especially with two thousand miles between?

What all had happened to Mack since last Christmas, when he'd been called back? Soon be October now. Ten months. Ten months away from Mack. Each day, the chasm widened. Three weeks, almost, since Mack had written.

"You don't look so good, Vina-Lou," Betty observed, after that first week. "You're kinda pale."

"This night life is getting me down,"



ow long will it take, young man, to change me over from oil to coal?"

IER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

The vehicles, trains, men and women of the Railway Express are in action on the Home Front — transporting the vital necessities of a nation at war.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY INC.

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE



MOTHER takes a big war contract!

Boys in uniform can count on Mom for newsy, cheery letters . . . now and then a box of favorite "eats". Signed up as a morale builder, Mother gladly stretches the working day to fulfill her new duties.

But every mother can do a better job if she knows that—come what may—her family's future is protected by adequate life insurance. Safeguarding wife and children against ugly want and dependency is a "must" for Father—in wartime as in peacetime. So let your local Mutual Life representative explain our *4 new, premium-saver policies.* We have designed them to give a large amount of immediate insurance protection, and still leave cash for War Savings Bonds and Stamps.

Family heads on "war budgets" should read our free, new booklet, "What $10 a Month in Premiums Can Do Today." It offers a choice of 4 low-premium ways to add to your family security. Ask for Booklet C-4.

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America" Lewis W. Douglas, President

1843 - First Policy Issued • • 1942 - More than 900,000 Policyholders

34 NASSAU STREET • NEW YORK CITY

Vina-Lou cracked feebly. "All these neighborhood movies, and the popcorn."

Vina-Lou found herself looking over toward Lee, the shipping clerk. Lee, whose hard jaw reminded her of Mack.

"All the fellas on this floor have asked me for a date now, excepting Lee," Vina-Lou observed, thoughtful. "I wonder does he think I got pink toothbrush or something?"

Before the stencil ink ran out that day, Hazel hurried across to borrow some from Lee. When she came back, Hazel said, "I fixed it up." That night, just before quitting time, Lee asked Vina-Lou how about a date?

Vina-Lou said, "Gee, it sure took you a long time to make your mind up."

He wasn't like Mack at all. Vina-Lou reckoned it was just that jaw of his. When it came time to say goodnight, Lee tried to kiss her.

"Just because we saw a movie is no sign to act like goons," Vina-Lou protested. "Maybe you don't get it, Lee. I'm married."

"You're my girl now," Lee stated, possessive. "From now on, those other guys had better all lay off."

Vina-Lou said, "Boy, you sure do hate yourself." But the way his eyes shone—kind of crazy; man-drunk with power. The plain truth was, Vina-Lou was worried.

After she got rid of Lee, she wrote to Mack. She told Mack in another week she'd have her bus fare to San Diego. She signed it, as always: *With true love, from your wife.* Before she slept she mailed it—Special Delivery Air Mail.

Long afterward, in bed, she heard the plane fly over. *He'll have to answer this one.* Lying there beneath the covers, with fingers crossed and beating heart, Vina-Lou prayed: *Make him want me. Make him lonesome.* Vina-Lou uncrossed her fingers. *Dear Lord, don't let it be a blonde.*

Next day, at work, Lee kept watching Vina-Lou. Just to show Lee where he stood, Vina-Lou told the Swede he could have that date now.

Night came. The Swede didn't show up at all. Vina-Lou didn't think much about it till next day, when she saw the Swede's black eye. Some of the other fellas told her Lee had done it.

"Lee warned us all," Scarhead told Vina-Lou. "He said the Swede was just a sample. He said the next guy that tried to date you, he'd get tough."

Vina-Lou gave Lee a piece of her candid mind. Lee laughed, uneasy, flushing. "Looks like you got me on your hands, don't it?" His rain-gray eyes were hard.

AFTER that Vina-Lou wouldn't talk to Lee. But that didn't keep Lee from following her like a shadow. He had a habit of showing up in her neighborhood—when Vina-Lou would go to the drugstore, or to the market. Uninvited, Lee would walk home with her.

Vina-Lou tried ignoring Lee. He walked beside her anyway. She tried cussing him out. Vina-Lou knew a lot of good strong words. Vina-Lou finished with, "I don't see what you think all this will get you?"

"If I can't have you," Lee said—and his gray eyes held that crazy shine—"why, I'll see that no one else does."

Then, two days later, when the telegram came, Vina-Lou forgot all about Lee. Happily, walking on air, Vina-Lou shared her telegram with the girls at Hanky-Pack. It read:

ARRIVING BY PLANE SOMETIME TONIGHT STOP BEING TRANSFERRED STOP BE PACKED TO GO MACK

Then, magically, on a line all by itself, the one word—LOVE!

Vina-Lou sang as she opened Hanky-Packs. Her fingers were thistledo The sky was a solid rainbow.

Vina-Lou rushed home to clean apartment. She made a list. Beefs —smothered with onions, the way M liked; homemade potato salad—lot mayonnaise, hard-boiled egg rings sl on top; dill pickle; poppy-seed r chocolate cake—a bakeshop cake w do, if the icing was thick enough. beer. At least six bottles.

Buying them, Vina-Lou thought, ous, *Boy, does this Hanky-Pack Diego ticket money come in handy*

It was shortly after dark when V Lou came out of the corner groc package laden. When she saw standing there, it gave her quite a t Then, with a sort of peace-on-e good-will-to-man feeling, she rem bered the telegram. Lee and Ha Pack were shadows now on what, time tomorrow, would be her Vina-Lou thought, *Gee, have I acting silly!*

When Lee asked, "Can I help?" V Lou said, "You sure can. Here." her arms free, she told Lee her big n

"I know," Lee said, glum. "They me down at work."

Vina-Lou's talk was animated, cr gay. Lee's talk was— Vina-Lou coul have told you a single word Lee sa

ON THE sidewalk before the a ment, Vina-Lou said, "Gee, tha Lee. So we part friends, huh? Swe you to help me bring the groceries.

Lee said, "I'll carry 'em up for y

"Oh, no." Vina-Lou reached for parcels. Stubbornly, Lee held on. didn't know why a little thing like could make her so uneasy.

It was semidark, going up the stairway. Nervously, Vina-Lou fi through her purse for the door ke figure loomed before her. Vina- shrieked, "Mack!"—and dropped purse.

Funny, how you could forget a t like how his shaving lotion smelled. beard tickled like Mack's beard. lips filled her with the same sweet gling lightning.

Mack looked over her shoulder. saw Lee standing there. Lee, lo with parcels—with beer bottles, groceries. Vina-Lou saw suspicion ing born in Mack's cold blue eyes. M said, slow, "Who *is* this guy?"

"This is Lee, Mack." Confu pulled like weights against the tau of her words. Anxiety made them st like tight-plucked strings. "Lee w at Hanky-Pack. He—" Fearful, V Lou watched that jaw of Mac watched that little muscle leap.

"Do you live here?" It leaked thr each slow-spaced word—the thing Mack was thinking.

"No, I don't *live* here." Lee's gray eyes, uncertain, took on that c shine. Lee, scared, not sure of him and jealous—jealous of the way V Lou had looked when Mack had ki her. Lee's laugh was deliberate. " do is pay the rent and buy the bac

Trembling, Vina-Lou's fingers, co ice, unlocked her own apartment "Lee's an awful kidder, Mack. He take me to the movies once—"

Mack said, bitter, "With true from your wife"—and Vina-Lou ized that Mack was quoting from way she ended all his letters. "I hell!" Mack turned on his heel. " to the navy. True to the whole dan civilian population!"

"Mack!" Blindly, Vina-Lou ra ward the stairway. Mack shoved aside. *Dear God, put words in mouth!* Her tongue was dry.

All she could say was, "Mack, go. Listen, Mack. Honest—"

Mack kept walking. Twelve steps. Her heart broke in twelve s rate pieces.

for he slammed the door, Mack
"Ty train leaves ten fifty-nine.
jer ow drunk I can get by then."
n fty-nine? She thought, dully,
s ne *White Streamliner*. She
t e n know where Mack was go-

m where she sat on the top
h eyes stared listlessly at her
ns purse. Hanky-Packs. Coin
. She thought, indifferent, *I*
pick up all that junk.

s motionless. Inside the apart-
n she could hear Lee setting the
cl on the table. *I ought to put*
sh *on ice* . . . The Streamliner?
h one of the lighted windows
t Mack.
cl while Lee said, "I put 'em in
fix."
a ou said, "You think of every-

l er, Lee asked, "Why don't you
st de?"
n ou got up. "Gee, it sure is
n ou to ask me in." Later on,
s he'd get up strength enough to

n ou sat in the big chair. Lee sat
v ivan. Vina-Lou asked, once,
h yourself a time?"
s d, "I'm staying here till after
sh runs."
s forty-five, Vina-Lou asked,
l me, what does all this get

s id, "Maybe you'll see, now,
it like to be the sucker."
s there with Lee, Vina-Lou saw
n she'd never seen before. It
s etty. It wasn't flattering. She
s arly.
h eagerness to stay young for
s e had unhesitatingly used the
. With woman's capital of eyes
s and lure, she'd passed out
s y notes. Then, when the notes
n e, she'd pleaded emotional
s cy. She'd said, "I'm married."
s suckers, all right, Lee." Vina-
s ce was somehow older, quiet.
s ty-eight.
Vina-Lou heard the whistle, she
s p and turned off the lamp. "If
it mind," she said, "I'd like to
m the dark."
s coaches, it was. Twelve
f lighted windows. Which win-
Mack? Which? . . . *Which?* . . .
taillight showed, dim-red, she
art of her own life had passed
The young part. The best part.
she'd saved for Mack—the
k didn't want. Without know-
k carried that part with him.

Lee rose to go. "Just so you won't keep acting crazy, I'm keeping the other guys all scared off."

Vina-Lou said, toneless, "My hero. My big protector."

Lee hesitated a moment. Then he left—he left for good, Vina-Lou knew. He left—after it no longer mattered.

As Lee's footsteps died away, Vina-Lou thought: *Mack, where are you?*"

"Vina-Lou?"

Rigidly she sat. She thought, *I've gone slap-happy. Now I'm hearing things.*

"Vina-Lou!"—it sounded impatient, louder.

In the dark, Vina-Lou started up. "Here, Mack! Here I am, on the divan." She struggled up to pull the light on. But Mack found her.

"You alone, Vina-Lou?" Eagerness, apology, humility—crushed man-pride; a soul in hell.

"Of course I am, you poor sap." Fool woman tears.

Mack's hair. Mack's beard. Mack's arms. Mack's kisses. . . . "Mack! Oh, *Mack!*"

Against her hair, Mack said, "I had to come back. I had to *know*—"

Vina-Lou said, "Mack, don't talk. Just—just *hold* me."

Mack just held her.

It mattered not where Mack was called, Vina-Lou thought with hungry, tight-shut eyes. It mattered not that he never wrote. It mattered not when they'd leave, or where, or even how long his time was. All that mattered was now—*now!*

War picked you up and set you down. Tomorrow? You didn't know. But when it offered you moments like this— You accepted them. Gratefully. Completely. Without question.

LATER—much, much later—after the potato salad, after the dill pickle, after the beer was just six empty bottles, Vina-Lou said, experience-scarred, "Mack, this war-widow business and dates—I've found that the two won't mix."

True to character, Mack went on, "Why won't they mix?" Mack said, "Gee, honey, you talk like some old woman. Get wise to yourself. This ain't the Civil War, this is the World-wide War. I wouldn't *want* a girl that other fellas didn't try to date." Mack said, suspicious, "Gee, surely you don't think, after this, that I'd be jealous?"

Vina-Lou said sensibly, "Of course not, Mack. It's just—well, gee, hon, can I help it if I'm old-fashioned?"

THE END



"Shhhh—Mom's asleep" TONY BARLOW

NO MORE CANNED DOG FOOD? So What!



Wirehair: Lee's Choice Impy

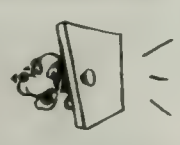
KEEP 'EM FED RIGHT WITH

GAINES

Feed GAINES Dry Dog Food and *chances are* you wouldn't feed your dog old-fashioned canned foods again—*even if you could!*

Dogs just *love* GAINES! Actual surveys show better than 92 out of 100 dogs take an instant liking to it! You see, GAINES contains *dehydrated meat meal aplenty.*

And GAINES is so good for dogs!



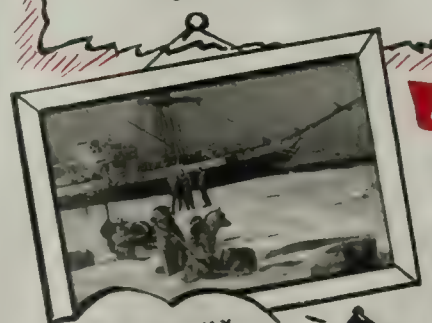
It offers them Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), B_6, D, E, Niacin, Pantothenate and all other food factors they're known to need. Canned dog foods never offered more. *Indeed, few ever offered as much!*

Why make your dog wait another day to enjoy the kind of dog food chosen by the U. S. Antarctic Expedition and *now used by the U. S. Army.* Get him some GAINES *today!*

Your grocer has Gaines in 2-lb., 5-lb., and 10-lb. paper bags. And it's *money-back guaranteed!*



THRIFTY! One 2-lb. bag of Gaines is the nutritional equivalent of FIVE 1-lb. tins of canned dog food! Like finding money, isn't it!



NOT A HASTILY-FORMULATED WAR-TIME SUBSTITUTE . . . Gaines has been a success—in dry form—for over 14 years! Official Photo—U.S. ANTARCTIC SERVICE

Mail Today for FREE SAMPLES!

Gaines Food Co., Inc., Box C-10, Sherburne, N. Y.
Please send liberal FREE trial feeding of Gaines Meal and Krunchon (pellets).

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Canadian Representative: **Wear Food Company, 2114 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ontario**

Copyright 1942, Gaines Food Co., Inc.

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

LITTLE Hugh Gurney, grandson of a wealthy California physician, strays away from his home and is lost. Searchers having failed to find him, his grandfather offers a large reward for anything throwing light on the lad's disappearance. Months later, Al Harris, a hospital orderly, finds what *appears* to be the child's body; and he receives the reward.

Meanwhile, Hugh's mother has borne another child—a girl. When this second child—Loveday—is quite young, her grandfather dies; and no trace of the old gentleman's fortune can be found! . . . The years pass. When Loveday is almost twenty-one, she marries "Larry" Ingersoll, an attractive but rather ineffectual young man, by whom she has several children. Larry is unable to hold a job; and, leaving his little family, he becomes a flier—first for Canada, then for this country.

Among Loveday's friends is Dr. Marc Villard, who believes he is a Frenchman. But it is presently discovered that he is, in reality, Hugh Gurney, who had been kidnaped, taken to France, and, later, brought back to America! But what about the body found by Al Harris? Hugh interviews the man (who can throw no light on the mystery); after which, he sets forth to find Delia Dillon (once employed by the Gurneys), who, he feels sure, can give him some valuable "leads". . . .

"Chris" St. George, a noted playwright, is in love with Loveday. Again and again, he implores her to secure a divorce and marry him. Loveday—strongly attracted to him—will make no promises. . . . Hugh finds Delia Dillon, who gives him a box which, she says, had been entrusted to her care by his grandfather. He and Loveday feel sure that it contains the missing fortune; but, when they open it, they find only old letters, clippings and diaries.

While Hugh is away, Chris calls on Loveday, gives her an ultimatum—either she will get a divorce and marry him, or he will tell her goodby forever. Realizing that she is infatuated with Chris, fearing to trust her emotions, Loveday telephones Hugh, asks him to hurry home. Whereupon, Chris, infuriated, gets up and leaves the house abruptly.

The Japanese attack Pearl Harbor. Among the heroes of that historic event is a young American flier: *Larry Ingersoll!* Wounded, he is put on a ship bound for San Francisco. As the ship approaches its dock in San Francisco, Loveday is there; she has been waiting for hours—*waiting for the man she loves.*

Conclusion

THERE were no whistles, no lights, no cries of welcome. Quietly ropes were flung, figures moved in the dark, there was a subdued commotion. New barriers had been put down; when Loveday and the other women instinctively moved toward one of the gangplanks that showed in the gloom, they found themselves stopped by a stout cable and a trio of officers. They stood silent, a block of quivering, anxious, expectant humanity, their hearts hurting them.

Long delays. A few men came down the gangplank, a few went up. The first pallid, colorless light of dawn, striking in from the east, showed bundled, hooded children along the promenade deck rails; scores of small intent faces.

Daylight, cold and sunless, but yet God's own blessed daylight, lessened the strain. Voices sounded, quick and furtive at first—growing stronger:

"Harry! There he is—see, up on the boat deck! Mamma! I'm here— We're all here! Here's your new grandson! Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo, George! Yoo-hoo, Ma! Fine! Okay! Nothing to it! Look, darling, look down there, that lady in the blue coat—that's your Aunt Helen! But we're in, dear; this is San Francisco! We're back in America!"

Loveday was crying; everyone was crying. Women and children were filing down the little bridge that was all that kept them from the weary crowded narrowness of the ship and the miraculous safety and solidity and sunshine of the shore. There was sobbing on all sides as women knelt to catch small bewildered children to their hearts, and weary boys felt the arms that loved them about them again.

Down, down, down the narrow gangplank they came; ambulances had been driven down the dock to the very ship's side now, and the stretchers were b quickly and quietly brought acro special bridge from one of the cargo ports. A woman would step the waiting group, speak lightly to shrouded, well-blanketed figure on stretcher, exchange a word with th derlies carrying it, and one wounded man would be safe and o way to a hospital.

Still they were flowing down, an ending stream.

Loveday stood fixed, watching

(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



At City Hall the populace was exultant. . . . Larry waved his aviator's cap and smiled, and the women cried, "God bless you!"



FROM THE HIGH C OF PRODUCTION - TO THE SEVEN SEAS

of a War-Torn World

HIGGINS INDUSTRIES sends forth products to the fighting forces of the United Nations—

On land, on sea, and in the air.

In the last year Higgins Industries has established the greatest boat production the history of the world.

Today boats and other products move an ever-increasing stream from nine Higgins plants, each of which was set up and put into operation without a cent of Government aid.

Ask the Commandos on the shores of France and Norway

Ask the Marines in the Solomon Islands

Iceland and in Africa

the Aleutians and in the Coral Sea

"higgins-boat" means Dependability.

HIGGINS INDUSTRIES, INC.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS

HIGGINS ALSO PRODUCES

- Steel and Wood
- Barges and Barges
- Amphibious Equipment
- Torpedo Tubes
- Power Gun Turrets
- Sound Communicating Devices
- Intratroop Radio Telephone
- Quartz Crystals
- Smoke Generators
- Water Purifiers and Salt Water Converters
- Engine Clutch and Reverse Gear Mechanism
- Hypoid and Helican Gears
- Bonded Wood,—Plastics
- Lifeboat Releasing Gears
- Turbine Type Pumps
- Remote Engine Controls
- Mechanical Steering Devices
- Higite, (new explosive)
- Twin Machine Gun, Cannon Stabilizer and Sighting Control



The "Crocodile"



Landing Boat



Coast Guard Patrol Boat



Anti-Submarine Boat

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

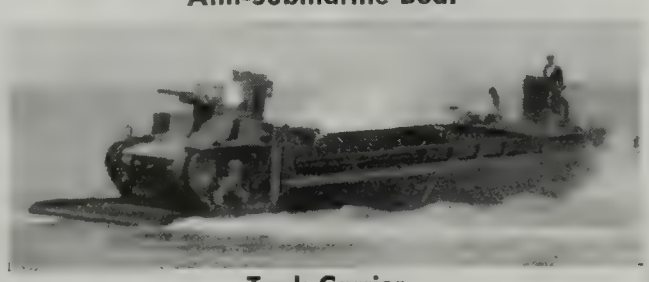
DEAR MR. HIGGINS:

This is to inform you that the Army and Navy are conferring upon the Industrial Canal, City Park, and Bayou St. John Plants of Higgins Industries, the Army-Navy Production Award for high achievement in the production of war equipment.

This award symbolizes your country's appreciation of each man and woman in these plants. Accorded only to those organizations which have shown exceptional performance in fulfilling their tasks, it consists of a flag to be flown above your company, and a lapel pin which each individual may wear as a sign of distinguished service to his country.

I am confident that your outstanding record will bring victory nearer by inspiring others to similar high achievement.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK KNOX (Signed)



Tank Carrier

HIGGINS BOATS



Armored Support Boat

Today's cargoes can't wait for Tomorrow's cargo planes!

WE CAN'T WIN THIS WAR with munitions which lie at the bottom of the ocean!

With our fighting forces scattered the world over, America has awakened to the fact that Air Transport may be a vital key to our supply problem!

Today, on the drafting boards of the country's aircraft designers, are sky freighters which will carry great loads over vast distances—when they can be built. But, unfortunately, transport planes that will not be ready to fly until a year from now *may be a year too late!*

In the meantime, America's big-plane builders are not standing by idle. They know the problem is desperately urgent—and they are taking urgent measures to meet it.

Right now—to cite our own case—multi-ton planes are coming off Consolidated's assembly lines into the hands of America's trans-oceanic ferry pilots.

These planes—though designed primarily as bombers, not freighters—readily lend themselves to cargo and transport service when certain alterations have been made.

One such plane is the huge Consolidated Coronado flying boat. Every day, more and more of these air freighters are being put into service. Along with their sister flying boats, the Catalinas, they are getting today's cargoes to our far-flung fighting fronts in a matter of hours.

And from our assembly lines comes still another Consolidated transport plane—the new "work-horse" version of the B-24 Liberator, America's famed 4-engined bomber. Liberator transport planes, for months past, have been ferrying supplies to our forces in Hawaii and the far Pacific, as well as across the Atlantic.

Here at Consolidated, we know that converted bombers are not the last word in giant air transports. We are now developing transport planes that will dwarf today's *largest* aerial freight cars. But today's experimental models are for *tomorrow's* cargoes. They cannot be built in sufficient numbers *quickly enough* to do the job that must be done *today.*

The immediate problem is *cargo planes — today — for today's cargoes.* And that's the problem we're doing our best to lick! *Consolidated Aircraft Corp., San Diego, Calif. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

CONSOLIDATED builds Battleships of the Air*

**Originator of the LIBERATOR . . . CATALINA . . . CORONADO*



Streaking through the air at pursuit-ship speed, the fully loaded 28-ton Liberator has crossed the Atlantic in as little time as 400 minutes. No stranger to action against the Axis, the Consolidated Liberator is one of America's ace bombers. Converted into a transport plane, it is also ferrying military supplies across the Atlantic and Pacific to our fighting forces.



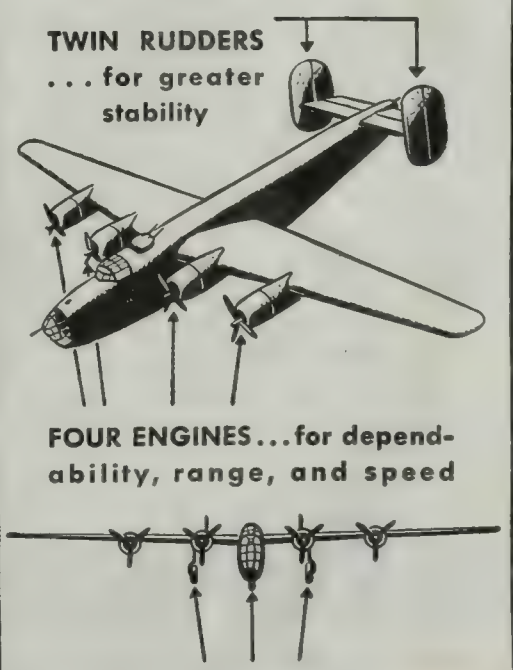
"As many as possible of *next* year's planes *this* year!" At the Consolidated plant in San Diego, B-24 Liberator bombers move down the assembly line 24 hours a day. In the common cause of Victory, the blueprints of the Consolidated Liberator are being shared with Douglas, Ford, and North American.

Sky freighters are not just a dream of the future. Even now the U.S. is producing big planes which are doing yeoman service as war freight carriers. One such plane is Consolidated's big mass-production PB2Y flying boat, known as the Coronado.



Last-minute check-up — a group of "Consair" transoceanic pilots checking charts and flight conditions before taking off in Consolidated B-24 Liberator transport planes. Along with its teammates — the 33-ton PB2Y Coronado and the famous PBY Catalina flying boats — this "work-horse" version of the Liberator bomber is helping to meet America's urgent supply problem by delivering today's cargoes overseas *today.*

How to spot the LIBERATOR (B-24)



DON'T TAKE CHANCES

with bleeding gums—it may be

GINGIVITIS!



4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Often leads to PYORRHEA with its soft shrinking gums

HEALTHY, good looking teeth are priceless. And one of the worst enemies of healthy teeth and firm gums is Gingivitis. Some of the first signs to watch for are tender gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth.

Although this is a mild gum inflammation—IF NEGLECTED, it often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection. Then at home here's—

One Best Precaution Against Gingivitis

Just put some Forhan's Toothpaste on your fingertip and massage it onto your gums. Do this every time you brush your teeth. There's no better toothpaste than Forhan's for both massaging gums to be firmer, more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling beauty.

Forhan's even helps remove that acid film that so often starts tooth decay. No wonder Forhan's has been used and recommended by so many dentists for over a generation.

At all Drug, Department and 10¢ stores



use **Forhan's** with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page 12

"She rang my doorbell, McPherson, much as you rang it this morning." Now, as Mark let the second cup of coffee grow cold, he saw me as I had been eight years before, wrapped in the same style of Persian dressing gown, pad in loose Chinese slippers to answer the doorbell. Carlo, who was Roberto's predecessor, had gone to do the daily marketing. "A slender girl stood there, timid as a fawn, and fawnlike, too, in her young uncertain grace. When I asked why she had come, she gave a little clucking sound. Fear had taken her voice.

"'Well, out with it!' Unwilling to acknowledge that I had been touched by her pretty shyness, I spoke harshly.

"She answered softly, all one frightened sentence, beginning with a plea that I forgive her for disturbing me and then promising that I should receive huge publicity for reward if I would endorse a fountain pen her employers were advertising.

"I exploded: 'Give *me* publicity, my good girl! Your reasoning is sadly distorted. Do you know how many dollars' worth of space my syndicated columns now occupy? And do you realize that manufacturers of typewriters, toothpaste and razors, with large checks in their pockets, are turned away from this door daily? You talk of giving *me* publicity!'

"Her embarrassment was painful. I demanded that she stay and have a glass of sherry with me. While we drank, I made her tell me about herself. This was her first job and it represented the apex of her ambitions at the time. She had visited sixty-eight advertising agencies before she got the job. Laura knew she was clever and she was willing to suffer endless rebuffs in order to prove her talents. When she had finished, I said, 'I suppose you think I'm moved by your story and that I'm going to break down and give you that endorsement!'"

"Did you?" Mark inquired.

I bowed my head in shame. "For seven years Waldo Lydecker has enthusiastically acclaimed that fountain pen."

"She must have been a terrific kid," he remarked.

"The next week I entertained her at dinner. That was the beginning. Under my tutelage she developed from a gauche child to a gracious New Yorker. After a year no one would have s pected that she came from Colora Springs. Of all my friends, McPhers she was the only one with whom I w willing to share my prestige. She b came as well known at opening nig as Waldo Lydecker's black Homburg his gold-banded stick."

My guest offered no comment. Sco piety and Brooklyn poverty had dev oped his resistance to chic women. "W she ever in love with you?"

"Laura was always fond of me. S rejected suitor after suitor during th eight years of loyalty."

The contradiction was named She Carpenter. But explanation would co later.

Mark rose. "It's getting late," he sa "I've got a date with Carpenter."

"Behold, the bridegroom waits!" we walked to the door, I added, "C on me whenever you like, McPherson hope to aid, if I can, in the apprehensi of the vile being—we can't call him l man, can we?—who could have p formed such a villainous and useles tragic deed. But in the meantime I sh be curious to know your opinion Shelby?"

"You don't think much of him yo self, do you?"

"Shelby was Laura's other life." stood with my hand on the doorkn "To my prejudiced way of thinking, t more commonplace and less-dist guished side of her existence. But juc for yourself, young man."

We shook hands.

I stood at the door until he had into the elevator.

WHILE a not inconsiderable share my work has been devoted to t study of murder, I have never stoop to the narration of a mystery. The lite ture of murder investigation bores me profoundly as its practice irritated Ma McPherson. Yet I am bound to tell t story, just as he was obliged to contin his searches, out of deep emotional i volvement in the case of Laura Hunt offer the narrative not so much as detective yarn, as a love story.

I wish I were its hero. I fancy mys a pensive figure, drawn, without co scious will, into a love that was born violence and destined for tragedy. I a given to thinking of myself in the thi person. Many a time when I have st



"Shall we wait?"

UNMILITARY COURTESY

CAR drove up to the gate of the 55th Army Air Forces Training Detachment at Bennettsville, South Carolina, and a major general leaned out.

"I'd like," he told the civilian guard, "to see my son, who's training here as a Cadet."

The two stars on the general's shoulders meant nothing to the unsoldier sentry. He merely ascertained the visitor's name and stepped back to phone the officer of the day for a go-ahead signal. When he returned to the general's car he nodded genially.

"Okay, Captain," he said, "you may go in now."

The general cleared his throat. "Look here, young man," he said with some asperity, "I'm not a captain."

The guard waved his hand deprecatingly. "Oh, that's all right," he smiled. "I call everybody Captain."

some clumsy misadventure, I am apt from remorse by the substitution of nsavory memory of another captig installment in The Life and s of Waldo Lydecker. Rare are ights when I fail to lull myself to without the sedative of some such c statement as, "Waldo Lydecker , untroubled, at the edge of a cliff ath which ten thousand angry lions d."

AKE this confession at the risk of nibiting absurdity. My proportions, ything, are too heroic. While I ure three inches above six feet, the nificence of my skeleton is hidden e weight of my flesh.

even this consolation must be de- me when I write those chapters ein Mark McPherson moves the . I have long learned to uphold my n a world that also contains Shelby enter, but Shelby is a shadow eas the young detective is a full- ed man. There is no wax in Mark, hard coin metal that impresses his definite stamp upon those who d seek to mold him. For all the h edges, he is the man I should have , the hero of the story.

he hero, but not the interpreter. In omniscient role, I shall describe es which I never saw and record dia- es which I did not hear. For this idence I offer no excuse. I am an t and it is my business to recreate ement precisely as I create mood. I v these people, their voices ring in ears and I need only close my eyes ee characteristic gestures. Thus I able to report that curious scene h took place in Susan Treadwell's ving room just twenty minutes after k had left me.

his was his first visit to a private e on Fifth Avenue. The door was ed for him by a grim Finn, the only ant who had accompanied Mrs. adwell when the news of her niece's den death had brought her from her mer place on Long Island. The se was like an undertaking parlor. ry piece of furniture, every picture ornament wore a shroud of pale, ed linen. As he waited, Mark paced long room, accosting and retreating his lean, dark-clad image in the length, gold-framed mirror. Laura to have married Shelby Carpenter the following Thursday. They had ed their blood tests and answered questions on the application for a riage license.

Mark knew these facts thoroughly. Shelby had been disarmingly frank with the police sergeant who asked the first questions. Folded in Mark's coat pocket was a carbon record of the lover's last meeting. The facts were commonplace but not conventional.

Laura had been infected with the week-end sickness. From the first of May until the last of September, she joined the fanatic mob in week-end pilgrimages to Connecticut. The moldy house described in my essay The Fermenting of New England was Laura's converted barn.

After a first visit, no amount of persuasion could induce me to return to that fly-infested sanctuary. Shelby, however, was a not unwilling victim. And sometimes, she took the maid, Bessie, and thus relieved herself of household duties which she pretended to enjoy. On this Friday, she had decided to leave them both in town. She needed four or five days of loneliness, she told Shelby, to bridge the gap between a Lady Lilith Face Cream campaign and her honeymoon. It would never do to start as a nervous bride.

This reasoning satisfied Shelby. It never occurred to him that she might have other plans. Nor did he question her farewell dinner with me. She had arranged, or so she told Shelby, to leave my house in time to catch the ten-o'clock train.

She and Shelby had worked for the same advertising agency. At five o'clock on Friday afternoon, he picked her up at her office. They stopped for Martinis at the Tropicale, a bar frequented by advertising and radio writers. Laura spoke of her plans for the week, setting Wednesday as the time of her return.

As Mark pondered these facts, his eyes on the checkerboard of light and dark woods set into Mrs. Treadwell's floor, he became aware that his restlessness was the subject of nervous scrutiny. The long mirror framed his first impression of Shelby Carpenter. Against the shrouded furniture, Shelby was like a brightly lithographed figure on the gaudy motion-picture poster decorating the somber granite of an ancient opera house. The dark suit chosen for this day of mourning could not dull his vivid grandeur. Male energy shone in his tanned skin, gleamed from his clear gray eyes, swelled his powerful biceps.

Later, as Mark told me of the meeting, he confessed that he was puzzled by an almost overwhelming sense of familiarity. Shelby spoke with the voice of a stranger but with lips whose considered smile seemed as familiar as Mark's own reflection. All through the interview and in several later meetings, Mark sought vainly to recall some earlier association.

They chose chairs at opposite ends of the long room. Shelby had offered, Mark accepted, a Turkish cigarette.

SHELBY had borne up bravely during the ordeal at headquarters. As his gentle Southern voice repeated the details of that tragic farewell, he showed clearly that he wished to spare his visitor the effort of sympathy.

"I put her in the taxi and gave the driver Waldo Lydecker's address. Laura said, 'Goodby until Wednesday,' and leaned out to kiss me. The next morning the police came to tell me that Bessie had found her body in the apartment. I wouldn't believe it. Laura was in the country. That's what she told me and Laura had never lied to me before."

Mark knew the facts. Shelby had used the same words in his interview with Sergeant Schultz. "Yet she'd telephoned Mr. Lydecker earlier in the afternoon to break the dinner date," Mark informed him. "Have you any idea why she continued to let you believe that she was going to his place?"

Cigarette smoke curled in flawless cir-

Macmillan RING-FREE does it again!



Non-Refillable!

NEW Quart Container Uses No Metal!

WHAT? A "can" without metal?

Yes sir, a *new* quart container for motor oil—unlike anything you ever saw before? It's waiting for you at *independent* filling stations, garages and car dealers! Today! Now you can get the fill of RING-FREE you have been wanting and needing.

"But wait a minute," you may be saying. "How can one of the smaller oil companies beat the field in bringing out a new quart package without metal?"

Because Macmillan is a pioneering company. Just as RING-FREE is different, so this new container is different.

Just as RING-FREE was the *first* motor oil *guaranteed* to remove carbon, save gas, reduce wear and repairs—so this new container is the first package to bring you your motor oil in the quantity you want, when and where you want it, without using up vital war metals.

Many, many months of experiment and research were devoted to finding this container. But Macmillan can work fast and unconventionally as well as thoroughly.

That's why we discovered the exclusive patented process of RING-FREE ten years ago. That's why we have discovered this container *now*.

Drive in at any *independent* filling station, garage or car dealer. Fill up with RING-FREE today!



Copyright 1942 by Macmillan Petroleum Corporation

Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try *one* fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

. . .

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
50 W. 50th St. New York · 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago · 530 W. 6th St., Los Angeles

KEY TO *INSTANT* COMFORT

Fortune's built-in flexibility—



Solid comfort for those extra miles you're walking. Fortune Flex, No. 6117.

Casual style and comfort of the moccasin type design. Fortune Flex, No. 6767.

$5.00 TO $5.50
SOME STYLES HIGHER

● Distinctive masculine styles with built-in flexibility—Fortune's contribution to smart walking comfort. The second you slip your foot into one of these new "Fortune Flex" styles you'll discover the key to *instant* comfort—built-in flexibility. They need no breaking in because Fortune has eliminated the source of the problem. They're made flexible before leaving the factory by a special *hand flexing* operation. Ask your dealer for the "Fortune Flex."

STEP INTO A FORTUNE — YOUR KEY TO A WEALTH OF SATISFACTION

FORTUNE

shoes for men

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE • TENN•

cles from Shelby's flawless lips. "I don't like to believe she lied to me."

"She lied twice, first in regard to dining with Mr. Lydecker, and second, about leaving town that night."

"I can't believe it. We were always so honest with each other."

Mark accepted the statement without comment. "We found the taxi driver who picked her up in front of the Tropicale. As soon as he'd turned the corner and you were safely out of sight, she told him he was not to take her to Mr. Lydecker's address, but directly to Grand Central."

"That's the catch," Shelby said.

"We've interviewed the porters on duty at Grand Central on Friday evening, and a couple remember her face."

"She always caught the Friday night train."

MARK nodded. "The only porter who swears to a definite recollection of Laura on this particular night also asked if he'd get his picture in the newspapers. So we strike a dead end there. She might have taken another taxi from the Forty-second or Lexington Avenue exits."

"Why?" Shelby sighed. "Why should she have done such a ridiculous thing?"

"If we knew, we might have a reasonable clue. Now as to your alibi, Mr. Carpenter . . ."

Shelby groaned.

"I won't make you go through it again. I've got the details. You had dinner at the Myrtle Cafeteria on Forty-second Street, you walked to Fifth Avenue, took a bus to a Hundred and Forty-sixth Street, bought a twenty-five-cent seat for the concert . . ."

Shelby pouted like a hurt child. "I've had some bad times, you know. When I'm alone I try to save money. I'm just getting on my feet again."

"There's no shame in saving money," Mark reminded him. "That's the only reasonable explanation anyone's given for anything so far. You walked home after the concert, eh? Quite a distance."

"The poor man's exercise," Shelby grinned feebly.

Mark dropped the alibi, and with one of those characteristic swift thrusts, asked, "Why didn't you get married before this? Why did the engagement last so long?"

Shelby cleared his throat.

"Money, wasn't it?"

A schoolboy flush ripened Shelby's skin. He spoke bitterly: "When I went to work for Rose, Rowe & Sanders, I made thirty-five dollars a week. Laura was getting a hundred and seventy-five." He hesitated, the color of his cheeks brightened to the tones of an overripe peach. "Not that I resented her success. She was so clever that I was awed and respectful. And I wanted her to make as much as she could, believe that, Mr. McPherson. But it's hard on a man's pride. I was brought up to think of women . . . differently."

"And what made you decide to marry?"

Shelby brightened. "I've had a little success myself."

"But she was still holding a better job. What made you change your mind?"

"There wasn't so much discrepancy. My salary, if not munificent, was respectable. And I felt that I was advancing. Besides, I'd been catching up on my debts. A man doesn't like to get married, you know, while he owes money."

"Except to the woman he's marrying," a shrill voice added.

In the mirror's gilt frame Mark saw the reflection of an advancing figure. She was small, robed in deepest mourning and carrying under her right arm a Pomeranian dog whose auburn coat matched her own bright hair. As she paused in the door with the marble statues and bronze figurines behind her, the gold frame giving margins to the portrait, she was like a picture done by one of Sargent's imitators, who had failed to carry over to the twentieth century the dignity of the nineteenth.

Shelby leaped. "Darling! You remarkable creature! How you've recovered! How can you be so beautiful darling, when you've gone through such intolerable agonies?" He led her to the room's most important chair.

"I hope you find the fiend," she addressed Mark, but gave attention to her chiffon. "I hope you find him and scrouge his eyes out and drive hot nails through his body and boil him in oil." Her vehemence spent, she tossed Mark her most enchanting smile. "Has Shelby told you the story of his romantic courtship? I hope he's not left out any of the thrilling episodes."

"You mustn't mind Auntie Sue, Mr. McPherson. She's prejudiced because I'm poor."

The Pomeranian sniffed. Auntie Sue pressed its small nose to her cheek, then settled it upon her lap.

"Do you know, Mrs. Treadwell, if your niece had any . . ." Mark produced the word uneasily, "enemies?"

"Enemies!" the good lady shrieked. "Everyone adored her. She had more friends than money."

"That," Shelby added gravely, "was one of the finest things about her."

"Anyone who had troubles came to her," Auntie Sue declaimed, quite in the manner of the immortal Bernhardt. "She was always running around, doing favors, wasting her time and strength on people she scarcely knew. Remember that model, Shelby, the girl with the fancy name? Laura got me to give her my leopard coat. It wasn't half worn out either. I could have got another winter out of it and spared my mink. Don't you remember, Shelby?"

Shelby had become infatuated with a bronze Diana who had been threatening for years to leap, with dog and stag from her pedestal.

Auntie Sue continued naughtily, "And Shelby's job! Do you know how he got it, Mr. McPherson? He was making thirty dollars a week writing letters for a school that taught people to be successful business executives."

SHELBY turned defiantly from Diana. "What's that to be ashamed of? When I met Laura, Mr. McPherson, I happened to be working as correspondent for the University of the Science of Finance. Laura saw some of my copy, realized that I was wasting a certain gift or flair, and with her usual generosity . . ."

"Generosity wasn't the half of it," Auntie Sue interrupted.

"She spoke to Mr. Rowe about me and when there was a vacancy, he called me in. You can't say I've been ungrateful," he forgave Mrs. Treadwell with his gentle smile. "It was she, not I, who suggested that you forget it."

"There were a number of other things, darling, that Laura asked me to forget."

"Mustn't be vicious, dear. You'll be giving Mr. McPherson a lot of misleading ideas." With the tenderness of a nurse, Shelby rearranged Auntie Sue's cushions, smiling and treating her malice like some secret malady.

Mark told them he was through with them for the day, and rose to go.

Shelby rose, too. "I'll go out for a bit of air, if you think you can get along without me for a while."

"Of course, darling. It's been wicked of me to take up so much of your time." Shelby's feeble sarcasm had softened the lady. White, faded, ruby-tipped hands rested on his dark sleeve.

"With all your faults, you've got manners, darling. That's more than most men have nowadays. I'm sorry I've been so bad-tempered."

He kissed her forehead.

As they left the house, Shelby turned to Mark. "Don't take Mrs. Treadwell too seriously. It's only that she'd disapproved of my marrying her niece, and now she's got to stand by her opinions."

"What she disapproved of," Mark corrected, "was Laura's marrying you."

Shelby smiled ruefully. "We ought all to be a little more decent now, mightn't we? After all! Probably poor Sue is sorry she hurt poor Laura by constantly criticizing me, and now she's too proud to say so. That's why she had to take it out on me this morning."

They stood in the burning sunlight. Both were anxious to get away, yet both hesitated.

Then, after a brief pause devoted to the struggle with his limping memory, Mark cleared his throat, Shelby turned as if he had been roused from



SCARE ARTIST

Woman who never reads a news story clear through and who frantically spreads her own wild misconceptions.

ALAN WOODS

remoteness of a dream. "Tell me," he commanded, "where have I seen you before?"

Shelby couldn't imagine. "But I've been around. Parties and all that. One sees people at bars and restaurants. Sometimes a stranger's face is more familiar than your best friend's."

Mark shook his head. "Cocktail bars aren't in my line."

"You'll remember when you're thinking of something else. That's how it always is." Then, without changing his tone, Shelby added, "You know, Mr. McPherson, that I was beneficiary of Laura's insurance, don't you?"

Mark nodded.

"I wanted to tell you myself. Otherwise you might think . . . well . . . it's unnatural in your line," Shelby chose words tactfully, "to suspect every motive. Laura carried an annuity, you know, and there was a twenty-five-thousand-dollar death benefit. She'd had it made for her sister's name but after we decided to get married, she insisted upon changing it out to me."

"I'll remember that you told me," Mark promised.

Shelby offered his hand. Mark took it. "I hope you don't think I'm completely a heel, Mr. McPherson," Shelby said ruefully. "I never liked borrowing from a woman."

WHEN, at precisely twelve minutes past four by the ormolu clock on my mantel, the telephone interrupted, I was deep in the Sunday papers. Laura had become a Manhattan legend. Scarlet-minded headline artists had named her tragedy THE BACHELOR GIRL MURDER and one example of Sunday edition *belles-lettres* was tantalizingly titled SEEK ROMEO IN EAST SIDE LOVE KILLING. At this very hour, I reflected as I lumbered to the telephone, men were bandying her name in pool parlors and women shouting her secrets from tenement windows.

I heard Mark McPherson's voice on the wire: "Mr. Lydecker, I was wondering if you could help me. There are several questions I'd like to ask you."

"And what about the baseball game?" I inquired.

Self-conscious laughter vibrated the diaphragm. "I've missed the first couple of innings. Can you come over?"

"Where?"

"The apartment. Miss Hunt's place."

"I don't want to come up there. It's cruel of you to ask me."

"Sorry," he said after a moment of cold silence. "Perhaps Shelby Carpenter can help me. I'll try to get in touch with him."

"Never mind; I'll come."

Ten minutes later I stood beside him in the bay window of Laura's living room. East Sixty-second Street had yielded to the spirit of carnival. Popcorn venders and pushcart peddlers, sensing the profit in disaster, offered ice-cream sandwiches, pickles and nickel franks to buzzards who battened on excitement. Sunday's sweethearts had deserted the green pastures of Central Park to stroll arm-in-arm past her house, gaping at daisies which had been watered by the hands of a murder victim. Fathers pushed perambulators and mothers scolded the brats who tortured the cops who guarded the door of a house in which a bachelor girl had been slain.

"Coney Island moved to the Platinum Belt," I observed. "Such a pity Laura can't see it."

Puritan nostrils quivered. I laughed aloud. "If she were here now, she'd open the windows, pluck daisies out of her window boxes and strew the sidewalks. Then she'd send me down the stairs for a penny pickle."

Mark plucked a daisy and tore off the petals.

"Laura loved dancing in the streets. She gave dollar bills to organ grinders."

He shook his head. "You'd never think it, judging from the neighborhood."

"She also had a taste for privacy."

THE house was one of a row of converted mansions, preserved in such fashion that Victorian architecture sacrificed none of its substantial elegance to twentieth century chic. High stoops had given way to lacquer-red doors three steps down; scrofulous daisies and rachitic geraniums bloomed in extraordinary bright blue and green window boxes; rents were exorbitant. Laura had lived here, she told me, because she enjoyed snubbing Park Avenue's pretentious foyers. She had enjoyed opening the street door with a key and climbing the stairs of her remodeled third floor. It was this taste for privacy that led to her death, for there had been no one to ask at the door if Miss Hunt expected a visitor on the night the murderer came.

"The doorbell rang," Mark announced suddenly.

"What?"

"That's how it must have happened. The doorbell rang. She was in the bed-

Ready for Action!



Blackie: "Nothing can stop us now, Whitey!"

Whitey: "Nothing has ever stopped us before, Blackie."



● Black & White is still carrying on — even under difficulties. And the Black & White you drink today is just as fine as you have always enjoyed, for every drop of this famous Scotch was made in Scotland long before the War— eight years ago!

EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



Henry Pulaski is a foreman at the Bullard plant, son Bob works under him. They even lunch together. Two other Pulaski sons work at the same plant

A Big Bite of Lunch

By Marian Stephenson

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

A SANDWICH and a pickle and a piece of cake—that's a typical lunch-box fare. Heavy on starches. Heavy on the stomach. Not so good to keep a man working well. So Bridgeport, Connecticut, where 75,000 war workers need to keep going strong, decided to do something about it.

"Pack a lunch a man can work on," became the slogan. "Soldiers, babies and athletes," the town will tell you, "have always had special attention paid to their food, and the results have been worth it. Now the war worker is getting the same break."

The whole town has gone to work, through local organizations, to make the scheme click. Nutrition experts guide the Bridgeport women in their lunch-packing job. Information centers give demonstrations and advice, hand out leaflets on nutrition. The paper publishes weekly market guides. Eleven thousand women are now packing lunches the new way, with recruits weekly.

Innovations in the working man's lunch box are salads, packed in neat paper containers, puddings ditto, raw vegetables to munch on, milk drinks, plus the usual hearty sandwiches; full quotas of vitamins and minerals as well as energy.

Try substituting their old-time sandwich-in-a-paper-bag, and the men who have tried the new-fangled lunches will yell for them back again. But they were shy at first, opening them before curious fellow workers. "Kind of fancy," and "A lot to eat," they apologized. "You're a horse," teased his pals when a man at the Bullard factory started eating raw carrots. But the new idea took hold because it tasted good. And made the men feel good.

All the men in the picture, lunching on the grass outside the Bullard plant, are now horses. Those in the background have been eating carrots, playing ball with oranges. Henry Pulaski and his son Bob, in the foreground, make no bones about enjoying their new-style lunches. Mrs. Pulaski sees they have milk every day. Bob drank his today, is now eating dessert made of eggs (for vitamins and minerals), gelatin (for energy), marschino cherry (for looks). His father has tomato juice in his cup, will also have a butterscotch pudding made with milk and eggs and nuts.

Both have had meat sandwiches on dark bread, chopped raw vegetables on enriched bread. Their carrots are rolled in chopped parsley, too full of Vitamin A to be used only as a trimming. Bob has a stalk of celery stuffed with cheese and a tomato set aside to be eaten later as snacks. His father will have a peach. Snacks are encouraged in the factory. They give a valuable pick-up.

Mrs. Pulaski has no problem thinking of foods to pack for her husband and son.

Besides her own pet recipes, she can read new ideas in the local paper. Each week one lunch packer is named Kitchen Soldier, and her recipes and menus are published.

Since there are seventeen different nationalities represented among the workers in Bridgeport, and the women like to tell about their native dishes, the town can have plenty of variety. One week the lunch packers can clip the recipe for Mrs. George Demczak's delectable Ukrainski Borsch, to be packed hot or cold in vacuum bottles. They can try her perogi, made with pot cheese, eggs and butter, bread crumbs, cinnamon, flour and a bit of sugar and salt. They can sample Mrs. Mucherino's family favorite—sandwiches made with dark, crusty Italian bread and sweet green pepper, sliced and sautéed in oil till tender. They can have Polish, Lithuanian, Hungarian, and plenty of other flavorsome dishes.

Washington got wind of the scheme, looked it over, approved. Nutritionists across the country have been writing in for details on how it works. No reason why you have to live in Bridgeport to pack—and eat—a lunch like that. ★★★

room without clothes on. By the time she'd put on that silk thing and her slippers, he'd probably rung a second time. She went to the door and as she opened it, the shot was fired!"

"How do you know all this?" I demanded.

"She fell backward. The body lay there."

We both stared at the bare, polished floor.

"The door downstairs had evidently been left unlocked. It was unlocked when Bessie came to work yesterday morning. Before she came upstairs, Bessie looked for the superintendent to bawl him out for his carelessness but he'd taken his family down to the seashore for the week end. The tenants of the first and second floors are away for the summer and there was no one else in the house. The houses on both sides are empty, too, at this time of year."

"The murderer may have known that," I observed.

"The door might have been left open for him. She may have been expecting a caller."

"Do you think so?"

"You knew her, Mr. Lydecker. Tell me, what kind of a dame was she, anyway?"

"She was not the sort of woman you call a dame," I retorted.

"Okay. But what was she like?"

"Look at this room. Does it reveal nothing of the person who planned and decorated it? Does it seem to you the home of a young woman who would lie to her fiancé, deceive her oldest friend and sneak off to a rendezvous with a murderer?"

For answer Mark chose the long green chair, stretched his legs on the ottoman and pulled out his pipe. His eyes traveled from the black marble fireplace in which the logs were piled ready for the first cool evening, to softly faded chintz whose deep folds shut out the glare of the hot twilight.

After a time he burst out: "I wish my sister could see this place. Since she married and went to live in Kew Gardens, she won't have kitchen matches in the parlor." His attention wandered to the bookshelves. "She had a lot of books. Did she ever read them?"

"What do you think?"

He shrugged. "You never know about women."

"Don't tell me you're a misogynist."

"I've known dames," he answered dryly.

"Ever loved one?"

"A doll in Washington Heights got a fox fur out of me. And I'm a Scotchman, Mr. Lydecker. So make what you want of it."

"Ever know one who wasn't a doll? Or a dame?"

HE WENT to the bookshelves. While he talked, his hands and eyes were concerned with a certain small volume bound in red morocco. "Sometimes I used to take my sister's girl friends out. They never talked about anything except going steady and getting married. Always wanted to take you past furniture stores to show you the parlor suites."

He snapped the cover on the red morocco volume. The shrill blast of the popcorn whistle insulted our ears, and the voices of children rose to remind us of the carnival of death in the street below. Bessie Clary, Laura's maid, had told the police that her first glimpse of the body had been a distorted reflection in the mercury glass globe on Laura's mantel. That tarnished bubble caught and held her eyes, and we saw in it fleetingly, as in a crystal ball, a vision of the inert body in the blue robe, dark blood matted in the dark hair.

"What did you want to ask me, McPherson? Why did you bring me he

His face had the watchfulness comes after generations to a conqu people. The Avenger, when he co will wear that proud, guarded l Another thirty seconds had passe dare say, before he took from her a spherical object covered in s leather.

"What's this, Mr. Lydecker?"

"Surely a man of your sporting t is familiar with that ecstatic toy, Pherson."

"But why did *she* keep a baseba her desk?" He emphasized the pron *She* had begun to live. Then, exami the tattered leather and loosened b ings, he asked, "Has she had it '38?"

"I'm sure I didn't notice the pr date when this *objet d'art* was i duced into the household."

"It's autographed by Cookie L getto. Was she a Dodger fan?"

"There were many facets to her c acter."

"Was Shelby a fan, too?"

"Will the answer to that question you solve the murder, my dear fell

He set the baseball down so th should lie precisely where Laura left it. "I just wanted to know. bothers you to answer, Mr. Lydecker

"No reason to get sullen," I snap "As a matter of fact, Shelby isn't a He prefers the more aristocratic sp tennis, riding, hunting, you know."

NEAR the door, a few feet from spot where the body had fallen, h Stuart Jacoby's portrait of Laura. best feature of the painting, as had been her best feature, was the e That oblique tendency, emphasize the sharp tilt of dark brows, gave face that shy, fawnlike quality w had always enchanted me. Jacoby caught the fluid sense of restlessne the position of her body, perched on arm of a chair, a pair of yellow gl in one hand, a green hunter's hat in other.

"She wasn't a bad-looking da he hesitated, smiled ruefully, "girl, she, Mr. Lydecker?"

"That's a sentimental portrait. coby was in love with her at the ti

"She had a lot of men in love with didn't she?"

"She was a very kind woman. and generous."

"That's not what men fall for."

"She had delicacy. If she was a of a man's shortcomings, she n showed it."

"Full of bull?"

"No, extremely honest. Her flat was never shallow. She found the qualities and made them import Surface faults and affectations fell a like false friends at the approach of versity."

He studied the portrait. "Why di she get married, then? Earlier, I me

"She wasn't like your erstw fiancée, McPherson. Laura had no for a parlor suite. Marriage wasn't career. She had her career, she m plenty of money and there were alw men to squire and admire her. Marr could give her only one sort of com tion, and she was keeping herself that."

"Keeping herself busy," Mark ad dryly.

"Would you have prescribed a nery for a woman of her temperam She had a man's job and a man's ries. Knitting wasn't one of her tale Who are you to judge her?"

"Keep your shirt on," Mark said didn't make any comments."

Dusk had descended. I switched the lamp. In that swift transition f dusk to illumination, I caught a glim of darker, more impenetrable myst Here was no simple police departm

How to turn a hull into a hornet's nest



EFFICIENCY of an aircraft carrier depends upon
wer—steam power to propel it, electric power
ate it.

ering these sea-going airfields is a typically
ghouse kind of wartime job. It is a job that
r the thousand and one different skills in
electrical that are second nature to West-
se.

is just a small part of the equipment that
ghouse has designed and built especially to
American carriers outstanding engines of
tion:

am turbines, compact in size, yet so powerful
y drive our carriers faster than any enemy
rier afloat.

evators big enough to hold a bomber, fast
ough to deliver a plane to the deck with min-
um delay.

nerators on each ship capable of producing
ough electric power to light a city the size
Seattle.

tricate radio equipment specially designed
stand up under the shock of battle.

ndreds of different types of instruments that
t nearly every operation of offense and de-
se under finger-tip control.

nghouse "know how" is being applied—not
aircraft carriers—but to nearly every type of
n our Navy.

his, as in all phases of Westinghouse wartime
y, the long-range work of our Research and
eering Laboratories has played a significant
Discoveries in many fields—in electronics,
s, chemistry, mechanical and electrical en-
ing—are now bearing fruit in the production
er and more powerful weapons of war.

hy of these discoveries, we believe, will some-
lp to make a better peacetime world.

This advertisement has been reviewed by Government authorities and contains no information of military value to the enemy.

Westinghouse

making Electricity work for Victory

nghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Plants in 25 cities; offices everywhere.



Never give a toilet germ an even break

Unsanitary c… wls
cc ilet
g… nd
ea… :h-
ou… 'se
Sa… ve
fil… of
to…
cle… y
the… s
diat…
ing
Flu
the…
all
ing

That goes for Hitler, too!

This was originally an advertisement for Sani-Flush. But here's something more important than that:

Your country urgently needs scrap metal for war materials. Collect yours for the local Salvage Committee, community scrap pile or junk man. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

GET IN THE SCRAP!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

A hot welcome for worms!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

Worms are every dog's worst enemy. They soften him up for diseases, spoil his disposition and usefulness.

We're on watch to spot worms. We give 'em the works—with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for pups, small dogs). That's the *sure* way to wipe 'em out! Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) help build the patient back to health.

Keep your dog in top condition with famous Sergeant's Medicines. At drug and pet stores—and a *free* Dog Book.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 2-K, Richmond, Va.
Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

Print
Name_____
Address_____
City State

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

investigation. In such inconsistent trifles as an ancient baseball, a worn Gulliver, he sought clues, not to the passing riddle of a murder, but to the eternally enigmatic nature of woman. This was a search no man could make with his eyes alone; the heart must also be engaged.

"Too late, my friend," I said jocosely. "The final suitor has rung her doorbell."

With a gesture whose fierceness betrayed the zeal with which his heart was guarded, he snatched up some odds and ends piled on Laura's desk, her address and engagement book, letters and bills bound by a rubber band, unopened bank statements, checkbooks, an old diary and a photograph album.

"Come on," he snapped. "I'm hungry. Let's get out of this dump."

"WE'VE discovered certain clues but we are not ready to make a statement."

The reporters found Mark dignified, formal and somewhat aloof that Monday morning. He felt a new importance in himself as if his life had taken on new meaning. The pursuit of individual crime had ceased to be trivial. Laura filled his mind. Through her address and engagement books, bank statements, bills, check stubs and correspondence, he had perceived the richness of her life, but also the profligacy.

Mark had discovered the best of life in a gray-walled hospital room and had spent the years that followed asking himself timorously whether loneliness must be the inevitable companion of appreciation. This summing up of Laura's life answered his question, but the answer failed to satisfy the demands of his stern upbringing. He learned, as he read her letters, balanced her unbalanced accounts, added the sums of unpaid bills, that while the connoisseur of living is not lonely, the price is high. To support the richness of life, she had worked until she was too tired to approach her wedding day with joy or freedom.

The snapshot album was filled with portraits of Shelby Carpenter. In a single summer Laura had fallen victim to the candid camera and Shelby's charms. Mark pondered the portrait of Shelby, the hunter, surrounded by dead ducks.

Surely the reader must, by this time, be questioning the impertinence of a reporter who records unseen actions as nonchalantly as if he had been hiding in Mark's office behind a framed photograph of the New York Police Department Baseball Team, 1912. But I would take oath, and in that very room where they keep the sphygmomanometer, that a good third of this was told me and a richer two thirds intimated on that very Monday afternoon when, returning from a short journey to the barber's, I found Mark waiting in my apartment. For the second time I discovered him in my drawing room, his hands stretched toward the shelf upon which I keep my favorite glass and porcelain. I cleared my throat before entering. He turned with a rueful smile.

"To what kind whim of fate do I owe this unexpected visit?" I asked.

"I happened to be passing by."

My spirits rose. This casual visit was not without a certain warm note of flattery. Yesterday's disapproval had melted like an ice cube surprised by a shower of hot coffee. But even as I hastened to fetch whisky for my guest, I cautioned myself against an injudicious display of enthusiasm. Whereas a detective may be a unique and even trustworthy friend, one must always remember that he has made a profession of curiosity.

"Does Shelby Carpenter know anything about music?" he asked as we drank a small toast to the solution of the mystery.

"He talks a music-lover's patter, but his information is shallow. You'll probably find him raising ecstatic eyes to heaven at the name of Beethoven and shuddering piously if anyone mentions Ethelbert Nevin."

"Would he know the difference," Mark consulted his notebook, "between Finlandia by Si-bee-lee-us and Toccata and Fugue by Johann Sebastian Bach?"

"Anyone who can't distinguish between Sibelius and Bach, my dear fellow, is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

"I'm a cluck when it comes to music. Duke Ellington's my soup." He offered a sheet from his notebook. "This is what Carpenter told me they were playing on Friday night. This is what they played."

I drew a sharp breath.

"It shoots his alibi as full of holes as a mosquito net. But it still doesn't prove he murdered her," Mark reminded me with righteous sharpness.

I poured him another drink. "Come now, you haven't told me what you think of Shelby Carpenter."

"It's a shame he isn't a cop."

I cast discretion to the wind. Clapping him on the shoulder, I cried zestfully, "My dear lad, you are precious! A cop! The flower of old Kentucky! Mah deah suh, the ghosts of a legion of Confederate colonels rise up to haunt you. Old Missy is whirling in her grave. Come, another drink on that, my astute young Hawkshaw!"

"There are a lot of people who haven't got the brains for their college educations." Mark's comment, while uttered honestly, was tinged faintly with the verdigris of envy. "The trouble is that they've been brought up with ideas of class. There are plenty of fellows in fancy offices who'd be a lot happier working in filling stations."

"I've seen many of them break under the strain of intelligence," I agreed. "Hundreds have been committed for life to the cocktail bars of Madison Avenue. I dare say Shelby looks down with no little condescension upon your profession."

"The only thing that worries me, Mr. Lydecker, is that I can't place the guy. I've seen that face before. But where and when? Usually I'm a fool for faces. I can give you names and dates and the places I've seen them." His jaw shot forward and his lips pressed themselves into the tight mold of determination.

I laughed with secret tolerance as he gave me what he considered an objective picture of his visit to the offices of Rose, Rowe & Sanders, advertising counselors. The executives aroused no respect in his savage breast. It pleased him more to discover honest mourning among her fellow workers than to hear her employers' high estimate of Laura's character and talents. Anyone who was smart, he opined, could please the boss, but it took the real stuff for a girl in a high-class job to be popular with the help.

"So you think Laura had the real stuff?"

He affected deafness. I studied his face but caught no shadow of con… It was not until several hours later … I reviewed the conversation and … flected upon the fact that he was sha… Laura's character to fit his attitu… precisely in the manner of a young … enamored of a living woman. My … was clear and penetrating at the … for it was midnight, the hour at w… I am most brave and most free. Si… learned some years ago that the te… of insomnia could be overcome … half-hour's brisk walk, I have not … allowed lassitude, weather, or the … events of a disappointing day to i… fere with this nocturnal practice … habit I chose a street which had be… important to me since she moved … that apartment.

Naturally I was shocked to see a … burning in the house of the dead … after a moment's reflection, I knew … a young man who had once sco… overtime had given his heart to a …

LAURA'S funeral occurred on Tue… afternoon in the exclusive mort… chapel owned by W. W. Heather … & Son. Laura Hunt's friends, nc… than the curious strangers who thro… the place, were animated by m… curiosity. Her friends had loved L… and had been desolate at her pas… but they would have been less tha… man had they failed to enjoy the e… ment. Like Mark, who watched … ritual from the choir loft, they h… that the murderer might be there … might, by some careless gesture, b… himself. Eyes that should have … downcast in grief were sliding this … and that in the hope of perceivin… flushed countenance, the guilty ge… that would enable lips, later, to t… "I knew it the moment I saw tha… face and noted the way he rubbe… hands together during the Twenty-… Psalm."

She lay in a coffin covered in … silk. Pale ringless hands had … folded against the lavender-tinted … moiré of her favorite evening gowr… arrangement of gardenias, draped … a confirmation veil, covered the n… face. After the service, Heather … attendants wheeled the casket in… private chamber from which it … later transferred to the crematoriu…

It is from the lush sentimentali… the newspaper versions that I prun… brief account of the obsequies. … not attend funerals.

As Mark descended from the … loft and joined the slowly moving … he noted a hand, gloved in black, si… ing him. Bessie Clary pushed her … through the crowd.

"I got something to tell you, Mr … Pherson."

He took her arm. "Shall we g… stairs where it's quiet or does this … depress you?"

"If you wouldn't mind, we cou… back to the flat," Bessie said. "It … there, what I got to show you."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S **"It's an outdoor fireplace without all the bother"** REAMER KELL

lough Customer

Concentrated firepower…a smashing blast of machine gun bullets and cannon shells spitting from one point—and heading hell-bent for the target.

That's the kind of firepower that makes a warplane a tough customer. That's the kind of firepower a Lockheed P-38 "Lightning" has…concentrated firepower that's designed in—not added on.

And it's firepower that is *always* concentrated…from muzzles to target, at any range…because it comes slamming from the nose of that unobstructed center cockpit. It's a battle-axe of lead and explosives that can slice off a Messerschmitt wing, or blast a Jap Zero to bits…and it's another reason why a 'plane christened "Interceptor Pursuit" in defense-minded days fits so well its new official air force title, "Fighter"! Lockheed Aircraft Corporation…Vega Aircraft Corporation…Burbank, California



for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP



Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

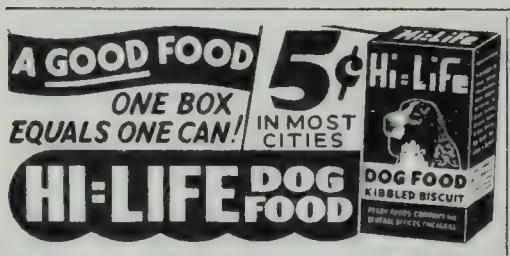


Today's High Cigarette Prices needn't bother you! Modern KING SIZE BEECH-NUTS cost you *less* per pack —yet you can't buy a finer cigarette at *any* price! They're extra-long, extra-smooth, extra-easy on your throat. Try BEECH-NUTS, today!

BEECH-NUT

The Modern King Size Cigarette

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY





STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1942. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and treasurer are: Publisher, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Md.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; E. T. Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.; Flora E. Whiting, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—— (This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1942. (Seal.) Michael J. Ducey. (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

Air Power Did It

Continued from page 13

Delta where he could resume his favorite kind of military football. He might have reached the flat, broad, green cool plains of the Delta had he been able to bring up water, food, fuel and reinforcements in men and weapons. It was precisely that which air power prevented sufficiently to halt Rommel, and the Axis wave crashed against the El Alamein line and broke. Just when geography forced Rommel to revert to straight football, his opponent took to the air.

That he was halted in July doesn't mean that Rommel is beaten. Egypt was saved, but Egypt and the Middle East won't be safe until Rommel is driven out, and his armies and those of the Italians are destroyed. Air power stopped him in July and air power can help to defeat him. Of all the air weapons employed in halting him, the swellest is one which may be paramount in an eventual total defeat of the Afrika Korps and its Italian drones. One was outstanding.

Wonder Ship of the War

This was the B-24, wonder ship of this war, despite those R.A.F. enthusiasts who insist that the Wellingtons and Halifaxes are the finest things on wings, in spite of the Yanks who will tell you heatedly that there's nothing in the world to compare with North American's B-25s.

I flew in one of the B-24s the other night on a raid on Tobruk. It was an R.A.F. raid, so we will have to call the ship a Liberator. I watched them dump censorable thousands of pounds of bombs from our ship onto specific targets in what has become the main entry port for reinforcements for the Afrika Korps. It was all as unromantically routine as an overnight airplane ride from New York to Duluth, minus some of its comforts but not many. And because of the flying characteristics of this ticular airplane I was just about as Yanks out here call the Tobruk run milk route. In R.A.F. language, you bomb Tobruk you call it "TB."

The Liberator's name was Kat and I learned about air power from as I learned much about flying and man courage and what goes on the mind of a bomber pilot from Irishman who piloted Kathleen night. His name is Terry and he from Armagh. They call him "Te Terry" or "Butch" because he has blue eyes and a frankly handsom that is completely unconscious manly beauty, a face that smiles out smiling. We met in the bri room at a certain squadron base desert.

It was good to be in that briefing I had just come from South Africa war made plenty of sense where and other pilots, navigators, gu and radiomen listened with com excitement to the flight instru from their wing commander. The per diagramed for them their or take-off, their course, their sec targets, poking a pointer at them huge intelligence map chalked o blackboard. Those R.A.F. men— of those few who have done so mu so many—seemed to have a coll single-mindedness of purpose whic like a healthy tonic after the pol economic, and ideological argum had had in Johannesburg.

Terry fixed me up with a parach Mae West, warm clothing, a helm an oxygen mask. "You'll need that he said when he handed me th piece of equipment—a box cont two bars of chocolate, a thermos filled with hot tea, a package of dr cuits and several packets of gum. be gone a long time," he added.

We loafed in the mess, dozed



"If those don't teach them broken-field running nothing will"

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELL

LYRICAL LAMENT

THE boys at North Carolina's Camp Davis want to know why dance-band leaders have to lean so heavily on such numbers as Do You Miss Me Tonight?; Miss You; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now? and Don't Sit Under the Apple (or any other) Tree with the Butcher (or any other) Boy. "The music is swell," the soldiers moan, "but the constant repetition of the titles only weakens our faith in our girl friends. How's for making with some other theme?"

ner, after which we quit stooging ut and came awake. Talk subsided dually to a minimum of strictly es- tial words. Some of the veterans d weakly to kid us about where we'd e our mail sent in case we didn't come k, but nobody laughed much.

hen one of the boys, an Aussie, asked iously, "Why in heaven's name do a want to go on one of these rides?" said I was "just curious," but our s met, and he seemed to understand y because nothing further was said. rucks carried us to our separate ps. We found Kathleen waiting for the dim light from her open belly wing on the ground. Members of the w and the ground staff were making t-minute checks on armament, equip- nt and instruments. After what med to be an interminable wait, rry said I'd better get aboard. Every- ng happened quickly after that. We k our places aboard ship in a blue- ck darkness. The only light was a nt glow on the instrument panel and rred blotches of luminous dials.

Take-off for Tobruk

Terry warmed up Kathleen's big sepower plant. Four motors at full ottle made the ship vibrate. They g with power loudly and healthily, I thought with pride, "We made this p." Terry released the Lib's brake l the ship moved forward, swung into ition on the runway and, with a deaf- ng roar we were in the air.

must have slept for an hour or two. ad been conscious of an indescribable se, darkness, the faint smell of lubri- ing oil and gasoline and the definite ell of bakelite and electrical instru- nts. We had taken off long before onrise, and the next thing I remember s the sudden impact of noise and the arly defined silhouettes up forward Terry and his co-pilot Jack. There s starlight and the moon was an nge disk, hanging low on the horizon. rry's authoritative voice was saying er the intercommunicating telephone eivers in my helmet, "Will Ameri- n passenger please put on his oxygen sk. We are at nine thousand feet and mbing. Please reply, Mr. American." switched on the mike that lay on my est and said, "Okay, pal."

Terry said, "Attaboy, Frank. It won't long now."

t must have been hours later—though ey seem like minutes now—flashes of e filled with small, penetrating fears t the ack-ack might get us, that we ght be intercepted by a German night hter, that somehow I might betray se fears to the calm, quiet, efficient n about me—when I heard the navi- or's voice over the intercom saying, aptain—navigator here—we're near- target, sir—there's flak up ahead."

Terry said, "Okay—Gunner Jones—Gunner Jones," and when the gunner answered with an eager "Yes, sir," Terry ordered him and the others in turn to test their armament. There were short bursts from many points on the ship in turn. I saw several shells from our heavier guns burst brightly against the sky ahead of us above the pilot's hood.

The wireless operator sat across the narrow aisle from me, a Wellsian figure in helmet, parachute harness and Mae West before the dim blue-green light over his apparatus, which by the way was a marvel of simplicity. I sat in a comfortable chair behind the pilot in the flight deck.

By raising myself between Terry and Jack, I could see bright orange bursts of flak ahead over Tobruk—bursts that were like short-lived poppies that bloomed and died in fractions of seconds. I thought I smelled cordite. I thought I felt Kathleen bouncing about in the air roughened by explosions.

Then again, Terry's calm voice: "Will one of the gunners come forward, please, and conduct our American passenger to the bomb bay, where he can observe the effects of bombing. Other ships ahead of us are on target. I can see their bursts—"

Another Wellsian figure grabbed my wrist and led me aft through bomb racks. It was a tight squeeze between the stanchions that held tons of death, with my cumbersome chute and equipment, and suddenly I was in a world filled with more noise than I had believed engines and machinery could make.

Here in the bomb bay, there was only a thin skin of metal between us and the chaos that the engines and the explosions of ack-ack shells made. And there was a roar of air on our hull. I adjusted my oxygen mask and plugged in my intercommunicating phone in time to catch the voice of the navigator, "Shall I open the doors of bomb bay, sir?" And Terry's voice replying, "Okay."

There was a whir of motors, a low angry sort of whir, and then the blast of an air current that tore upward into the big ship's innards. I opened the bulkhead door and watched the bombs leave their racks and saw distant bursts. I counted them but I can't tell you how many I saw. They made thick rings below, that glowed momentarily like huge, hollow-centered blobs of hot coals or incandescent lava. There were other Libs over Tobruk that night, and flights of Halifaxes, and those glowing round blobs with dark centers were many.

I had been in Tobruk, on the receiving end of enemy bombs. I am not ashamed to admit that I watched those bursts with a certain sense of satisfaction.

Planes That Come Back

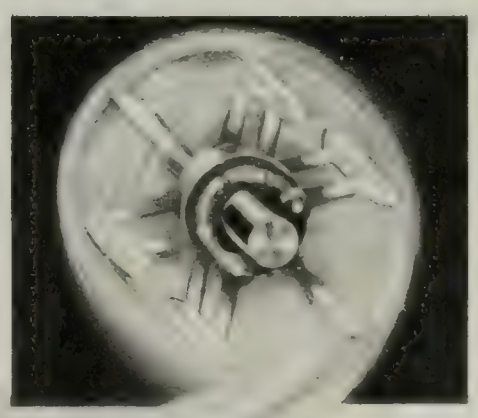
But what I thought or felt or what that calm, cool little Irishman up forward thought or felt isn't important. What is more important is that Kathleen behaved beautifully. I needn't have worried about flak hitting us. She kept us high and secure above its hot steel. She flew us at such speed that the ack-ack couldn't find us and follow us rapidly enough. She was on her target and off it too quickly despite her 110-foot wing span, her 64 feet of length, her 18 feet of thickness. Her four Pratt-Whitney supercharged engines could howl along at a speed almost too fast for night fighters to catch Kathleen's sixty thousand pounds of utilitarian beauty. Men who go out in ships like Kathleen know they're going to get there and come back.

We were headed eastward—toward home, and the dawn. Now there was danger only of interception. For this, Kathleen was ready. Enemy interceptors would have received blasts of lead and steel from every conceivable part



The NEW Micro-Pulverized
KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

Ground and re-ground until it's superfine as an expensive face powder—Yes, the Micro-Pulverizer (shown at right) makes possible a *superfine dentifrice*. It pulverizes tangy-flavored Kolynos until it's *light as thistle-down!* And as your own dentist may have told you, a powder soft and fine as this is sure to be safe...gentle...*really good to your teeth!*







That's because the new Kolynos Tooth Powder combines the foaming action of paste with the cleansing action of powder. Its bubbly foam gets in the crevices...helps the toothbrush whisk away those hidden food particles that often cause discoloration and decay. Cleans teeth evenly...thoroughly...leaves no gritty residue. What's more, the new Kolynos has a tangy, bracing flavor that's completely new and different. It's wonderfully refreshing...makes your mouth feel *really clean*...lingers on after each brushing.

Try Kolynos Tooth Powder at our risk. You must agree that it does a better job of cleaning your teeth . . . refreshing your mouth . . . or you get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

IT'S GOOD TO YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT'S SUPERFINE!

SHERMAN REVISED

IN THE beginning, war is like a Marlene Dietrich movie: it's new uniforms and secret orders and transatlantic aircraft and not telling your grandmother where you're going but hoping everybody else can guess; it's a nice warm feeling of being on the inside and a severe discussion with your own conscience about whether or not to buy a swagger stick or grow a mustache.

Then war subtly changes to the first summer you spent at boys' camp or the first few weeks at boarding school and it's just a dreary business of talking to people you don't know very well who come from a different kind of life and don't understand your jokes. It's learning to laugh at different things and use the swear words you used least without abandoning those you used most. It's learning to smile a superior smile about everybody who could conceivably be called a brass hat, and then, for lots of us, it's learning the strange fact that you're a brass hat yourself.

In the Libyan mess it's a long battle with dust and sand and with your own respirator. It's waking up every morning dry from the back of your throat to the front of your shins and knowing there won't be nearly enough water to change that, and that the feeling will get worse as the day goes on.

It's waiting in a kind of suspended animation for lice to appear in your clothes and when they do you sigh and relax and consider yourself "in." It's pitying the poor guys who drive the tanks and can't touch the steel with their bare hands because it's so hot.

It's having long discussions about whether it's better to lie down in a slit trench and avoid concussion shock and take a chance on being buried alive, or whether those who stay upright and just kind of lean forward are wiser. Perhaps they may get killed, but they won't be buried.

It's watching Aussies go over the top behind tanks, with pains in their backs which they get from not having enough water to drink to make up for the loss through perspiration, and most of them just bite their lips and maybe get one shot of morphine if there's a doctor handy. But they go on and fight anyway because it's hardly any more comfortable lying down in the sun or in a hot ambulance, and what they have isn't deadly enough for them to want to be evacuated.

Sometimes it's guys who hate the Germans so horribly it makes your belly jump and sometimes it's guys who don't seem to dislike them much at all, but kind of tolerate them the way some people do mice or insects, with a shrug and the comment, "There must be some reason for them."

It's rumors that we've got wonderful new secret weapons coming out from Cairo as soon as they get enough lorries together, and rumors that the Jerries or Eye-ties have a secret weapon which was tried out "just down the line" and is about to be used on you.

It's running out of the antidim preparation to keep your dust goggles from fogging and not wanting to bum any because it's valuable, and finally swallowing your pride because your eyes are thick with sand under the eyelids and borrowing it from a sergeant who shows you how to spit in it to make it last longer.

But in China it's much different because the Chinese do all the fighting and they don't seem to mind it. It's wondering at the Chinese all the time. It's almost having your car knocked off a narrow road because a Chinese truck driver wouldn't get all the way over on his side—after all if he gave you half the road then you'd have as much as he and he'd have lost face. It's listening to their painful silence when they're hurt.

It's the amazingly canny camouflage against air attack which the Chinese know how to manage, mingled with their naïve belief that a two-and-a-half-ton truck can, of course, carry all the weight there's room for.

But in India it's battling the dhobie itch and the (censored) belly and the (censored) crawls and drinking paregoric and bismuth. Then it's very pukka for a while, and only cold baths and fair service and large meals and chi-chi dinners with the British and fittings with your tailor and knowing that this isn't war or peace or anything. But only for a while. ★★★

of the big ship. Everybody relaxed. I slept. I must have slept a long time for when I awakened there was a sharp light. We were flying low, and the Mediterranean was cool below us.

Terry said, "I didn't have the heart to waken you, but you missed a magnificent sunrise."

We poured tea and shouted pleasantries at one another. It was hot. I got out of my chute, harness and Mae West and looked out of the window of the co-pilot's seat. Jack had moved over to Terry's place. He grinned good morning at me and very soon we were flying over ocher sand that rippled endlessly from the blue rim of sea toward the horizon. Then patches of green and figures looking up from their work to wave at us—Liberators.

Later that morning, we sat around and talked of bombing and bombers and of their role in war. There is an easy, democratic atmosphere in R.A.F. messes which you don't find where old school ties and cast and class too frequently determine officers' aloofness, one from the other. In R.A.F. messes, rank doesn't matter so much and talks are free, easy and natural. They said much about what was in their minds about bombing and here is the gist of it.

The Role of Bombers

I have boiled it all down as comprehensively and compactly as I can. The great value of what these men have to say lies in the fact that it comes from men who have fought three years in the air, who have saved England—who have averted disaster in Egypt. These are the men who might have long ago won this war for us, had they and their machines been on other battlefields in sufficient numbers.

First of all, they've got faith in themselves and their machines. They know the bomber is a good weapon. They disagree with those traditionalists who say that aviation can't win battles. They don't argue that air power is everything; they merely put air power in its proper relation to the war.

They recognize that the bomber is a brand-new weapon. Used with imagination, there is almost no limit to what it can accomplish. None of the airmen with whom I talked were silly enough to say that the bomber alone can win the war. But they did insist that the power of warships at sea is limited unless supported by air power and that the strength of land armies is directly proportionate to the strength of the air force overhead.

So far, the bomber is the only weapon developed by the Allies which overwhelmingly excels anything that the enemy has produced. In bombers, we've got the enemy licked. Our so-called Boston mediums and Liberator heavies outclass anything the enemy has or immediately can put into the air.

One of the lessons the last campaigns taught the Allies was that we've still got a long way to go toward producing a really great fighter plane. Despite all the soft-soap propaganda to the contrary, our Kittyhawks and Tomahawks aren't exactly the world's greatest fighters. Above twenty thousand feet, they're inferior to the enemy's 109s and 110s. The enemy's fighters are good up to thirty-two thousand feet, and it is no longer a secret now that, in that part of the sky between twenty and thirty-two thousand feet, we had few Spitfires in the last campaign.

That brings us to another evil which must be corrected before we can maintain our supremacy in the air over Egypt, and over the Mediterranean, and therefore before the Middle East can be considered secure.

The Middle East desperately needs spare parts, desperately needs mechanics and technicians—mechanics who are willing to work with their h elbow deep in grime and grease. T one of the greatest contributions A ica can make to the Allied war effo the Middle East—to supply such One of the Middle East's great w nesses has been the fact that, o total planes available here, all hav been, by any means, in fighting c tion.

Recently an American politician here and told us and the world at that the war was practically over. fliers themselves and their officers, and low, see things as they are. are the ones who risk their necks a job every day. They listen pati to the traditionalists who still battles are won "by cold steel." T same traditionalists point to the that the Germans run from cold avoid man-to-man bayonet comba proof of the British army's superi on land. This makes fliers and imaginative people generally smil laugh out loud.

"Sure, the Germans don't like steel," said an Australian. "Who d So the Germans keep away from steel!"

But if bombing—someone else p —is hard enough and sustained long periods, concentrated against enemy's planes, tanks and other wea and particularly against his supply tem, then traditionalists can talk a cold steel. Once the bombing reduced the enemy's power in the ba field, it is purely an exercise in mentary military tactics to overc him with the bayonets that the t tionalists insist on, although t armored cars and artillery woul better.

Bombings are only a part of strategy. Even the most sanguin bomber pilots with whom I ta through that morning and most of afternoon admitted this. Fighter various categories, each designed t a specific job with light bombers medium bombers, all have their rol play. Fast reconnaissance planes vide intelligence for successful air tack. We've got some so fast we that the enemy can't find them in air, and that pilots will take years fore they can amass a decent numb hours in the air because they are so that pilots aren't aloft very long trip. By the way, the pilots wish so body would send some of those fa pants rekky planes here where th badly needed.

The Knockout Wallop

But it's the bomber that repres heavy artillery, the crushing blow, knockout wallop. Enough bomber time will crush Rommel as they crush the enemy on whatever fron fight him. So far we've never enough bombers—or enough of other kind of plane in the Middle —to do the job properly. Maybe have read somewhere about our superiority out here. In those despe days that ended at El Alamein we outnumbered two to one. My auth for that is the Royal Air Force jou for July 11, 1942. But there are incr ing signs that both in Washington London there is a growing recogni not only of the importance of air p but also of the importance of the Mi East as a battlefield. But the Mi East still needs more bombers Kathleen, and better ones when are made. They saved Egypt, t bombers—they can save the world. tough, touchy guys in khaki can re the fact that the R.A.F. calls ships Kathleen, Liberator instead of B-24, no ship was ever better named Lib tor.

THE END

DON'T RISK A FREEZE-UP *THIS* YEAR

Pick a Du Pont Anti-freeze today

▶"Zerex" and "Zerone" do *more* than prevent freezing. They also prevent rusting, corrosion and deterioration of all parts of the cooling system—parts which today are hard to replace. Even if you're laying up your car, don't drain it. That invites rust. Add anti-freeze for protection against unexpected freezing *and* rust.

Do your part to conserve anti-freeze so there will be enough to go round. Don't buy or use more than you need.

EREX

DU PONT

NON-EVAPORATING

Anti-freeze and ANTI-RUST

SAME LOW PRICES AS LAST YEAR (IN CANS OR BULK)

DU PONT ZERONE Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE

5 GAL. WON'T BOIL OUT! ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER LONG

ex" is the new non-evaporating ont anti-freeze. It gives you com- e freedom from winter worries. Its lusive anti-acid formula also pro- s against rust and corrosion.

$1.00 A GAL. ECONOMICAL! REQUIRES ONLY AN OCCASIONAL CHECK-UP

Du Pont "Zerone" is the largest-selling anti-freeze on the market today. It's the type preferred by the American motorist who wants maximum protection at minimum cost.

'T LET YOUR COOLING SYSTEM GO BAD! FOLLOW THESE SIX SENSIBLE STEPS . . .



RADIATOR.
nd dirt cause poor d overheating. Anti- ngine may be dam- your dealer use ng System Cleanser, iator for leaks.



2. CHECK HOSE CONNECTIONS. Be sure all hose is tight to prevent anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should replace rotted hose, if possible, so worn particles won't clog radiator or thermostat. Make sure the thermostat is working properly.



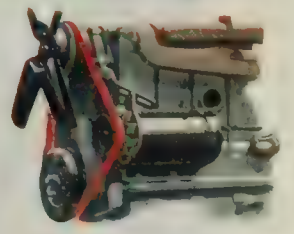
3. EXAMINE THE WATER PUMP. Water pumps should be tight to prevent leakage of anti-freeze and air suction. Leaks in pump frequently develop along propeller shaft. Have dealer check pump and repair worn or faulty parts.



4. TIGHTEN CYLINDER BOLTS. Looseness of the head bolts and expansion plugs on the cylinder block often causes anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should use a tension wrench to make sure that all the head bolts are equally tight.



5. CHECK THE HEATER. The feed lines should drain without any high points to trap air. When the cooling system has been refilled, start the engine and open the valve at the top of the heater to remove all air pockets.



6. SEE THAT THE FAN and belt work properly. If the fan belt is worn or slipping, it should be taken up. If it's too badly worn, get a new one, if possible. Also, make sure there are no loose, bent or broken blades on the fan.

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 64

gangplank, but Larry had come across another gangplank, helped by friendly hands, and was close beside her when she heard his voice. Her heart choked her. She put her arms about him, and clumsily managing a single crutch he stooped sidewise, his kiss touching her temple.

"Gosh, I am glad to see you!"

He looked haggard and thin, but his hair was brushed to shining wetness and his aviator's cap rode it jauntily.

"Larry, are you starving? It's almost seven!"

"Starving? No! They fed us an hour ago."

"Would you let this boy of mine shake your hand?" This was Mrs. Neville. Larry had to do some shifting of his arms and crutch to get the right hand free and Loveday put out a hand to support him.

"Goodby, Larry," a woman with two small children crowding against her said, drawing herself away from an older woman who had welcomed her.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Golden," Larry said. There were other introductions, greetings, partings. Loveday heard the words "hero" and "proud of you" over and over.

She and Larry walked slowly down the long pier; flashlights flickered; newspapermen bent their heads toward hers, asking questions; they knew who Larry was, who she was. Bulbs flashed; just one more, just one more. A crowd gathered, watching, coming to realize who the tall man with the crutch was. Larry grinned as he acknowledged handclapping, shouted praise. But at last they were out on the Embarcadero, still walking between rope barriers, and had found her car, and she was at the wheel.

"You're free, Larry?"

"Discharged. Yep; they've done all they can for me."

"Then we can go home?"

"You bet your life we can go home."

From the great sigh he gave as he lowered himself and his crutch clumsily into place beside her, she knew what the three-hundred-foot walk had cost him; she gave his drawn face a quick compassionate glance before starting to drive slowly away amid the confusion of cars and people, police, ambulances, boys shouting the morning papers.

THE city streets, the ferries and the massed shipping on the water front faded away behind them; they passed the big railroad terminal and the little canal bridges and climbed the long slope to the turn where the Bayshore Highway began. Talk was erratic between them —trivial things, vital things jumbled together; pauses which both ended at once; the shy beginnings of affectionate overtures.

"You were awfully good to come all the way in and take all that fuss, Loveday. I could have hopped a bus."

"Imagine me doing anything else! 'Hopped a bus,' when all Indian Hill is waiting for the hero!"

"Where d'you get that stuff!" His tone was scornful, but she knew he was pleased.

"Well, you should have seen the paper Monday night. I've saved several copies, one each for the twins and Owen. I sent one to your mother, but the Bakersfield paper had the whole thing, too. Had more, in fact; pictures of you on the high-school football squad and all that."

"For Pete's sake!"

"They're all perfectly hysterical over it, Larry. There's a triumphal arch over North Palo Verde Street, and they're having a reception in the high-school assembly room next week. I'm to telephone from Redwood City today so that they'll blow the whistles and ring the bells and let all the kids out of school before we get there, and if you can't get out of the car Sam Dowd and the Rippey boys are going to shove the top down and make you take bows anyway. Truly!"

"No kidding?" Larry asked, with an appalled face.

"No; seriously. Too much for you?" Loveday asked the question anxiously. "You're tired!" she said.

"I'm excited. But not tired, no. But, gee," he said bashfully, "what are they pulling all these monkeyshines for? No; I'm not tired. All I've done for nine days is lie around in the sun. I was pretty darn' sick when they shoved me on board; I didn't know whether I could make it or not, and I didn't much care. But I'm fine now."

A PAUSE. Then he asked, "How's money? I've got some coming."

"Money's fine. We don't get much but we don't need much. Oh, and Larry, I must tell you all this some time, but everything's so jumbled now. You know I wrote you that Grandfather's fortune turned out to be a lot of old letters? You had that?"

"Didn't get it. I only had one from you before Pearl Harbor."

"I think this was mailed before, I'm not sure. It had pictures of the girls and Owen in it. But it didn't get there? Well, anyway," she hurried on, "Hugh ran this poor nurse of ours to earth—Delia Dillon. She's married, she's had two children, she's been living peacefully in Portland for years, but she's still scared of this poor wandering idiot Al Harris, who bullied her about knowing something of Grandfather's money, and nobody knew where she was.

"Well, anyway, Hugh had the inspiration to speak to Father Burke here, thinking he might have kept in touch with her, and sure enough, he had; and Hugh telephoned. Delia almost dropped dead from surprise, for although she'd heard in some roundabout way that Hugh had been found, she hadn't realized it until she heard his voice again. And she said that Grandfather had driven all the way up to see her, a few months before he died, and put this box of papers in her attic. You can imagine Hugh! He asked her to send it, and it reached us—let's see, yes, that very morning of December first, a week before Pearl Harbor. Of course, Hugh and I were all agog, we tore it open—"

Loveday, reaching a bad corner, concentrated on her driving.

"We tore it open," she went on, "and there was a mass of old letters and diaries, nothing else!"

"But where is all the money?"

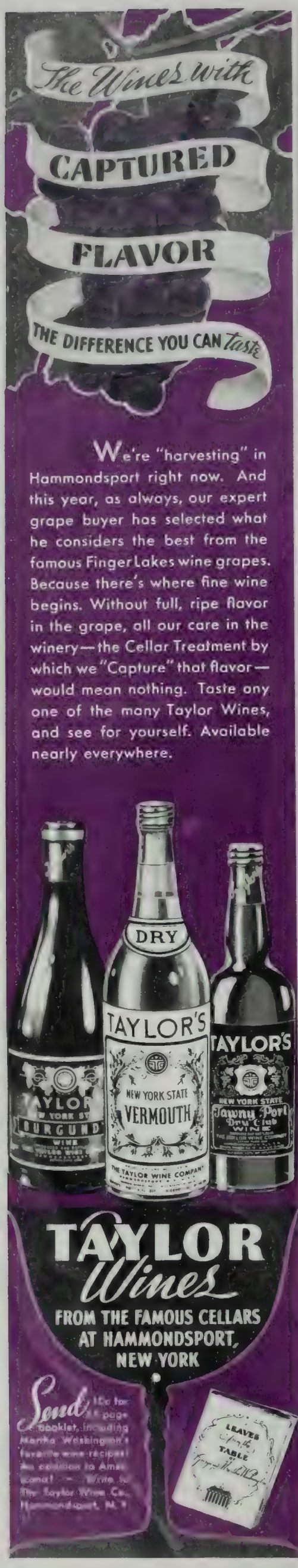
"Perhaps we'll never know! Hugh thinks it's lost. Stuck down some rathole or into some wet stump or pushed behind the fire in some grate that wasn't used until he'd forgotten all about it. But—"

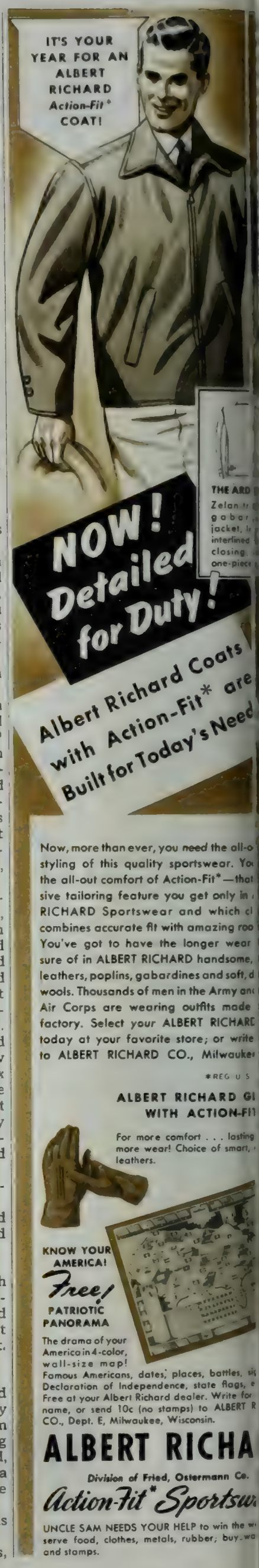
She paused impressively.

"*But,*" she said. "I began to read those old letters and they are perfectly fascinating. And Christmas week, down at your mother's, there was a young man that knows Betty-Lou's husband, Ollie Parker. He's connected with a New York publishing house, and he said—"

"Did you see my mother Christmas week?"

"We were down there for three days,





ur of us. Your mother was so d about it; she had your old room into a playroom, and the girls eir babies were over every day."
ere for Christmas?" His tone was the old happy tone of years ago nything she had heard yet.
course. Turkey and pumpkin pie big tree." Loveday went into all tails, gave him all the news of his . All three had babies now and other was quite reconciled to the n of grandmother.
member how she hated the idea g a grandmother?" she said with laugh. "Remember how she said he twins had to call her 'Auntie'? he seems much older since your 's been so ill," Loveday went on. and her husband came up to see eek ago and she says it won't be with your father now. So I was ring if you couldn't go down and m, Larry; it would probably do world of good, and the welcome sfield would give you—!"

left the sentence unfinished. Larry ugged impatiently, and she saw his face wore an expression of ness and pain.
there much pain?" A faint move- of her head indicated his injury. pe; no pain at all. If there was hen it happened I don't remember hen he operated, I was out."
e paper said that you dived from the ships and swam under some g oil to two men and brought one

ere were about four of 'em. The could swim." Larry fell silent.
ell, go on!" Loveday said, with sperated ripple of laughter.
on? That's about all there was to e were washing," Larry volun- l. "I only had on a pair of shorts everything began at once. Some ran out on deck and I'll be d"—he said drawlingly, almost in d tone—"if it didn't take us a few es to get through our heads what oing on. Then we saw that all ad broken loose and everybody f rushed around doing something eemed to last an awful long time. s were popping everywhere! There was oil on the water and the fire was burning the oil. I saw—I suppose I saw these fellows—they were diving under the water to get away from the fire but when they came up for air, the fire was over them, and they were right in the midst of it. They'd dive again and then I saw one fellow who couldn't swim—"

"So you went over?" Loveday supplied, her face pale, her eyes shining as she drove steadily along.

"Two of us did. Foster and I—he got badly burned, died next day. But, heck," Larry said, "you couldn't keep your eyes on what the fellows were doing; if there was anyone in the whole shooting box who was yellow I didn't see him. Gee, what guts! All of 'em—all of 'em! They sent Foster's mother his medal and I suppose they had to give me one, too, to make up for my foot."

"We didn't know, Hugh and I, whether you could even walk or not."

"Oh, sure, I can walk, and after they fix on some attachment they talk about, I'll walk better. The crutch does the whole thing. At first it wasn't so hot," Larry admitted, "but after a couple of days or a week I got along all right. I'm going to take a rest and then I'll go back."

"Not flying!"

"Nope, but there's lots of other ways you can make yourself useful besides flying. They're going to need everyone."

"We fixed Grandfather's old study for you, the room beyond the library that's had trunks and table leaves and all that junk in it," Loveday said. "The upstairs apartment is finished, Larry. Mrs. Fayre, Captain Fayre's wife, is dying to move in. But you've no idea how we *use* it. Marge was here, and Fanny's coming down, and Aunt Laura was here. But I thought you'd rather be downstairs."

"That's okay. I can't manage stairs very well."

"Hugh thought you mightn't be able to. There's a washroom there, where Mother used to clean up after she'd been gardening, and some day we can put a shower in. And it's just across the passage from the dining room so that any time you want meals in bed, or anything like that—"

"Meals in bed!" There was a faint re-







It's awful to have your own child fear you, but that's the way it was! Whenever I reached for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away from me. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful. It was just *too strong!*



Then I tried something else, but it was the same story. Betty made a scene every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't seem to do her any good. I thought it would be easier on her, but...it was just *too mild!*



At last I found a happy solution to our laxative problem. My next-door neighbor suggested Ex-Lax. I gave some to Betty and she just loved its fine all-chocolate taste. And *I* was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works... not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

Treat the children to THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset the youngsters. It won't make them feel bad afterwards.

—it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be given to children with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes like fine chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

—it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words . . .

—it's just right!

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.





10¢ & 25¢ ... at all drug stores

"Here's tae hairnin' aboot Scotch frae Teacher's"

Scotch-wise folks emphatically say that what you learn about Scotch whisky from Teacher's is all you really need to know...

"It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

SERVICE MAN'S FRIEND

$1 INK-O-GRAPH $2

14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

Makes writing home a pleasure instead of a chore. Withstands roughest service conditions, with no nib to spread or break. Inkograph does anything any fountain pen can do . . . plus many things others cannot. The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.



INKOGRAPH CO., INC. • N. Y. C.

MAKE MONEY by WRITING

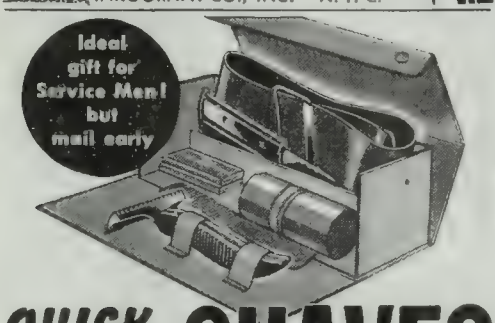
Big demand for short stories, articles, stage plays, novels, radio plays, poetry, etc. Cash in today. Get a FREE copy of Writers' Journal which tells you how. Send 10c for mailing and handling.
WRITERS' JOURNAL, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City

Room with Bath $2.50 up

HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An ironclad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for **only 35c.**



QUICK, SLICK SHAVES

3 times as many

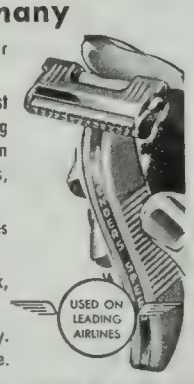
Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Kit:

1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade clicks in instantly, nothing to take apart. New type head gives clean shaves first time over. Prevents nicks, scrapes, razor burn.

2. Semi-automatic leather strop. Triples life of blades.

3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick, comb, serviceable compact case.

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.



ENDERS SPEED SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

ROYAL DUKE Smokes Cooler

PUR-O-MATIC BIT
TRAPS IMPURITIES



Laboratory-tested pipe smokes 23% cooler, 17% drier, removes 238 milligrams of tar, nicotine.
$1.50 $2.50 $3.50

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., INC.
York & Adams Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURIFIES BEFORE YOUR EYES

sentment in his tone. "I'm not sick. I'm able to manage all right. I'll bet I could get up as far as the canyon without any trouble."

"Picnics," Loveday said. His eyes had closed; he was not listening, and for a little while he slept.

Presently she touched his shoulder with her own.

"Indian Hill, Larry! Look at the people!"

A slim Boy Scout stopped the car. Girl Scouts came forward with ropes of greens and white chrysanthemums and draped them in loops over the engine. After which some forty serious-faced boys saluted and fell in alongside as a guard of honor, and the girls formed a column of fours and marched ahead. By now, on the sunshiny air that was sweet with acacia and the green grass that carpeted the orchards and fields, sounds of clapping and cheering could be heard, and the breezes brought and carried away again the strains of the Indian Hill Union High School band.

A few blocks more, with Loveday driving as slowly as she could to avoid running down small children and keep her front wheels off the back of the last Girl Scouts, and they were halted again. The mayor's car was waiting, an open car fairly lined with branches of tasseled acacia and fruit blossoms, and the mayor himself was waiting in the back of the car.

There were exclamations of pity, admiration and awe from the near-by onlookers as Larry and his crutch, laughing and awkward and flushed, were helped from one car to the other. The oldest Bettancourt boy took Loveday's car with a hoarse assurance that he'd get Larry's bag up to the house all right, and Loveday got into the triumphal coach and sat in front of Larry and the mayor, who were in the back seat.

AT THE City Hall two thirds of the populace of Indian Hill were packed and exultant, and the children of the lower schools were massed and ready to sing. Larry waved his aviator's cap and smiled, and the nearer women cried, "God bless you!"

Then the mayor made a short speech in which he reminded them that Larry was tired, that he was to be formally entertained later in the week, and that today's proceedings would, therefore, be brief. He said that it was the spirit of men like Larry, men who had descended from pioneers, who had made America the miracle country that she was, and it was heroism like his, unassuming and self-forgetting and gallant to the last drop of blood, that would establish her in peace and prosperity in some not-too-distant day as the great friend and protector of an unafraid world.

Larry was supposed to reply to this speech but the shouting and cheering kept up so long that he had to sit down before quiet came, and at this sign of weakness in him, who had proved his strength so gloriously, the clapping and cheering burst out afresh.

When he got to his feet again it was to say only a few words.

"You're giving me this swell welcome because I belong to Indian Hill," Larry said, his voice sounding young and sweet and hoarse in the sudden breathless silence, "but I want to tell you that there isn't a city in this country, nor a town nor a crossroads nor a village like Indian Hill, that hasn't sent its men to get us through this mess, and when you multiply what you're saying and doing here today by our fifty thousand towns and villages, you'll know what strength and courage and confidence are going to do for the world. And it's—it's darned swell of you to make us feel that you follow us with love and prayers," Larry stumbled on, as Loveday sat with her eyes shut, straining with every fiber of her mind and soul and body to help make what he said right, "because we're always thinking about home."

He sat down, and Loveday ope wet eyes and saw that the men women nearest her were crying. band started the national anthem, Larry got to his feet once more, stood as nearly at attention as he co leaning on his crutch, and singing words. And as the glorious musi freedom floated out on the air, Love felt something grip her heart, a pas of determination that the twins Owen, and all the other children of world, should be able to look up at blue sky without fear, and to say t jumbled little prayers and drift of sleep without hate.

Somehow they were out of the they were on the home road, they at home. And here on the ten brushed and curled and delicious clean apparel were the twins and O in Hugh's charge, ready to shrill t welcome to their father, and to gl surreptitiously at his foot and quickly away again, and to clutter progress to the reconstructed room yond the library. Larry was obvio tired now, moving with difficulty breathing deep.

But the big double bed that had Grandfather Gurney's was smoo made with fresh-scented sheets blankets and the pillows were w and high. Loveday and Hugh he to get him comfortably installed sank back gratefully. "Lord," he "this is heaven!"

LOVEDAY stood looking down at thoughtfully, her eyes pitiful.

"How did it happen, Larry? W you were hurt?"

"Getting back to the boat. I sh this sailor up to the ladder and sw myself up after him; then the te smashed against my foot. I felt e bone in it go and I knew it was for. Nobody's fault."

"Would you like to know that I t you're the bravest person I ever kne

"But you haven't the remotest what bravery can be," he said, wit affectation.

Loveday went to the door and op it, and a small, pretty, anxious wo with tear-swollen eyes came in. hair was trimly arranged, its fa bleach turning fast to gray; her was all concern and love. She over to the bed and knelt down wi great sob and Larry put his arms a his mother and their wet ch touched.

Loveday went out quietly and cl the door.

YEAR OF WRATH

BY CARL RANDAU AND LEANE ZUGSMITH

The unforgettable story of two people—an American newspaperman and the girl he loved—who didn't take the last boat home when Japan's yellow tide reached its flood

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

n a warm May afternoon four or five w ks later there was great activity on th terrace at Friends Haven. Love- de was at the joggly weatherworn old o table with letters and papers spread o about her. The three Fayre chil- dr n, Jean, John and Geraldine, and L eday's three were all in the briefest o lay clothes, sleeveless tops and brief s rts, showing much of their firm, b wn, young bodies; scuffed strapped s dals on their sockless feet. The twins h , as usual, invented a game and even th two-year-olds were passionately p ying it.

oveday had sometimes surrepti- t sly studied this game, but she could n ke neither head nor tail of it. It in- v ved a certain amount of hopping, c tain intervals of sacred silence not t be broken except with shrieks of cen- s e and apology, the mounting of the o le old brick wall by the entire party, t placing of dripping pebbles in rows i he sun, and the ceremonial escorting o an old mahogany pedestal around a l about in a formal circle.

GNES, on this particular afternoon, A was seated in a low chair knitting b sily and chatting now and then with H gh, who lay stretched in a long wicker r lining chair, and had evidently been n ping. Near them was a card table o on which Larry and Captain John F yre, who today wore no uniform more o thodox than an old silk shirt and w ite duck shorts, were playing back- g mmon.

Larry, it had been discovered, was an e pert backgammon player, and as J hn Fayre had confessed himself a w nderer over the earth seeking a w rthy opponent, the two had fallen i to a long-drawn combat that called f much scoring and that occupied all t ir spare afternoons and evenings.

"Doubles, any double!" Larry said l w on a note of prayer. The dice fell. "I ives, that'll do it!" he exclaimed. T ey both leaned back, spent over the e citement of the last throw, and John F yre, setting up the men for another g me, uttered in a low tone the single w rd "Dog!"

Loveday had gathered her papers to- g ther and weighted them with a small w ite stone.

"Come on, infants," she said, "time to w ash hands for dinner."

The children rallied about her; she t ok small Geraldine by the hand and s d them away.

"This is the moment," Agnes said, p using for a second in her busy knit- t g, "that makes me feel too utterly l xurious. Only a woman could know w hat it means."

"How about a double?" John said.

"Done," Larry answered.

"*You* care what it means to me, don't y u, Hugh?" Agnes demanded pathetic- a lly, turning her attention to Hugh.

"I care furiously," Hugh assured her.

"I've always thought," Agnes said, t hat I'd have to have either a car or a n rse, never both. For a while it was t e nurse, and none of us ever went a ywhere, and then it was a car and I w as too tired to drive. But now that I'm b arding out my three for suppers with L oveday, and they're getting bigger and e asier to take care of all the time any- w ay, I live a life of sinful ease. I'll take t em home now in about an hour, b athed and fed, and ready to pop into b ed, and the rest is child's play! Love- d ay practically *planned* that apartment u pstairs for me," she went on aggriev- e dly, "but now she won't let me have i ."

"Why not?" Hugh asked, with a grin.

"Oh, she says Larry's sisters like to c me up, and Fanny and the babies are c oming down for a week, and if Nini's h usband is called, Nini may come for a l ong visit, and she needs it. I am the one who needs it!" Agnes complained. "However," she went on, cheerily, "her giving my children their supper was a positive inspiration!"

"It seems to work," Hugh commented.

"If it doesn't kill Loveday," Agnes said. Larry inverted his dice box, held it down on the board for a moment, looked across at the speakers.

"Nothing tires Loveday; she's made of iron," he said. "I never saw such a woman! She's—"

"She's a wonder," Agnes agreed, as he paused, looked at his dice and moved his men. In her heart she thought as the men went on with their game and she with her knitting, "He adores her. No one can say a decent word about Loveday but what Larry pipes up like that. But then what's the matter—what's the matter between them? They have everything. Of course he'll never be able to run with that mechanical foot or walk very far. But he got up on the windmill with little John and the twins the other day, and he can drive the car, and he's going to get a job at camp. Larry's completely content—or he could be, and she's absolutely happy, or she could be, too. But they're not."

Hugh, who had welcomed some two score of Pearl Harbor évacués at the hospital the night before, where the arranging of extra beds and extra nurses had kept him busy for days, had been lying with his eyes shut, apparently dozing. But now he opened them, looked about at the green panorama of the overhanging trees, the mighty dark oaks and spearhead eucalyptus, the clean high new foliage of the pear trees, and said lazily:

"Well, we've got our foundation started."

"You mean the Gurney Hospital? I know," Agnes said. "I saw where you have been dragging those old stones around. But, Hugh, when you get that much done, how can you go on?"

"I don't know. But I'll go on." He smiled confidently; there was a little silence. When Hugh spoke again it was on a long sigh of content:

"These people have a little corner of heaven here."

"I WAS wondering," Agnes said in a low tone, with a glance at the players, who were noisily intent upon the taking-off, "if they don't appreciate it?"

"You mean that they do?"

"Either way. The sweetness of this," Agnes expanded it, "the flowers and the little happy good children, the whole soldier and the wounded soldier, their doctor, their devoted women—" She stopped smiling.

"If there could be a little nucleus of this sort of living, everyone helping the big country get through her worst hour," Hugh said lazily, "and everyone putting the love Loveday does into children's meals and war wounds and partings and changes, we'd not only win over hate and greed in the war, we'd win to a new world, a wider, simpler, kinder world with no fear in it."

"Oh, Hugh," Agnes said fervently, tears in her eyes, "if we might! Nothing—nothing is wrong between them?" she breathed anxiously, with a little movement of her head to indicate Larry.

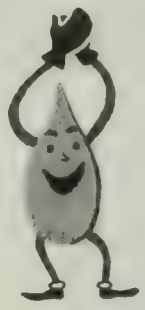
"Nothing," Hugh said on the same note, "that time—a very little time, I think now, can't cure. I've got to be on my way," he added in a louder tone. "But I'll be back, Larry, after dinner."

"Stay and have it. Beef that Loveday corned herself when the Bettancourts killed an old bull last year," Larry said.

"I can't; too much work." Hugh disappeared; the warm shadows lengthened; the last of the sunlight lay burning red on the highest branches of the oaks and on the spired redwoods. Clear twilight flooded the world. Bees were

How to be a "KNOCK-OUT"





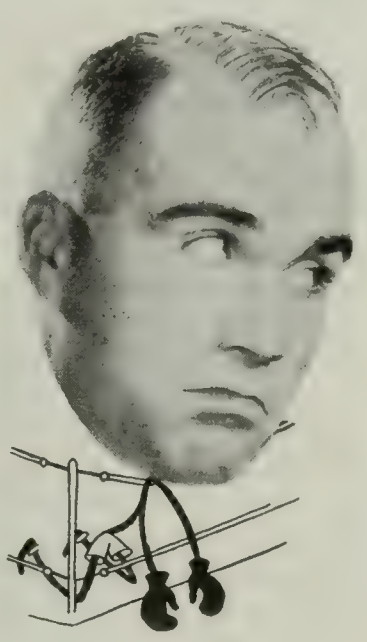
K.O.'d by Water Frequent dousing with water "knocks out" natural oils—leaves hair brittle, bushy, unruly. Let Kreml keep your hair *neatly* in place all day long.



K.O.'d by Grease

"Patent-leather" hair was "counted out" a generation ago. Besides, too much oil tends to smother your scalp. Kreml keeps hair looking soft, lustrous, well-groomed.







K.O.'d by Neglect

A fast work-out every day with Kreml helps check excessive falling hair, removes loose dandruff scales, relieves itchy scalp.



O.K.'d by KREML!

You're sure to look like a champion if you keep your hair correctly groomed with Kreml. Kreml helps keep your scalp clean, lets your hair look its *natural* best. "Head" for Kreml today!

Ladies! Kreml Hair Tonic keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous . . . conditions your hair *before* and *after* permanents.

FOR A FINE SHAMPOO try gentle Kreml Shampoo, made from an 80% olive oil base. Its billowy suds cleanse thoroughly, leave your hair more manageable.

You can get a Kreml Shampoo or an application of Kreml Hair Tonic at your barbershop . . . or bottles for home use at your drugstore.

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE



Act! Get Relief!

Help Nature drive out Fatigue Acids

Yes, those stiff sore muscles from too much extra exercise torture you because fatigue acids have probably accumulated in them. Let Absorbine Jr. help your own blood "wash out" these wastes! Its fast, stimulating action actually helps step up the circulation in many of your muscles so that fatigue acids are carried away from this area.

Get Prompt Relief. Just splash those aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. As it goes to work, muscles can relax. Pain eases, swelling reduces. Welcome comfort comes! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at your druggist's. If free sample is desired, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201S Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



gone, but the birds were still keeping up a sleepy twitter in the orchard.

Loveday came back with the children; in each brown small hand the circle of a cooky was visible. Little Geraldine was tired and went to climb in her father's lap; John continued his game over and above her silky head.

The others galloped about with that excess of activity that infuses small animals and small children at the end of a spring day. They scouted and crept through bushes, sprang at one another from ambush, uttered small, mad cries. When finally Agnes said that the Fayres must positively go there was great outcry. Loveday took Owen upstairs, but the girls were privileged to play about until after their parents' dinner.

She brought dinner out on two trays; it was too pleasant to go indoors. Betsey and Martha hovered near, jabbering questions, Hugh came in for a few minutes to keep Larry company when Loveday put the girls to bed.

When she came down at eight o'clock Hugh was gone. The evening had turned chilly, and Larry had lighted a fire in the grate before which she and Chris had sat on the last evening that she had seen him. Hugh had brought up some mail, letters and envelopes were strewn about Larry; he glanced up from them as Loveday came in, and she sat down on the davenport and looked at him expectantly.

"Any for me?"

"Nope, it was only one envelope with a lot of delayed stuff from Honolulu for me. Christmas cards," Larry answered.

"Christmas cards! And this is May!"

"They've had plenty of other things to bring."

"I suppose so." Loveday picked up her knitting, leaned sidewise to find music on the radio and key it down to softness. Minutes went by.

AFTER a silence she looked at him and saw that his face was wet with tears. Something in those letters—poor Larry, perhaps it reminded him of the old days before his accident—

She went on knitting. Larry presently rose abruptly and started for the door.

"I'm tired. I was up at camp all afternoon. I think I'll turn in. Will you come in for a minute to say good night?"

"I will indeed. I've a little fussing to do in the kitchen."

She answered quietly, but her heart gave a twist of hope. She had been doing a great deal more for him than merely coming in to say good night. She had been caring for his room, making his bed, bringing in flowers, sitting beside him with amusing stories of the children, selecting books for him. And he had thanked her often, gratefully, humbly, but he had not asked her any favors. This was the first time in all the weeks that he had been at home that he had asked her to come in and see him.

Knowing him as she did, she knew that all this time there had been an impassable wall between them. Over and through this wall cheerful conversation, service and thanks for service, laughter at the children, interest in each other's activities and planning for the future had had no trouble in making their way. But between their very hearts the wall had stood; no light kiss on his hair, no affectionate word or smiling glance could pierce it. Something unsaid, something hard and hurtful had always been there; he and she, by common unspoken agreement, had skimmed it, had lived on the surface of it. Now, in his tone, she knew suddenly that the wall was crumbling, that something had happened to shake it.

SHE went into the kitchen, set prunes to soak, put mugs and bowls on the breakfast table, found in the icebox some food for the importunate mother cat. Then she went out into the hall and turned toward the library beyond which was Larry's room.

But some thought delayed her. She paused, an odd look in her eyes. Then she went upstairs, lighted a dim pink lamp in the room she shared with Owen, turned on the bath water in the room adjoining. Half an hour later she went downstairs and entered Larry's room. He was propped up in bed reading. He glanced up when she came in.

"I thought you'd forgotten me. Gee, you look sweet!"

"No." Loveday came over and sat on the edge of his bed facing him.

"But you did. You've had your bath; you were all ready for bed." He laid his hand on the soft, thin silk robe she wore over her nightgown. "Loveday," he went on, as she merely looked at him silently and made no motion to speak, "I got my mail today. I got your letter—your letter about Chris."

"You don't mean—Larry, surely you had that long ago?"

"Nope; it was forwarded only today."

"But that—heavens, it seems like another world! That was before Pearl Harbor."

"That's just the thing," he said. "It was written a week before Pearl Harbor." He turned his face away and she saw that it was wet again. "I'm so darn' weak still," he said angrily.

"You mean that all these weeks you've been wanting to ask me about Chris, and didn't?"

"I didn't dare!"

"Didn't dare! You?"

"It's all too perfect here. I didn't dare risk it."

"And you've been wondering. Well, I told you in that letter I loved Chris very much," she said; "I was in love with him. You've been in love; you know how it feels. The thought of belonging to him set me wild—transported me into some other world. I wanted all he could give me, too.

"I put Chris, new places, new friends, my background washed out, everything to do all over again," she went on after a moment, "into one side of the scales. And in the other I put the girls' happiness, and Owen's, your mother's, Hugh's, my own self-respect—oh, I don't mean that it represents all that to lots of women, Larry, but it did to me! And that side, the scales came down

"But—but you say more than th here. You wrote it to me before Pea Harbor," he exulted, pathetically eage "You said that you loved every hair the children's heads, that you remen bered the hours that gave them to u when I came into your room—that h hospital room down in Bakersfield—

His throat thickened. He stopp and they looked at each other.

"You said that those days, and t electric fan I rigged up at the Buckin ham Way place—"

"And the country style bacon fro Joe Portacchio," Loveday put in.

"And the time the field was so flood we couldn't get out."

"And Martha eating the castor bea in the Maginnises garden."

"And Hug Bates telling me that if wasn't a big bum I'd get a job som where or other."

"Hug feels differently now. And o moving in here, Larry, when it was cold and drafty and smelly! Tho things are marriage," Loveday said, h hand over his, "and what I wrote you what I tried to write you was that th are what count, between a man and woman, they are what make living re living."

"When I read this letter today," Lar said, touching with his free hand t scattered pages that lay on the bed, thought my heart would break. I' been treating you like a dog since I g home—"

"Ah, no, you haven't, Larry! It w only that I've known that somethi was wrong."

"Everything was wrong. I kept thin ing that in all that time you hadn written me about Chris, and that in t back of your mind you were only wai ing, behind all these greetings and we comes and getting adjusted to my fo and resting and breakfast trays—behi all that was the bombshell that y were going away—that you had oth plans—"

HE STOPPED, unable to go on. Lov day smiled, although her own lash were misted, as she answered him:

"Larry, the greatest war of all time to settle the one great question of a time—is going on. You're in it, Rod ar Hugh are in it, John Fayre, Fanny husband and Nini's husband, Marge and Betty-Lou's husband—we're all it together. Well, God's given me ba my man; he won't have to go into da ger again, and I've my children, and I' my home where all of them can com from time to time to rest and perha be healed of some of the bitterness ar the grief of it. There isn't any oth world for me but just here, and there never be any other man for me but ju you!"

"There's never been any woman f me but you, Loveday!" Larry whi pered unsteadily.

She slipped to her knees beside h bed, her cheek against his, and Lar with one great sob, tightened his arm about her.

THE END



From the Nation's Capital comes this Unique Plan to help you

Retire with a *Guaranteed* Income . . . *for Life!*

IF YOU arrange for it *now* through Acacia Mutual's Retirement Income Plan, you can retire at age 55, 60 or 65 and enjoy life, free from personal financial worries, in the new and abundant America that lies ahead. Each month for the rest of your life you will receive an Acacia Mutual check for $100, $150, $200 or more.

Best of all, under Acacia's Plan both you and your family will be protected—by your Acacia monthly income if you live, or by insurance which protects them from the minute you pay your first premium.

Like all life insurance plans offered by this 73-year-old company, Acacia's guaranteed monthly income plan is unique and different—unique in the way it can be fitted exactly to *your* problems and *your* income—different in its "economy" basis for determining rates, which keeps your insurance premiums extremely low.

Why Acacia Mutual's Rates Are Low

In 1926, to place insurance within easier reach of more people, Acacia Mutual pioneered a new idea in premium rates. It abandoned the customary mutual company practice of charging relatively high premiums and then refunding a part of them later in the form of so-called "dividends." It introduced the plan of "paying dividends in advance" . . . in the form of substantial reduction in premium rates . . . plus additional dividends earned through sound investment, economical management and careful selection of risks. All this enables foresighted men and women to increase their insurance protection which otherwise they might not be able to do.

For 16 years, through public recognition of the soundness of this idea, Acacia Mutual's volume of insurance in force has grown at a rate more than double the average for all life insurance companies, and its assets have grown even faster.

Let us send you more information about this low-cost Retirement Income Plan, and about this unique and different life insurance company which offers it. Sign and mail the coupon now.

Acacia Mutual

Life Insurance Company

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, *President*

Home Office • Washington, D. C.

Across from the U. S. Capitol

By Act Of Congress

Acacia Mutual was chartered by Act of Congress in 1869 as an organization that "shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its policyholders and not for profit."

☆

SINCE 1869, through wars, depressions and prosperity, Acacia Mutual has been serving policyholders faithfully and well.

◆

A MUTUAL, old-line, legal-reserve company, Acacia Mutual is older and larger than 90% of the life insurance companies in America.

◆

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION, Acacia Mutual has Branch Offices in 60 principal cities, representatives in 100 others.

◆

OVER $450,000,000 of insurance in force demonstrate the public's endorsement of Acacia Mutual's low premium plan.

◆

OVER $75,000,000 in benefits, including $12,000,000 in dividends, have been paid since Acacia instituted its low premium plan in 1926.

◆

TO SERVE YOU BETTER, Acacia Mutual instituted its unique, life-service agent's contract, which has attracted to the company men of the highest calibre to advise you in insurance matters. More such men are being added constantly.

◆

WHAT ACACIA MEANS: Acacia Mutual derives its name from the Acacia tree, which since the dawn of history has been a symbol of everlasting life—revered as a token of resurrection and immortality.

☆

***Do not lapse your policy** in any other old-line company to take one in Acacia . . . Do not lapse your policy in Acacia to take one in any other old-line company . . . You lose in either case.*

ACACIA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please send me more information about "a different kind of life insurance company," and about your Retirement Income Plan.

Name.....
Please Print

Address.....

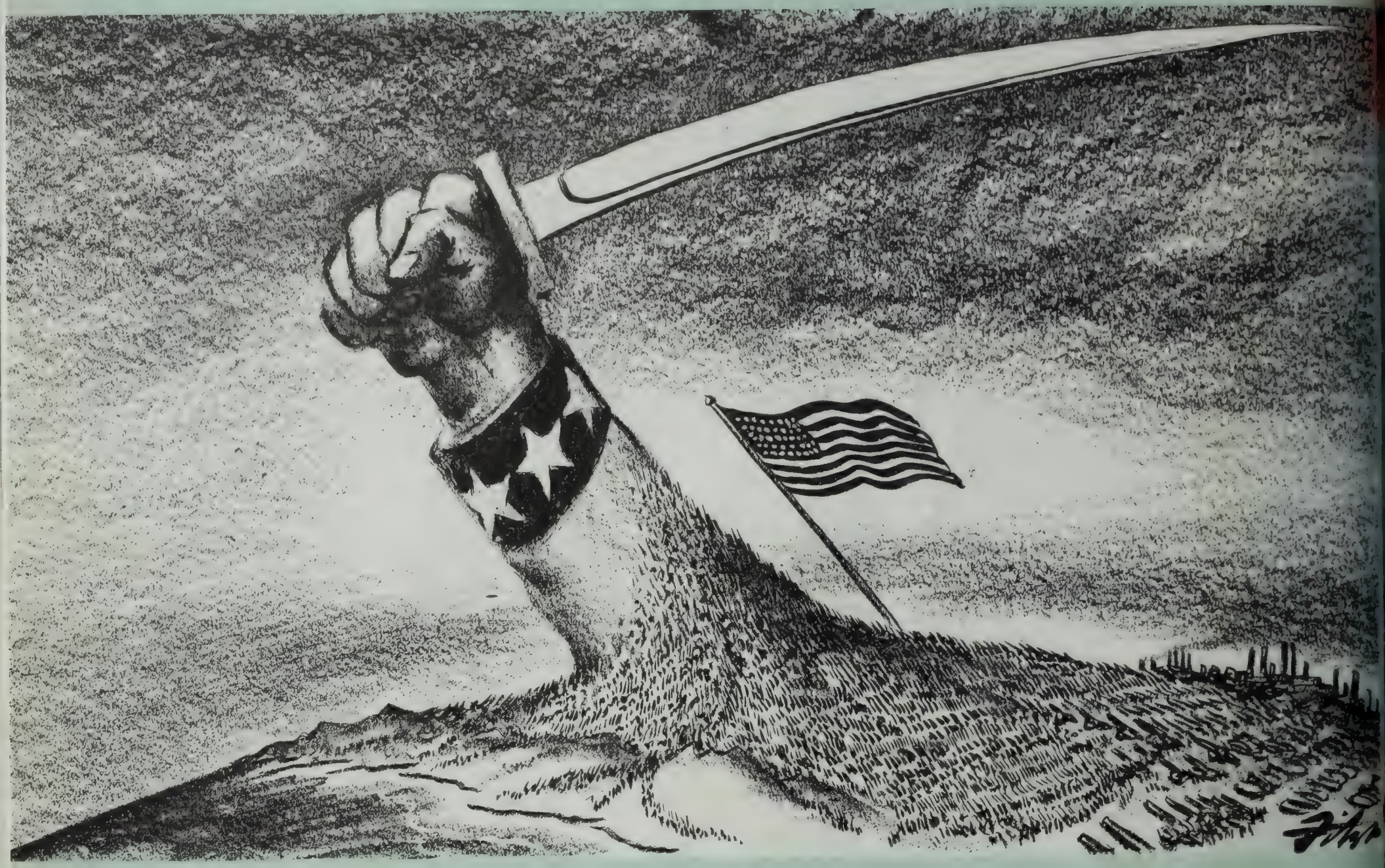
City and State.....

COLLIER'S

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLE
Managing Ed



UNITED WE STAND

MUCH, a great deal too much, is still being said about the so-called apathy of the American people in this war.

The accusation does not come from fighting men or busy workers in essential war jobs. Rather, it is the utterance of the anxiety of people who unfortunately, for the most part, are not themselves in the Armed Forces or doing important war work. Most of these fretters and worriers and accusers are sincere but misinformed and misled.

Actually, in spite of all difficulty, delay and discouragement, we are a united and determined people. There are no soft spots, no centers of important dissension, no large disloyal groups.

This is not to say that all of us are perfect in time of war. Some of us were not too good while there was peace. Not everybody now tells his rationing board the truth. Some men —and women, too—try to chisel gas or sugar or tires and think themselves cute when they succeed. Some drive too fast.

Some farmers are avaricious. Some labor leaders are arrogant. Some politicians continue to ply their petty trade despite the urgencies of the most agonizing war in history. In a word, now as in the past and doubtless as it will be, human nature in the United States varies. So what? Adam's children were not all cooperative. There was a bad one among the Twelve Apostles.

But there are no dissident groups in the United States such as existed in all previous wars. In 1918, there were large German blocs that were steadily hostile to American participation in the war. Some unreconcilable Germans remain, but their numbers are too few even to elect a senator or two. So also with the radical opposition of other years and wars. Hitler and the Japanese brought about a unanimity we never before attained.

We have problems too; yes, problems of the utmost difficulty. The one great problem is how to win the war in the shortest possible time. All other problems are subsidiary.

We have to win the war on land, at sea, in the air. We have to provide the fighters and the generals capable of wresting victory from the hardest foes any people ever encountered.

We have to provide the arms and the equipment necessary to enable valiant men to fight triumphantly on battlefields that cover the earth.

Our urgent problems now concern the methods by which we shall accomplish this gargantuan task of production.

Our controversies, where they exist, arise from relatively minor differences of opinion as to the most effectual ways of accomplishing the result everybody wants achieved. L farmers, businessmen, politicians, intell als, have various opinions only as to how ticular objectives may be reached.

Of course we need to discipline ours more. We need to submerge personal bition and group and party advantage. A us, high and low, in office and at the hum task, are under the same imperative nece

But, make no mistake, we as a people a united and aroused in this war as never b in our history. Any sacrifice that is in necessary will be made. Before Pearl Ha and before 1917 for that matter, people wo about the softness of youth. We needed t fuse hardihood and courage—toughness the word—into the young generation. Y men on Bataan, in the Coral Sea, at Mid at the Solomon Islands and in countless battle areas gave the lie to that libel.

On the home front too, in hundreds of t sands of shops and factories, millions are w ing with energy, imagination and com loyalty to the great cause they are defendi

Mistakes, yes, we have made mist Doubtless we shall make more, but a d respect for the integrity of our fellows sh prevent all from the unforgivable sin of ur rating the patriotism, the zeal, and the fu mental intelligence of the American peopl

Collier's

ER 24, 1942 TEN CENTS

PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

PROPERTY OF THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO
DEC 7 1942



A BRILLIANT NOVEL OF JAPAN'S BID FOR THE WORLD

YEAR OF WRATH

BY CARL RANDAU AND LEANE ZU

DE
3159
C 3Y
JJ10 2&
OCLC 10CCT+3
BOULDER
930 20TH ST
MAIN & A TITLES



WRITE HIM A *Letter* OFTEN

If he's in Uncle Sam's forces, he's fighting for all of us. Let's let him know we're with him wherever he is. A letter takes only a few minutes to write—we can load it full of doings and love. A 3c stamp takes us right into camp. We want to be with him . . . and that's the best way to get there! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

★ ★ ★

At top: Sheaffer's *newest Lifetime**, "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY, for men or women, carries safely in all positions in pocket or purse, $16.50 and $18.75 for the set. Lower: VIGILANT *Lifetime*, with military clip, $12.75 for the set. Other Sheaffer pens, all colors, $2.75 and up.

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

Copyright, 1942, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. *Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Listen to
SHEAFFER'S
WORLD NEWS PARADE
with UPTON CLOSE
NBC Complete Network
Sundays, 3:15 P.M. E.W.T.; 2:15 P.M. C.W.T.;
1:15 P.M. M.W.T.; 12:15 P.M. P.W.T.

SHEAFFER'S

"... So ended my Past, So began my Future."



I WAS A HITCH-HIKER on the highway of love. I was the woman men were glad to forget ... I was the lonely heart with a capital L.

Then I got a straight-from-the-shoulder tip from my best girl friend that literally changed my entire life. Now I'm back from my vacation engaged to an adorable man whom every girl in the place was after. Life seems beautiful now. And the lonely heart is lonely no longer.

Here's the hint I got ... and *took*:

"Don't neglect your breath*, darling," my girl friend told me. "When it's off-color people are off you. And you may never know when it is that way. From now on better let Listerine look after it."

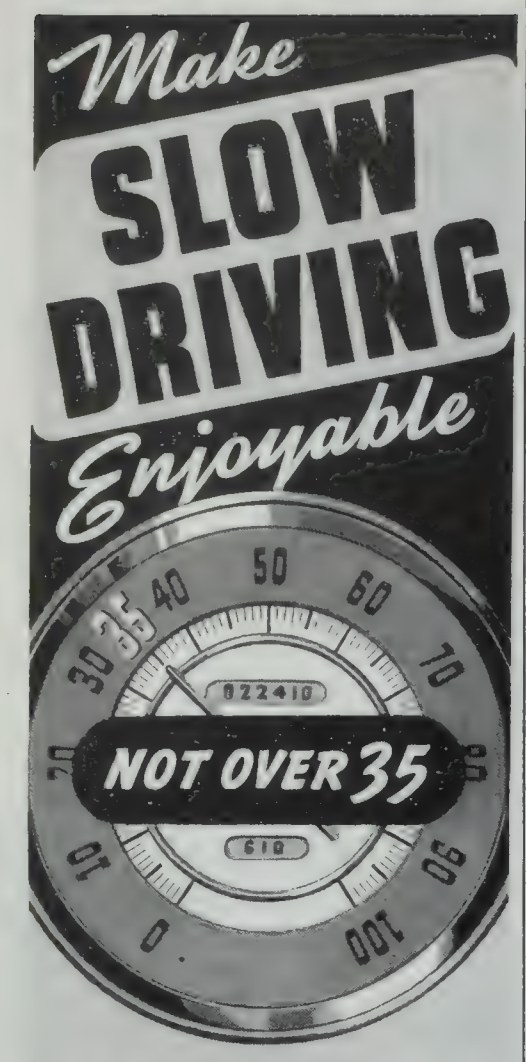
If you seem to be out of things perhaps you, too, will do well to take the hint that helped me.

* * *

*While occasionally of systemic origin, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Better not guess about your breath ... better not take chances. Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

P.S. A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



INSTALL A
Motorola
AUTO RADIO
Now, Today!

Don't grumble about the difficulty of holding your high-powered car down to rubber-saving and gas-saving speed limits. When you save your car you serve your country . . . and a Motorola will help you do both because radio makes slower drives more enjoyable. You can listen to War News, Sports, and the world's finest entertainment with a Motorola in your car.

YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO
FIT and MATCH
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

Your Motorola dealer can quickly install America's Finest Auto Radio in your car immediately. Get one while you can. When his stock is gone, there will be no more for the duration. *See a Motorola Dealer Today.*



THE ARMY-NAVY "E" awarded for excellence in the production of Communication Equipment for our Armed Forces.

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR CAR AND HOME
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing

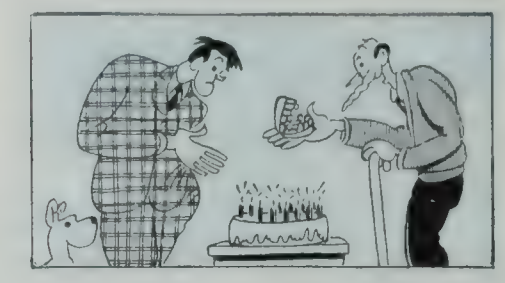
ANY WEEK

OUR typewriter has been reconditioned. You may notice the difference. There is some talk now of reconditioning us. Privately we don't think it would do much good. Anyway, we shall proceed as usual to solve a few knotty problems and dwell feelingly upon some of the sadder aspects of the home front, particularly the predicaments of those who are unable to decide which is the more important—holding political office or winning the war. And while we spit on our hands, we pass on the information that at a War Bond sales luncheon of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Fred Astaire, the superlative hoofer, sold his shoes for $116,000. This, we find after a brief conference with Mr. Leon Henderson, is a bit high for shoes, even today. But our scout goes on to tell us that the purchaser (who insisted upon anonymity) sold the laces of the Astaire shoes for $6,000—in bonds, of course. Later he passed on the left shoe for $10,000. Thus the Treasury of the United States was enlarged by $132,000, and the trophy rooms of three or four Cleveland patriots are enriched. It breeds an idea. How much for the seat of the pants Jimmy Doolittle wore over Tokyo? For Winston Churchill's zippered union suit? Just ideas, you see. We might offer Hitler's mustache, undetached. Maybe it's the reconditioned typewriter, but for a man of our years, we're feeling awfully frisky.



OR PERHAPS it's because we've just taken a young lady to dinner, a rather succulent affair lasting almost two hours. We mean the dinner of course. It was made all the more pleasant by her vocabulary which occasionally approached the spectacular. She ate an enormous quantity of salad, pausing just long enough to say: "This is surely a gastromic imprudity." Hopefully we held our peace until dessert and were rewarded with: "This might be epicurean but it's a pleasure." That's the kind of guest we like; says what she thinks—whatever that is. When we parted after the dinner she said: "Adieu for a delicious impast." We went home whistling.

AND W. B. Courtney, this magazine's gift to Australia (they gave him back), reports that he attended in Sydney a cocktail party given by a lady who was shortly to sail for England. She told Mr. Courtney that her cook warmly disapproved of the trip, having said: "Oh, madame, don't go to England. It's a dangerous place. It's where all the convicts come from."



WE ARE notified, too, that there recently died in the practical state of Vermont an aged farmer who, as each of his children and grandchildren reached the age of eighteen, gave them complete sets of upper and lower teeth. As far as we've learned, none of them needed false teeth at that age but, said the old man, "It's the best way." We're interested to know, too, that neither before nor after their eighteenth birthdays did the old man ever give them any other gift. He was often heard to remark that a man's best friends are his teeth. Once he deigned to explain why he made the gift at an age usually so toothy. "Better a mite early than too late," replied the old man, champing his own store gnashers.

TO GET rid of the rest of the small stuff before taking on a major issue or two, we have a note from a friend of ours who recently rode in one of those streetcars which Washington has dug up from its transportation scrap piles. He informs us that the trolley was a true museum piece. Moreover, they hadn't bothered about cleaning it, figuring, doubtless, that it wouldn't do any good. Prominently displayed inside the ancient carrier was the appeal: "Please don't spit on this car."

OUR scouts are faithful, tireless, devoted, mindless of hours. One has just panted in from San Francisco with the tale of a lady in uniform, a cable car and a colonel. He forgot to find out whether she was a Waac, a Waf, or a Wave or a Red Cross worker. Anyway, she was in uniform and looked very nice indeed. The car was crowded. When the colonel boarded it, she stood up, smartly saluted, offered him her seat. He waved the offer down, saluted, bade her be reseated. She insisted. He insisted. She got cross. He became embarrassed. Finally, both standing, glaring at each other, he roared, "Madame, I am making a silly ass of myself. Good day!" He saluted. She saluted. He got off the car. . . .

W. D.

Vol. 110, No. 17. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WE

OCTOBER 24,

SHORT STORIES

FRANK DORSEY
Rear Guard at Derevushk Russian soldier against tank.

VEREEN BELL
Come Back Tuesday. M was shiftless, but his dog

RICHARD HOWELLS WA
Action Offshore. A stowa good memory for faces— Nazis.

THEODORE GOODRIDGE
The Girl Grew Up. Love old family feud.

THE SHORT SHORT STOR
Two Beers, by Octavus R

SERIAL STORIES

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. The firs parts.

VERA CASPARY
Ring Twice for Laura. The seven parts.

ARTICLES

KYLE CRICHTON
Black-and-Blue Beauty. ridge—she who always ge

BILL WOLF
Return of the Wildfowl. for duck hunters.

WALDO FRANK
Chile Gets off the Fence. influences are still powerf

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
New Bodies for Old. Britai surgeons build new bo lives.

WALTER DAVENPORT
A Fireless-Side Chat. Co report on the fuel-oil sit

SHIRLEY ALEXANDER
Riding to Trouble. Amb tendants take over for in

TOM SILER
Football Ad Libbers. Fas on the gridiron.

FRANK GERVASI
Willkie at the Front. Our server shocks the censor.

GENE CASEY
End of a Trawler. Murd high seas.

RUBBER DOUGHNUTS.
They save airmen's lives.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS.

COVER HARRY MORS



"Say, Captain . . . what side of the road do they drive on in Rio?"

Don't think the planes of the future aren't *already here!* They are! But, of course, these giants aren't carrying pleasure cars and vacationists. Troops and jeeps and equipment fill their holds.

Just imagine the Day of Victory has already arrived. Visualize the multi-motor bombers and transports of today as fleets of freight planes and super liners.

As sure as Victory will be ours, the America that lies ahead will be a land that brings the horizon to your back door. It will be a land that leads mankind to a new concept of civilization. Today's production lines are geared to it. Today's Americans are working for it.

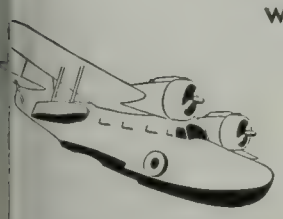
When the aviation industry was in knee pants, we of B. F. Goodrich started our aeronautical division. Planes were fragile, slow, unsafe. The pilots who flew them were daredevils. But every day some new miracle of ingenuity took place.

For example, from the B. F. Goodrich research laboratories came a new type of aircraft tire, a low-pressure Silvertown which made aircraft take-offs and landings smoother and safer. This helped pave the way for heavier planes. We developed a new type of brake that greatly increased a pilot's ground-control. This helped pave the way for greater speeds. We developed De-Icers, which protect wings, tail and rudder from ice.

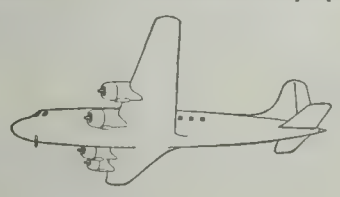
Today, the greatest air force in the world is using this equipment. As the air power of the United Nations grows in strength, the Day of Victory looms nearer. And, when it arrives, we at B. F. Goodrich won't even take time out to look up from our work.

We will start right off on our new job—turning out aircraft equipment for the conquest of new worlds . . . for the creation of a new America. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Aeronautical Division, Akron, Ohio.

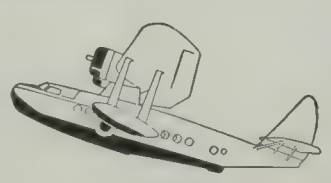
Here are some famous military cargo planes that are supplied with B. F. Goodrich equipment



GRUMMAN
J R F



DOUGLAS
C-54

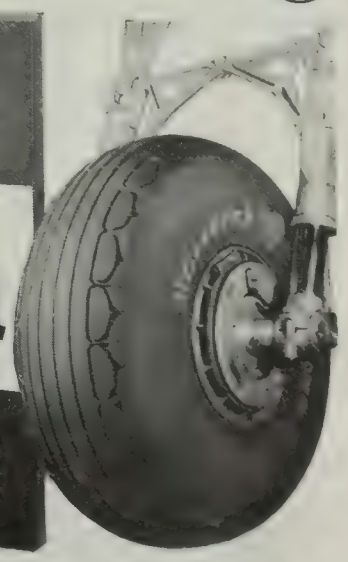


VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
J R S

Skyway or Highway

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

Florsheim Quality
is Sound Shoe Conservation

Conservation is nothing new to Florsheim; this business was built on the determination to give men more for their money—more in style, comfort, and wear—so their shoes would cost *less* in the long run. Today it's vitally necessary to save leather . . . and the best way we know to make shoes last longer is to buy better shoes.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



The DEARBORN, S-962

The COMMANDER, S-1070

Most Styles
$10.50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

No women's underwear was ever sold in a store in the United States until 1876. Up to this time, all these garments were made in the home because they were considered to be of such an intimate nature that ladies could not endure discussing their purchase with a strange clerk.—*By Frances Doherty, New York, New York.*

Condemned men in Utah, where they are given their choice of being shot or hanged, almost invariably choose to face the firing squad. And defendants, in states in which jury trials may be waived, usually choose the judge instead of the jury because they feel he will not be unduly influenced by the prosecutor, the press or personal prejudice arising from their religion, or social and economic status.

Great Britain pays its civilian men from ten per cent to fifty per cent more than its women in compensation for identical injuries received in air raids.

To complete their education, men and women students in many colleges are now lent money by the federal government. The student must be within two years of receiving his degree in chemistry, dentistry, engineering, medicine, pharmacy or physics. Maximum loan is $500, the interest is 2½ per cent, no security is required and the money is to be repaid in four annual installments beginning one year after leaving school.

To rear and educate the 3,500,000 Southerners who later migrated to the North and West during the past century is estimated to have cost the South more than $17,500,000,000.

Many common foods contain much more starch than do potatoes, among them being wheat, oats, rye, corn, peas, lentils, tapioca and rice. In fact, the starch content of rice, which is often eaten by persons trying to reduce, is just four times that of potatoes.

On last Mother's Day in Mexico, the big government pawnshop, the Monte de Piedad, at the suggestion of Señora Avila Camacho, returned $150,000 worth of sewing machines, being held as security against loans to needy families, as a gesture of good will to the mothers of the republic.—*By E. L. W. Eistetter, Mexico City, Mexico.*

The Falashas, a Hamitic people of Abyssinia, are forbidden by their own laws to enter the house of a Christian. Furthermore, no one is admitted into their monastic system who has eaten a meal with a Christian, or who is the son or the grandson of a man thus contaminated.

More than three hundred cities and towns in thirty-two states now license bicycles, chiefly to protect the owners against theft. Registration has increased the recovery of stolen machines, in many places, from fifteen to ninety per cent.

During a heavy thunderstorm, a large structure, topped by a pointed object such as the mooring mast of the Empire State Building, sometimes accumulates so much positive electricity that a flash of lightning will leap upward from it to meet a downward flash from a negatively charged cloud.—*By Dr Gilbert C. Meyer, Island Park Long Island.*

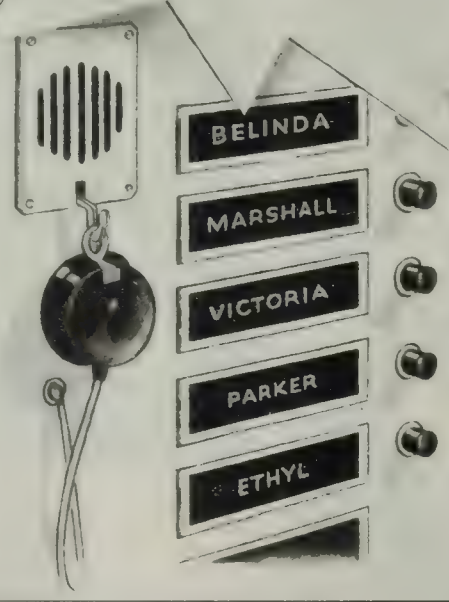
The Trans-Saharan Railway, now being built between Colomb-Béchar in Algeria and Bourem in French West Africa, has been nicknamed "The Peanut Line" by the construction engineers because the Diesel engines are to burn peanut oil. The laborers also use the same name derisively because they are forced to work for "peanuts"—fifteen cents a week.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



BELINDA
means
"graceful in motion"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?





MARSHALL
means
"master of the house"



VICTORIA
means
"successful in contests"



PARKER
means
"keeper of a park"



ETHYL
is a trade mark name

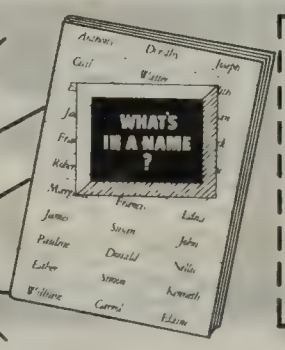
It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

FREE
ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES



ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3507, Chrysler Bldg., New York City

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

COPYRIGHT 1942, ETHYL CORPORATION

NOTICE! It's time you grown-ups quit swiping kids' Tootsie Rolls. It's unfair! Can't you go and get your own?



Jeeps! How that Tootsie taste gets 'em!

Gotta *watch* those grown-ups! They sight a Tootsie, sink same. That *burns* me, 'count of I'm a *sucker* for that Tootsie taste! I'm a *bearcat* for that chocolatey luscious flavor.

Most of those Tootsie-swipers don't even know Tootsies are *pep* food! Yes, sir! Tootsies are *super-colossal* for zingo!

America's Favorite Chewy Chocolate Candy



Try other TOOTSIE CANDIES—*delicious!*

RICH IN *DEXTROSE* FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY



(FOR THE

CAP Pilot H. Warren Holaday ready to take off from an Eastern airport to report for duty with a task force. His plane if of new design, made of plastic and wood. CAP pilots are doing fine work in U-boat patrol and other war activities

WING TALK

THE "Convoy Cap" may not have the speed, fire power and viciousness of the Dieppe umbrella of fighters but the CAP, which is Civil Air Patrol, has distinguished itself as the protecting eyes of the coastwise and Gulf coast shipping. And now with the coastal patrol operating daily and well organized in the war against submarines off the U. S. coasts, the CAP is entering a new phase for the wings, groups and squadrons of civil airmen for inland operations.

Any naval officer will say today that the CAP has accomplished just what it started out to do. It has relieved many of the regular service planes of both the Army and the Navy for other duties. Civilian members of the patrol have taken their small planes, which at one time might have been referred to as putt-putts, and turned them into a vital protective weapon. Their only fire power is the .45-caliber service revolver of the pilot. But the ash-can depth charge that is attached to the belly of the small plane, in addition to the searching eyes of the two-man crew, is enough to keep the enemy subs down under or away from the coastal combat zones.

The men flying those coastal patrol planes, day in and day out, up and down the coast many miles out to sea, feel they are accomplishing a real mission. Most of them are of the overage type for regular military service. But on their runs, they play tag or hide-and-seek with the preciously laden cargo ships in the convoy. They chat back and forth over the radio with the ships. As one group finishes its mission of 100 miles or more, another group of CAP planes takes over.

At the start, many of the CAP pilots in the Middle West areas were somewhat dissatisfied. There was nothing for them to do. Some of them went i the coastal patrol for a tour of du But now Earle L. Johnson, the natio commander, has under way a progr which will see the CAP activities in parts of the country. Such missions courier service for the armed servi official agencies and war industries n easily be performed by the CAP. Tar towing, tracking, searchlight drill, t on spotting, mock air raids, reconna sance, observation and the patrol forests, pipe lines and other war fac ties will keep these volunteer airm busy.

ANOTHER big worry for pilots, v certainly have enough to wo about while operating the gadget-pac planes of today, is headed for elimi tion. The creation of deicers sev years ago was one of the big steps ward safe all-year-round flying. ice continued to be a worry and cau the crews to be on constant guard in weather conditions to see that the icers were turned on at precisely right time.

Two young physicists, Doctor Wa Kliever and his assistant Rich Franzel of Minneapolis have develo a new type of ice indicator which util the principles of the new science electronics. The device not only curately measures the ice on the wi and plane but automatically turns the deicer at the time it is most ef tive.

THE hundreds of thousands of c mercial-plane passengers who nually fly here and there in the Un States in the luxury of a comfort cabin pay little attention to the e position of the plane in which they flying. Not one out of a hund

(Continued on page 72)



A REFRIGERATOR AND AN AUTOMOBILE GO TO WAR!

IT hurtles across the Atlantic between dawn and dinner-time. . .

A huge new cargo-carrying flying boat . . . with squads of soldiers, guns and ammunition . . . a freight-car load of what it takes to smash an enemy.

This, Mr. Hitler — is a picture of a refrigerator and an automobile *going to war*.

Not by ones or twos—but *in fleets*—these ocean-jumping Vought-Sikorskys will be sailing from Nash-Kelvinator assembly lines—ready to fly the fight and might of the U. S. Navy to war.

And when they stretch their wings around this world, there will be proud new Navy *Corsairs* to protect them—new fighting ships that can fly the wings off any Axis 'plane now known!

The Corsair, too, carries the colors of Nash-Kelvinator. Its powerful 2,000 h.p. super-charged high-altitude engine is a *quantity* assignment for the men who made last year's automobiles and refrigerators . . . men who have already built thousands of propellers for the Jap-blasting and U-boat-hunting fliers of the United Nations.

This is just a sample, Mr. Hitler, of our 1943 models. Just a picture of what one company is doing—in meeting and beating a production schedule four times greater than our best peacetime year. And all America's in the fight—buying War Bonds, getting in the scrap metal —in this war *to win!*

So your happy dreams are about over, Adolf — a Nazi nightmare is turning true. The sky is getting darker in the west—the wings of vengeance are coming!

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

NASH KELVINATOR



PRATT & WHITNEY HIGH-ALTITUDE ENGINES



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY FLYING BOATS



HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

We're Holding the Cards Now, Axis!



Copyright 1942—Philco Corpo

THE Army-Navy "E" flags that fly above the Philco plants at Philadelphia, Trenton and Sandusky are citations of *Excellence* in the production of war equipment from our fighting forces to the men and women of Philco. They are symbols of the vital partnership between our soldiers of the front and our soldiers of production.

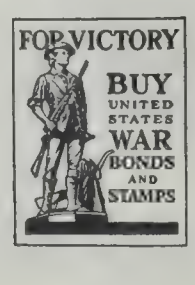
More than that, they are *battle flags* for America at home, symbols of the devotion and sacrifice beyond the line of duty which are the price of Victory. For that is the spirit in which industrial America, as the War Department citation reads, is "accomplishing today what yesterday seemed impossible."

The Philco laboratories, machines and assembly lines are producing communications equipment, radios for tanks and airplanes, artillery fuzes and shells, electric storage batteries for the Army, Navy and War Production plants. They are doing their share to the end that America's might may strike the decisive blow for Victory. And that mankind may enjoy in freedom the more abundant life which will arise from the scientific miracles born of war.

This cartoon by Carl Rose is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory

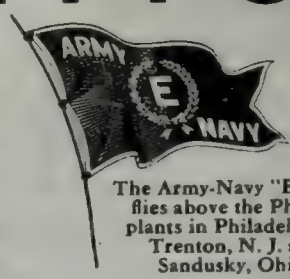
Free Limited Offer . . . While availa a full size reproduction of the origi drawing by Carl Rose will be furnis gladly upon request. Simply address Ph Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., ask for Cartoon Number 25C.

PHILCO CORPORATIO



America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on sugar, rubber, gasoline and all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the use of the things you own. Through its national service organizations, Philco offers, at reasonable and uniform charges, the means of prolonging the life of Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER



The Army-Navy "E" Flag flies above the Philco plants in Philadelphia, Trenton, N. J. and Sandusky, Ohio.

Collier's

The National Weekly for October 24, 1942



YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Beginning the fast-moving story of Nick Griggs, American newsman, who fought a one-man war with the Japs. On their side they had power, numbers and cunning. He had courage, intelligence, and a girl he met casually in Tokyo

AFTER the pigeon-toed Japanese chambermaid delivered the cablegram to the American in Room 87 of the Dai Ichi Hotel, she crept down the corridor to giggle with another maid. Unlike the desk clerk, she did not know the text of the cable. The two servants tittered because that was the way Japanese girls expressed astonishment, boredom, embarrassment, discomfiture, fear or nothing whatsoever. They also giggled because they thought Nick Griggs, with his dark hair, square face, his big, broad-lipped smile, was more personable than some of the other Westerners in Tokyo.

Inside Room 87, the American sat hunched on the edge of his bed. The cable in his hand read:

"In view present outlook decided replace you stop McCleery arrives Yokohama tomorrow good luck Pottle."

Nick Griggs knew it by heart before he rose to toss the message onto the dresser. "In view present outlook," he said to his image in the mirror. "What's wrong with my present outlook? It's all down in black and white on my passport and, what's more, passed by the State Department of the U. S. A. Height, five feet eleven. Hair, black. Eyes, gray, provided I'm not wearing one of my bright ties, when they change color a little. Age, thirty. And what is more, Mr. Pottle, no distinguishing marks."

Finesse it, he told himself. It was worse to talk out loud to yourself than to be a solitary drinker, and, anyway, at the moment he much preferred to be a solitary drinker. Unfortunately, there was not even a jug of sake in the closet. As for his ties, there wasn't much else around either. He had lent his dinner jacket to Al Carpenter of the Japan Times-Advertiser. His camera was useless since the Japanese had taken its lens when he first entered Japan.

The cramped bedroom that he had always before regarded as slightly bigger than a ricksha suddenly seemed to be on noble proportions. The heat, the mosquitoes that came in through the ill-fitting window screens suddenly represented all the dear inconveniences of home, once you had to leave it. The Dai Ichi Hotel was situated reasonably near the Domei Building where, until a few minutes ago, he had

A maid entered with a tray of cups and a pot of tea, kneeling before each man as she served him. While she was there, Yagi uttered only inconsequential remarks

been the accredited correspondent of the American News Service. The Dai Ichi was newer than the Imperial Hotel, a few blocks away. Otherwise, it was just an eight-story cell block. Nick stayed there because its rates were lower than the Imperial's. Now, without going up one sen, they had become too lofty for him.

For a melancholy moment, he thought he would have to be businesslike and check his assets. All his last month's chits, at the American Club and here, were paid up. He had the bright brocaded kimono for his mother, the elaborate upright doll in the glass case for his brother's kid . . . and not enough money for his passage if he wanted to go home.

He also had a file of cablegrams from Mr. William R. Pottle, foreign news editor of the American News Service. All but the one he had just received had been dull developments of a key word like "disappointed" or "unsatisfactory" or "unimportant." Pottle's predecessor, a gentlemanly character who had hired Nick from the night rewrite desk of the Japan Times-Advertiser, had not squandered American News Service money on monotonous cables. His infrequent messages had displayed talent and sometimes included creative touches like "congratulations" or "swell story" or "more of same."

But the gentlemanly character was out and Pottle, the father of the kiss-off, was in; and again Nick told himself to finesse it. Perhaps my assets are intangibles, he thought: my health, my . . . health, well, anyway, in a dinner coat I'm not mistaken for the waiter. I have a nodding acquaintance with two foreign languages. *Moshi moshi:* hello. *'Allo:* hello. Quite a catch. I really don't see why the girls don't propose to me. Maybe they're waiting for leap year. Or maybe they read in the tea leaves that, wherever I go, I'm sure to land a snappy job on night rewrite.

IT WAS the darnedest thing about night rewrite, he thought. On night rewrite in St. Louis, he had saved enough to finance the trip to Hawaii. The flower-perfumed Paradise of the Pacific smiles *aloha* to you. It had; but all the Star-Bulletin could give him was a place on rewrite. In the moonlight hours, in the zombie hours, he had rewritten shorts from the news services. When he had finally moved on to Japan, he had quickly located a job: night rewrite on the Times-Advertiser. Of course, the American News Service job had flowed out of that; he couldn't complain about the hours or his task during that honeymoon.

Actually, he had only one sorrow: he was convinced that he was the one adult in the Far East, if not in the world, who had missed everything. He had missed the fighting in Shanghai, the sack of Nanking, World War One, the Massie case in Hawaii, the 1923 earthquake. He hadn't even had a real look at Mount Fuji; it was wreathed in fog the day he went to climb it.

He did not want to go home now, even if he had the money. Something more was bound to happen out this way; this time he proposed to be a witness to it. There were other jobs to be had, in China or Singapore or somewhere. He would go over to the American Club and put himself on the block. Someone there might have a lead to a job somewhere.

On his way, he detoured, cutting across the canal to the Domei Building. The American News Service office wa on the seventh floor, like the other nev service offices—the British, America French, Italian and German ones. Th door to his office was unlocked, the ligh was on, but Mikimoto, his single assis ant, was not inside. Instead, Kikuchi, Domei reporter who would never adm he was assigned to watch foreign re porters, sat comfortably at Mikimoto desk.

"*Moshi moshi,*" Nick said pleasantl "Have you read any good dossie lately?"

Kikuchi laughed immoderately. for one, shall miss you," he said, "b cause of your unfailing comicality. I a really so sorry that ANS is sending th Mr. McCleery and not keeping you."

I'd like to know how long Domei ha its copy of my cable, Nick thought, b fore I got it. Aloud he said, "I can't giv you a passing grade, until you answ this one: Where am I going next?"

"Oh, where?" Kikuchi asked eagerl "You know already, *ne?*" His spect cles glittered.

Nick held a finger to his lips and tip toed to a filing cabinet. He withdre a key from his pocket and, before he un locked the top drawer, he turned to wi at the Domei man. The drawer he two cans of American coffee and an a most full carton of American cigarette He put them under his arm and marche to the door.

"*O sayō nara,*" he said, giving th Japanese farewell: *Since it must be s* He added, "Toots." Then he hurri down the corridor.

He continued to walk rapidly, und the street lights that were disconnecte to save electric power, to the pinche street where the club was situated. I opened windows were bright and noi with wonderful nasal American voice For a moment Nick loved everyone wh might be in it, even the lonely oil ma who mistook him for an embassy fo eign-language student when he wa tanked.

IN THE lounge on the first floor, I noted two self-absorbed cocktail pa ties, and, in a far corner, cozy on the blu sofa, Al Carpenter with a stranger: long-legged girl with brown hair. Sh was chewing a canapé and licking h fingers and she did not look up when waved half-heartedly at Nick.

Nick did not censure Al for wantin to hoard his companion. Since most the American women had gone home obedience to the State Department suggestions there had been no replac ments; only more plum male faces the club. The newcomer, he thought he walked toward her, would have be an addition even before the others we shipped home.

"Want to buy some coffee?" he sai standing himself resolutely before A "Cigarettes?"

Sighing, Al said, "Miss Gaspard, M Griggs. Miss Gaspard just got in fro Shanghai."

Nick chose to interpret this sluggis introduction as an invitation to sit dow "Going to be here for a while?" I heard himself say in such a corny voi that he shivered.

"Oh, not very long, I'm afraid."

Al said in a bossy voice, "Everybo asks Betty how long she's staying, fir off."

"Well, anyway, I opened with th Queen's Gambit," said Nick.

"Chess," Al explained. "*L'échecs.*"

(Continued on page 51)



The gossamer girl was deceiving, Ni had learned. In the paper-screene private dining room at the Tsuru she ate a robust meal and handled h chopsticks more expertly than Ni

LACK-AND-BLUE EAUTY

By Kyle Crichton

Why Kay Aldridge goes in for making serial pictures, of all things; the answers to Hollywood's most baffling mystery

EN at their best, Hollywood serials were awful. Pearl White and Ruth Roland made fortunes out of them, but that never altered the critical judgment. Since those great days they have still been appearing in a furtive sort of way, furnishing Saturday-matinee entertainment for youthful patrons all set ready for the comic strips. Republic Pictures is now trying to bring them back with glamor. They have signed Kay Aldridge, the ex-New York fashion model and cover girl, and have been putting her through a course of mayhem in defense of her sex.

The Republic serial is called The Perils of Nyoka, and Miss Aldridge has been getting hell beaten out of her in every reel. When they came to the sequence where she was to slide down the rocky side of an incline on her caboose, the camera crew looked on with interest. There is nothing a Hollywood crew appreciates more than a beautiful lady getting her pants.

"You'd better get it right the first time," yelled the director, "or you'll have to do it over again."

Since this was the third week of shooting, and Miss Aldridge was as full of purple welts as an Easter egg, she certainly didn't want to do it more than once. Accordingly, she put her soul and tortured chassis into it. She careened down the slope, smashing through the underbrush, overturning rocks, bouncing painfully along on her rear. She reached the bottom, righted herself hastily and screamed, "Doctor!"

Her terror was accentuated by the sight of the gentleman who answered her call.

"You're the man who looks after the horses!" she cried in horror.

"A veterinarian, yes," said the gentleman, with dignity. "Have you any objection or would you prefer just die there?"

The Riddle of the Hollywood Sphinx

Some day a psychologist is going to analyze the mental form of guilt which requires that Hollywood should slam its women. It seems to have begun with James Cagney smacking dames in the mush, and it reached its peak when the glamorous Marlene Dietrich was whacked in the posterior with fence slats, dumped in mud puddles and doused with fire hoses. It appears to be a form of self-destruction by which Hollywood seeks to annihilate the thing that made it successful, to wit, beauty.

Miss Aldridge reached the end of The Perils of Nyoka alive, a feat. What she was doing in it is still a mystery, unless it was starvation. Which seems unlikely in the case of a female with her looks. She is intelligent, beautiful and streamlined. She is internationally known for her face and figure, has been in Hollywood almost five years and knows everybody in the joint. Of course she can't act. But who else can, in pictures? In brief, what is she doing in The Perils of Nyoka?

"A masochist," says the best explanation, "with a touch of greed."

But at Republic, they tested seventy-five girls before a strain of sadism led them to pick on Aldridge. The prospect of whamming the loveliest of the group was too good to overlook. If Universal Pictures could take belts at Dietrich, Republic would wallop Aldridge. When it was through, she had lacerations, contusions, cuts and abrasions; she had strained ligaments, sprained ankles and Charley horses; she had fallen off a chariot and been singed by hot ice.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HEYER-PIX

"And I got a lot of mail with one cent postage due," says Aldridge. "They tell me this means I'm a hit with the matinee mob."

The matinee mob is constituted almost entirely of grimy-looking brats with a ten-cent piece clutched in their sweaty palms. They clutter up the best seats, distribute bits of antique chewing gum up and down the aisles and burst into irate catcalls when displeased. What infuriates them beyond bearing is the sight of love. The spectacle of the hero and heroine in a clutch will get nothing but obscene whistling from such a critical gathering. When the heroine of The Perils of Nyoka accepted help from the hero, she did not fall into his arms. She took his hand in a firm grip, looked him full in the eye and said, "Thanks, old man!"

When the hero wanted to compliment the heroine on her bravery, he very cautiously refrained from the starry-eyed gaze. He took her hand in a firm grip, looked her full in the eye, and said. "Plucky girl!"

Aldridge learned all that and a lot more, including the fact that she had to get up at four every morning to be in time for the first shots on location. Since her home was in Santa Monica, miles from the studio, she took a cabin at a tourist camp and entertained nobody but her personal physician during the course of the six weeks' shooting.

She is one of the tallest of movie actresses, being five feet eight, but she turned out to be tough. The scenes were marvelous, to wit: (a) She is burned at the stake. (b) Arab horses gallop over her prostrate form. (c) She is trapped in the path of a landslide. (d) A stone roof falls on her. (e) Preferring death to dishonor, she leaps off a cliff. (f) A two-ton chandelier mashes her. (g) She falls thousands of feet to be crushed on the rocks of a cavern. (h) She is lowered into a fiery pit.

Much of this was trick stuff, and as much more was done by a double, but Aldridge did plenty. She climbed trees and rolled down hillsides and ran incessantly for cover, cowering away from the poisoned arrows of the natives. At first she did the latter stint badly and was reproached by the director. He asked her with some tartness whether it would be possible for a lady of her obvious good Virginia breeding to unbend a trifle.

"In all fairness, I must *(Continued on page 48)*

SURF SCOTER. "Skunkhead" is what New England Yankees call this weird-looking sea duck which frequents both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Its favorite diet is small shellfish, which its dredgelike bill enables it to dig out of the sea bottom at depths of twenty feet or more



WHITE-WINGED SCOTER. Here's one fellow who is really getting a break out of the war this hunting season. Coastal-defense regulations have restricted duck hunting along some sections of our ocean fronts which are fall and winter haunts of the white-winged scoter



REDHEAD. Drying up of redhead nesti marshes during the recent dust-bowl hit these birds hard. By 1936 all redhe shooting had been banned. With prote tion and effective restoration work, species has now staged a fine comeba A full daily bag lir of ten redheads may taken this fall as co pared with three in 19



GREEN-WINGED TEAL. Daintiest of all wild ducks and one of the most difficult targets for hunters because of his speedy flight and small size, the green-winged teal is also one of the earliest fall migrants. At first indications of frost, he heads south



BLUE-WINGED TEAL. This beautiful waterfowl holds international long-distance flight records. Nesting as far north as Great Slave Lake, just below the Arctic Circle in Canada, bluewings have been found wintering in Venezuela, French Guiana, Brazil, and even Chile



Return of the Wildfow

By Bill Wolf

PAINTINGS BY T. M. SHORTT

From "The Ducks, Geese and Swans of North America By F. H. Kortright · American Wildlife Institute · $4.5

THE waterfowl are on the move again. Tl ducks and swans of the continent come witl ous rush when they head south, traveling beam" of one of the four great flyways. Some talk as they fly, and their wild fluting and clatter, when heard by earthbound persons one of the most exciting of all outdoor sound duck hunter it is like a trumpet call.

Sometimes persons abroad at night in the are startled by a clamoring overhead, a sound like a pack of dogs in full cry. It is only the wi hurrying to escape the biting cold, but here the origin of the legend of the ghostly Wild H and his hounds, sweeping through the dark sk

SHOVELER. "Spoonbill" is his better known cognomen and one look at that schnozzle will tell you why. The buffoon of wild ducks, he's not exactly favored for the table when tastier wildfowl are available. That spatulate bill is used principally to dredge crustacea from marsh mud —which diet doesn't enhance the flavor of any roast duck



WOOD DUCK. Most beautiful of all American waterfowl. For the first time in over twenty years, federal regulations permit hunters to include one wood duck in the day's bag. However, some states still have laws against shooting this species



OLD SQUAW. Old squaws are among northerly nesters, some breeding above t Circle. Old squaws can't quack like other d yodel—so much and so loud that early settler the racket to singing and gabbling of Indian Hence the name, old squaw, according t



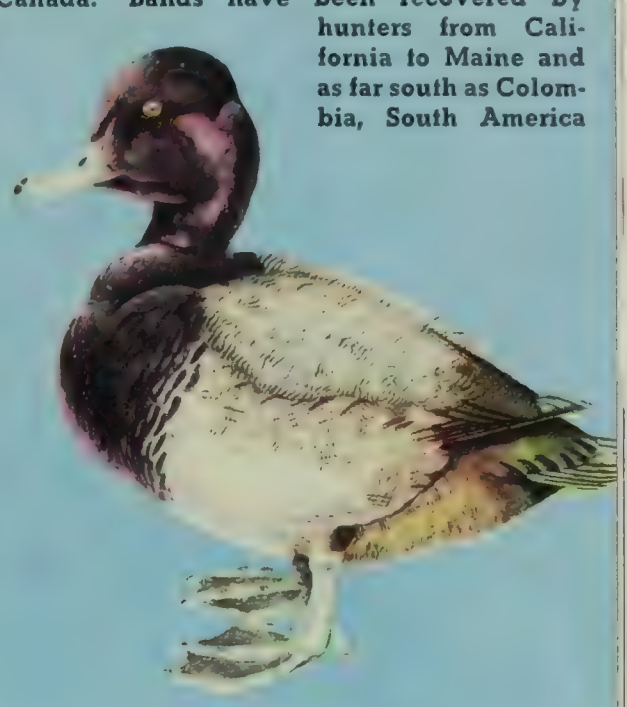
ASBACK. Pièce de résistance of gour- due to its preferred diet of flavor- wild celery, the canvasback is among hoicest of all wild waterfowl. It is he speediest of webfooted fliers, and een clocked by airplane at 72 m.p.h.



GREATER SCAUP. An overgrown relative of the lesser scaup, about the only way you can distinguish this species from the lesser scaup is by its larger size and the green sheen of its head feathers. The lesser scaup's plumage is almost identical, except for purple head coloring



LESSER SCAUP. He's "bluebill" to most wildfowlers and has about the widest range of any North American wild duck. Ducks Unlimited has attached numbered leg bands to these birds on their breeding grounds in Canada. Bands have been recovered by hunters from California to Maine and as far south as Colombia, South America

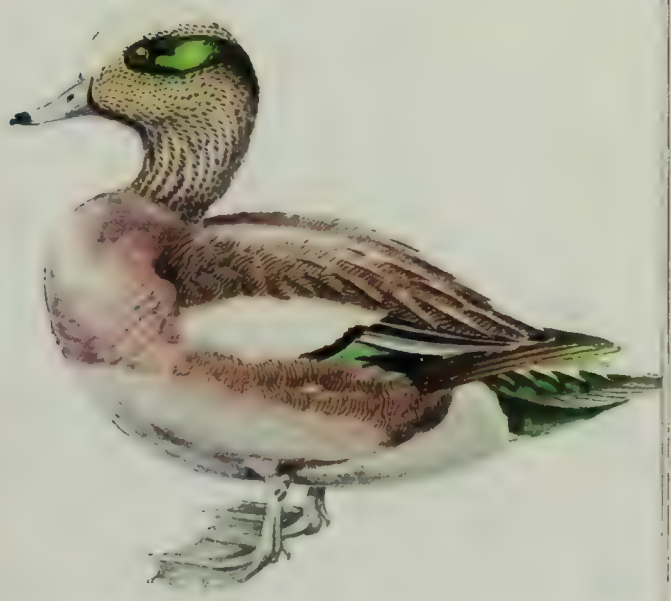


exorable flight of the waterfowl will carry eir winter resorts, in the West Indies, in the states, in Mexico, in California and even, in South America. When spring comes they eir flight, going north to the vast breeding f the northern United States and Canada.
will reach the winter grounds, however. The d birds have to run a gantlet of duck hunters y one tenth will fall in the three zones set by gulations.
will be war-created difficulties for hunters this estricted travel, Coast Guard identification rulings, new guns in certain gauges "frozen" spare time—but 70 days of hunting in each e longest season in years and one hundred rds the greatest flight in decades.
vast flight is a remarkable thing. In 1934 waterfowl population of this continent was than 30,000,000. Extinction seemed near. is amazing comeback of waterfowl from near- tion to something close to 100,000,000 birds is ctors working for and against the fowl which uch strangely assorted things as the duck hemselves, bird lovers, the U. S. Fish and ervice, beavers, Ducks Unlimited, Inc., engi- mers, northern pike or jackfish, crows, mag- ght, disease, fire and water.
however, let us consider the duck hunter, almost a generic term for the hunter of any waterfowl. The duck hunter is the person ly concerned with the waterfowl population, ad, and you must *(Continued on page 46)*

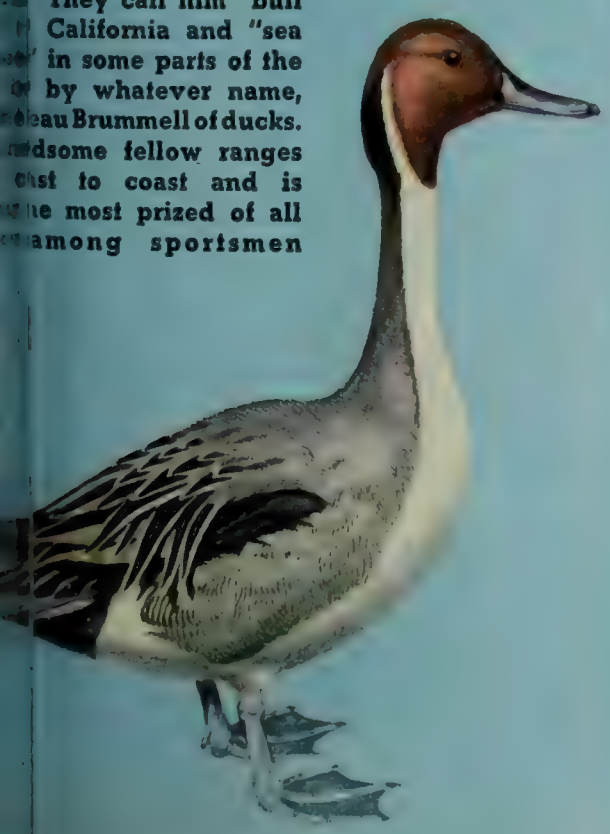
AMERICAN GOLDENEYE. Ordinarily, webfooted ducks don't perch in trees but this species is one of the few exceptions. Favored goldeneye nesting spot is an old tree hole excavated by woodpeckers. In flight, goldeneye wings emit a shrill whistle—hence the bird's nickname, "Whistler"



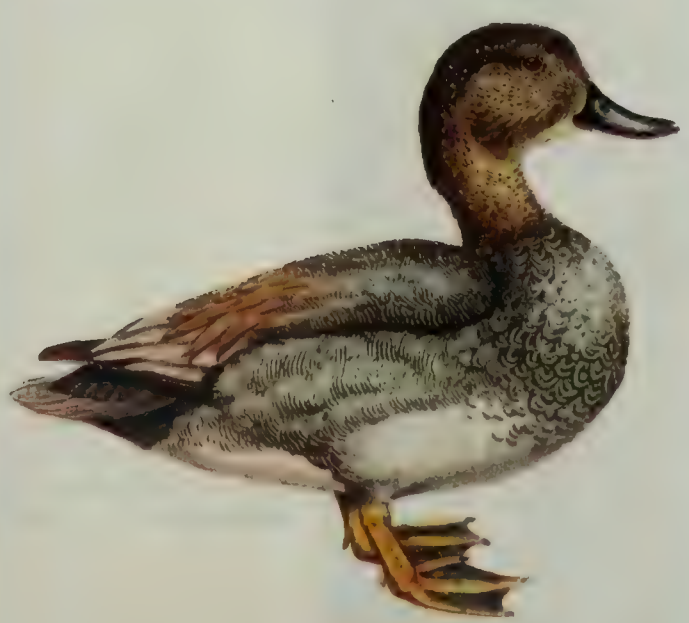
BALDPATE. The baldpate, or widgeon, gets his name from that white patch on his head. He's the champ moocher, snitching succulent food plants that other ducks dive down for and bring up from lake bottoms. Baldpates are among the most popular sporting waterfowl



They call him "bull California and "sea in some parts of the by whatever name, eau Brummell of ducks. dsome fellow ranges st to coast and is e most prized of all among sportsmen



GADWALL. Gadwall were hard hit by droughts which swept their nesting marshes in the North Central prairie states and Canadian provinces but now have joined in the big duck population boom. Rare in the Northeastern states, most gadwall fly southward in the fall through Central and Western states



MALLARD. Kingpin of wild ducks in the opinion of most duck hunters is the greenhead mallard—found in every state as well as in nearly every country on the globe. He likes to forage in corn and wheat fields, is one of the very few ducks that will feed on dry land. And if you want a real feast try a corn-fed mallard





BLACK STAR

The Chilean army admires the German military machine but its high officers are not pro-Nazi. At Army School, above, cadets still use the traditional goose-step even though the German experts who taught them have been sent home



EUROPEAN

Pomp and ceremony mark the opening of congress by Chile's newly elected President Juan Antonio Ríos (center). A slow, practical individual, Ríos has taken his time about breaking with the Axis to be sure his people were with him



EUROPEAN

Chileans are a nation of fighters, as Peru and Bolivia learned in the War of the Pacific. Military leaders take pride in the democratic spirit of their army and compare it to that of Mexico

Chile Gets Off the Fence

By Waldo Frank

You can't blame Chile for its delay in casting off the Axis. Not when you consider such things as our economic encroachments and the Panama Canal. Collier's on-the-spot reporter presents the little-known facts necessary to understand that republic

AS I write this (about 400 miles south of Santiago), Chile has not yet broken off relations with the Axis. The break will come. A tide of feeling that the time is over for a politics of "playing safe" has swept the people and their leaders. It is important that our own people understand the reasons for the long delay. It will mean understanding Chile.

The reasons can be captioned as follows: (1) The Baltimore incident; (2) the Panama Canal; (3) the American copper mines; (4) the eleven little boats (six belonging to the Chilean *Compañía Sudamericana de Vapores* and five from Holland that were in Chilean ports at the start of the war), which keep the life lines open to Chile's two-thousand-mile coast from New Orleans; and (5) the Nazi-Spanish embassies, which I hyphenate because, when Chile shuts up the Nazi-Italian-Jap shops for continental espionage, propaganda and eventual sabotage, the work will go on *without interruption* under the Franco flag.

It was the strongest and liveliest politician in Chile—73-year-old ex-President Arturo Alessandri, the man behind President Ríos—who reminded me of the Chileans' psychology and of the Baltimore affair, which to us is forgotten history.

In 1891, an American ship, the Baltimore, sailed into Valparaiso. One hundred and seventeen of our sailors got into a drunken battle with Chilean sailors. Two were killed, a large number were wounded. Alessandri is a little fighting cock of a man. His eyes shone as he said that the Chilean boys were better with their knives.

The Chilean government started a legal investigation. Washington refused to wait for it and highhandedly insisted on immediate reparation and official apology by public salute of our flag. Chile was forced to submit, and two generations of its sons and daughters grew up with a resentment against the Yankee which no other country south of Colombia has ever had. (Colombia hated us for a long time because of our theft of Panama through a faked revolution.)

The Chileans no longer hate us, but there is a deep, largely unconscious sistance to us, the fruit of the old l The sensitive man can find it ev where—among intellectuals, busir men, professional men: the very and women whose intelligence t makes them pro-American and str in favor of breaking with the Axis.

The Panama Canal struck the Chi ports a blow from which they have n recovered. I have been in Punta nas, the southernmost city of the w on the Straits of Magellan. Its port to be crowded with Pacific-bound s hundreds of vessels from Europe cargoes for towns from Peru to Br Columbia made stops at the Chi ports until the Canal opened. C ports—Talcahuano, for instance—a advanced decay, their wide streets empty, their populations without or making a miserable living with fisheries and local traffic. Chile was in direct touch with all Europe; n is in direct touch only with the U States. This fact, too, colors the Chi mind subtly, unconsciously, agains

Those Eleven Little Boats

Then there are the copper mines Anaconda group, Chuquicamata Potrerillos and the Braden mine Teniente at Rancagua. The econ of the country would go to pieces if thing happened to these industrie they were blown up by bomb or she if the American copper boats sto plying the seas. But these boat their southward voyage leave cargo the Peruvian ports, and usually Chilean ports empty. Chile needs wheat, a hundred products, and her boats—the eleven little boats—them in. If Nazi submarines sank Chile, unlike self-supporting Brazil Argentina, might starve. Her stan of living, at best, is much lower Argentina's.

And this brings me to the fifth reasons for Chile's delay in comin the break with the Axis. There nearly 80,000 pro-Nazi Germans in little country; 30,000 are German tionals; 50,000 are Chilean citizen German descent who have been hy tized, despite their democratic cedents, by the victories of the Fue

The editor of a leading newspape a confidential report which he prep for me, wrote, "Citizens of Germa scent: 100 per cent pro-Nazi." A man anti-Nazi undercover man whom I checked in Valdivia (w German is a language of the str said: "Exaggeration. Only 95 per are pro-Nazi." My own visit to C German South convinced me that these figures are high, that 80 per would be nearer the mark.

Anyway, on the day the Nazi emb shuts down, there will be econ sabotage throughout the south of C where 90 per cent of the agricultur the wool exports and of the comm is in German hands. Valdivia, inc is a town where racial and econ barriers are parallel. The Germans the bosses; the Creole Chileans are proletariat. The Germans live in strong houses on clean paved str the Chilean poor live in hovels, and streets are muddy gutters.

(Continued on page 73)

Ring Twice for Laura

ly Vera Caspary

ILUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

he Story Thus Far:

ORKING for the same advertising firm in New York City, Laura Hunt and Shelby rpenter are engaged, plan to be married n. One Friday afternoon, they meet at five lock, have a cocktail together. After which y part, it being Laura's intention (so she s) to dine with Waldo Lydecker, a noted umnist, and later go to Connecticut for a ch-needed rest.

The following morning, Bessie Clary, Lau- s maid, finds her in her apartment—dead. meone, *it appears,* had rung her bell, and, en she had opened the door, shot her in the e and killed her, with a shotgun. Interro- ted, the taxi driver, in whose cab Carpenter d put her after they had finished their nks, testifies that, as soon as he had turned corner, the girl had told him to take her to e Grand Central Station!

All of this, and much more, is related by decker, a brilliant and sophisticated writer, o tells the story—taking a temperamental nius' liberty of describing certain incidents d conversations at which he had not been esent but of which he has a fairly clear con- ption. . . .

To Mark McPherson, an official of some im- rtance, the police department assigns the k of nding the murderer. He goes into ac- n quietly. He learns that the victim had no own enemies; he learns that both Carpenter d Lydecker (possible suspects, obviously) ve alibis—extremely feeble ones; he learns at Carpenter is the beneficiary of a twenty- e-thousand-dollar insurance clause in an an- ity that the unfortunate girl had carried. . . . Laura's funeral service is held. Shortly after- rd, Bessie, the maid, informs Mark Mc- herson that she has something to show him Laura Hunt's apartment. He agrees to ac- mpany her there.

We now see, through Waldo Lydecker's eyes, hat happens after Mark and Bessie leave the neral chapel.

II

MARK had his car. Bessie sat be- side him primly, black-gloved hands folded in the lap of her ack silk dress. They drove across the rk in silence. When they passed the liceman who stood guard at the door Laura's house, Bessie smiled down on him with virtuous hauteur. Once the apartment, she assumed the airs ownership, raised windows, adjusted rtains, emptied trays filled with ashes om Mark's pipe.

When she had drawn off black gloves, lded them and stored them in her bag, ttled herself on the straightest chair nd fixed a glassy stare upon his face, he asked, "What do they do to people hat hide something from the cops?"

"So you've been trying to shield the urderer?" Mark said. "That's danger- us, Bessie!"

Her knotted hands unfolded. "What akes you think I know the murderer?"

"By hiding evidence, you have be- me an accessory after the fact. Whom ere you shielding, Bessie?"

"*Her.*"

"Why, Bessie? She's dead."

"Her reputation ain't," Bessie ob- erved righteously, and went to the cor- er cabinet in which Laura had always ept a small stock of liquor. "Just look t this."

Mark leaped. "Hey, be careful. There hay be fingerprints."

Bessie laughed. "Maybe there was a pt of fingerprints around here! But the ops never seen them."

"You wiped them off? Good gosh!"

"That ain't all I wiped off," Bessie huckled. "I cleaned off the bed and able in there and the bathroom before he cops come."

Mark seized her bony wrists. "I've a ood mind to take you into custody," e said.

"Cops got dirty minds. I don't want he whole world thinking she was the kind that got drunk with a fellow in her bedroom, God rest her soul."

"Drunk in her bedroom? Bessie, what does this mean?"

"So help me," Bessie swore, "there was two glasses."

Mark retreated, the sudden display of temper puzzling and shaming him. His fury had grown out of all proportions to its cause.

Bessie drew out a bottle. "Where do you think I found this? Right there." She pointed through the open door to the bedroom. "On the table by the bed. With two dirty glasses."

Laura's bedroom was as chaste and peaceful as the chamber of a young girl whose experience of love has been confined to sonnets, dreams and a diary.

"I cleaned up the room and washed the glasses before the cops got here. Lucky I come to my senses in time," Bessie sniffed. "The bottle I put in the cabinet so's no one would notice. I can tell you this much, Mr. McPherson, this here bottle was brought in after I left on Friday."

Mark examined the bottle. It was Three Horses Bourbon, a brand favored by frugal tipplers. "Are you sure, Bessie? How do you know? You must keep close watch on the liquor that's used in this place."

Bessie's iron jaw shot forward; cords stiffened in her bony neck. "If you don't believe me, ask Mr. Mosconi, the liquor fellow over on Third Avenue. We always got ours from Mosconi, better stuff than this, I'm telling you. This here's the brand we use." She swung the doors wider and revealed, among the neatly arranged bottles, four unopened fifths of J and D Blue Grass Bourbon, the brand which I had taught her to buy.

Such unexpected evidence, throwing unmistakable light on the last moments of the murdered, should have gladdened the detective heart. Contrarily, Mark found himself loath to accept the facts. This was not because he had reason to disbelieve Bessie's story, but because the sordid character of her revelations had disarranged the pattern of his thinking.

LAST night, alone in the apartment, he had made unscientific investigation of Laura's closets, chests of drawers, dressing table and bathroom. He knew Laura, not only with his intelligence, but with his senses. His fingers had touched fabrics that had known her body, his ears had heard the rustle of her silks, his nostrils sniffed at the varied, heady fragrances of her perfumes. Never before had the stern young Scot known a woman in this fashion. Just as her library had revealed the quality of her mind, the boudoir had yielded the secrets of feminine personality.

In his coldest, most official voice, he said, "If there was someone in the bedroom with her, we have a completely new picture of the crime."

"You mean it wasn't like you said in the paper, that it must have happened

Thunder crashed again. Then I saw her. She held a hat in one hand and a pair of light gloves in the other. She had dark eyes, slightly slanted, dark hair and tanned skin



when the doorbell rang and she went to open it?"

"I accepted that as the most probable explanation, considering the body's position." He crossed from the bedroom slowly, his eyes upon the arrangement of carpets on the polished floor. "If a man had been in the bedroom with her, he might have been on the point of leaving. She went to the door with him, perhaps." He stood rigid at the spot where the river of dark blood had been dammed by the thick pile of the carpet. "Perhaps they were quarreling and just as he reached the door, he turned and shot her."

"Gosh!" said Bessie, blowing her nose weakly. "It gives you the creeps, don't it?"

From the wall, Stuart Jacoby's portrait smiled down.

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, twenty-four hours after the funeral, Lancaster Corey came to see me. We wrung each other's hands like long lost brothers.

"Corey, my good fellow, to what do I owe this dispensation?"

"I've a great opportunity for you, Lydecker." He twisted the ends of his white, crisp mustache. "You know Jacoby's work. Getting more valuable every day."

I made a sound with my lips.

"It's not that I'm trying to sell you a picture. As a matter of fact, I've already got a buyer. You know Jacoby's portrait of Laura Hunt . . . several newspapers carried reproductions after the murder. Tragic, wasn't it? Since you were so attached to the lady, I thought you'd like to bid . . ."

"How dare you?" I shouted. "How dare you come to my house and coolly offer me that worthless canvas? In the first place, I consider it a bad imitation of Speicher. In the second place, I deplore Speicher. And in the third, I loathe portraits in oil."

"Very well. I shall feel free to sell it to my other buyer." He snatched up his hat.

"Wait!" I commanded. "How can you offer what you don't own? That picture is hanging on the wall of her apartment now. She died without a will; the lawyers will have to fight it out."

"I believe that Mrs. Treadwell, her aunt, is assuming responsibility. You might communicate with her or with Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone, her attorneys."

"The vultures gather," I shouted, smacking my forehead with an anguished palm, and a moment later, cried out in alarm, "Do you know what arrangements have been made for her other things? Whether there's to be a sale?"

"This bid came through a private channel."

"Tell me," I demanded, "is your prospective sucker some connoisseur who saw the picture in the Sunday tabloids and wants to own the portrait of a murder victim?"

"I do not believe that it would be strictly ethical to give my customer's name."

"Your pardon, Corey. My question must have shocked your delicate sensibilities of a businessman. Unfortunately I shall have to write the story without using names."

Lancaster Corey responded like a hunting dog to the smell of rabbit. "What story?"

"You have just given me material for a magnificent piece," I cried, simulating creative excitement. "An ironic short story about the struggling young painter whose genius goes unrecognized until one of his sitters is violently murdered. And suddenly he, because he had done her portrait, becomes the painter of the year. His prices skyrocket, fashionable women beg to sit for him, he is reproduced in all the smart magazines. . . ."

My fantasy so titillated the dealer's greed that he could no longer show pride. "You've got to mention Jacoby's name. The story would be meaningless without it."

I spoke bitterly: "Your point of view, Corey, is painfully commercial. The inclusion of Jacoby's name would remove my story from the realms of pure literature and place it in the category of journalism. In that case, I'd have to know the facts. To protect my reputation for veracity, you understand."

"You've won," Corey admitted and whispered the art lover's name.

I sank upon the couch, laughing as I had not laughed since Laura had been here to share such merry secrets of human frailty.

As soon as I had got rid of the vulture, I seized hat and stick and bade Roberto summon a taxi. Hence to Laura's apartment where I found not only Mrs. Treadwell, whom I had expected to find there, but Shelby and the Pomeranian. Laura's aunt was musing on the value of the few genuinely antique pieces, Shelby taking inventory, and the dog sniffing chair legs.

"To what do we owe this unexpected pleasure?" cried Mrs. Treadwell who, in spite of expressing open disapproval of my friendship with her niece, had always fluttered before my fame.

"To cupidity, dear lady. I have come to share the booty."

A KEY turned in the lock. We assumed postures of piety as Mark entered.

"Your men let us in, Mr. McPherson," explained Mrs. Treadwell. "I hope there's nothing wrong about our . . . our attempt to bring order. Poor Laura was so careless, she never knew what she owned."

"I gave orders to let you in if you came," Mark told her. "I hope you've found everything as it should be."

"There's nothing of great value," Mrs. Treadwell remarked. "Laura would never put her money into things that lasted. But there are certain trinkets, souvenirs that people might appropriate for sentimental reasons." She smiled so sweetly in my direction that I knew she suspected the reason for my presence.

I took direct action. "Perhaps you know, Mrs. Treadwell, that this vase did not belong to Laura." I nodded toward the mercury glass globe upon the mantel. I'd merely loaned it to her.

She threw up her hands in horror, but before she had time to protest vocally, I stated, "That vase is part of my collection. I intend to take it. That's quite in order, don't you think, McPherson?"

"You'd better leave it. You might find yourself in trouble," Mark said.

"How petty official of you. You're acting like a detective."

HE SHRUGGED as if my good opinion were of no importance. I laughed and turned the talk to inquiry about the progress of his work. Had he found any new clues?

"Plenty," he taunted.

"Do tell us," Mrs. Treadwell begged, clasping her hands in a gesture of rapturous attention. Shelby had climbed upon a chair so that he might record the titles of volumes on the topmost bookshelf. From this vantage point, he glanced down at Mark with fearless curiosity. The Pomeranian sniffed at the detective's trousers. All awaited revelation. Mark said, "I hope you don't mind," and took out his pipe. The snub was meant to arouse fear and bid us mind the majesty of the law.

I seized the moment for my own. "It might interest you to know that I've got a clue." My eyes were fixed on Mrs. Treadwell, but beyond her floating veil, the mirror showed me Mark's guarded countenance.

"Do you know there's an art lover connected with this case? As probable heir, Mrs. Treadwell, you might be pleased to know that this little museum piece," I directed her attention to the Jacoby portrait, "has already been bid for."

"By someone with money?" quivered Mrs. Treadwell.

Mark used the pipe as a shield for self-consciousness. Behind his cupped hand, I noted rising color. A man girding himself for the torture chamber could not have shown greater dignity.

"Might there be a clue in it?" I asked mischievously. "If this is a *crime passionnel*, the killer might be a man of sentiment. Don't you think the lead's worth following, McPherson?"

His answer was something between a grunt and a sigh.

"It's terribly exciting," said Mrs. Treadwell. "You've got to tell me, Waldo, you've just got to."

I was never a child to torture butterflies. The death agonies of small fish have never been a sight that I witnessed with pleasure. I remember blanching with terror and scurrying across the lane when, during an ill-advised visit to a farm, I was forced to watch a decapitated chicken running around and around its astonished head. Even on the stage, I prefer death to follow a swift, clean stroke of a sharp blade. To spare Mark's blushes, I spoke hastily and with the air of gravity: "I cannot betray the confidence of Lancaster Corey. An art dealer is, after all, somewhat in the position of a doctor or lawyer. In matters of taste, discretion is the better part of profit."

Mark's next move, I thought, was meant to divert the talk, but I learned later that he had had a definite purpose in meeting Shelby here this afternoon.

"I could use a drink," he announced. "As chief trustee, Mrs. Treadwell, would you mind if I took some of Miss Hunt's liquor?"

"How stingy you make me sound! Shelby, darling, be useful. I wonder if the icebox is turned on."

Shelby went into the kitchen. Mark opened the corner cabinet.

"What do you drink, Mrs. Treadwell? Yours is Scotch, isn't it, Lydecker?"

He waited until Shelby returned before he brought out the Bourbon. "I think I'll drink this today. What's yours, Carpenter?"

Shelby glanced at the bottle, decorated with the profiles of three noble steeds. His hands tensed but he could not hold them steady enough to keep the glasses from rattling on the tray.

"None—for—me—thanks."

The softness had fled his voice. He was as harsh as metal and his chiseled features, robbed of color, had the marble virtue of a statue erected to the honor of a dead Victorian.

MARK asked me to dine with him that night. He carried a book in his coat pocket. I saw only the top inch of the binding, but unless I was mistaken, it was the work of a not unfamiliar author.

"I am flattered," I remarked with a jocular nod toward the bulging pocket. "And do you still consider me smooth but trivial?"

"Sometimes you're not bad," he conceded.

"Your flattery overwhelms me," I retorted. "Where shall we dine?"

His car was open and he drove so wildly that I clung with one hand to the door, with the other to my black Homburg. I wonder why he chose the narrowest streets in the slums until I saw the red electric sign above Montagnino's door. We passed through a corridor, and Montagnino led us to a table beside a trellis twined with artificial lilac.

Through the dusty wooden lattice and weary cotton vines we witnessed a battle between the hordes of angry clouds and a fierce copper moon. The leaves of the one living tree in the neighborhood, a skinny catalpa, hung like the black bones of skeleton hands, as dead as the cotton lilac. With the flavors of Montagnino's kitchen and the slum smells was mingled the sulphurous odor of the rising storm.

At my suggestion we drank that pale still wine with the magic name, *Lachryma Christi*. Mark had never tasted it, but once his tongue had tested and approved the golden flavor, he tossed it off

(Continued on page 66)



COLLIER'S **"There's been a last-minute change!"** REAMER KELLER



Sergeant Strelok plodded toward the dead German, who lay on his back in the water. The forward end of the tank loomed above him

REAR GUARD AT DEREVUSHKA

BY FRANK DORSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

The odds against the man were formidable. On the one hand there was a tank, on the other a lone Russian. But the man had a brain

TWO enemies faced each other on the Russian plain—a man, a machine. The swastika stood out black on the tank's iron turret as the machine lumbered along the cart track to Derevushka. The man stood on a small log bridge spanning the brook a hundred yards west of the village. Burned-out houses under the early morning sun cast jagged shadows nearly to his back. He was alone. There was no one in the village nor in the sprouting wheat fields beyond.

The man leaned on the unsquared log rail of the bridge and watched the tank crawl toward him. Maybe five minutes for it to reach him—a hot flush of blood mounted to his throat and his heart pounded violently, but his wide, half-Tatar face remained impassive. His thoughts arranged themselves slowly, with the precision of a man who knows what he wants to do. No motorcycles ahead of the tank, he noted, no armored cars nor trucks of infantry behind it. One to one—even odds. He grinned.

The funnel-shaped muzzle of his Degtarev was cold in his hand. He lifted the light weapon to the crook of his arm and tugged at the strap by which the extra cartridge pans were slung over his shoulder. In a minute the tank would be close enough to see him. He felt the warm sun against his back, sighed, and slid down the muddy bank to the cold bed of the brook.

A lone infantryman does not fight a tank—not and live. Sergeant Strelok knew this as well as he knew the bolt action of his Degtarev. But he was tired of running away, and he had run for months now. This was his country, not the country of the black swastikas.

His heart contracted with a sudden memory of great red flags and people crowded in the town square on holidays. If anyone had asked him why he fought he would have mentioned the new tractor on his collective farm and the fact that there had been no famine in Voronezh since 1921. But he thought now of the parade of factory workers and farmers marching through the streets of Voronezh, the ranks solid from house-wall to house-wall, carrying the awkward standards with portraits of Lenin, of Stalin, the slogans—"Long live our socialist fatherland!" and the beautiful red flags. That was patriotism.

Telling himself sullenly, "It is my country, not theirs," he had fought and run and fought again, each time holding out with his light automatic rifle until the flanks were gone, and the enemy on wheels had cut the roads to the rear, and half the men in his platoon were dead. Each time, Sergeant Strelok, drawing on some private store of luck and physical endurance, had lived to trudge back with a handful of others through the gaps between the German tank columns, leaving the dead, leaving the wounded, carrying out only his precious Degtarev to fight again another day.

This time he was tired with a mental

(Continued on page 82)

New Bodies for Old

By Quentin Reynolds

Britain's great surgeons are mending more than bomb-shattered bodies. With new plastic techniques they are restoring normal, useful lives —and happiness—to war victims

THE young Pole lay on the operating table, dreaming sweet dreams. Two years ago the butt of a German rifle had crashed into his face and had spread his nose all over it. Now, one of the world's great plastic surgeons, Thomas Pomfret Kilner, was virtually constructing a new nose for him. The Pole had wanted the operation done for two reasons: First, he wanted a nose through which he could breathe. Secondly, he wanted his appearance changed. The Pole was a member of the British parachute troops and one of these days he hoped to be dropped in his native land. It would be better if no one recognized him when that happened.

Kilner's quick, deft hands moved smoothly. Occasionally he called, in an unhurried, casual way, for scalpel or osteotome or for needles. He took a piece of bone from the thigh of the young Pole and then carefully he sewed together the long but neat-looking wound.

"He'll be stiff for a couple of weeks," Kilner laughed, through his gauze mask. "But he can spare that bit of bone."

This small bone was to serve as the new bridge for the Pole's reconstructed nose. Kilner sat down at a small white table under a strong light and called for chisels. He chipped and pared the bone until he was satisfied that it would fit. Then he went back to the table. He reached for a scalpel and opened the nose. He took out bits of broken bone and cartilage that had been smashed by the rifle butt. It was a rather bloody affair but under the gas and ether, the Pole slept and not a muscle of his face even twitched.

One of the assistant surgeons nudged me at that point in the operation and, chuckling, pointed to my mad Hungarian photographer, Bob Capa. We were all, of course, wearing white gowns, caps and masks, and Capa's usually ruddy face was now a pale gray. The doctor and I helped him out and into an anteroom.

Too Much for the Photographer

"I'm blacking out," Capa moaned and, sure enough he went right out. Capa took atrocity pictures in China; he went through the Spanish war without being bothered by the killing he saw, and to get a picture, he'd climb out on the wing of any aircraft in flight but this was too much for him. The doctor had got a large glass of brandy and he handed it to me. I put it to Capa's lips and then reconsidered. Brandy is very scarce in London and it seemed silly to waste it on an unconscious man. So I drank it myself. When Capa came to I told him I'd given him a large drink of very good brandy.

"Must have been good," he said. "I never felt it go down!"

Back in the operating room, Kilner was finishing up. He put the last small hemstitch in the wound, washed it so carefully, and then asked me if I noticed any difference. It didn't look like the same man. No one would have recognized in this rather sharp-featured Pole the battered wreck who had been wheeled into the operating room an hour before.

"He'll be back in the army in a month," Kilner chuckled. "Made me promise I wouldn't do anything that would keep him out of action over a month. Pretty good men, these Poles."

Today plastic surgery is the science of rebuilding bodies, and its scope is immensely wide. During the day I watched Kilner operate he didn't perform the same operation twice. Some involved dangerous operations, others, were, in his words, "routine surgery." There was a young dispatch rider who had been hit in the cheek by a bomb fragment. The scar had drawn up one side (Continued on page 62)



2 o'clock. The Polish officer is made ready for the operation on his nose smashed by a German rifle butt



2:20. Here Dr. Kilner is shaping a piece o which he has cut from the hipbone of the

2:48. A few final touches are added. Kilner is considered the fastest operator in all England





2:50. At this point the deft doctor laugh said, "His own mother would never know h





The piece of hipbone is now the bridge of the reconstructed [illegible]. An assistant drains off the blood, which is flowing freely

2:45. Dr. Kilner examines the sewn thigh wound. The operation is nearly over. The patient will wake up in a half-hour with a new face that Kilner has built

The operation is over. Compare this profile with the one in the first picture. When the officer [illegible] dropped by parachute in Poland, his friends won't recognize him. That was the idea of the operation

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ROBERT CAPA



COME BACK TUESDAY

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Jud would tell you Old Fred wasn't a lazy dog, just a smart one. If Old Fred could talk he'd say the same thing about his master

THE car stopped at the front gate, and the bird dog under the sagging porch of the house lifted his head and barked once and lay back down. Jud Lee, lying barefooted on the porch, turned over and spat. The young man from the Planter's Bank got out of the car.

"I'm lucky to catch you at home this time, Mr. Lee," said the young man, whose name was Davis.

"Yep, you shore caught me," Jud said resentfully. "You must a' cut off your engine and coasted to the house. That ain't no way to do."

"It's pretty important, or I wouldn't have done it," said Davis apologetically. "You're going to have to move off the place."

"Where'll I move at? Ain't no other empty farms. How'll I feed my dog and my young'uns? The bank don't aim fer us to starve to death, I hope."

"But you're three years behind in your rent! 1938, 1939, and now 1940. It's only sixty dollars a year but you don't pay anything, and there's another tenant anxious to get this place."

"Tell you what. You come back in a week and I'll have enough to pay this year's rent. You cain't chunk me out if I pay for this year."

The young man sighed. "For two years you've been telling me you'd have the money next time I came."

"I hope God strikes me dead if I ain't got sixty dollars by next Tuesday!"

Davis hesitated a moment. "All right. I'll give you until Tuesday. But this is absolutely your last chance!"

Jud went back to sleep and forgot all about it, and he didn't think of it until the following Tuesday dawned and he remembered what he had said he hoped God would do. But then God knew everything, including the fact that he was lying when he had hoped to be struck dead, so of course God would not strike him dead.

At that moment Jud heard a car coming down the little woods road, and he was away to the thicket in a run, thinking exultantly, *Never slipped up on me this time.* He lay down and chewed a sweet-gum stem. Presently his small son came and said, "Ain't him, Pa. It's another old fool."

Jud went cautiously back to the house and found in the car at his gate a city man in khaki hunting clothes, and on the back seat two fine-looking pointers.

"Good morning!" said the man.

"Howdy," Jud said.

"Any quail around here?"

"They's some. Git down and come in."

The man got out of the car and lifted the buggy-sprocket latch on the gate and came in. "I'm Doctor Ingram. I wonder if I could get you to go with me and show me where the birds are."

"I'm right busy," Jud said dubiously.

"I'll pay you five dollars."

Jud turned to the two small children who peeked through the window. "Son, you and little sister go hitch up the mule and wagon. This here gentleman wants me to go out and kill him a mess of birds."

The doctor said quickly, "I'll do my own shooting. You're just to come along as guide."

"Well, I'll carry my old streak o' rust along just in case I have to sting my old dog's tail."

"We won't need your dog. I've two good dogs."

"Ain't no way to dispute old Fred from going, now that he done heard us mention about it. We could shut him up in the crib, only he'd climb outn the top."

"I could shut him up in my car."

"He'd chew up the inside er git sick on the seats, just fer spite. Better let him go. He ain't no trouble."

The doctor shrugged and let his dogs out. They romped around the yard. Fred rose lazily and came from under the porch, his hide sticky with turpentine where he had rubbed against a boxed pine to discourage the fleas. He yawned and watched the dogs until they approached him challengingly. When they seemed to want to fight, he yawned again and lay down.

The doctor got a red-wrapped package of meat from the car. "Like to give my dogs just a little nourishment before they go out," he explained.

He threw each of his pointers a piece of meat, which they swallowed in one gulp. Then he dropped a piece of it in front of Fred. Fred smelled the meat, and backed away from it.

"He don't know what it is," Jud explained.

They rode in the wagon until they reached an open pine woods, and here was an old wire fence and on the nearest rotting post a sign said, "No Hunting. A. L. Sidler."

"Here's where we start at," Jud said cheerfully, and he gave the mule a sound lick with the hickory switch and drove right on over the fence, breaking off the posts and pressing the wire to the ground.

"Mr. Sidler must be a good friend of yours," said the doctor.

"Friend of mine?" echoed Jud. "Wh he's the meanest old crank in this he country. I'd ruther go down to the cally boose to pick out a friend."

"You reckon you ought to leave h fence like that?" the doctor asked ner ously.

"Oh, we'll prop it up when we com back," Jud said, "if we chance to com out this-a-way."

They released the dogs, and Jud drov on without a glance at them. Doct Ingram sat up and interestedly watche the work of his dogs. They hunte nicely, swinging back and forth in fron He noticed that Jud's dog, Fred, quick went out of sight. Several minut passed and Fred did not show up agai

"That dog of yours ranges wide," h said, "but looks like he would repo back."

"Liable to have birds somewhere."

"Aren't you going to look for him

"Naw, he'll come git us."

PRESENTLY, far ahead, Fred a peared. For a moment he stood the until sure they had seen him, and th he went away in the direction he h come, and when they followed th found him standing point in nice styl

"You mean he had pointed tho birds and then came and got us wh we didn't show up?"

"Why, shore. He ain't no fool. G your gun and let 'er roar," Jud said. H peered at the grass. "Yon squats t birds, in that clump. You ruther sho 'em on the ground er a-flying?"

"Flying, of course," Doctor Ingra answered in indignation, and walked front of the rigid Fred.

When the quail covey came up wi a thundering whir, he fired twice and, his nervousness, missed.

Fred looked around in surprise wh no birds fell, and Jud said, "Gimme th old streak o' rust. I see I got to do t bird-gitting, if there's any of it done."

(Continued on page 27)



"Git, mule!" Jud said, and away they rocketed just as Sidler fired. Two of the bird shot struck Doctor Ingram in the back and he howled



We interviewed our honest Scottish plumber about converting. With thin patience he explained that he could not convert our oil burner into a coal consumer; also, that 90 per cent of all oil burners are not convertible

Washington is trying to be cheerful about it, bidding us in sterner climates to dress warmly, wear sweaters indoors, insulate our homes, shut off part of the house, eat scientifically and—above all else—to be brave



A Fireless-Side Chat

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Our Mr. Davenport predicts a cold winter for lots of homes. Here are the reasons. The solution? Well, after all, W. D. is no miracle man

WE WERE sitting in the living room minding our own business when one of the children sneezed. Our wife went into action at once. She turned up the thermostat, the oil burner responding with a spasmodic thump. It was a chilly evening. All we said was that the kid's sneeze probably meant nothing and that anyway, she should remember that in Washington (whence we had just come after looking into this very subject) Mr. Ickes and the twenty-two other government brass hats who have something to do with the amount of fuel oil we early-frost-belt Northerners should burn this winter had decided that dwelling-house temperatures higher than sixty-five or, at the most, sixty-eight degrees were unnecessary and unpatriotic, and anyway, we'd better make that the ceiling and like it, because we weren't going to get the fuel oil anyway.

We shall omit what she said about Mr. Ickes and the other twenty-two oil conservators, apportioners, deliverers and rationers. They wouldn't like it anyway. But the thermostat went up and stayed up. The kid went to bed with a clinical thermometer in his mouth, and as for the writer of this simple annal—we shut up. We shut up and made a mental review of what we had learned about this fuel-oil situation.

With Washington's customary celerity, the government began getting ready to think of doing something about it as early as last May. It has now got around to talking about drilling a few new oil wells in Indiana. But the first thing we who live on the more rugged end of the Atlantic Coast were told to do was to convert oil burners into coal burners.

Before somebody in Washington discovered that transportation was the shortage, not oil, and that it was just as difficult to haul coal as it was to haul oil, we had interviewed our honest Scottish plumber about converting. With thin patience he explained to us that he could convert a coal-burning furnace into an oil-burning one but could not convert our oil burner into a coal consumer; also, that more than ninety per cent of all oil burners were not convertible, not having been designed to burn coal in the first place.

And, anyway, he went on, we should know that the War Production Board, the Army and the Navy had shut down on civilian consumption of iron and steel and that even if we wanted to throw out our oil burner and install a coal burner we couldn't, because the furnace manufacturers weren't making any of the latter. And even if they were, they might deliver and they might not, because they were all working on war contracts.

Next we interviewed our fuel-oil man. He was pretty cheerful, saying that he'd do his best to keep us above the freezing point all winter. However, he didn't want to kid us. Two weeks before, he had been notified that a hundred thousand barrels of oil in tankers some ninety miles to the east were awaiting takers. The takers were willing, but the tank trucks were working for the Army and, as you can't do much trying to carry the stuff home in buckets, the ships had left, still loaded, because the oil-company storage tanks were full and there was no place to unload the tankers.

Oil for War Industries

As for the oil in the storage tanks, that would have to go to war production plants which had found it impossible to convert from oil to coal. And this is probably as it should be, because New England is working on fifteen per cent (dollar value) of our war contracts, and guns and planes are more important than some kid's cold in the head—and his old man's, too.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ickes and the twenty-two bureau and division chiefs in Washington, who shared without noticeable harmony the fuel-oil problem for the chillier half of the Thirteen Original Colonies, were still talking and thinking hard, and the impetuous Mr. Ickes was obviously on the verge of doing something tangible.

Congress was thinking hard too—in terms of votes. Eastern members seeking re-election were assuring their constituencies that tank cars and river barges carrying gasoline to the well-oiled Middle West would be drafted into fuel-oil service for the submarined East. Middle West members, just as eager to hold their jobs, were assuring their people that tank cars would not be diverted. Congressional committees held hearings; and that's something else that should be rationed. The result of these hearings were several fat volumes of testimony, principally from gentlemen who are experts in what cannot be done, for the excellent reason that it never had been done.

But, due possibly to an oversight, two or three witnesses appeared bringing ideas with them. There was Mr. Walter P. Hedden, for example, Chief of the Bureau of Commerce, Port of New York Authority. Mr. Hedden talked at considerable length to the subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee. Briefly, he couldn't see why fuel oil could not be carried to the Atlantic seaboard from, say, Toledo, through Lake

(Continued on page 50)



Action Offshore

By Richard Howells Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Mutiny on the high seas. Hitler's navy doesn't appreciate this way of upsetting Nazi plans

UNDER the light of a single blue bulb, Tom Ruddock, chief mate on the Mary McNally, softened the tread of his booted feet as he moved along the working alleyway.

"This time," he assured himself, "we play it the wise way. No leading with the chin. The chin stays in, against the chest."

He looked sharply around, nevertheless, as he stopped in front of the locker. In there was stored the Mary McNally's sorry suit of sails—the unusable canvas of an old freighter. There, too, were stored other objects and articles not likely to be needed. And included among these, since four hours after sailing time, was Tom Ruddock's prize problem, headache and implausible nuisance. This lug, certainly, Mr. Rudrock told himself, was not needed.

While he stood there, motionless, eight bells—midnight—came softly to him.

He groped with his key, swung the solid steel door softly, ducked his head and stepped inside. He closed the door and cut loose his flashlight.

Chet Digby, reclining with a spare tarp pulled up to his chin, blinked and sat up. He was a scrawny, disreputable-looking, city-wizened man, not young, not old, not anything, as far as Tom Ruddock could make out. But the mate's eye slid from the man to his camera—that was something, that camera. If it hadn't been for the camera Tom Ruddock would have reported this stray to the master hours ago.

Digby fumbled at the handkerchief over the lump on his forehead and muttered to himself. He looked sourly at the bread and meat that Mr. Ruddock had stolen from the galley. A nice job for the second in command of a ship—stealing scraps from the galley for a snake-eyed stowaway.

"Listen, Admiral," said Chet Digby with peevish sarcasm, "when do I get to get out o' this matchbox?"

Tom Ruddock stretched a hand toward the door. "Come on out and meet the captain," he said cordially.

Chet Digby shuddered. "No, not that guy!" he said. "He gives me the creeps—them eyes of his."

Tom Ruddock was silent. Obviously, he decided, the way to get along with a guy like that was with the chin well in.

He put Chet Digby through his story again. Chet was sore about it, but he talked. He was a news magazine photographer, see? And sometimes he picked up a whole story, except for the captions, with that camera of his. The box told the story faster and a lot better than some guy could write it.

The story Chet Digby told now was long, in spite of its simplicity. He had covered the landing of survivors of a tanker torpedoed in smooth water off the Virginia Capes. The master, the mate, the radioman and five seamen were the only occupants of the one lifeboat that made shore.

"All right," said Chet Digby. "You get it that far. Well, Heinson was the master then, just as he's master o' this freighter, an' under his own name. They tell me he's been commanding American ships since 'thirty-seven. But when I come down to get shots of this dirty old freight house for a feature—they'll caption her 'picturesque' in the office—I find the second mate is callin' himself Adolph Berg."

He shook his head emphatically. "That is different from his monicker when he was mate of that tanker. An' when I say, 'Wasn't you with Heinson on that tanker that got torpedoed?' he denied it, up-and-down. He'd never sailed with Heinson before; didn't know the guy."

Chet Digby deepened the wrinkles on his scrawny head in a scowl.

"An' then I see the radioman, with a round pan nobody could forget—an' he gives me the same! Never'd seen Heinson. And his name now—Jensen—that ain't the same."

He jerked a hand. "I started lookin' all around and I see two sailors that were also survivors in that boat. I don't forget faces I shoot. All at once it seems to me as if Berg an' Jensen were sort

(Continued on page 34)



Ferris' eyes bulged in the gleam of the flashlight as Ruddock brought him into the locker and he saw Chet Digby

Strictly off the record



JIM: I understand the Four Roses people wanted to use you in a magazine ad, Eric.

ERIC: Yes, but I told them I'd rather not. Being a composer, I figured they'd want me to rave about their whiskey being a symphony of virtues, Number One on the sip parade, and all that sort of thing.

JIM: Judging from this grand Manhattan, I'd say Four Roses comes pretty close to being just that.

ERIC: Sure—strictly off the record, it's tops! It's the finest whiskey ever bottled! In fact, anybody who hasn't tasted Four Roses recently doesn't know what he's been missing. It's the one whiskey I know that makes a perfect Manhattan Rhapsody!

JIM: Now you're talking like a composer in a Four Roses ad, Eric!

ERIC: I guess you're right—but it's the only way I know to describe the magnificence of today's Four Roses! Tell you what, Jim—on second thought, I'll let them quote me in a Four Roses ad if you'll agree to be in it too.

JIM: It's a deal. Let's seal the bargain . . . with another Four Roses Manhattan!

How to make the world's finest Manhattan—take one part vermouth and two parts Four Roses Whiskey. Add dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice, strain, and serve with cherry.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

When Your Throat is Irritated





CHANGE TO SPUDS

...And Enjoy their Soothing Coolness!

WHENEVER throat irritation takes the pleasure out of smoking—try Spuds. You'll get a real surprise! For Spuds are specially made to give your throat a soothing, restful *change*, at times when you can't enjoy *any* ordinary cigarette. Thousands are discovering the benefits of Spuds' four decisive advantages:

First, Spuds are a *mildly* mentholated cigarette—made by an exclusive process that distributes menthol *evenly* throughout the cigarette. Second, Spuds contain a special moisture-retaining agent that does not produce acrolein—the irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke. Third, Spuds are 20% longer, to give you a cooler, cleaner smoke, with more of the harsh irritants filtered out. And, fourth, Spuds are made of fine vintage tobaccos —blended to perfection.

So try Spuds—and give your throat a *rest!* Enjoy Spuds' soothing, refreshing coolness. Pick up a pack of new Spud Imperials today—*either cork tip or plain.* The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., "House of Tradition," Louisville, Ky.

NOW... POPULAR PRICE AND YOUR CHOICE OF TIPS

Plain ends in the silver pack—cork tips in the gold pack. Spuds cost you no more than any other popular cigarette.

SPUD

Imperials

THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETT

Come Back Tuesday

Continued from page 22

"I do my own shooting," insisted the
oct.
H called his dogs in to hunt closely
or te scattered single birds, but Fred
ad watched them down like a blue-
arti, and quickly went to a pine top,
augt scent, and again pointed. The
he dogs backed dutifully. Doctor In-
an kicked the dead tree, and a hen
ai came out like a hand grenade.
fo he could shoot, there was a de-
ab on by his ear and the bird dropped
n dead.
'I ouldn't help it," Jud apologized.
.n ved you was going to miss, and I
.t ad to let go."
Wait until I miss, next time," the
.r said, with heat, rubbing his ear.
ly hunted on, and after a while the
.r saw, far ahead, his dog standing
.nless, and he said with quick pride,
s Lad has stopped."
Acks sort of pretty, don't he?"
What do you mean, 'backs'? He has
."
Ope. Yonder stands Fred in that
.r sage ahead of your dog. Yourn's
.t acking mine."

The doctor saw that it was true, and
.n swallowed hard. And as the after-
.n wore on, his amazement grew, for
.n was plainly outhunting his own
.y ood dogs and finding all the birds
.t ere found.
Where did you get that dog, any-
.y he asked, finally.
Got him as a puppy from Lem John-
.n swapped him for a pig that got
.n my back field. Lem says he stole
.t uppy. But you cain't go by that—
.n just soon lie as tell the truth."
At that moment a figure in overalls
.n rid out from behind a bush and
.t id furiously, "What you doing
.n g on my land, Jud Lee?"
Did we chance to wander onto your
.d Mr. Sidler?" Jud asked in innocent
.p se. "Well, I do declare!"
I learn you!" said the angry land-owner, and threw up his shotgun at them.

"Git, mule!" Jud said, and away they rocketed just as Sidler fired. Two of the bird shot struck the doctor's back and he howled.

When they were out of immediate danger, the doctor shouted above the banging wagon, "The dogs!"

"Shuh, old Fred done led them home by now. He knows what a cranky old fool that Sidler is."

When they got back to the house, they found not only Fred and the other two dogs—asleep under the house—but also the young man named Davis from the bank.

"Oh, my!" Jud said. "Durn' if I didn't forget and walk right up on him."

"Well, Mr. Lee," said Davis, "I hope you've got some money."

Jud turned to the disheveled doctor. "Doc, you owe me five dollars, don't you?"

"I suppose so," he answered bitterly.

"Well how about loaning me a little extra to go with it, until Saturday? I need fifty-five dollars more. This here's the rent man."

"Loan you fifty-five dollars?" The doctor laughed for the first time.

Davis said firmly, "It's no use, Mr. Lee. Better move out tomorrow or we'll have the sheriff come move you."

Jud said, "Doc, it looks like you *would* let me have the loan of fifty-five dollars."

A sudden thought seemed to come to the doctor. "If you really want sixty dollars, I know how you can get it."

"How?" Jud demanded.

"I'll give you sixty dollars for that dog."

"Fred?" Jud's face fell. "I guess I better hang on to the old fool."

Davis ejaculated, "You'd rather keep that dog than your farm, Jud?"

"I cain't sell my old dog," Jud said. "I just couldn't git shed of him. Anyway, he wouldn't hunt for nobody but me. Fellow stole him oncet and had to let go."

Davis sighed. "Okay. Tomorrow, Mr. Lee."

"Wait a minute," Jud said, suddenly. He ran into the house calling, "Ceely! Ceely! Where's our diamont at?" And presently he came back with a ring mounted with a glistening stone.

"Look here, Doc, I'll sell you our diamont ring."

"Where'd you get that?" Doctor Ingram asked, taking it.

"Ordered it out of a book. You can have it for fifty-five dollars."

Davis examined the ring. "That's nothing but glass with a quicksilver backing."

"You're plumb crazy. It's a Genuwine Simulated Diamont, just like it said in the magazine."

"I can't use a simulated diamond," the doctor said regretfully.

"Don't forget, Mr. Lee," said Davis, turning away.

"Wait, young man," said Doctor Ingram. "I believe I know how Lee can raise the money. There's a field trial in Laridian that starts Saturday, and there's a first stake of six hundred dollars and a second of about two hundred or so. That dog named Fred could come mighty close to winning one of those stakes, if Jud cared to enter him. I'd be willing to risk the entrance fee on it."

"You mean they'll pay Fred fer outhunting them other dogs?" Jud asked.

"Is Jud's dog that good?" Davis asked.

"Unless today was an unusual hunt for him, he'll be hard to beat," the doctor said.

"Okay, Jud," Davis said. "I'm going to take this gentleman's word for it, and give you one more week. But this is absolutely your last chance."

THE sun was just coming up when Doctor Ingram and Jud Lee arrived at the starting point, with Fred asleep on the back seat. Several small cornstalk-and-lightwood fires were surrounded by men, while other men saddled the horses. Jud spotted a wagon with planks laid across for seats, and he said, "Yonder's where I aim to sit at. I ain't no horseback rider."

"You'll have to ride horseback while you're running your dog. Better pick out a mount now."

Jud looked over the horses that were for rent, and his eyes lit up when he saw, tied to the fence, a sleepy-looking mule. On its back was an ancient saddle, held together by tobacco twine and haywire.

"Now that yonder is a critter I got as much sense as," Jud said, and went over to speak for the services of the mule. As he approached, the mule opened one eye and let fly with a hind hoof that grazed Jud's thigh. To the animal's astonishment, Jud immediately kicked him back. After that, they seemed to understand each other.

The first brace of dogs was put down and they raced away. Jud and the doctor rode up toward the front of the gallery, and the doctor instructed Jud in field-trial procedure as they went along. Presently one of the dogs pointed, and when the handler dismounted and fired, Jud observed that no birds fell.

"Shuh, that fellow's nigh sorry a shot as you, Doc," he said.

"No birds are killed in a field trial," Doctor Ingram explained.

"Ain't?" Jud asked. "It's goodby farm for me, then."

"What do you mean?"

"You wait and see," Jud said slowly.

It so happened that the dog drawn to run against Fred was the champion of



"George, have you made any arrangement to blow up our bridge in case of an emergency?" DAVE GERARD

Paper Work

THE PUNCH BEHIND PRODUCTION



It is the myriad of requisitions, drawings, orders, routing slips, etc., that keeps production on an even keel. Without it, chaos. With it, typical American efficiency. And, under today's pressure, the matter of saving office time plays an important role.

That's where **MONGOL** pencils count. Work interruptions caused by time spent at the pencil sharpener with inferior, nondescript pencils are cut in half with **MONGOLS.** Complastic lead with its long wearing quality is 8 times as strong as the average person needs.

MONGOL at 5¢ represents true economy. "Say MONGOL to your Stationer."

MADE IN 5 DEGREES

No. 1—Very Soft No. 2—Medium
F—Firm No. 3—Hard
No. 4— Very Hard



EBERHARD FABER

Leadership

IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

"LIFE PRESERVER"
(For Your Car)



Every mile that you drive with *clean* oil means longer life for your engine. So, since AC Oil Filters keep oil clean, they are "life preservers" in a very real sense, and a practical means of conserving your car—and the oil you buy as well.

HOW OIL FILTERS CONSERVE

Oil Filters remove dirt and sludge from engine oil. Clean oil does not clog piston and ring slots. Consequently, it helps the oil control rings to perform their function longer.

As a direct result, oil economy is held higher and gas consumption kept down. Furthermore, carbon formation is retarded because excess oil does not reach the combustion chamber. And,—most important of all,—the need for engine overhaul is definitely postponed.

WATCH YOUR OIL

When the oil gets black and dirty, replace your oil filter element promptly. Change your oil as your service man recommends.

Especially "for the duration," drive with an oil filter. But be sure to protect your car's life with a proved "life preserver"—an AC Oil Filter.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation



AC PRODUCES FOR VICTORY
Machine guns, aircraft spark plugs, standard spark plugs, oil filters, and many other products are being supplied to our armed forces.

last year, a hard-going orange-and-white pointer named Bold Springs Rap. At the breakaway, Rap raced away in true field-trial style, while Fred went away leisurely. But gradually Fred widened and in a little while was out of sight.

With the other handler, Jud rode up front, his long frame forked over the plodding mule. The other handler, Olivant, periodically called, "Ha-a-ay, Rap," and blew his whistle, until Jud rubbed his ear and complained, "Durned if you don't keep up a racket." Rap found the first covey of birds, and pointed them in a picture-book style, and he was steady to wing and shot.

When the dog had been sent on again, Jud said, "That's a right nice little dog you got. He's shore to take second."

Olivant smiled. His smile faded as he saw Fred, far out to the right, pointing near a plum thicket.

They galloped over to the thicket and Jud dismounted. He whispered to Doctor Ingram, "You shore I ain't allowed to kill a bird?"

"That's right."

Jud shook his head, and walked in and flushed the birds. Jud raised his gun, and Fred lifted his head interestedly to see how many birds fell. When none at all fell, he looked at Jud in amazement, and was visibly stunned as he went on off in search of more game.

Meantime, Rap again had found a covey and his manners were exemplary. Jud said, "You wouldn't want to swap that dog for a Genuwine Simulated Diamont, would you?"

"I guess not."

"He's a right nice little dog," Jud admitted.

Fred seemed to have recovered from his shock, and he found the next covey.

Jud walked in. The birds got up. Jud fired and again no birds fell. Fred gave him a look of profound disgust, and lay down on the spot.

"Git up from there," Jud commanded. "I cain't help it if they won't let me kill none."

FRED reluctantly rose and trotted off, obviously seeing little reason for finding birds if Jud couldn't hit them. The judges looked at one another significantly, for anything less than constant energy and application on the part of a dog is disapproved. At this point, however, Fred luckily struck quail scent, and unenthusiastically pointed a covey that had been feeding in the fi

"Well," Jud muttered to Doctor gram as he dismounted, "this'll pu finish to it. The durn' fool has took the missing he'll put up with."

As Jud walked past the dog, F rolled his eye upward, obviously tel him that this was his last chance. kicked the thin grass, and a bird whi up, then another, and then the res the covey, scatteringly—perfect tar He fired, and all the birds kept go Fred watched their flight momenta then without another glance at Juc turned toward the gallery, threaded way through the horses, jumped into nearest wagon and lay down.

"Is your dog sick, Mr. Lee?" as one of the judges, puzzled.

"No, he's just plumb disagusted," swered Jud.

He went to the wagon and got I by the scruff of the neck and put on the ground. "You cain't set t and let us be throwed off the fa Jud said. "Now git, afore I sting with these here number-eight shot."

Fred saw the shotgun pointing ward him and he reluctantly tro out front and began hunting again.

The doctor said, "He's ahead on c

TRUCK TRIPPER. The major role of wire in warfare has generally been confined to the barbed variety and the insulated wire used for communications, but recent experiments have proved that rolls like that shown below will stop any wheeled vehicle—even a light tank, if its treads hit the coils at an angle. The truck at right has been temporarily put out of action by heavy wire that cuts tires to ribbons, and snarls axles and brake drums







"Nothing today, thanks!"

General Electric Electronic tubes some day may "answer" the front door!

There's another peddler! . . . There's the milkman! . . . Laundry ready, lady? . . . B-R-E-A-D M-A-N! Some day it may be possible for you to turn a switch, and *see* and *talk to* the front door from any part of the house!

This television "busybody" does not exist today, and, if it did, would cost too much to be practical. But here is the important thing to remember: It is entirely possible right now to build such a device with electronic tubes. And American industry is famous for finding new ways to make the things you want at a reasonable price.

Today, startling new electronic devices are helping to defeat the enemy. These are closely guarded war secrets. In them scientists see many possibilities for new products that can make our lives safer and happier when peace comes.

Electronic tubes now can clean air of dust. Electronic lamps can kill germs, and in experiments have kept vegetables and fruits fresh for months.

Electronic tubes warn of fire; guard against burglars; open garage doors; turn on the lights as darkness comes. Your General Electric radio is equipped with electronic tubes.

A full-color 32-page booklet which tells the fascinating story of electronics will be available shortly. This booklet is free. Write for "Electronics — a New Science for a New World," to General Electric — Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, Schenectady, New York.

Listen to the General Electric Radio News Program, with Frazier Hunt, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, over C.B.S. and American (FM) networks. See newspapers for time.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic radio tube, similar to tubes used in all G-E radio sets. The miraculous electronic tube that can "answer" the front door will be essentially of this kind.

What a difference, when you smoke the

Imperial

honeyed pipe



YES, THERE'S REAL HONEY in Imperial. Good enough to eat! Dear to the hearts of smokers everywhere because it entirely *eliminates "breaking-in"!*



HERE'S HOW THE HONEY IS SPRAYED IN the pipes. It coats walls of pipe-bowl *permanently*. It mingles with tobacco and forms a beautifully-cured "cake." A sweet, satisfying smoke, mild and smooth, *no matter what tobacco you use.*

$1.50

Billiard Shape

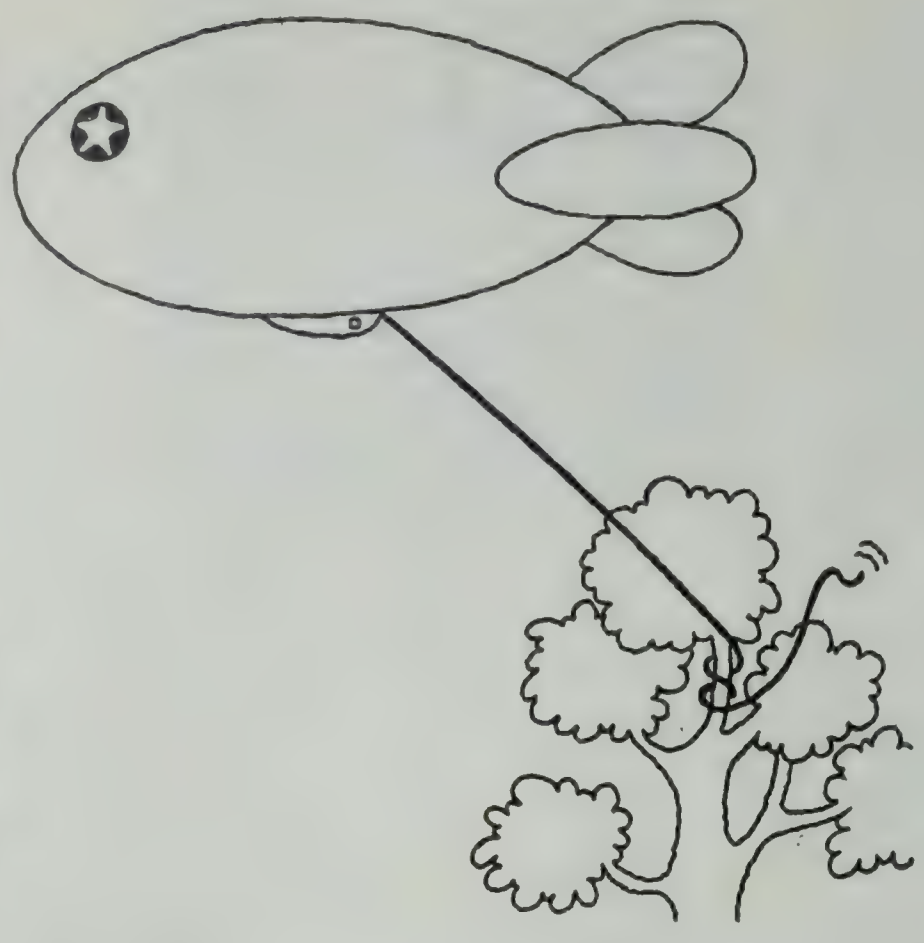
and for $1, there's the standard YELLO-BOLE also sprayed with real honey



Dublin Shape

These $1 Yello-Bole Pipes, also treated with Honey, smoke sweet, without breaking-in, and stay sweet and *mild.*

© 1942, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



finds, but if he keeps being unwilling to hunt he won't have a chance for even a second. Rap looks to be first sure."

"Well, we ain't whupped yet," said Jud mysteriously.

The course made a sharp turn, and for a few minutes neither dog was in sight. Then Rap appeared up front, having swung perfectly.

JUD waited a moment, and then said loudly, "That dog of mine he rambles so far I may have to shoot to make him hear me." He turned the mule out of the gallery and spurred him, and across the cornfield they went, Jud's legs and elbows flapping. Now out of sight of the gallery, he reached the thicket of a branch head, and crossed it, knowing exactly where Fred had gone. And there in the lespedeza he found him, again on game. Fred was lying down, pointing with a complete lack of enthusiasm.

"Now if you ain't a pretty sight," Jud said, tying the mule.

He put two shells in his old double-barreled gun and kicked the grass in front of Fred. At first nothing happened, and Fred watched scornfully. Then the covey erupted from the grass.

Jud's gun came up, and with the first barrel he tumbled a cock. He swung back, saw two birds crossing, pulled the second trigger, and both of them fell.

"Don't never again look at me like I cain't shoot a shotgun," Jud warned, blowing the smoke from the barrels.

Surprised to see any birds fall, Fred upon command sprang in and retrieved them with happy animation.

It was a different Fred that Jud brought back onto the course. When they overtook the gallery, Fred swung on out in front, running full speed. The spectators looked at one another, wondering what could have so invigorated the dog they thought had grown tired.

"Had to shoot to make him hear me," Jud explained to the judges. He pulled a quail from his pocket. "And durn' if a funny thing didn't happen. Unbeknownst to me, this here quail was a-setting in the tree I was under, and when I shot up in the air he fell right out."

"I hope we won't have another miracle like that, Mr. Lee," said Mr. Roe, the owner of the plantation.

"Ain't likely," Jud said. Then: "Judge, look way up yonder on that ridge. They's a dog a-pointing, and he looks like that old fool of mine."



GARDNER REA

Fred was pointing again, and bel stood Rap, backing him. They rod the place, and both handlers mounted. This time, as Jud wa past him, Fred's eyes held keen ticipation, and Jud, noting it, pau *If sump'm don't fall, that butt-he scoun'l will think last time was a dent.*

As he hesitated, a sudden tho occurred to him, and he drew one o dead quail from his pocket. Conce it, he walked in and flushed the c As the birds swept over the sedge he threw the dead bird into the ma them and fired into the air. Fred the falling bird with satisfaction, retrieved it promptly and then spe off in businesslike manner.

After that it was, they all agree pretty a dog race as anybody could for. "Just gee and haw between and not a bobble for neither." Afte heat was over, eight more dogs ran, everybody knew Rap had taken and Fred second.

IT WAS only a few days later tha doctor had occasion to be in J neck of the woods, and he drove u the house about noon. It was some warm for wintertime. Not seeing under the porch, nor Jud anywhere wondered if they had gone hun But presently a head appeared at window.

"Your father gone hunting?"

"Nope, he ain't," Jud's boy answe "I'll fetch him."

Presently Jud came out on the p and shouted jovially, "Come on in Doc, and lemme show you sump'n

"Kind of warm, isn't it?"

"Shore is. But I got just what' you up. Ice water!"

"Ice water? At this time of year

Jud led him into the living roo the old house, and promptly point the shining electric refrigerator stood in the middle of the room.

"Chanced to stop in town after bird-dog triles, and the feller sold me. Got the Ree to rig me up the tricity, and she's been a-going at it since."

"You mean the REA?" asked the tor, weakly, opening the box. A came on, revealing, on the shelves, shotgun shells and a hat, nothing

The children clung to Jud's long and gazed at the refrigerator raptly. git the bucket and let's mix up some water," Jud said. He pulled out o the trays and shucked out the ice threw it out the window. "We'll fr some fresh," he explained. "That has been in there since yestiddy. down and rest easy. She'll be don it in thutty minutes."

"You bought this with your field- winnings?" the doctor asked finally

"And that ain't all!" Jud said. "C on!"

He led the doctor into another r where there was a new bed of borax and lying asleep on it was th Fred. Jud explained, "If he's such moneymaker as that, I aim fer hi have a true bed and a room to hi And he don't eat nothing but the water-ground corn meal and firs pot liquor!"

Suddenly Jud cocked his head t side. "Lissen. I hear a car. I'll be later."

"Who are you running from?"

"That fellow from the bank, wh reckon? That's how come I was when you come."

"You mean you didn't pay the anything on your rent with that mon demanded the doctor.

Jud was already out the door. him"—he called back—"tell hi come back next Tuesday, and I'll the money shore!"

THE END

Men Who Think of Tomorrow Prefer the Light, Clean Taste of Seagram's V.O.





Men Who Think of Tomorrow

Electricity from the sun—to heat your home in winter and air-condition it in summer. To reduce your light bill . . . and furnish cheaper power for every factory. It's coming—when the sun ray electric generator is perfected by Men Who Think of *Tomorrow!*

★ ★ ★

DO YOU REMEMBER when the Texas Centennial was celebrated? When "Anthony Adverse" first appeared as a movie? When sit-down strikes originated in France? That's the year the rare whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully blended and put away to mellow for *Tomorrow*. Seagram's foresight keeps Tomorrow always in mind—so that you may always enjoy the famous Canadian flavor, the reassuring lightness of Seagram's V.O. Try some tonight—FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY · A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

NICE WORK

...and you can get it!



The way a Schick Shaver goes to work on a man's beard is something to sing about. Ask the man who uses one!

And you, too, can get these quick, comfortable, effortless shaves *if you hurry*. The reason for the hurry is simply this:

Our factory is now working full tilt on war production, and the only Schick Shavers in dealers' hands are those we built before going all-out on our war job. So, not *every* dealer has *all* the Schicks he could sell.

Get yours, while the getting's good, and see what you've been missing. See how the marvelous 2-M Hollow-Ground Head arches your skin—making the whiskers stand up to be slicked off by the Flying Shuttle Shearer at the rate of 14,000 cutting actions per minute. See how *easy* it is to shave with a Schick. Then feel your smooth, boy-fresh face that need nevermore be marred by shaving nicks, cuts, scrapes or burn.

Pictured above is the Schick Colonel—handsomely styled in rich ivory plastic—and powered by the speedy "Whisk-wik" motor that works on both AC and DC. It's yours for only $15*—and if 2 weeks' trial doesn't convince you you've bought a bargain—take the shaver back to your dealer and get your money back. How can you lose?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

**Slightly higher in Canada*

Specifications subject to change without notice

★★★

Next time an ambulance whizzes by, take a look at the attendant inside. It may be a woman—doing a man's job. She's in a new service and she's strictly on her own

THE slim redhead sitting with the others in the Emergency Room looks like a college girl. Don't let the uniform fool you. She probably is! And right now, as the telephone rings and the message "Bus call" comes through, she is going to work as an ambulance attendant. She is going out to do a man-sized job. What she can expect to see when the ambulance stops is anyone's guess. The chances are it won't be a very pleasant sight.

Remember that name—Ambulance Attendant. Before you know it, it may become as much of a household expression as Isaac and Wave. Furthermore, ambulance attendants will be closer to most of us than the women in the armed services.

They will come right into our homes, our lives, keep our modern system of emergency assistance running when a shortage of trained manpower threatens serious disruption. At home, ambulance calls must still be answered and preparations made for whatever may come suddenly and swiftly out of the sky.

The ambulance attendants' job is to solve the critical problem created by the departure of staff doctors and nurses for the fighting fronts. Replacing internes in the ambulances, they give first aid, get accident victims and others requiring immediate medical attention to hospitals, where they are turned over to staff physicians. They will immobilize a fracture, revive victims of collapse, handle "psychos," or even help the stork. Maternity and very serious accident cases are answered by a doctor and an attendant; not infrequently, though, the call neglects to state the exact situation and the girl is on her own.

The A.W.V.S. Ambulance Attendant system was first put into operation in Flushing, New York. Mrs. Helen H. Poertner, Chairman of Hospital Contacts, suggested the idea to Mrs. A. E. MacDougal, Queens director. They deserve credit for cutting endless yards of red tape and getting the go-ahead signal. The plan succeeded so well at Flushing Hospital and Dispensary that the girls are now riding the ambulances on round-the-clock schedules. National Headquarters of the American Women's Voluntary Services is watching this work with considerable interest.

Ambulance attendants have no snap course to breeze through. Their requirements are: A.W.V.S. membership, good health, intelligence—and nerve. They must complete courses in Red Cross First Aid and Advanced First Aid. Then follows a three-week series of two-hour lectures by staff physicians on subjects ranging from otitis media (ear inflammation) to obstetrics.

During the first two weeks as an ambulance attendant the girl is on probation and is accompanied by a staff physician. Very soon her superior sees whether she can take it. If she's squeamish when the call is on the gory side, she's out! There are more than enough applicants for all the jobs.

Ambulance attendants have already accomplished one wartime miracle: they have cut down calls from people accustomed to getting free medical services by calling an ambulance. St. Vincent's in New York gives them credit for saving tires, gas and time in this way. There are few cases any more, like that of the young mother who, after the ambulance had rushed through red lights getting to her, said to the breathless doctor, "Take my baby's temperature." ★★★

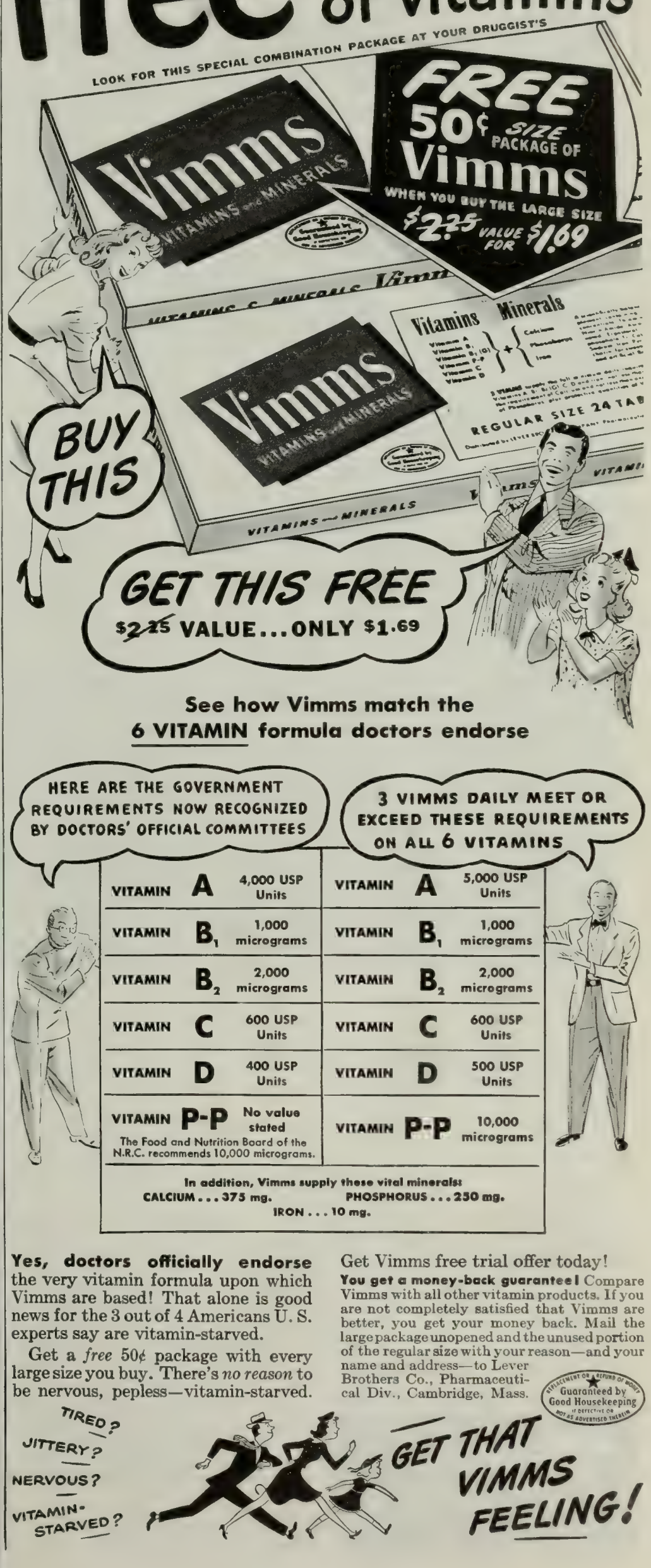
Occasionally two ambulance attendants answer the call. This old man is victim of temporary amnesia. Policeman found identification in his pocket and summoned an ambulance

Attendants are accompanied by doctor during first two weeks. Here Blanche Wiebach helps apply compress to knifing victim. Knife is behind victim's foot; her husband, alleged knifer, in background



Free 50¢ package of vitamins

LOOK FOR THIS SPECIAL COMBINATION PACKAGE AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S



See how Vimms match the 6 VITAMIN formula doctors endorse

HERE ARE THE GOVERNMENT REQUIREMENTS NOW RECOGNIZED BY DOCTORS' OFFICIAL COMMITTEES

3 VIMMS DAILY MEET OR EXCEED THESE REQUIREMENTS ON ALL 6 VITAMINS

VITAMIN	A	4,000 USP Units	VITAMIN	A	5,000 USP Units
VITAMIN	B_1	1,000 micrograms	VITAMIN	B_1	1,000 micrograms
VITAMIN	B_2	2,000 micrograms	VITAMIN	B_2	2,000 micrograms
VITAMIN	C	600 USP Units	VITAMIN	C	600 USP Units
VITAMIN	D	400 USP Units	VITAMIN	D	500 USP Units
VITAMIN	P-P	No value stated. The Food and Nutrition Board of the N.R.C. recommends 10,000 micrograms.	VITAMIN	P-P	10,000 micrograms

In addition, Vimms supply these vital minerals:
CALCIUM . . . 375 mg. PHOSPHORUS . . . 250 mg.
IRON . . . 10 mg.

Yes, doctors officially endorse the very vitamin formula upon which Vimms are based! That alone is good news for the 3 out of 4 Americans U. S. experts say are vitamin-starved.

Get a *free* 50¢ package with every large size you buy. There's *no reason* to be nervous, pepless—vitamin-starved.

Get Vimms free trial offer today!

You get a money-back guarantee! Compare Vimms with all other vitamin products. If you are not completely satisfied that Vimms are better, you get your money back. Mail the large package unopened and the unused portion of the regular size with your reason—and your name and address—to Lever Brothers Co., Pharmaceutical Div., Cambridge, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

TIRED? JITTERY? NERVOUS? VITAMIN-STARVED?

GET THAT VIMMS FEELING!



For Instance...

— An American flying officer who was in the Midway battle, relates the following interesting incident. —On its way back to the carrier, his plane picked up a [radio] message. It was a Japanese admiral— asking for—begging for—commanding help. He wanted a Japanese vessel sent immediately to "take him off"—"going to sink"—"afraid more American planes will come"—"please come"—"command you to come"—but—the Japanese ship—*and* Admiral—were sunk.

(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines — the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
"LONG DISTANCE" RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Action Offshore

Continued from page 24

blockin' me off from that gangplank. Brooklyn, on the other end o' that plank, never looked further off. I start hustlin' aft, glancin' back, an'—"

"All right," said Tom Ruddock. There had been nothing phony about Chet Digby's injured head when Ruddock had come on him just reviving down in the 'tween decks of Number Five. That had been an hour on the wrong side of the pilot boat. Digby had had a fall, all right, and it had been only chance and smooth weather that had prevented the last covers from being slapped down on Number Five before Mr. Ruddock had chanced on him.

That had been the time to report him to Captain Heinson, of course. But Chet Digby had poured out his story convincingly enough to win him a respite and concealment for further examination by the busy mate.

It wasn't too late to turn him in now. Any officer who had risen to the responsibility of chief mate at twenty-seven would not lead with the chin on a story like that. Undoubtedly there was some simple explanation, even if Digby wasn't lying. This was one for the master.

The master, the mate and the radioman! And Heinson was still Heinson but the mate with the other name had become Adolph Berg, second mate, and the radio operator now was newly become Jensen. One thing was certain: officers these days could not change names as easily as they changed ships. There were such things as papers, passports. To change a name in wartime involved various forgeries—handwriting, fingerprints, seals, records. Organization was needed. But if these birds did have organization back of them it meant something big. He shook his head. Organization to sink an old freighter the size of the Mary? That didn't make sense.

He looked at Chet Digby. "Think you can walk?" he asked.

"Sure I can walk," said Digby. "But look, keep me out of the ruckus, see? I'm a photographer, get it? I ain't in this war; I'm photographing it."

"Okay," Tom Ruddock said and turned to go. "This time I'll leave the door unlocked."

Outside he stopped dead. He frowned and spread his feet, feeling the movement of the ship under him. As she struggled ahead on the long salt road to Puerto Rico, she had been taking this southwester dead on, or even a shade on the port bow. Now, by Peter, the seas were hitting her almost broad on the starboard bow.

BIG seas don't change direction that fast. She was off her course—close to four points, forty-five degrees off. And she was off since Mr. Adolph Berg took over from the old third mate at midnight.

Four points! That was no drowsy quartermaster's fault. Four points! That would take her far to eastward, out toward a white spot on the chart, a region where no steamer tracks curved in blue across the paper to mark frequented seas.

He walked out onto the well deck, ascended to the bridge and walked into the darkened wheelhouse.

From over by the log desk Mr. Berg started to upright immobility. His straight, solidly shouldered body was tense. At the wheel Wald, the quartermaster, a tall, narrow man with lumpy bones, had turned toward Tom Ruddock with startled quickness.

Why not? Not many chief mates, due to go on watch at four A. M., are out of their bunks after midnight.

In an instant Adolph Berg moved swiftly. He came toward Tom Ruddock, telegraphing possible action in the unnatural limpness of his arms. It was too dark to see his face. He stopped between Ruddock and the binnacle. But Tom Ruddock had already seen the compass card. Four points! Berg's elbow touched the helmsman's arm and the man's surprise became alertness.

Coming here was a mistake. These men were set to jump him. That quartermaster was no actor; he was ready to leave the wheel and spring.

"Where's Ferris?" Tom Ruddock asked. "Where's Ferris? He should be quartermaster on watch—not this man."

Tension eased.

"Ferris?" said Adolph Berg. He was strangely still again. "He wass drunk. Unfit to take the wheel." He laughed softly, ingratiatingly, inviting Ruddock to join him in being amused. "He claimed that somebody had given him a Mickey Finn but he wass just drunk."

Tom Ruddock shook his head. "Terrible thing, drink," he said. He waited a moment, and walked out.

With the wheelhouse door closed behind him he swung his long body down the ladder in a hurry, to give those two no time to change their minds.

On the lower bridge he stopped and faced the mist. The Mary was plunging through this thickish night on her way to—what? Certainly not to Puerto Rico. Rendezvous? There was in her no irreplaceable cargo of planes or tanks for Isla Grande naval base. She carried only stores, food, routine stuff in her holds. And in her deep tank—

Mr. Ruddock drew in a mouthful of mist in a sudden gulp. In her deep tank —Diesel oil. Diesel! Was that it?

No longer ago than two nights back he had borne a hand in a talk around a small table about whether the U-boats could hang on longer than usual on every trip they made across the Atlantic. They were waiting for the big stuff—ten-thousand-ton tankers, deep-laden express freighters, instead of letting go torpedoes in a hurry against anything that came along. They had longer range, an engineer said. They were getting Diesel oil, said a deck officer. From what? From supply ships, said the deck, but he didn't explain to the black ganger's satisfaction how surface supply ships could long escape the vigilance of the aerial patrol.

He wondered what sort of oil Captain Heinson's previous command had had in her tanks. There had been only eight men in that one surviving lifeboat that got away in a smooth sea, Digby had said, the master, the mate and the radioman and five seamen. Where were the others, out of a complement of perhaps fifty men? On the bottom? Or in Germany? Certainly nowhere where they could stop Heinson from repeating, if his job was taking an oil ship to a rendezvous arranged in code by his radioman. Where, for the matter of that, was the tanker? On the bottom after a tank or two had been drained to refuel a pack of subs. Or running the blockade into a German port? These Germans were thorough. A trick like that, inexplicable, menacing, sinister, was worth the planting of a few trusted men in American ships years ahead. It would make every U-boat doubly destructive. She could wait for the big stuff.

TOM RUDDOCK wiped his forehead. He chewed his lip. "That blasted photographer don't know the unchallenged weight of a shipmaster's authority," he thought. "Heinson alone, simply on his word of command, could take this ship to any spot in the North Atlantic where the sub pack waited. And once there—"

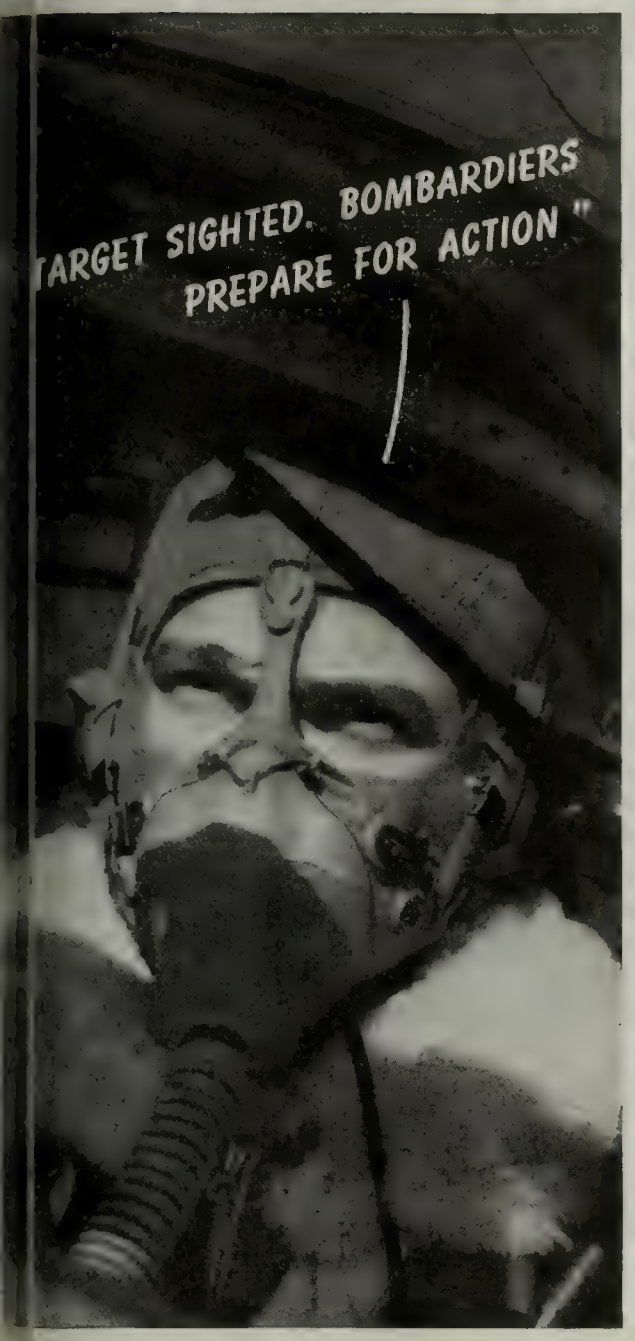
He stared ahead into the thick wet night. It might happen toward morning —as soon as that. Night or day, they'd be safe in the refueling as long as this thick weather lasted. But how in that thick could subs hit the rendezvous on the nose? He remembered—that was where the radioman came in. They hadn't forgotten anything. Not even what to do about a nosy chief mate, probably.

He slipped down the ladder to the well deck and sought out the cubbyhole



COLLIER'S "Here's a list of who not to smack" JOHN KAY KARAFFA

FIGHTING WORDS
—from our fighting men







. . delivered on every front by Western Electric equipment

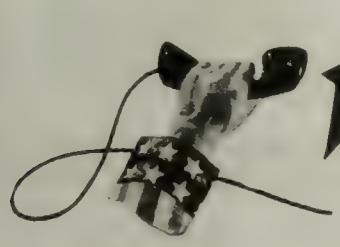


"Get the message through!" is the tradition of men in the Signal Corps. More than 5,500 of them are from the Bell System.

OUT of peace-time telephone making come war-time telephones like these. On every front, they keep the armed forces in contact.

In the air, on land and water and under the sea, they give commanders control of operations . . . multiply the effectiveness of every fighter.

Like the men who use them, they are tough and dependable. They come from Western Electric, for 60 years manufacturer for the Bell System.



Western Electric

ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS



NEW WAY TO FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

Medical science has made important advances recently in fighting Athlete's Foot! It is now known that the fungus organisms which cause the disease may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—causing danger of re-infection from that source.

Based on new scientific knowledge, a new Mennen product—Quinsana Powder—is producing sensational results. Records kept of thousands of persons show that Athlete's Foot infection disappeared in practically all cases after only 30 days treatment with Quinsana. You can get Quinsana now in drug and dept. stores throughout the U. S.

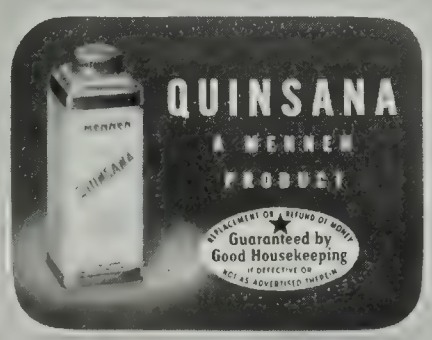
2-WAY TREATMENT



1. Use Quinsana on feet daily to help prevent and relieve infection. Most common symptoms of Athlete's Foot are cracks and peeling between toes; mild infection may suddenly progress to more serious form.



2. Shake Quinsana into shoes every day to absorb moisture, thereby reducing chances of re-infection from this source. Being a powder, Quinsana is conveniently used in the shoes as well as on feet.



Only 50¢ for large can of Quinsana. Use daily as a protective measure as well as for relief. It is also excellent for excessive perspiration and foot odor.

Pharmaceutical Division
The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

with three-tiered bunks where the quartermasters were berthed. With Wald at the wheel there were only two men asleep in the room. Ruddock worked on Ferris. If somebody had put Ferris out, then he was trusting Ferris. The other man, about whom Ruddock knew little, lay like dead. So did Ferris, for that matter. But all mates have a way with drunks.

Ferris turned out. From the way he acted, it probably had been a Mickey Finn, all right.

"Come," said Ruddock, and Ferris came, at the last.

Back aft the mate let the air work on Ferris a while. By that time the squat quartermaster was coming back enough to be curious.

"Somebody put a glass in me hands in the dark," Ferris said. "There was liquor goin' around. 'Have a drink,' they said and I did, God—help me. 'Twas a Mick—"

"Go up to monkey island and take a look at the standard compass, Ferris," Ruddock said softly. "See how she's heading. Don't make any noise about it. Be sparing with this. Meet me aft on the boat deck."

He shoved his flashlight into Ferris' thick hand and separated from him.

Up on the boat deck Ruddock prowled around the radio shack. In spite of elaborate blackout precautions he was able to make out that there was a light inside. He thought he heard the click of a muffled key and a whine of sending but he could not be sure. But he made sure of another thing: Captain Heinson was awake and astir behind the blank door of his tiny office, next to his bedroom.

Tom slid down a deck and went to his room. His gun, which he had jammed in the drawer under his summer uniforms, was gone. It was gone. It was gone so thoroughly and so neatly he wondered if he had really packed it back there. But he had.

FERRIS was waiting for him aft on the boat deck. He was a good quartermaster; besides which he had studied for a ticket. That changed course had upset him. That much east in the southing might be good to hit Africa or the Cape Verdes but it was no way to get to Puerto Rico.

"The master ought t' be told about this, sir," he said uneasily.

Tom Ruddock grunted. That was how they would take it—all hands of them. The master! The minute any in the ship learned that the master had sanctioned that change of course—Well, this wasn't getting Tom Ruddock anywhere. Plainly he ought to drop it and hope he was all wrong. How about that chin? He clicked his teeth together.

Somebody was coming aft from the bridge. In the darker shadow of a boat they watched. The man came to the door of the radio shack. Against the white of the cabin he looked like Adolph Berg. He tapped on the radio room door.

It didn't open at once. When it did open, the light inside was out. The caller spoke. It was Adolph Berg. And he was speaking German. Jensen, the radio operator, answered, also in German. Well, there were plenty of naturalized Germans in Yank ships, some good men, too.

Jensen's fat figure was unmistakable. A sort of vagrant, unexplainable luminosity came from his bald head, as if it collected light from the covered moon. Several times the name "Ruddock" sounded in that quiet talk. Then Jensen went inside a moment, covered his head with a cap and together they walked forward and down the ladder.

"What did they say, sir?" Ferris muttered, with a fo'c'sle hand's confidence in the omniscience of a chief mate. "German, wasn't it? That means somethin' dirty. What did they say?"

Tom Ruddock reached for the gift of a prophet.

"They're after me," he said. "The second and the radio operator. They intend to scoop me in or slug me. Look, Ferris, I want you to tail those two birds."

"Me, sir?"

"Sure. Why not? Quartermaster, aren't you? They'll be touring the ship. If they start back to the boat deck make a little noise, enough to draw 'em back to investigate. They'll be quiet about it. Let 'em trail you, but don't let 'em catch up with you."

"What if they do?" Ferris rumbled. Like all seamen he disliked Nazis. "Do I—" He lifted a fist like a cargo block.

"No. Be sick. That Mickey Finn is still working on you. You're sick an' restless and heading for the rail an' you don't want to be stopped with questions."

The squat quartermaster nodded uneasily. "How long do I keep 'em off the boat deck, sir?"

"About ten minutes," said Tom Ruddock. "Then go to your room. I'll pick you up there, unless that sleeping beauty in the upper bunk should wake up."

"Him wake, sir?" Ferris was astonished. "He's due to turn out for your morning watch. He won't wake up till one bell."

Ruddock took the flashlight from him. "Get going, then," he said.

He walked up to the radio shack. He opened the door and went in.

It was empty. A quick sweep of his flashlight showed him that.

He looked regretfully at the transmitter. How simple it would be to get off a call for help if only he or anybody he trusted could jerk lightning. He sighed.

He got busy. Using Jensen's best uniform and other clothes to muffle the noise he wrecked the set quickly and as methodically as his jumping nerves permitted. There wasn't much chance of anyone hearing what went on in this oasis of solitude on a boat deck humming with wind but Jensen's stuff was handy to quiet the racket.

Sabotage made you feel queer.

When he had done a job on the set he turned to the emergency transmitter and finished that off fast. He left in a hurry.

In his mind those eyes of Heinson burned through the black night in col disdainful accusation of him. If son simple explanation came up now—

For good or evil, the old Mary h lost her voice. She could no longer c U-boats from the vasty deep. But n ther could she call help.

Back aft by the taffrail on the ma deck, he drew breath. Nobody, barri detectives and fingerprint men, cou prove he had wrecked the shack. I wasn't leading with the chin. On t other hand, he had a feeling that pro wouldn't be sought. He felt lonely. course, he had the backing of probab three quarters or maybe four fifths the crew, if he only knew which on But time was short and one slip in co fiding would mean finish.

HE WAITED a while, with the ste ing enginehouse handy to duck in or around, and then slipped forward the quartermasters' room. Ferris w there, in his bunk. The sleeper abo slept on. Tom Ruddock felt he h waited a little too long; he had giv Ferris time to think. Ferris was on t pop with questions as he followed t mate along the working alleyway.

"We're going to see the captai Ruddock told him. "Pipe down."

That quieted him. But Ferris' ey bulged in the gleam of the flashlight Ruddock brought him into the lock and he saw Chet Digby. Digby scowl uneasily at the quartermaster and Fe ris glowered at the scrawny landlubb who could only be a stowaway.

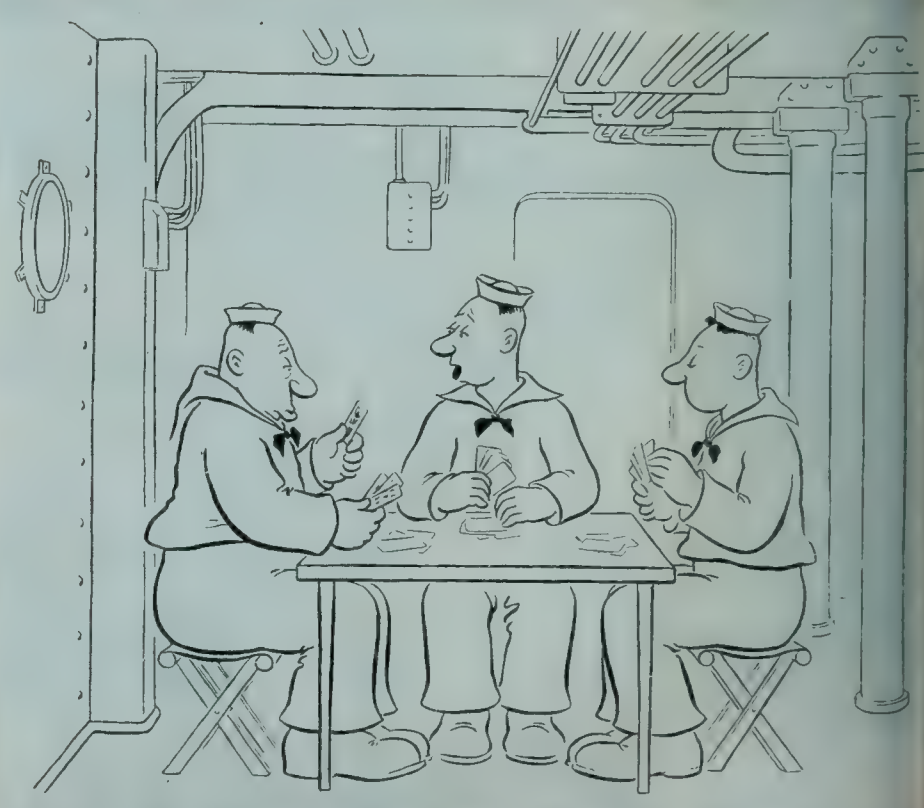
"Bring your camera," Tom Ruddo said. He wasn't arranging for any p tures but on the other hand he was in the mood for arguments. It work Chet Digby followed his camera wi ingly out of the hideout.

Ruddock didn't mention chins to C Digby. If the man thought he was j going to take nice pictures, maybe was happier that way.

There were three ways to appro the door of the master's office and had only two men to watch them. E two were better than one.

He ascertained with no noise t Wald was alone in the wheelhouse. B and Jensen were still prowling.

He stationed Chet Digby, compl with flashlight bulbs and ignoring knob on his head, at the least likely proach to the master's office, the



"But it's no fun playing cards, Alfred, if you're going to get sore every time you draw the old maid"

COLLIER'S F. HUMPHREVILLE



TO KEEP THE BATTLE MACHINES SLUGGING

Harvester Men Form Maintenance Battalion to Serve the Battle Line

FIGHTING MACHINES, like soldiers, suffer battle casualties. Tanks, trucks, tractors and guns immobilized in combat are useless until repaired.

The men who repair the wounded machines in swiftly-moving armored warfare may tip the scale to victory. Maintenance in the wake of battle calls for soldiers who can grind a valve or handle a tough welding job—men with whom mechanics is second nature.

Army Ordnance, in its quest for men to operate its mobile front-line machine shops, came to International Harvester and suggested the formation of a battalion of mechanical specialists from among Harvester's employes and dealers. Harvester tackled the recruiting job and assumed the expense. Within two weeks the enlistment quota was passed. Now this new maintenance battalion is part of another armored division.

From Harvester factories and service stations, and dealers' shops all over the United States, came mechanics skilled in the building and servicing of machines. They volunteered eagerly to go to the front lines to keep the combat equipment on the field of action.

They will serve with the first such battalion formed from the manpower of a single company. Harvester takes the greatest pride in the speed and enthusiasm with which these hundreds of men volunteered; and in the aptitude of the men now in field training, reported to us by the regular Army officers in command. They are worthy comrades of the 5000 Harvester men who preceded them into military service.

American mechanics are the world's best. They come from the factories, shops and service stations of America—free men—builders of a free land. The Army needs 100,000 more of these men, to be enlisted in many similar maintenance units. Their skills are among our greatest assets in keeping the battle machines slugging for Victory.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, CORPORAL?



Go modern—Smoke REGENT!

THAT'S just a friendly tip, young fellow. King Size Regent is a *sensible* cigarette... gives you 20% *more* for your money.

Regent's designed for the modern taste, too. The finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos...*specially selected* for finer flavor...then Multiple-Blended for *extra mildness!*

And—Regent has a streamlined oval shape, comes in a crush-proof box that keeps each cigarette firm and fresh! So go modern, Corporal...get Regent for more smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS



The only modern cigarette with ALL the modern features!

from down the chartroom stair. Then, after wabbling in his mind, he instructed Ferris to stand by outside the office door and let him know fast if he heard anyone coming.

There was still a light coming out through the crack under the master's door. Ruddock wiped the sweat off his forehead again. No doubt, some simple explanation. He listened. No sound. Tom Ruddock knocked with one hand and turned the knob with the other. He was in with the sound of his rap.

Captain Heinson was sitting at his desk with a scratch pad on the chart in front of him. His eyes came up from his calculations and drilled, cold, disdainful, into this insect mate who dared invade his quarters.

"Captain," said Tom Ruddock, "I don't like that second mate—Adolph Berg."

He closed the door against the latch, leaving a crack for Ferris' benefit.

The ponderous man at the desk put down his pencil. There was a faint smile on his lips.

"You do not like the second mate," he said slowly, as if engaged in some engrossing conversation with himself. "I am sorry. Why?"

His blue-green eyes were probing but quite calm, like one delving deep into some secret of the animal world.

"Because, sir," said Tom Ruddock, "he's four points off his course and acting queerly."

Captain Heinson picked up his pencil again and made a mark or two on the scratch pad, under his calculations.

Ruddock braced himself. Any instant now he might be knocked down by that simple explanation he hadn't happened to think of.

"Off his course," said Captain Heinson weightily. "You think . . ."

He tilted his head. Tom Ruddock heard it, too, the sound of a man walking smartly along the corridor toward this room—the way Adolph Berg would walk. And Ruddock heard, as well, the sudden indecisive shuffle of Ferris' foot just outside the door. Ferris, poor devil, was caught between a second mate and a shipmaster, with a mate's orders on his mind.

"You are a smart but unfortunate man," Captain Heinson said weightily to Tom Ruddock. He opened the top drawer of his desk and reached in a hand, without haste. "Your suspicions are well founded but you have overlooked the fact that I, too, am not what I seem. These things, Mr. Ruddock, are too deep for your simple American—"

It was a gun Captain Heinson was going for. Tom Ruddock caught the blue-black gleam of the butt as the master, quite unhurried, began drawing it out, as confidently as a man picking up a fly swatter.

WITH a desperate lunge Ruddock leaned across the desk. He grabbed the drawer and pulled back, jamming Heinson's hand and gun between drawer and desk top. He held the drawer.

Veins swelled on Heinson's broad forehead. From the door behind Tom, Ferris was yammering unhappily, a warning that seemed utterly feeble and superfluous.

Heinson brought up his other fist to smash it down on Tom Ruddock's stretching and vulnerable arm. But Tom had another arm, too, and he swung it like a flail and deflected Heinson's blow.

Heinson's fingers clutching the gun imprisoned in the drawer contracted and the gun roared inside the wooden trap. The bullet splintered the desk top but did no harm.

Tom Ruddock caught up the solid base of the ornate pen and pencil set. Heinson's bristling head looked unbelievably solid and invulnerable. Ruddock hit at it hard.

The desk ornament was heavy. Heinson slumped at once. It had been a furious blow. There was no fake about Heinson's collapse. This man was human, too.

Tom Ruddock released the drawer and grabbed for the gun in Heinson's limp fingers. He swung around toward the door.

Ferris, propelled by a merciless kick, came staggering in the open door. His body blocked the view of Adolph Berg for a blessed moment. When Berg darted across the threshold, reaching into the side pocket of his pea jacket, Tom Ruddock had Heinson's gun leveled at him.

In spite of that, Berg jerked out his gun. Ferris made a fruitless grab at it. Tom Ruddock wasn't being polite. He fired and his shot spun Berg's agile figure around and knocked him off his feet.

Ferris followed him to the ground and got the gun. That spinning fall had been due to the punch of the heavy caliber bullet in Berg's shoulder. Berg wasn't good for much. Captain Heinson looked to be out for a week. Deceptive, that skull, as solid-looking as a pillbox.

"Shove Berg in that closet!" Ruddock commanded Ferris. "Pass the word that Berg has killed the captain. Anything to knock these Nazis off their applecart till we get organized. Pass that word to anybody that comes—but keep the door shut, your gun ready and Heinson out cold if you've got to slug him every twenty minutes."

"That guy is slugged plenty for a day or two," Ferris said, with a look at Captain Heinson.

Ruddock darted out. As he ran for the stairs to the chartroom with his gun ready, a flashlight bulb flared in his face. He swore at Chet Digby and went up the steps two at a time.

Gun ahead of him, he plunged toward the wheelhouse. That shooting had ruined the surprise element. Or had it? Wald was there, a hesitant ten feet from the wheel, and with him was Jensen, th round-faced radio operator.

Their eyes bulged when they sa Ruddock behind the gun. There was n fight in them.

Jensen was gray. He looked like a easy man to crack wide open.

Tom Ruddock backed them both int a corner, rang down the engines an grabbed the whistle siren. His blas lifted men out of their bunks all over th ship. He was acting captain, now, mas ter of the ship, arbiter of heaven an salt water. That changed this situatio completely.

"I'll keep 'em milling, confused stupefied, till Chet Digby looks 'em ove and picks out the Nazis he's seen," h reckoned quickly. "But they're a going to know right now who's master o this ship!"

HE WALKED out onto the bridge. H weary brain reeled with action tha must be taken: identification of Nazi ironing of Nazis, altering course to du west to avoid the gathering U-boat pac to eastward, maintaining watch fo patrol craft, disposition of prisoner disposition of wounded, breaking dow that radio operator—that was just few of them. And the most importan was to get word to a navy patrol shi Those calculations on the scratch pad o Heinson's chart—

Chet Digby, completely calm an quietly authoritative, came up into th wheelhouse.

"That one I got of you rampin' b with a gun in your hand an' your teet shinin' like you had Hitler by the ta ought to be all right," the camerama said.

Tom Ruddock turned faint. "Me? he said.

Digby raised his camera. "Stick you chin out more," he said.

Tom Ruddock obeyed. "But we kee the chin in—next time," he assured him self.

THE END



COLLIER'S "When she told me your name was MacArthur, I expected a little older man" LOUIS PRISCILLA





KAY BANCROFT, of Connecticut, an airplane spotter in the Air Warning Service. Kay mans her station on a hilltop overlooking Long Island Sound. On the radio beam between Boston and New York, she reports every inland and coastal plane, seen or heard. A time record is made of each observation . . . "Army Flash"—First Interceptor Command—is immediately informed by telephone. "My Elgin is always with me," Kay says.

Hour by hour she stands guard above the Connecticut coast

She works for Victory on Elgin time

FOR many "Kay Bancrofts" at their air raid posts . . . for thousands of men engaged in actual fighting—the vital element of *time* is being supplied by accurate, star-timed Elgin watches.

But fine watches are only part of Elgin's contribution today. There is also need for special American-made precision instruments and timing devices for planes, tanks, ships, and guns.

Elgin, on government orders, is now turning out an important share of this material. For here in Elgin's great factory are to be found the finest scientific facilities coupled with a craftsmanship developed through four generations.

FEWER ELGINS FOR CIVILIANS! At present, Elgin watches for civilians continue to be available at most jewelers. Each is a splendid example of Elgin's famous tradition for accuracy, for beauty, for fine design.

If you find your choice of these watches is limited, please remember Elgin has "joined up." Until victory is achieved, America's war requirements will continue to be Elgin's first concern.

· ★ ELGIN ★ ·

Greatest Name in American Fine Watchmaking since 1865

ON BOTH FRONTS TODAY—ELGIN SERVES!

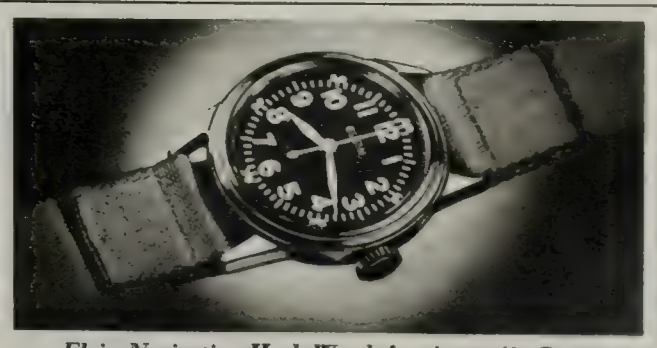
For men and women serving at home: *Lord and Lady Elgins, Elgin De Luxe watches, professional models for doctors and nurses, railroad and transportation watches, and other fine Elgin timepieces.*



For the exclusive use of the armed forces: *navigation watches, stop watches, aviation clocks, tank clocks, service watches, chronometric tachometers, compasses, time fuzes for shells, jewel bearings, special timing devices for naval and aviation use.*



15-jewel Elgin. Sweep-second hand.



Elgin Navigation Hack Watch for Army Air Corps.

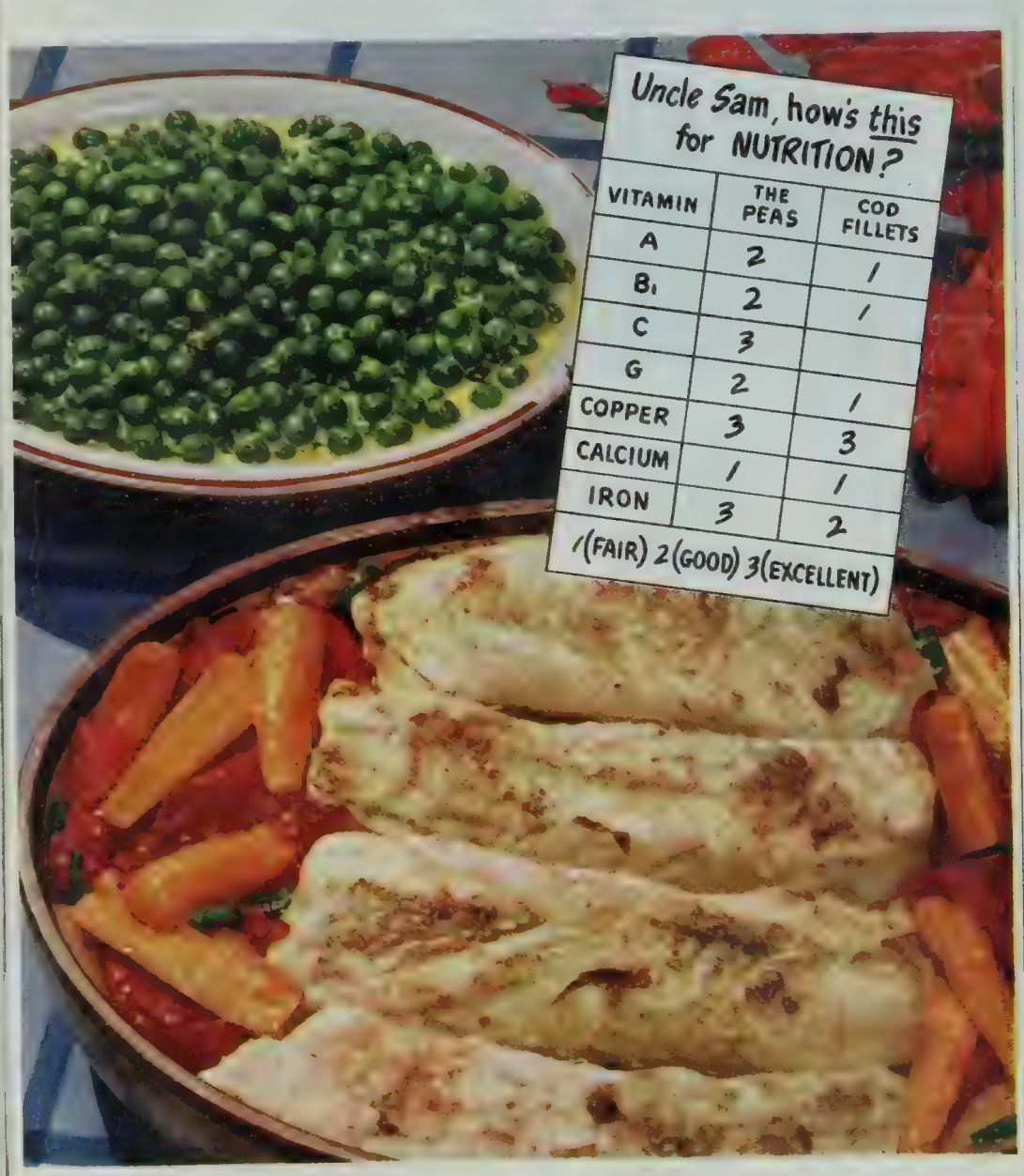
ALL taste and NO work make these peas . . . GREAT!



1. These Birds Eye Peas are ALL taste, NO work for *you!* They're *garden-fresh*, picked at peak goodness and whisked through the *Quick-Freezers!* All summertime goodness is *captured*—held for *you!*



2. There's no kitchen work to these Peas—and NO waste! *Shelled*, washed, ready to cook—1 box equals 2 lbs. of *unshelled* peas—*serves* 4! Buy Birds Eye Peas: save *minutes* and *money!*



3. With these Peas, serve *delicious*, flaky Birds Eye Cod Fillets! *Ocean-fresh*—they're *filleted*, trimmed of *all waste*, washed, *Quick-Frozen . . . ready to cook!* There's no *fuss*, no *muss!*

4. Bake these Fillets in a casserole, and you'll *love* their zesty freshness! You save money, too. For one pound serves 4—you pay for *no waste!* Try this dandy dinner—today!

★ *This week is National Birds Eye Frosted Foods Week* ★

BIG SPECIAL

ONE WEEK ONLY—OCT. 19-24

PEAS ANOTHER BIG VALUE COD FILLETS

IMPORTANT: Birds Eye Peas have received the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association.





Stanford's former quarterback, Frankie Albert, a genius at devising football strategy on the spur of the moment. Now he's an ensign in the

Football Ad Libber

By Tom Siler

Coach George Halas of the Chicago Bears discusses a plan of attack with his standout quarterback Sid Luckman, former Columbia University star, who is regarded as one of the best field generals in the pro





W. EUGENE SMITH

Then Colonel Bob Neyland was coaching at the University of Tennessee, ne of his great backs was George Cafego. Now he's known as Corporal eorge Cafego and he plays football for Colonel Bob's Army All Stars

old sand-lot strategy of me-the-ball, never-mind-the-signals sometimes works in big-time football. When it does, it's wonderful. And when it doesn't, well—

CLARK SHAUGHNESSY scanned the anxious faces on the bench. He wondered what he could do. The brilliant, gray-haired strategist sat there last fall and watched Jimmy Phelan's University of Washington eleven outplay his Stanford boys back, back, back. Stanford held a 13-7 lead midway of the final period, but his players apparently had shot their bolt, and the Huskies were closing in for a telling blow. He could just feel it. Shaughnessy had the best combination on the field, headed by the incomparable Frankie Albert, quarterback and veritable coach-on-the-field.

He decided to sit tight. Albert looked over at the bench, grinned and waved at Shaughnessy, apparently enjoying his opponent's discomfiture. Stanford went into the huddle. Scorning the orthodox play, Albert told speedy little Pete Kmetovic to lug the ball outside his own right guard, a play that had worked wonderfully well three times in that game. Nobody questioned his judgment, even on third down with 12 yards to go, the ball on Stanford's 30. The signal called for the left end and tackle to shift through and take up blocking assignments should Kmetovic get into the open.

Albert took the ball from the center, faded quickly, faked beautifully to Kmetovic—and kept the ball. He stepped back, then cut around his own left end without benefit of a convoy. Fifty yards he raced down the side line, yelling to the amazed Shaughnessy as he passed the Stanford bench. That was the first time the coach or any of his teammates had ever seen such a play. This product of an ingenious quarterback's imagination, a bit of ad libbing on the field, pulled Stanford out of the hole and broke the back of the opposition.

Why did the play work? On the original play when the Stanford left end and tackle darted across the scrimmage line, the Washington right end and tackle had a clear path into the opposing backfield. Three times they rushed in, arriving a split-second too late to catch the departing Kmetovic. Albert saw all this, waited for the opportune moment and then capitalized on their brash lack of caution.

Luck, you say? Not at all. It happens each fall much oftener than you think. These extemporaneous maneuvers look great when they work, terrible when they don't. The boys court the wrath of an all-knowing coach when they fail. Many are doghouse bound for the duration when the ad libbing wilts like a stale joke. But what can you say when a kid goes up with instructions to bunt and bangs the ball into the next county?

Albert didn't bother to tell even Kmetovic what he intended to do. Sometimes this is wise, sometimes disastrous. Take the case of Otto Graham, Northwestern's brilliant sophomore tailback of 1941.

Mighty Minnesota, destined for an undefeated season, was hanging on to a 2-0 lead in the second quarter when this fuzzy-faced youngster improvised a play. Otto had noticed that every time Northwestern executed its pet pulverizing reverse, Minnesota's secondary shifted out of position. So he called the reverse again. He faked the ball to Right Halfback Ike Kepford, who normally took it, and stepped backward quickly.

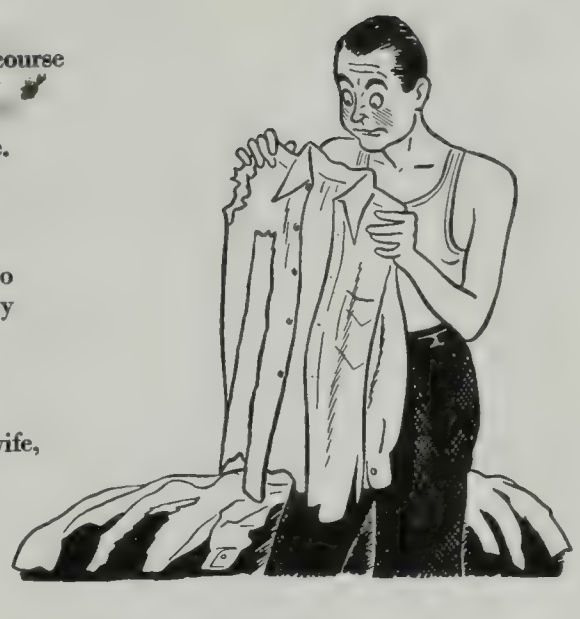
The big Gophers massed to stop the familiar reverse while Graham rifled a long pass to Bob Motl, end, who raced

HENRY'S WIFE'S taking her first-aid course
Was like divorce.
She was always out somewhere.
Tourniqueting here, cauterizing there.

It wasn't only
Being lonely
That Henry resented:
His wife kept pilfering his white shirts to make bandages out of and his supply was quite perceptibly dented.

But therein lay
What saved the day.

To replace the shirts pinched by his wife,
Henry bought some Arrows, the first in his life.





They worked a miracle,
Or, if you don't believe in miracles, something pretty near-ical.

The Arrows had collars that looked *so* good on him
And the "Mitoga" figure fit was *so* trim (knock wood) on him
And the fabrics were so well woven and so lustered
That Henry looked as smooth as a cup of custard.

(Also, though this is not an integral part of the fable,
These Arrows were guaranteed not to shrink even 1% — they have the *Sanforized* label.)

Well, in a word,
Henry looked so swell that his wife could not help noticing what had occurred.
She liked the looks of his shirts so much
She resolved a course of mustn't-touch.
What's more, realizing for the first time in a long while how attractive Henry was, she got far more clubby
With her hubby.





And then one night, while they were pitching woo
She convinced Henry to take up First Aid too.
So they are now out together studying cases of everything from arteriosclerosis to sneezes
And for bandages they're using strips of Henry's wife's chemises.



ARROW SHIRTS

See: HITT • TRUMP • DALE

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y. ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Many smokers call this Kaywoodie Briar the best material in which to smoke tobacco. It's from the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean now shut off by the war. Fortunately, there's enough of it stored in our bins to satisfy your requirements for several years. Some of this briar is *two to four* centuries old. Nothing else smokes with such sweet, relaxing smoothness. It's good to know that you can still get these seasoned Kaywoodies.

If you're working extra hard and fast at your job these days, then perhaps you're smoking faster, too. If so, Carburetor Kaywoodie is the pipe for you. Its ingenious little Carburetor floods the bowl, as you smoke, with cooling air. If you draw hard and fast, the cooling drafts come in faster too. The soothing Kaywoodie Flavor is always yours to relish to the very last puff. $4.00 at all dealers.

The pipe in this picture is an "Apple" shape, Carburetor Kaywoodie, $4.00

Copyright 1942, Kaywoodie Company

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON

In New York . . . 630 Fifth Avenue

into the zone vacated by the Minnesota secondary. Motl took the pass on a dead run and scored unmolested, a maneuver that covered 67 yards and left the Gophers talking to themselves.

But a sharp blast from the referee's whistle cut through the jubilant Northwestern cheers. It seemed that Graham had overlooked one thing: He had failed to inform Tackle Leon Cook of his plan. Consequently, Cook had drifted too far across the line of scrimmage in violation of the rules on a pass play. The touchdown was called back, Minnesota went on to win, and the sophomore's neat bit of strategy went for naught.

His coach, big, jovial Lynn Waldorf, told reporters after the game that he had never seen the play before. "You could have knocked me off the bench (230 pounds) with a mud cleat when I saw Graham keep the ball. He simply saw a flaw in the Minnesota defense develop on the field and had the courage and mechanical ability to make the most of it. Too bad it didn't count."

Johnny Blood will go down in football history as one of the smartest backs by any yardstick. Don Hutson, Green Bay's superlative pass catcher, once said it was "always mighty interesting" playing with Blood in the saddle, because nobody ever knew what Johnny would do next.

"We had an end-around play, No. 54," Hutson recalls. "That was me going around and taking the ball from Blood. It worked fine for a while, then everybody knew about it. Then we changed it to 54-X. I went around the same way, but Fullback Clark Hinkle got the ball and hit the line. One time we got down to the 10-yard line and everybody figured we'd try 54 or 54-X.

"Blood was calling signals. We went into the huddle and he called for 54-XX. We lined up automatically before everybody realized all at once that we had no such play. We started back to the huddle, but Johnny waved us back into position. Well, we ran through the old 54, but Blood didn't give me the ball and he didn't give it to Hinkle, either. He kept it and ran around the wrong end all by himself. The next time we saw him he was over the goal line, grinning and waving at us."

Sticking to the Script

Even the pros, as steeped as they are in football knowledge, cannot work this sort of magic often. The boys on defense are usually right up with them. Naturally, the collegians are even less successful as a rule with such ad libbing. Most college coaches know the limitations of their inexperienced boys and insist that the youngsters stick to the script. Bob Neyland, now a lieutenant colonel in the Army, was one who adhered stubbornly to this view in producing many great teams at Tennessee. Like Minnesota and Duke, among others, he concentrates on perfecting the fundamentals and performing a few plays perfectly.

I was on hand the last time one of his quarterbacks did a bit of impromptu masterminding against Duke a few years ago. The result was considerably less than perfect at a time when Tennessee was leading by 13-0 in the third quarter. Deke Brackett, signal caller, noticed that Duke left the flat zone unprotected on the weak side when his passer, Charlie Vaughn, ran to his left to pass. Without so much as a by-your-leave to Neyland, the quarter devised a play which started ostensibly as a pass to the great Beattie Feathers. Instead, Vaughn faked this toss and threw diagonally to Brackett in the previously unguarded flat zone.

But Duke's Freddie Crawford, All-America and amazingly unorthodox tackle, happened to be passing the time of day close to Brackett. He grabbed the pass and outran everybody to the goal line 60 yards away. So hopped up was Duke at this happy turn of events that the Blue Devils pushed across the tying touchdown quickly before Tennessee could salve the irate Neyland's feelings by kicking a last-minute field goal for a victory that had appeared a breeze a few minutes earlier. Hugh Faust, one of Neyland's aides, says that's the last time any of the Tennessee players have tried any ad-lib stuff.

Two of the players, however, did take it upon themselves to switch assignments in Tennessee's Orange Bowl battle with Oklahoma three years ago. Neyland had instructed his team to hit Oklahoma's strongest spot as soon as the Vols got the ball. And they did, running their favorite off-tackle play over Waddy Young, All-America end. Normally, the block belonged to Bob Foxx, 190-pound crusher But George Cafego, wiry star of 170, asked for the assignment in the huddle. The good burghers of Miami are still talking about that block. Young went one way, the ball carrier another, and Tennessee was in the clover the rest of the way.

Comedy at Texas Tech

One incident that smacks of slapstick involves Marquette a few years ago when Paddy Driscoll was head coach. Paddy was fretfully trying to prepare his boys for an invasion of the Texas Tech campus at Lubbock, but the freshmen were far from adequate in simulating the Texans' attack for defensive purposes. So Paddy gave the varsity the Tech plays, on the theory that if they learned them, they would know how to cope with them. Many were intricate spread formations characteristic of the Southwest's wide-open football.

Late in the game, Quarterback Harry Leysenaar called a play in the huddle, and the team went into a Texas Tech spread before anyone realized it. But none knew the individual assignments. The linemen looked back appealingly to Leysenaar, who was in a quandary too. Tech was just as befuddled; they didn't know Marquette had anything like this. Overanxious, Texas Tech jumped the gun on the comic play and was offside. The penalty gave Marquette a first down at a critical time in what turned out to be a 60-yard touchdown drive.

The thinning locks of Burt Ingwersen, now line coach at Northwestern, can be traced back to the days when he was head coach at Iowa and, more specifically, to the day that one of his ends Dick Romney tried to outguess the opposition. Iowa was leading Wisconsin by 7 to 0, with 30 seconds remaining in the game. Romney had his instructions. But instead of rushing the passer, he backed up to help cover the receiver. Instead of passing, the Wisconsin left halfback set sail for 55 yards before he was hauled down on Iowa's five.

The gun went off. Ingwersen, disheveled and tired, sighed and went out to meet the boys. But just as they reached the side lines, an official raced up and said the timer had been in error. There was time for one more play. Ingwersen just knew Wisconsin would score in this wacky finale, but a short pass failed to click. Nevertheless, it was a long time before Romney got out of Ingwersen's doghouse.

Which explains quite eloquently, I think, why coaches always have a crying towel handy. They never know who is going to have a brain storm next. Put twenty-two players on a field, immature lads at that, and anything can happen. That's what makes football the spectacular business it is. They listen to the studious theories of the coach and then go out and knock ten years off the old boy's life. And sometimes they make him look pretty bad.

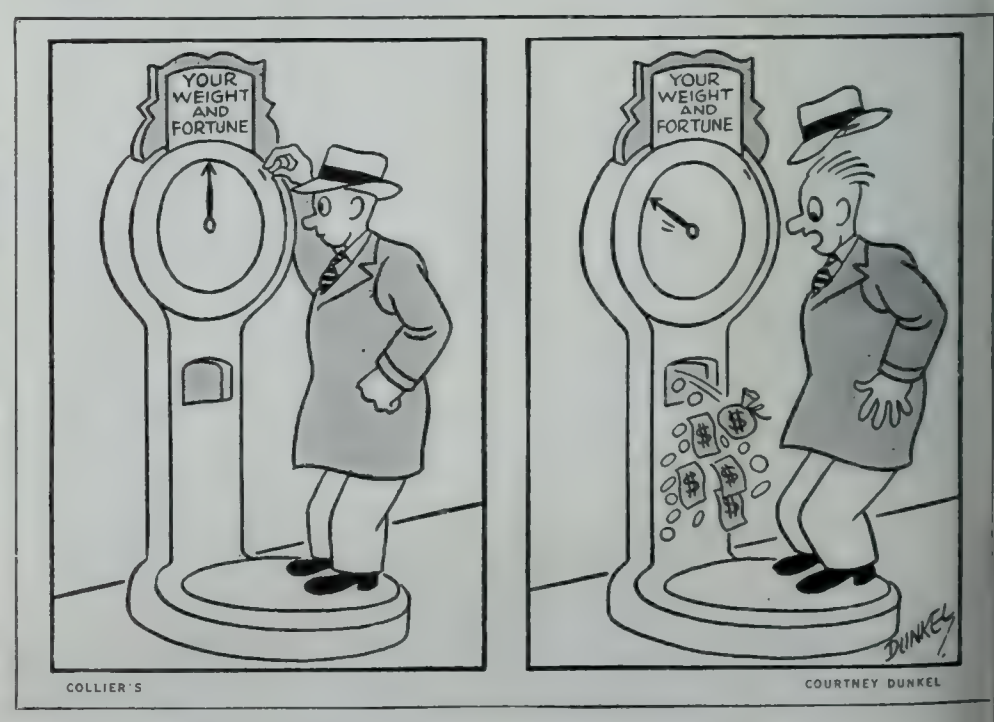
'Way back in 1925, Tad Jones, Yale coach, and his assistant, Charles Comerford, drilled the ends all week to fade in the flat zones to protect against Army's tricky passes. So what happened? Army took advantage of this strategy by running the ends dizzy. Jones therefore sent Walter Bradley into the game to tell the battered ends to crash for a while. Bradley deliberately disobeyed orders on the first play. He drifted as his mates had been doing, intercepted a flat pass and ran the distance of the field for a touchdown.

Rockne Says No

Elmer Layden, pro football commissioner, never tires of telling about the time Knute Rockne, the old master himself, got his wires crossed and rushed Layden and Harry Stuhldreher into the game against Carnegie Tech. The ball was on Tech's five on what Rockne thought was fourth down. Stuhldreher had his orders to try a pass. But Harry learned it was only third down. So he took charge himself and called for a buck over center by Layden. Surprised and unprepared to receive the ball, Elmer couldn't get his hands up in time to receive the ball from center.

"The ball hit me on the knees," says Layden, "and bounced over the line of scrimmage and into the Carnegie end zone. You'll get some idea of how far the ball bounced when I tell you that George Vergara, our right end, recovered it for a touchdown. I thought that was a right good play but Rock put it back in the sack."

THE END





What! AN ARTIST'S MODEL BUILDING A BOMBER?

SOUNDS unlikely, doesn't it? But if you walked through the big North American plants you'd be thrilled at the way hundreds of women like those pictured here are handling big, important parts of the job of making planes.

The lovely girl at the drawing board is Jackie Maull, onetime model for John Powers. She is one of many career women—former secretaries, singers, milliners and others—whose new careers are at North American. Other women employees were housewives—and good ones, too.

Here you will find wives, sisters, sweethearts (and a few widows) of men who are fighting for freedom. They are proud of their men—and every woman here can be proud of her own contribution to the winning of the war.

America, you owe a lot to women like these.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC. Main Plant, Inglewood, California



BOMBERS For the United Nations, B-25 Mitchell ★ **FIGHTERS** For U. S. Army and RAF, P-51 Mustang
TRAINERS For U. S. Army, AT-6C . . . For U. S. Navy, SNJ-4 . . . For RAF, Harvard

BONDS BUY BOMBERS! When you buy War Bonds you're buying planes for victory.

NORTH AMERICAN

Sets the Pace





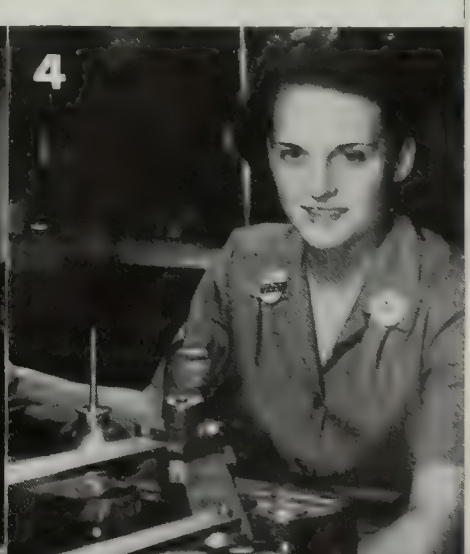
1 *Mrs. Dorothy Strohl,* punch press operator, has a very personal reason for wanting to help make good planes. Her husband is in the Army Air Forces.

2 *Mrs. L. D. Webster* is a grandmothe who's doing her part in the war effor A former interior decorator, she no sews fabric coverings on control surface

3 *Lois Mouton* is a graduate of a North American class which teaches to assemble, adjust and test-fire airplane machine guns. She was a dictaphone operator.

4 *Mildred Woody* learned the highl skilled trade of engraving from h father. She operates the machine tha engraves instrument panels in plane





What to do about

IF YOU SAVED YOUR LAST WINTER'S ANTI-FREEZE...

Some of the ingredients of "Prestone" anti-freeze will last from one winter through the next —those, for example, which protect the car against freeze-up. But to give protection against freeze-up is only one function of a good anti-freeze. A good anti-freeze also performs other functions, just as important. One of these is to guard against rust and corrosion . . . which is why all good anti-freezes are "inhibited." These inhibitors do wear out; and when that happens the car is no longer protected against clogging and overheating caused by rust.

That is one of the reasons why you cannot use an anti-freeze indefinitely . . . why, for instance, we guarantee "Prestone" anti-freeze for "a full winter's use," and no more. *New, fresh anti-freeze is always to be preferred over anti-freeze which has gone beyond a single winter's driving.*

If, however, you decide to re-use your anti-freeze, take the following precautions:

If you stored your anti-freeze during the summer, take it to your dealer *before* putting it back in the car. There are 2 good reasons.

(A) To make sure that no dirt or foreign matter has spoiled it. (Cans frequently rust through from the outside and from the bottom.) Dissolved impurities will later cause rusting and radiator clogging. If your solution is brown or rusty-looking, don't bother to take it to your dealer but discard it at once. Be extremely cautious in this regard. Your car is a valuable property: it is in the interest of sound conservation to take all reasonable precautions.

(B) To have the strength checked. You don't know, definitely, what concentration you had at the end of the season. If your anti-freeze was "alcohol base," you almost certainly lost strength before you took it out last spring. if you used "Prestone" anti-freeze, which tains no boil-away alcohol, have the stre checked just the same. You may have lost tection through careless filling, slop-over a over-flow pipe, and leaks caused by road-s and wear-and-tear during driving.

If you left your anti-freeze in your car, have been driving with it all through the mer, point B becomes even more importan obvious reasons.

These precautions are the very least yo take to protect your car. Remember, no them will put back into the anti-freeze th and corrosion inhibitors which were there you bought it last fall, and which have been used up. This is one of the sound tech reasons why manufacturers guarantee freeze for only one winter's driving.

PRESTONE

TRADE-MARK

IF YOU DID NOT SAVE YOUR LAST WINTER'S ANTI-FREEZE...

See your dealer at once . . . and get "Prestone" anti-freeze installed in your car.

As of the date this advertisement goes to press (approximately July 15th) it appears that there will be enough "Prestone" anti-freeze this fall —after Army, Navy and lend-lease requirements have been met—to supply all regular users. We make this prediction because we have increased our manufacturing facilities and because there will be fewer cars on the road this coming winter.

HAVE YOUR DEALER CHECK YOUR CAR for leaks, rust, sediment, or connections which may have developed during summer driving. I sure your "Prestone" anti-freeze is used in a clean, tight cooling sy Then you can *forget* the anti-freeze problem for the rest of the w You will be protected completely—against freeze-up, boil-away, da ous and obnoxious fumes, rust and corrosion. You can place complet fidence in new, fresh, full-strength "Prestone" anti-freeze. It is *guara* for one full winter season.

nti-Freeze this Fall

YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT...
ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER!

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Anti-Freeze



O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE
$2.65 PER GALLON

IT'S THE SAME "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE, no matter which container it comes in—metal can or glass jug. To conserve metals for wartime use, the familiar "Prestone" anti-freeze *can* was discontinued early this season, and the sturdy new glass *jug* was substituted. Your dealer may have cans or jugs or both. Buy either. No difference in the "Prestone" anti-freeze they contain.

Product of
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago and San Francisco

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.



★ "WE'RE TELLING THE PEOPLE ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL BRAN!"

"We think everyone should know about Nabisco 100% Bran, and what a pleasant, easy way it is to help relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk. And we're campaigning for the two big improvements that make this bran so *delightfully* different!"



★"JUST TRY THAT FLAVOR!"

"*So-oo* delicious! That's the first big difference in Nabisco 100% Bran. You never dreamed bran could taste so good! And try the recipe for muffins on the Nabisco 100% Bran package. *Yummy ... yummy!*"

★"ACTION THAT'S GENTLE AS A LULLABY!"

"Yes, and you'll appreciate Nabisco 100% Bran's *mild, gentle* action. Double-Milling makes the bran fiber smaller ... less likely to be irritating. Nabisco 100% Bran contains iron, phosphorus, Vitamin B_1, too. Buy a package today!"



"YOU BET THIS BRAN IS GOOD—IT'S MADE BY NABISCO, BAKERS OF YOUR FAVORITE CRACKERS AND COOKIES!"

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

This seal means that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and approves this advertisement.

NABISCO

Nabisco 100% Bran comes in both pound and half-pound packages. Eat it regularly. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Return of the Wildfowl

Continued from page 15

know what he is like to understand the part he played, both as destroyer and savior, in the conservation of wildfowl.

Besides, he is a most extraordinary creature. The duck hunter, for instance, probably is the only living thing which enjoys beastly weather and hardships. "Bluebird weather" is his contemptuous term for mild fall days. He hates nice weather in duck season. He wants storms. It takes cold winds and gloomy days to stir up the ducks and start them moving restlessly in trading flights or southward.

The duck hunter gets awake in the middle of the night, crawls into the stiff and chilly waterproof clothing he must wear, and eats his bacon and eggs (a daring variation on this standard hunting breakfast is to substitute ham for bacon). He collects his decoys, gun and dog, flings open the door with some effort, inhales lungfuls of mixed sleet and wind, looks upon the meteorological turmoil outside and finds it beautiful.

"Great day, isn't it?" he screams to his partner, trying to make himself heard above the uproar as they are taken out by boat to the blind offshore.

The Most Patient Human

Once the decoys are planted, the guns loaded, shells handy, and the duck hunter is settled down in the blind to await dawn (hunting hours this season are sunrise to sunset unless the individual state has modified federal regulations), the man is afraid to move too much or to talk, although nothing could hear him in the whistling storm.

There he stays, sometimes all day, sometimes quitting from midmorning until the evening flights start, or when he has his limit of ten birds.

What does he get in return for all this? Well, he probaby gets ducks, and some (like the lordly canvasback, the redhead, mallard and pintail) are table delicacies; but no man would go to all that trouble for a bit of special food.

There is more to it than getting a meal. Whether or not he will admit it, the man in the blind loves the birds he kills. He likes the foul weather, the stinging wind on his cheeks, the lonely waiting, the excitement of seeing a huge rick of ducks (or "raft," depending upon where you were brought up) taking to the air farther down and heading straight for his decoys.

He likes to come in to a hot drink, a hot bath and a hot dinner. Maybe he likes duck hunting only because he feels so warm and comfortable when he quits hunting in the evening.

He likes to argue about guns, the merits of various retrievers, which birds make the most sporting game, whether or not live decoys should be allowed—which they are not, by the way.

The 12-gauge shotgun is the most popular duck gun now; but if the duck hunter is an old-timer he will talk with vast respect about the big-gun men of the past, those persons who used cannonlike 8-gauge and even larger 4-gauge guns which could bring down a high-flying bird at 100 yards. A 10-gauge gun is the largest allowed legally now.

If he is a veteran, he will talk all night, too, about the days when baiting was permitted and the ducks were drawn in by grain and other feed to shore blinds. Most blinds in coastal sections are offshore now. Or he will recall tolling for ducks—in which a trained dog ran up and down the shore until the usually wary ducks became inquisitive and ventured inshore to find out what was happening. He may speak disparagingly of the past but with an unholy light o pleasant memory in his eyes.

This, then, is the manner of man wh hunts the waterfowl. Perhaps he wealthy enough to have such colo weather luxuries as chamois-leath underwear and maybe he owns a whol ducking island. Maybe he is so poo that he has to band together with ha a dozen others to buy a "shore"—or bit of water front on which to erect blind.

Whether he is rich or poor, he has on thing in common with all other duc hunters—the birds. That common bon uniting the only persons who are ou consistently to observe the ducks reall saved the waterfowl from extinction.

The hunter helped bring about th decline in waterfowl, but he wasn't th only cause. The great slaughter reache its peak at the turn of the century. Tw things cut savagely into the duck popu lation—market hunting and sprin shooting.

The market gunners were commercia killers, trapping, blasting and shootin ducks in incredible numbers to sell t restaurants and gourmets, in and out c season. I have seen swivel guns—suc as are used even now by an occasiona Chesapeake Bay poacher in illegal hunt ing—which are capable of killing dozen of ducks in one blast at a rick.

Spring shooting, both market an sport, was terribly destructive in a two fold way. The ducks flying north in th spring were already mated, ready t rear their broods a few weeks afte arrival on the breeding grounds in th north. The hunters who killed the adult in the spring also destroyed potentia ducklings. It was a case of killing th geese and ducks before they laid thei golden eggs.

It had to stop. Since birds are interna tionalists, recognizing no boundary, th first and most important step in protect ing them was the Migratory Bird Treat of 1916 between the United States an Canada.

Wildfowl Country Destroyed

This made both governments respon sible for the migratory birds of the con tinent. In 1937, the U. S. and Mexic ratified a similar treaty. These tw treaties—particularly the first signed i 1916—began the salvation of the wild fowl, a salvation not achieved, howeve until other obstacles were overcome.

There was the drought, for instanc Our prairie states and the provinces c western Canada produced wheat for th Allies in the first World War. Land i required to produce wheat, and farmer intoxicated by wartime grain price sought more land.

They found the land in the Nort Central states and the correspondin prairie provinces of Canada, but muc of it was under water in marshe sloughs and lake bottoms.

They drained the marshes—million of acres of water area. They created farmland that wasn't a farmland be cause the soil turned out to be sour c alkaline. The land baked under a hc sun, a great drought gripped it, and th vast flatlands dried up, killing cattle, de stroying crops, creating dust storm driving human beings out of the area and killing off the waterfowl becaus this was where the puddle ducks ha their breeding grounds.

Water in quantity is as necessary fc waterfowl as it is for human being Ducks flying north in the spring woul find temporarily flooded areas and nes there. But drainage ditches and

wa[illegible]r-thirsty subsoil quickly soaked up th[illegible]e spring ponds, and the newly ha[illegible]hed ducklings died in the dust and he[illegible] without water in which to find fo[illegible].

[illegible]he flights dwindled until, in 1934, th[illegible] all-time low in waterfowl popula-tio[illegible] was reached with some 30,000,000 su[illegible]ivors, and extermination seemed in[illegible]itable. That was the year the fed-er[illegible] "Duck Stamp" act was passed, and pr[illegible]idential approval was given to es-ta[illegible]sh waterfowl refuges in the United St[illegible]es.

[illegible]he sale of Duck Stamps provided so[illegible]e funds to help save the waterfowl; a[illegible] stamp is required of all migratory bi[illegible] hunters in addition to a regular st[illegible]e hunting license. In addition, mil-li[illegible]s in federal funds were allotted to th[illegible] Biological Survey (now part of the U[illegible]S. Fish and Wildlife Service) to cr[illegible]te refuges in this country.

[illegible]hat was all very well for the United St[illegible]es. We had wise shooting regula-ti[illegible]s, waterfowl refuges; and work was st[illegible]ted to undo the damage wrought by ur[illegible]ise farming in the North Central st[illegible]es. The market hunters were pretty we[illegible] under control after a long and bl[illegible]dy warfare between them and fed-er[illegible] officers, a war which claimed lives on[illegible]oth sides.

Canada Helps Conservation

[illegible]owever, an international wild duck ce[illegible]us made in 1935 by More Game Bi[illegible]s in America, Inc., showed that some 80[illegible]er cent of the waterfowl are pro-du[illegible]ed in Canadian breeding grounds. U[illegible]ted States federal funds could not be[illegible]pent in Canada, and the Canadian br[illegible]ding grounds were drying up.

[illegible] other words, all the good laws, the re[illegible]ges and sportsmen's efforts in this co[illegible]try meant nothing much if Canada w[illegible]e ignored in the conservation move-m[illegible]t. Birds dying soon after birth in th[illegible] North scarcely could provide hunt-in[illegible] in the States later in the fall.

[illegible]he duck hunters acted. They joined h[illegible]ds with other friends of the water-fo[illegible]l in Canada and in 1938 formed D[illegible]ks Unlimited, Inc., in the United St[illegible]es and Ducks Unlimited (Canada) in[illegible]he North. The organization's object w[illegible] to provide United States money to sa[illegible]e the waterfowl in the sparsely set-t[illegible] prairie provinces.

[illegible] the most important breeding gr[illegible]nds were in Alberta, Saskatchewan a[illegible] Manitoba provinces, then that was th[illegible] area in which to start saving the w[illegible]erfowl. If drought killed more d[illegible]klings (20 per cent) than anything el[illegible], then that was the thing to fight wi[illegible]h the most weapons. If federal funds co[illegible]ldn't be used in Canada, then private fu[illegible]ds collected from wildfowlers and a[illegible] who were friends of the waterfowl mu[illegible]st be employed.

Ducks Unlimited, a nonprofit organ-iz[illegible]ion, sought money and got it—more th[illegible]n half a million dollars of it since 19[illegible]8. That wasn't much and it needs mo[illegible]re, but Ducks Unlimited spent what it[illegible]had wisely. It constructed low-cost da[illegible]ns to flood again those wastelands cr[illegible]ated by drainage operations. It even pu[illegible] beavers to work, introducing them in[illegible]o new country to create more dams an[illegible], consequently, more shallow-water la[illegible]es for the puddle ducks which rear th[illegible]ir young in such ponds.

[illegible]t fought the crows which had fol-lo[illegible]ed agriculture into the Northwest an[illegible] which kill 15 per cent of the duck-li[illegible]g crop. It made friends of skeptical fa[illegible]mers by creating water for their ca[illegible]tle as well as water for the ducks. It en[illegible]isted volunteer workers, trappers, or[illegible]ithologists, woodsmen, men whose wo[illegible]rk takes them into the ducks' sum-me[illegible]r grounds.

Ducks Unlimited fought other men-a[illegible]es besides drought and crows. It had to battle disease, agricultural opera-tions, jackfish which dine on ducklings, magpies. Overconsumption (through shooting) and underproduction (on the breeding grounds) are the two great ills of the waterfowl. Ducks Unlimited made the latter its special field. None of this could have been accomplished without the aid of the provincial gov-ernments and the Canadians.

It worked. By 1940 an estimated 65,000,000 waterfowl flew south. Today we have another 35,000,000 added to that number. Perhaps, in a few years, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Ducks Unlimited, each working at its own task, will bring back the duck population to the 200,000,000 which once swept from north to south and south to north twice a year.

Maybe the man in the blind will think of this as he takes his hands from his shooting gloves and blows on cold fin-gers this fall. Certainly he will notice that his favorite birds—the mallard, or greenhead, the black duck and the pin-tail—are more plentiful than they have been for years.

Even the canvasbacks, most prized of all the ducks although not so common as the three aforementioned, will be more abundant. Duck hunters will argue over the speed and shooting qualities of ducks, but most will agree that the can-vasback makes "right good eating," as they say in the Chesapeake-Currituck region, where the bird dines on wild celery and reaches its palatable best.

Gadwall, widgeon, blue-winged teal, even redheads are increasing. Cinna-mon teal, however, are not doing too well, the Pacific Coast will discover.

The ducks are doing all right. But how will the duck hunter make out in this war year?

He is going to encounter some chang-ing conditions. If he lives along tide-water or hunts there, he probably will need a Coast Guard identification card before he may use his blind. A survey of the various Naval districts along the Atlantic Coast indicates that present regulations against carrying firearms in boats will not be interpreted literally where duck hunters are concerned.

Very little of their hunting is done on the actual ocean front, but takes place in the bays, marshes and where the tidal rivers empty into the backwater.

Jump-Shooting is Warmer

Where regulations are too strict, the man in the blind can change his tactics and move inland to follow jump-shoot-ing, which consists simply of stalking ducks along streams, jumping them from cover and taking a shot or two before they thunder out of range. It isn't quite as fast shooting as gunning from a blind; it doesn't produce quite as many birds —but the walking and snaking on your belly through the sedge keeps you twice as warm. It has that virtue.

The inland wildfowler will not note any great difference as a result of the war, and some of the best duck hunting in the country is found on the Central and Western flyways.

Ammunition will be available in suf-ficient quantity for this season, but the man who wants to buy a new 12-gauge shotgun will find that all in the lower-price category have been frozen by the War Production Board. He will have to buy a used gun, a higher priced one, or settle for a lighter weapon, a 16-gauge or even a 20-gauge.

The long 70-day season was set for each zone to give every war worker a chance to get in a couple of days' shoot-ing, and not to encourage an extra-heavy kill of birds. However, it will be the best shooting anyone has seen since the "good old days" of indiscriminate slaughter.

THE END

Mr. Skirm yelled, "WAIT!"

...so I waited!



MR. SKIRM: Peggy, how many times do you use a sheet of carbon paper?

PEGGY: *Why, uh . . . ah, about 20 times I guess.*

MR. SKIRM: I thought so. Here, take a look at this:

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Royal Park Avenue Carbon Paper. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 20960-NY. issued July 30, 1942

PEGGY: *Jeepers, it's a miracle! How come?*

MR. SKIRM: As I understand it, Park Avenue is *deep-inked*. Royal uses some special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. Another reason is Park Avenue's extension edge. That lets you reverse each sheet, top to bottom, so that you use all parts of the paper.

PEGGY: *Ah me, too bad such 18-carat carbon paper can't be on the desk of every girl in the office.*

MR. SKIRM: It's going to be, starting Monday. And, believe me, I'm going to expect you girls to get a lot more mileage out of your carbon paper from now on!

* * *

PARK AVENUE is only one of the outstanding carbon papers in the Royal line. Why not get *your* purchasing agent to call in the local Royal representative today? He can quickly show you which weight and finish of Royal Carbon Paper exactly fits your every typing need.

Royal Carbon Papers and Ribbons are made by the Roytype* Division of the Royal Typewriter Company.

The armed forces need typewriters! See how many of your standard machines (made since Jan. 1, 1935) you can spare. Call your nearest Royal Branch—we will buy them, affix the Government seal, and pay you the Government fixed price.

*Trade-Marks Registered U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1942, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

ROYAL
Park Avenue
CARBON PAPER

Black-and-Blue Beauty

Continued from page 13

ask you," retorted Miss Aldridge. "Did you ever wear a girdle?"

The girdle came off, and henceforth the darling of magazine covers had a wardrobe consisting of one outfit, a pair of desert shorts and a blouse. She bore them about at a steady gallop because serials are made for action and not for acting. As soon as the sun peeped over the distant hill, the camera started whirring away, and Aldridge and all others had to be there in front of it.

"For two weeks I'm the only girl among fifty men," says Aldridge, "and still I'm full of illusions about the sex."

When it is recalled that the lady's last important job was as a member of the celebrated Navy Blues Sextet at Warner Brothers, the transformation becomes all the more peculiar. The Virginia stuff is true and it still shows in her accent. Her father died when she was young, and the family went to live at "Bladensfield," Lyells, Virginia, a 24-room wreck with no lights or plumbing but with plenty of land and atmosphere. She was taught by her three maiden great-aunts, all ex-schoolteachers, and then went to St. Mary's Female Seminary at St. Mary's, Maryland, and took a business course.

"Good typist, bum stenographer," says Aldridge.

Her first job was as a secretary in the Federal Land Bank in Baltimore, but before that, she was Apple Blossom Princess for St. Mary's at the Winchester festival and got her first taste of publicity. Her school friends had fixed her up with clothes, and she made a splash. Her picture was in the papers then, and later, when she was thrown off a horse and suffered a broken hip, the picture was dragged out and was brought to the attention of John Powers in New York.

"Photogenic," pronounced John, and asked her to drop in and show herself if she was ever up New York way.

She got up New York way in the simplest manner possible by vamping a West Point cadet and getting a bid for the prom. She gave John a look at her going through, and Mr. Powers was pleased. The Federal Land Bank at Baltimore sadly averred that it would survive if she departed, and she was soon in the big city making big dough.

"Three hundred a week," says Aldridge, "and I hope it'll be a lesson to some people out here." Meaning Hollywood.

A Cover Girl's Travels

After a New York career that made her famous in a minor way, she and Georgia Carroll met up with a magazine editor who was suffering from affluence and accepted his proposal to do a promotional stunt entitled A Magazine Cover Girl Sees the World. The world in this instance seems to have ended at Honolulu because that was as far as they got. However, they had free clothes and all expenses paid. On the way back, Miss Aldridge met Elsa Maxwell in San Francisco, who grasped her by the elbows and said, "The very one!"

It seems Elsa was making a picture in Hollywood called Hotel for Women and she thought Aldridge had the look of somebody high-class stinky. Accordingly, she played a society girl and tried hard throughout to do the role justice, being from that section of Virginia where society consisted of a Saturday-night barn dance.

"I'm still trying to get enough money to go back and put running water in that place," says Aldridge, by way of explanation.

After the experience with Elsa, Aldridge did bit parts wherever anybody wanted a girl who could wear clothes, and her mug kept appearing on national magazines. At the worst, she could always get a spot of modeling, and there was J. Powers in the background making gestures of reconciliation. It seemed like a good break when she got into the Navy Blues Sextet, which kept the little beauties occupied for about seven months on good salary, but it really ruined any chance of a screen career because producers felt that girls as beautiful as that couldn't possibly have brains. When the Sextet was in New York making personal appearances with the picture, Rose Franken was on the verge of hiring Kay for the Claudia company but happened to see her in makeup for the stage appearance with the Sextet and put up a faint hand and asked to be excused.

"Sophisticated," said Miss Franken in a horror-stricken voice.

Aldridge the Slugger

This lay beneath Aldridge's determination to get into something real, something earnest—meaning serials. Anybody who has seen her clout the villain in The Perils of Nyoka with a right cross to the lug and a one-two to the liver will never after consider her anything but a menace.

Her social career in Hollywood has been spectacular. Most of the eligible young men have escorted her about the dens of boredom in that sad village at one time or other, and many of them have had serious intentions.

"He's declared," says Kay, showing the proper pride in the catch, with a hi that the young man had better not t to get out of it. At the moment she trying to make up her mind. Her seri career is merely a money-maker. S admits it.

"I got to get a husband and some chi dren," she says. "If they want to ha around a little movie money for s weeks' work a year, maybe we can live on it."

She learned to ride bareback on t farm and still keeps up her interest in Aside from that, she swims, dances n too well, and eats huge meals. S lives with her mother and two brothe in a house at Santa Monica. A sister married and another brother is in H waii. The family think she's a cas Recently, with intent to badger h mother, she came home, showed son resentment and said, "Look where producer pinched me on the leg!"

"Really," said mother, looking at t wound with the greatest of interest a no disapproval whatever.

Kay was slightly set back. "She been reading those fan magazines," s said sadly. "I was almost afraid to t her a producer *hadn't* pinched me. would have disillusioned her."

When Miss Aldridge finished T Perils of Nyoka and went back this ye to Virginia for a visit, she still bore t marks of her triumph in the shape various welts and interestingly colore contusions. She went to call on the o family physician just to let him see wh a big girl she had become. He looked her with pleasure, beaming.

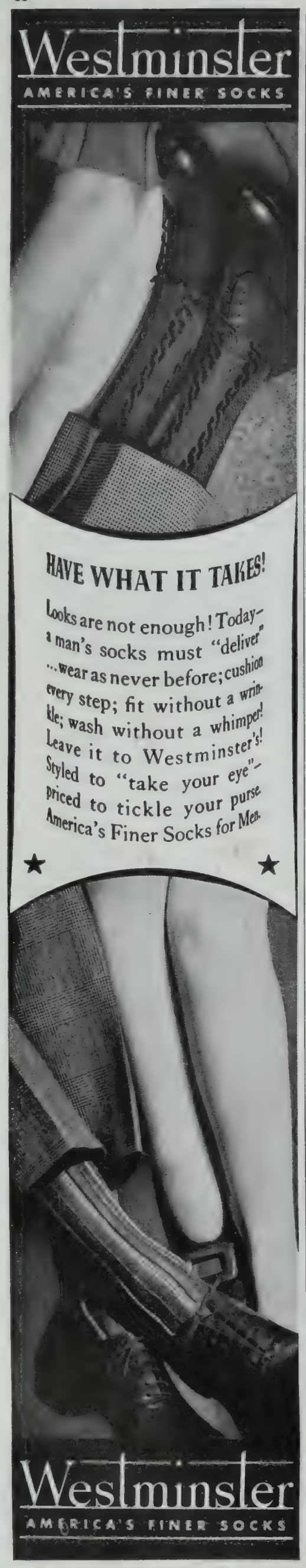
"Just like all the Aldridges," he sa pleasantly. "Bilious."

THE END



HEYER-PIX

A Hollywood lady getting her lumps: the lovely Kay Aldridge is booted over a cliff, part of her routine as Queen of the Serials



Wine ~ *friendly as a gift of blossoms*

When you set out wine, vi help everybody to relax moderate way, and enjoy a good visit

NE OF THE BEST of ways to spend an evening now is just to have some nds over. Just to share with them a bit ood food and a glass of wine. To trade e talk, and relax.

ine is made on purpose for such eve- s. You find that its fragrance and fying taste invite you to ease up a erate way. And as you sip a glass of wi , you discover you take more comfort in eing with friends. You enjoy yourself.

When you serve wine at your house, set it out as simply as you would tea or coffee. We've a new booklet which tells a good deal about wines and wine serving — as well as about cooking with wine. Why don't you write for this free booklet, addressing the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

You'll find excellent California wines now at your dealer's. Sound and well developed, these wines are true to type, and inexpensive, too. Consult your dealer—he will be pleased to help you choose among the good wines of our own country.

NATIONAL WINE WEEK, OCTOBER 11-18



The wine pictured above is nut-like amber Sherry. A natural flavor companion to Cheddar and other sharp cheeses, Sherry's grand for casual entertaining. For serving with meals you will prefer a lighter table wine like tangy red Burgundy or delicate golden Sauterne



Victory for America on far flung fronts is a thousand things . . . socks and solenoids, goggles and gasoline and quinine as well as food, guns, planes and tanks. And to transport these things upon which the very lives of our fighting men depend, is the staggering problem of the Army Services of Supply . . . a problem which you and your coal dealer can help solve —together.

FOR VICTORY . . .
COOPERATE WITH YOUR COAL DEALER

Order your coal needs well in advance and enable your dealer to get his shipments when they least interfere with the flow of war materials—also this advance ordering will enable your dealer to plan deliveries to use the minimum of equipment and save gasoline and tires.

FOR YOUR OWN COMFORT . . .
ASK YOUR COAL DEALER'S ADVICE

Ask your dealer's advice on the coal to buy—remember there are hundreds of different kinds of coal and many different kinds of heating equipment.

The cheapest coal may not always be the most economical. And to conserve coal and get the most efficient heating results—ask your dealer's advice on firing, banking and regulating your furnace this winter.

For Victory—and for your own comfort—cooperate with your coal dealer. Then, after the War is finished turn your heating worries over to the Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker.

HOW COMBUSTIONEER
IS COOPERATING FOR VICTORY

To help speed production for Victory, Combustioneer's entire manufacturing facilities are dedicated to the full scale precision production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American Warplanes.

COMBUSTIONEER USERS

If you own a Combustioneer, take care of it. Let your dealer inspect and service it so that you may enjoy, to the utmost, the money-saving efficiency of uniform, economical Automatic Coal Firing.



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES
DIVISION, THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Keep on making it hot for the Axis—Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps

A Fireless-Side Chat

Continued from page 23

Erie to Buffalo and thence to Albany via the New York State Canal, better known as the Erie Canal. At Albany, the inland tankers could travel either north or south on the Hudson River inasmuch as the river doesn't care which way a barge goes, as long as it keeps going.

Somebody on the can't-be-done side objected, saying that there weren't enough barges, although the Inland Waterway Carriers' Association had just reminded them that it was operating nearly 700 barges on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and that with a little ingenuity many of them could be converted to oil carriers and towed directly to pipe lines which feed into Toledo.

Furthermore, another upsetter of tradition reminded them that to the appropriation of $980,080,000 to the United States Maritime Commission, Senator Danaher of Connecticut had managed to tack on an amendment setting aside "not less than the sum of $20,000,000 for the construction of towboats and barges adapted for use in the transportation of oil, gasoline and other fuels over the inland or coastal waters of the United States." And nothing noticeable had been done about it.

Thus enlightened, Congress proceeded to okay a couple of thousand miles of new pipe lines which would require huge amounts of steel and iron very much needed for ships, planes, tanks and guns, and which could not be completed anyway for many months.

Florida Canal Resurrected

Then, becoming sensational, it resurrected the old trans-Florida Canal project, which was abandoned five or six years ago as a very tricky boondoggle. The canal could be built in a year or two, provided that machinery and the labor could be made available. A brief stretch of it already exists, the creation of General Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of the Army's Supply, who is not at all convinced that he couldn't run the War Production Board better than Donald Nelson does.

Anyway, Congress cannot justly be accused of solving the East Coast's fuel-oil problem. We want to be fair about this.

To increase the confusion, President Roosevelt and Mr. Ickes came fo[r]th with coincident statements that ev[en] the minimum requirements of the Ea[st]'s 1,250,000 householders who heat th[eir] homes with oil might not be met. F[ur]thermore, said Mr. Ickes, oil-bur[ner] owners who did not convert to c[oal] (whether they could or could not do [so]) might be denied deliveries in any qu[an]tity.

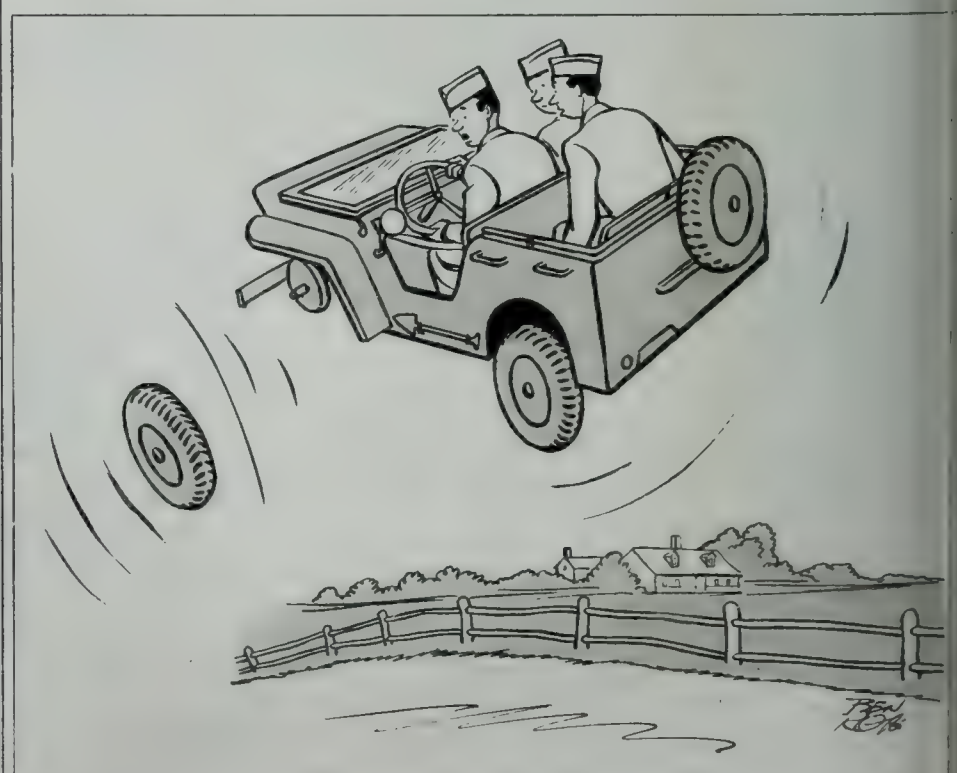
In the winter of 1918-1919, we ha[d] flu epidemic. It was a cold, fuel-sca[rce] winter. If we had the space we'd [tell] you what doctors say about the cau[ses] of influenza, grippe, pneumonia and [the] common cold. But we haven't, so [we] shall drop the subject with the sta[te]ment that their opinions differ—wid[ely]. Anyway, in that winter, upward of [20]000,000 citizens were abed with respi[ra]tory diseases, chiefly flu. How m[any] were removed from their beds by [the] undertaker we don't know. Even [the] United States Public Health Serv[ice] doesn't seem to know. But flu kil[led] more Americans than German guns [did] —far more. (Perhaps you detect a movement back to the kid's sneeze.)

Shortage of Doctors

So the best advice we can drum up [at] the moment is that you refuse to ca[tch] flu and pneumonia this winter. [As] how you're going to do this is, of cou[rse] your worry. Your doctor may be in [the] Army or the Navy or the Marine Co[rps]. The Army alone is trying to rec[ruit] more than a hundred physicians a d[ay]. It hopes to add 20,000 medical offic[ers] to its numbers before Christmas. [And] eventually the United States has [an] Army of 9,000,000 men it will requ[ire] the services of one third of all the ph[y]cians in the country, or two thirds of [all] of them under the age of forty-five.

Already scores of small towns [and] villages are doctorless. Washington [is] trying to be cheerful about it, bidd[ing] us in sterner climates to dress warm[ly], wear sweaters indoors, insulate [our] houses, shut off part of the house, [heat] scientifically and, above all, to be bra[ve]. But just what's going to happen in [the] doctor-, fuel-, wool- and insulation-[ra]tioned East if there is a flu epidem[ic] we, of course, don't know. But it's a dandy topic for fireside chatting, isn't it?

THE END



COLLIER'S "There goes our landing gear!" BEN ROT



"I don't know what I'd do without her, and I hope I soon find out!"

LIER'S GENE STANLEY

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 12

she's a French girl, Nick told him-
I'm a sheep-killing dog. All right.
e is and she wants an officious in-
eter, it's up to her. He straightened
tie. *"Comment allez-vous?"* he
d her.

hy, swell," she said. Her laughter
comfortable.

hat's pretty American talk for a
h girl," he said.

m half and half," she said. "My
er was from Baltimore, you see,
myself even spent a year at Vas-

ell, that practically makes us re-
," Nick said warmly. "My brother
ied a girl who went to Smith."

eriously," said Al in a gloomy voice.
halted. Then he added lamely,
ty and I have to be getting over to
New Grand for dinner."

K called to the passing Japanese
aitress. "Have a round with me
" he said pleasantly.

opened his mouth, but before he
speak, Betty said, "It would be
just one before we leave, wouldn't
?"

he same?" said Nick.

he same," Al said despondently,
Betty nodded.

wo Scotch-and-sodas and one dry
ini," he told the waitress.

no velmouth, please," she said.

kay, plain Scotch."

no Scotch today. Suntoly," she

kay, three Suntories—anyway it
like Scotch." He turned to Al.
me something, Counselor. You've
home in the past year. Do the
aph companies still sing happy
day to you?"

think so."

ll right. Do you think I could get
to sing a message that's not for a
day?" He withdrew Pottle's cable
nanded it to Al. "I want to have
answered in a bathroom baritone."

ile Al read the message, Nick no-
that Betty had an unusually agree-
smile.

hey won't take your reply," Al
handing back the cable. "They've
law or something against using
words. Say, seriously, I'm abso-
darned sorry."

is Kikuchi. I think Domei must
known about it at daybreak."

ttle must have known what he was going to do a month ago," Al said indignantly, "if this new guy's coming in tomorrow. The stinker!"

Al's sympathy undid Nick; silently he surrendered Betty to the Japan Times-Advertiser, even though she asked in a soft, friendly voice, "Oh, have you had bad news?"

"You're absolutely darned right," said Al. "Nick's been given a raw deal. He's out of a job, and we all ought to get together to find him a new one."

Preferably in Shanghai, Nick thought and bravely killed the notion. He winced at his courage, hearing Betty say:

"It's too bad I don't know of something in Shanghai. If you were French, though, Free French, I would know of work for you. But not for money, I'm afraid."

"Betty, remember! No talkee politics," Al said, waggishly, setting down his new drink. He turned to Nick. "Betty's father is working like a coolie for the Free French movement, and she's lost her perspective."

He patted her hand. "Relax, honey. You're on a holiday."

"I am here to take orders for dresses," Betty said. "Listen. I didn't go into the dressmaking business in Shanghai for fun. I did it because the Banque Franco-Chinoise dismissed my father when he refused to stop broadcasting over the Free French radio. I don't regard it as an important sacrifice. All the same, I don't forget, no matter where I am."

Nick knew he should leave. "Well, we're all for the Free French here," he said, rising. "So why fight about it?"

Al said in too casual a voice, "You know what? We ought to be getting over to the New Grand, Betty."

"Well." Nick shook her hand. "Take the B table d'hôte. The word's around there's a potato on it this week."

He walked out slowly, still feeling that he had forgotten to tell her something important and still not knowing what it was. On the second floor, he looked into the men's reading room which was deserted save for the American nickel man reading the sports pages of the latest issue of the Herald-Tribune, a month old.

In the packed dark, L-shaped barroom, there was laughter and the rattle of dice and unhappiness. The lonely oil man was unhappy, sitting at one end of

HOME MOVIE THRILLER!



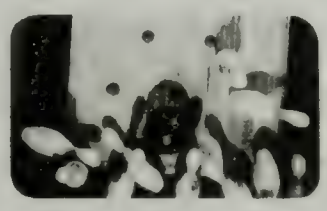
COSTS LESS THAN UNEXPOSED FILM!

Amazing sports action shots that will take your breath away! Thrilling tuna fishing...high hurdling and pole vaulting . . . water and sand skiing . . . sea sledding . . . dangerous rapid shooting ...outboard racing...steeple-chasing... motorcycle and jaloppy racing thrills... *all in one terrific, action-crammed film!* Here's the sports movie of super thrills and spills that every collector will be proud to own! Don't wait! Don't delay! Own and show it now!

SIX OTHER GREAT CASTLE FILMS' SPORTS PICTURES!



"RIDE 'EM COWBOY."—Cowboy champions match wits, stamina and strength against bronco and steer. Action in every foot!



"BOWLING ACES."—Joe Falcaro in a dazzling performance! Demonstrations of form, grip, footwork! Bowl with champions!



"BIG FISH."—Battles royal with game fighters of the deep! Sailfish . . . marlin . . . even whaling! A fisherman's thrill!



"ICE CARNIVAL."—Flashing steel! Racing and stunts! Rink grace! Laughable skating clowns! A gem of a film!



"FRESH WATER FISHING."—The angler's delight, whether young or old. The strike of speckled trout and flashing salmon!



"A THRILL A SECOND."—An edge-of-the-chair gripper! Daredevil men and women taking chances at everything!

ON SALE AT YOUR PHOTO DEALER'S TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

LOW COST!

8 mm. Condensed version . $1.75
8 mm. Full length. $5.50
16 mm. Condensed version . $2.75
16 mm. Full length. $8.75
16 mm. Sound, 350 ft. . $17.50

FREE! Every projector owner should have Castle Films' new 1943 32-page catalogue describing 110 thrilling movies. Profusely illustrated. Send coupon below NOW!

CASTLE FILMS, INC.

RCA. BLDG. NEW YORK | FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO | RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO } *Address nearest office*

Please send me Castle Films' New 1943 FREE CATALOGUE.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ C-10

Copr. 1942, Castle Films, Inc.

It isn't just that my Lady Buxton looks so smart... it's so divinely practical too!"

My Lady Buxton "Three-Way" is *so* versatile! When I carry bills or important papers it provides me with a secret hideaway. I simply reverse the inner fold—lock it back in—and all my "valuables" are safely out of sight. Or, when I'm at my formal best, I just take out the inner fold entirely and I have a *complete,* streamlined billfold for my evening bag.

My Lady Buxton is well organized—it's a regular pocket file with 3 full-length compartments for checks, bills and papers, etc.

You'll find today's active woman enthusiastic about the Lady Buxton "Three-Way!" It's fashionable, it's chic—but more important, it has the Magic Purse!





(top) "Three-Way" with Magic Purse—in Goatskin. $5.

(center) "Three-Way" with Magic Purse—in Sheepskin. $3.50.

(bottom) Magic Purse model with open window. $2.

Other Lady Buxtons from $1.00.

Just the thing when you're in uniform!

MORE THINGS TO DO—more things to carry! That's why, especially when I'm in uniform, I find my Lady Buxton so very useful.

My Lady Buxton's beautifully tailored—yet practical as can be! Lady Buxton's *patented* construction allows it to expand when I fill it full. Yet, when I ease off the load it slips back to its original "just-bought" shape.

Lady Buxton comes in a variety of gay, costume flattering colors! Ask to see Lady Buxton by name—you'll discover there's no other billfold like it!

HERE'S THE MAGIC PURSE



The Magic Purse unsnaps for "solo" use. It's easy to take out—just as easy to snap back! Locked back into the billfold by the patented "flaplock"—it's in to stay!

WRITE FOR FREE GIFT BOOK

Dozens of "what-to-give" suggestions—thoughtful remembrances from 75¢ and $1.00 to lovely matched sets at $25. Clear instructions for fancy gift-wrapping. Information on leathers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4277 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass. or Department S, 47 West 34th Street, New York City.

Buxton

the bar with an attaché from the American Embassy and the little Japanese shipping man who napped in the club library every afternoon.

The oil man had a skinful. So he greeted Nick lovingly, again mistaking him for the language student.

At the far end of the bar, Dewey, the United Press correspondent, was playing poker dice with an American film salesman and a bank teller. He called to Nick:

"Well, well, we're just waiting for you to buy us a drink."

Nick joined the roll. The film salesman bought and Nick pulled out Pottle's cable to show Dewey. With faked indifference he looked away, hailing the two engineers from Pittsburgh who were playing liar dice with Cogswell, the American news broadcaster, at a table behind him.

For nearly forty years, Gregory Ward Cogswell had been as imposing as his name. He had been, for almost thirty years, a newspaper correspondent in Europe, the Middle East and the Far East. For the past nine years, he had served as a roving correspondent for the United Broadcasting Corporation, with Asia as his self-designated territory and Shanghai his headquarters. The United Broadcasting Corporation would have allotted to him any continent he wanted. UBC valued his past and his prestige and the sound of his Boston voice over its networks.

Cogswell knew everyone you ought to know in embassies and consulates from Harbin to Melbourne. He was even related to the State Department; his sister was married to an assistant secretary. He had other relatives: a son who changed his name to avoid identification with his father; a wife whom Cogswell saw almost every five years, when he paid his visits to America.

ASIDE from these two, whom he rarely mentioned, everything was of the best and for the best; and he even looked a good deal younger than his age. Although his complexion had become yellowish in the last few years, he had his hair, a fine white in contrast to his heavy gray eyebrows. He walked like a young man; he rode his horse like a younger one.

Nick was surprised to see him sitting with two tedious engineers who were peevishly waiting for word that their work was satisfactory and they could go home. In the sticky months they had been installing American-made machinery in the Nagoya airplane factory, the engineers had lost weight. Dawdling reluctantly now in Tokyo, they had lost their composure. Much of the time they spoke in morbid whispers, like captives, about the pennant chances of the Pirates and the T-bone steaks at the William Penn grill.

At the sound of Dewey s voice, Nick looked away from the engineers. Dewey was sore.

"The old criss-cross," he said, handing back the cable. "I wouldn't hustle for ANS if they offered me a million dollars. Every time they change editors, they use a broom."

"Sure, the itty-bitty end of the stick," Nick said. Dewey's sympathy helped, too.

"A million dollars?" the film man repeated. "What's happening?"

"Why, Nick's canned and a Rover Boy named Martin McCleery is taking over and I think I know why," Dewey said. "He owes Pottle money, and the jerk hires him so he can pay off. That's a guess, but I'll go bail on it." He laughed at the film salesman. "Three treys in three. Why don't you sign the chit now?"

On his third drink, Nick sold the coffee to the bank teller and the cigarettes to the film man. Dewey promised to query his chief on openings in the Fa East. The crowd was dwindling; eve the engineers and the Japanese shippin man had vanished. Cogswell had joine the oil man and the attaché at their en of the bar and Dewey kept urging Nic to hit the broadcaster for a job; mayb UBC could use him.

The fourth drink furnished Nick wit the steam to approach Cogswell. Bu the oil man intercepted him, drapin his arm over Nick's shoulders and say ing:

"Listen, son, wait a minute. Let m talk, son."

The attaché was saying to Cogswel "I'll soon be on my way to Washingtor They're going to ask me all about th Japs' building schedules. They're go ing to ask me about planes, and ship and everything. And what am I goin to say? I don't know. Yes, I do. I'll say 'They won't let you see a single thing.'

Cogswell said sympathetically, "

SPLASH LANDING

HIS name might have been Jones, but anyway he was an experienced pilot, and one day not long ago he was assigned to coast patrol in California. Never having flown a seaplane, he went on a few preliminary flights with an instructor, and when his turn came to take over the controls he did all right—until the instructor signaled for a return to the base.

Forgetting that his landing gear consisted of pontoons, Jones started to circle the field itself for a landing; and the instructor, waving frantically, pointed to the ground and made horrible faces at the pilot. The sign language worked in the nick of time, and the ship eventually slid to a safe stop in the water near the base.

As both men stepped out on the wing, the instructor was still a bit shaky. "When my heart gets back to its proper location," he told Jones, "remind me to give you a memory course!"

"Aw, forget it, pal," said Jones. "That look on your face up there scared me so much I'll never again forget I've got a seaplane stick in my hand. Come on, let's get back. I'm hungry."

With which he leaped off the wing and landed—kafloom!—in the bay.

know they won't. The cagiest people i the world, bar none."

The oil man held Nick back. "Wait minute, son," he begged. "Let me tall Listen."

"And they'll say: What have you bee doing all these years?" the attaché sai in a dismal gummy voice. "They'll say What have you been doing? And I'll sa —you know what I'll say? I'll say the won't let you see anything here. *Not thing.*"

"No one can blame you," said Cog well.

The oil man said, "Listen, son." H made an enormous effort. "We pay th freight, don't we?" he announced so emnly.

"May I quote you on that, sir?" Nic asked.

"You may quote me on that."

"For the Tea Ceremony Annual Nick said, still hoping to edge towa Cogswell, who was asking the attach

"Going back by the way of Hawaii

"Manila. They'll ask me there, to and what'll I tell them?"

"Manila?" said Cogswell. "I wouldn mind running over there myself."

"Come on," said the attaché. "Take the Asama Maru with me from Shanghai. Come on, go along. I could use some company."

Dewey drowned their voices, calling out, "Well, well, if it isn't Al Carpenter. We were just waiting for you to buy us a drink."

"I can't, I'm with someone downstairs." Al plucked at Nick's sleeve and drew him away from the oil man, saying in a low, excited voice:

"I have the absolutely darn' worst luck in the world. Before Betty and I even got started for dinner, the office gets me here to tell me they're shorthanded tonight, and please to come over right away and fill in."

"You'll enjoy night rewrite," Nick said in a guileless voice.

"Seriously," said Al. "Betty, she hasn't even had dinner yet and the way I feel is, after all, you've always been so darned decent, I don't just mean lending me your dinner coat, but everything."

"Is it okay with Betty?" said Nick.

"She doesn't seem to care one way or the other," Al said.

"I have one little chore and then I'll go right down with you," Nick said.

Nick darted over to Cogswell and asked about chances for a job with UBC. Cogswell was friendly. He said he knew of no openings but he would bear Nick in mind. As Nick rejoined Al, Cogswell patted the oil man's shoulder. And before leaving the bar, he invited the attaché to be his dinner guest in Shanghai, en route to Manila and home.

AN IMPERIAL HOTEL car, a glossy black limousine that Cogswell hired by the day, was waiting outside. He gave the Japanese chauffeur an address, leaned back in his seat, and drew an English cigarette from his etched Siamese silver case.

By the time he had finished his cigarette, the car was passing a sentry box, up a graveled driveway lined with dense dwarf shrubs. Secretly, young as he felt, Cogswell was relieved to be entering a Western-style home where he did not have to remove his shoes and slide across polished floors in loose felt slippers. It was also less than a hardship to be permitted to sit in a chair. In recent years he found that his legs became numbed when he sat too long, cross-legged, on Japanese matting; another reason for traveling to Japan as infrequently as possible, and placing a Japan Times-Advertiser reporter as resident string correspondent for UBC.

On esthetic grounds, Cogswell preferred the *décor* of a Japanese-style room to this parlor where he grimaced at the swarthy velvet upholstering of the chairs, the meaningless position of the center table, and the lamé oils, hung Tokyo-fashion, very high at an angle where a man would have to lie on the floor to study them. He composed his face instantly as Ernst Sperling rose from a chair in a dimmed corner.

Sperling greeted Cogswell with his customary reserve although they had seen each other frequently in Shanghai and had been acquainted since a winter in London in the late 'twenties when Sperling had been attached to the German embassy. He was now an accredited correspondent for a German news agency, newly assigned to Washington. For several months, he had been waiting in Tokyo for his visa—with his tallow-faced wife, his monocle, his soldierly spine and his concealed contempt for Oriental peoples.

"You look fit," said Cogswell. Sperling was tanned so deeply that his scanty brown hair appeared lighter.

"Ah, yes," said the German. "You also look to be in excellent shape."

Cogswell offered Sperling a cigarette, lit it and his own and said in a chatty voice, "By the way, three days ago, I mailed some letters to the States."

"So?"

"Your Germans in the censorship at the Tokyo Central Post Office held them up so that they missed yesterday's boat."

"Ah, no," Sperling said, as though he were chagrined. "That should not have been."

"I gave the letters to Harold Makita. The Japanese in the censorship do not scrutinize communications Harold puts through," Cogswell said agreeably.

Sperling said, "Everybody knows that there is always a dumbhead somewhere."

"My letters happened to be written to some of our friends, powerful Americans, depend upon it."

"I'll take it up immediately."

"Don't bother on my account," Cogswell said. "I'll be back in Shanghai



"There goes a game loser"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



● LHS learned early in its history to buy exceptional briar root whenever offered—even if the purchase meant long years of storage—because one never knew when another quality lot would come along. As we have never permitted any but selected Mediterranean briar to bear the proud name of LHS Certified, these provident purchases make it possible for you to enjoy this finest of briar root today.

Fifty years in a business is a long time—but it takes a long time to learn that pipe-making is a labor of love. For a pipe is more than just a smoke to a man. A pipe is his friend, his comfort, his solace, his pleasure. LHS is proud that pipe smokers everywhere know that LHS on a pipe is, and has been,

"FOR DECADES THE SIGN OF A PERFECT PIPE"

FOR THAT 'EXTRA SPECIAL' GIFT

LHS **ULTRA-FINE:** We can make only a few of these. The most select Mediterranean briar root, lined with genuine block meerschaum, fitted with finest vulcanite bits, ornamented and reinforced with 14K solid gold band, **$10.**

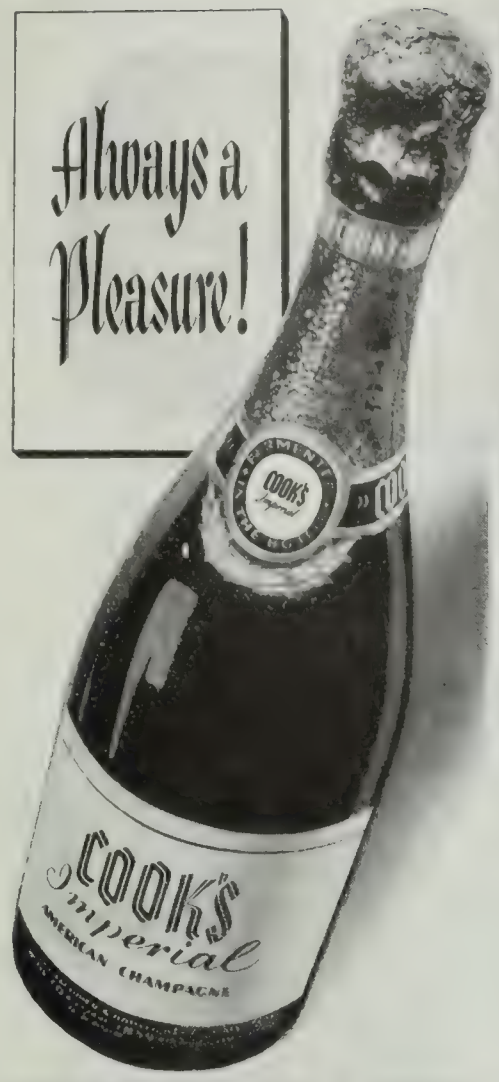
LHS **STERNCREST:** Specimen grain imported briar root. The stem is ornamented and reinforced with rhodium sterling silver band that does not tarnish, **$5.**

There are LHS models to suit every face and satisfy every taste. If your dealer has no stock left of the pipe of your choice, write for LHS Pipe Chart, sending us dealer's name and address.

L & H STERN, INC., 50 Pearl St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF BETTER PIPES FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS

Always a Pleasure!



EXTRA DRY ★ BRUT ★ SPARKLING BURGUNDY

BURGUNDY · RHINE · SAUTERNES
CLARET · PORT · SHERRY · MUSCATEL · TOKAY

AMERICAN WINE CO. • ESTAB. 1859 • ST. LOUIS

The PEN of Greatest Utility

$1.00 INK-O-GRAPH $2.00

14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED



Writes at any angle on any quality of paper with the ease and smoothness of a soft lead pencil.

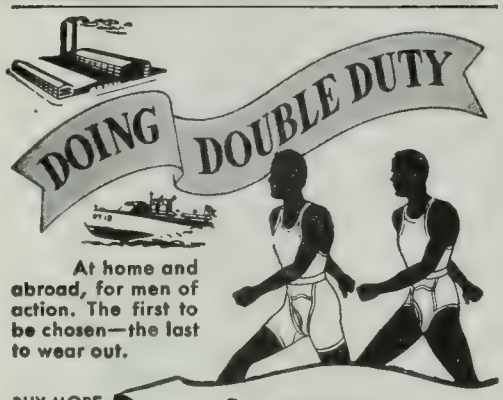
Suits any hand or style of writing.

With an Inkograph you can do everything possible and many things impossible with any fountain pen.

At all leading dealers

Look for the name "INKOGRAPH" on the barrel—it identifies the genuine.

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C.



At home and abroad, for men of action. The first to be chosen—the last to wear out.

BUY MORE BONDS

UTICA BODYGARD KNIT

UNDERWEAR

In the service of the nation for the third generation.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N.Y.

in a few days, where my mail is not delayed. I wanted you to know, in your own interest, that it would be . . . dumbheaded for your agents to interfere with Japanese-approved communications."

Sperling nodded. "Thanks very much."

Both men turned to bow to Bunshiro Yagi, entering the room with Harold Makita behind him. Yagi was beginning to show his age abruptly, the way Cogswell had seen it happen with Japanese and Chinese. They looked ten, twenty years younger than their age and then overnight their bones seemed transparent beneath thin wrinkled skin. Yagi's neck had become a withered column above the opening of his handsome gray silk kimono. His cold, sharp eyes were hooded by old-man lids.

Makita was a head taller than Yagi; beside him, he looked less Japanese. His Western clothes, his smile, the handling of his body and his slangy English were more American than Cogswell's. As a Nisei, born in Los Angeles of Japanese settlers, Makita carefully retained his American passport. He also carried a Japanese passport and he worked for the Japanese Foreign Office in a variety of capacities that appeared innocent. Currently, he was listed as an interpreter.

He pumped Cogswell's hand and grinned and said, "How's it, pal?"

"Capital," Cogswell said without enthusiasm. He admired Makita but disliked his devotion to American idioms.

A MAID entered with a tray of cups and a pot of green leafy tea, kneeling before each man as she served him. While she was in the room, Yagi was careful to utter only inconsequential remarks. He spoke in English, for Sperling knew no Japanese, and Makita little German. Yagi's syntax, Cogswell noted, was still irreproachable, but his pronunciation had deteriorated since he had included even the use of the English language in his antipathy toward all matters British or American. He pronounced "r" as though it were "l"; he addressed the German as Mistel Spelling. Coswell half suspected that his broken accent was an affection; a defy.

In his youth, Yagi had been infatuated with the West. He had been almost passionate and almost absurd in his admiration for America. His subsequent revulsion was just as intense. All that remained of his early fevers was the foreign-style house which he could not raze. Building materials were not available now for civilian use. And even though Yagi could probably arrange special concessions for himself, he was shrewd enough to know that it would not look well for a man of his station to tear down a house and rebuild—while the Throne was demanding greater and greater sacrifices of the people. Anyway, there were a few Japanese-style rooms on the other side of the house; Yagi and his family dwelt in them.

Cogswell thought that, in Yagi's opinion, the frumpy Western rooms were suitable only for the entertainment of foreigners. He had a fancy that all Westerners, even men like Sperling and himself, even Makita to a degree—were on sufferance with Yagi. As the second son of a baron who had been an adviser to the emperor during the Russo-Japanese war in 1904 and 1905, Yagi had maintained his influence with the changing ruling groups: always the expansionists, the extremists, the Greater East Asiatics. He was now solidly allied with the military governors.

The servant vanished. Yagi looked at Cogswell.

"I saw the engineers just now," Cogswell said. "In my opinion, they learned nothing of consequence. In fact, nothing at all. I trust they showed less ignorance in installing machinery."

Yagi said, "They were competent." He turned to Makita. "Your information corresponded with Mr. Cogswell's."

Makita nodded.

Cogswell said, "In fact, I don't see why they shouldn't be released to go home."

Yagi looked at the smoke spiraling up from his cigarette. "What is their mood?"

"Fretful. They want to go home."

"Dissatisfied with Nippon?"

"Homesick," said Cogswell. "They couldn't understand why they were not allowed to enter the plant the first months they were here; why their work was so long delayed. Or why a shed was constructed, half a mile from the main plant, to which they were escorted —daily—to set up their machines."

Makita said, "Yeah. That burned them up. The AP man tried to get that story through. We caught it, though."

"I trust I clarified matters a little for them," said Cogswell. "I told them that Japan was covering up her lag in production.

"*Ah, sa,*" said Yagi.

"While this fancy is fresh in their minds, I fail to see any harm in permitting them to book passage on the next boat."

"Neither do I," said Yagi.

"The next boat," said Sperling. "There is always a next boat leaving, with Japanese on it, with potato-faced engineers on it, yet I remain behind when there is much work for me in the United States." He stared at Cogswell. "You have genuine influence with the American Embassy here, not so? What does it mean that you cannot arrange my visa to the United States?"

"I haven't tried," said Cogswell.

Sperling smiled, covering his lips with his long fingers. He had bad teeth. "Ah, yes, but you will, not so?"

"Really!" Cogswell stared at the German. "In China we would call that breaking a man's rice bowl."

"In the Third Reich—" Sperling began.

Cogswell interrupted him. "It would be fatal for me to try to use my influence to manipulate a visa for you. Not for you as an individual, Ernst. For you as a Nazi. I trust no one else is of the opinion that I should jeopardize my position in order to secure your visa."

"I believe Lothar Wohlfart is," said Sperling.

"Really? I saw Lothar in Shanghai scarcely a week ago. He had opportunities, every day, to mention it."

Makita said, "Cog would be a darned fool to try it."

"And if Lothar had suggested anything of this nature," Cogswell added "I should have explained to him that it would be disastrous."

YAGI began to wave a black fluted fan. "There is a serious gap in our information from the Philippines," he said. "We are not even confident of the reliability of some of our own people there. Our own Nipponese."

Sperling said, "What does it mean that you do not recall such suspects and dispose of them here?"

Yagi sipped his tea. "We have," he answered.

It occurred to Cogswell that neither Yagi nor Sperling realized that their characters were very much alike.

Makita said, "There's no percentage in just recalling men. They have to be replaced. That's the big job."

Yagi nodded approvingly. "Nipponese, even houseboys, are prohibited from Corregidor now. We are badly in want of detailed information about the habits of certain American officers, in Manila as well as at Cavite."

Cogswell smiled. "What would you think of my running over to Manila for a time?"

He was pleased at the reaction to his words. Even Sperling said, with some emotion, "If you do, there are a number of men . . . we must surely have a long conversation before you go."

"There is an attaché at our embassy who is soon to leave for Washington," Cogswell said. "He told me only this evening how glad he would be to have



"He's just back from cementing friendships somewhere or something"

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND



He raises the food for victory.

I am with that weary farmer
As he pauses for a moment
And gazes across the ripened fields
That he alone must harvest
I help refresh him.

I am in the noisy office,
With that pretty girl
Who, 'though tense and tired
Has "just ten more letters to type"
I help rest and refresh her.

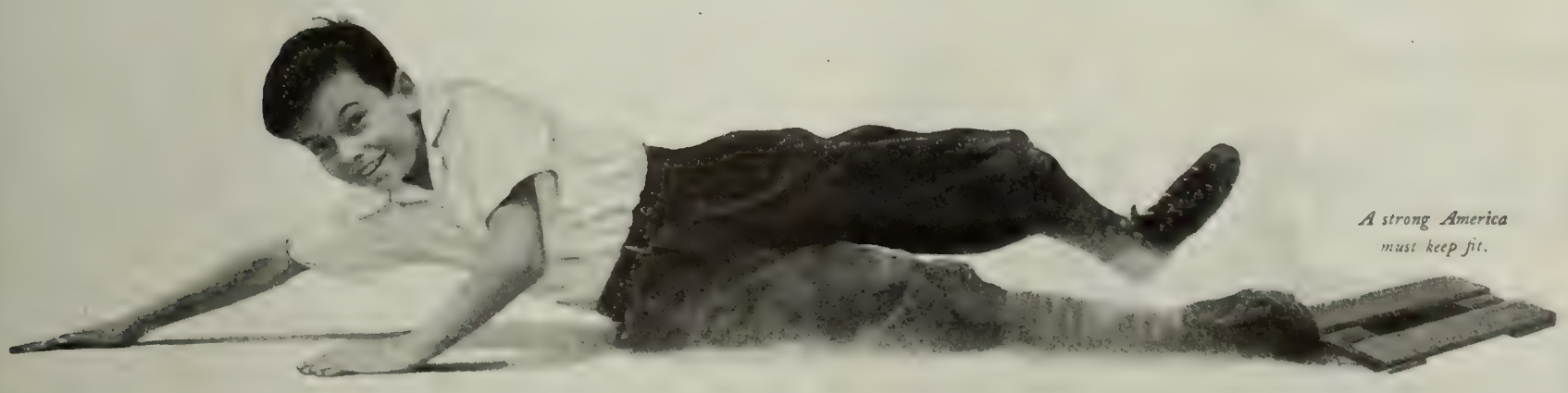
I am on the Village Green
With that laughing youth
Who has just made
His third home-run
I add a little more pleasure
To his happiness.

In your cities, your villages, your farms
You'll find me
In your homes, offices, factories, schools . . .
I'm just around the corner from you
Waiting to rest, refresh
And offer you pleasure
Of a fine, distinctive flavor.
I'm the famous yellow package
With the red oval.





She's working harder these days.



A strong America must keep fit.

HALF THE METAL IN EVERY SHIP, TANK AND GUN IS SCRAP. THROW *YOUR* SCRAP INTO THE FIGHT

FINEST TRIBUTE TO GOOD FRIENDS

There is nothing better in the market



100 PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Famous

OLD FORESTER

America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC. • At LOUISVILLE In KENTUCKY



"Membership cards. We want to avoid any trouble with the Musicians' Union!"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

my company to Manila on the Asama."

"Atta boy," said Makita, and began to make notes on a small card.

Cogswell enjoyed flashing surprises. Now he remained silent, letting the others discuss his mission while he withdrew a reserve linen handkerchief from the back pocket of his superbly tailored white trousers. The hot tea was making him sweat.

By the time Cogswell was free to leave Yagi's, most of the lights in the Imperial's lobby were thriftily extinguished. In the watery illumination that remained, it was difficult to see a woman's face and usually disappointing when you did. The German women, who predominated, scorned make-up for their thick features and rubbery skins; and no artifice could have disguised their heavy legs and clumping feet. Among them, Betty Gaspard, entering with Nick, looked like the little girl in a Grimm's Fairy Tales illustration: the slight unblemished child in the presence of trolls.

THE gossamer girl was deceiving, Nick had learned. Walking down the darkened Ginza, no longer Tokyo's glittering Broadway, Betty had revealed a knowledge of Japanese diplomacy that matched his own. In the paper-screened private dining room at the Tsuruya, she ate a robust meal and handled her chopsticks more expertly than Nick. At the Takarazuka Operetta, where they caught one act, When Spring Orchid Blooms, Betty had nearly exploded, hearing bald Japanese imperialist lyrics set to Yes, My Darling Daughter.

They had talked. They were still talking, sitting now at a table in the lobby, heated and weary and still not ready to part from each other.

Nick said, "The trouble with you is you don't appreciate your own good luck. When I think of you at your age, having been all the places you've been and seen all you've seen, it makes me madder than ever. At myself, I mean. Here you are, twenty-two."

"Twenty-three, too soon."

"Sure. At your age, they usually wa to be older. When you're mine, y won't. So I'm thirty already and if I kn one I know four dozen men, twent seven, twenty-four—I even know o who's only twenty-one who's been over the lot. They've seen everythin

"The trouble with you is," said Bet "you don't appreciate your own lu Why, man, all my life I've wished some kind of substance, something li home in my life. I know what it's li The two years I told you about, wh I was with my aunt in Baltimore a then at school, before I came back Shanghai and my mother died. List I experienced it then."

"You're really minus some button said Nick. "You have all the comfo of home out here and none of the st finess."

"And none of the I don't know wha said Betty. "We have mechanical frigerators in Shanghai, and auton biles and country clubs and gossip a you don't have to lift a finger. So woman's always shrieking 'Amah, am bring me my handkerchief. Bring glassee water.' Look. That's part what's wrong. I was six when we mov to Saïgon from Paris, I was nine wh we moved to Shanghai and in all th years of amahs serving you and cool pulling you and the British and French and the Americans saving y white prestige—" she pulled out damp embroidered handkerchief a fanned herself—"it's been wrong. don't belong out here and if they acc us, because they're too weak to do a thing else, the East itself rejects us."

Nick said, "Well, I don't know, ma you've had your fill of it. I have that's all I know." He suddenly laugh "I still can't see you with your h done up in curlers sitting on the fr steps while the brats run their scoot over the petunia bed."

"Why, that isn't what I mean. mean . . . you know what I mean. told you enough—" she halted

loked almost startled. "Isn't it curi-
ou how freely strangers talk to each
ot r, if they're both Westerners, or
wtever it is?"

guess it is," said Nick. "At any
ra it always seems to happen that
wa. Of course, I've seen some of the
wst matches you can imagine just
co e out of, say, an American girl
mting an American fellow in Hawaii
or ere in Japan."

etty said, "You see? It proves what
I as just saying. We feel insecure,
we know we should only be visitors in
th East, so we strike up abnormally
clse friendships—"

Abnormally close," said Nick. "For
ra money, the ones I'm thinking of
we just abnormal. One of my best
fids married—*married*—the last girl
in e world for him. Why? Because
th wo of them were in Kyoto the same
wk. Minute they got back to Cali-
fonia, they stopped speaking to each
t r."

Best friends never like their best
frids' wives," Betty said preachily.
"I on't see anything to that story. They
cod have married in California and
stped speaking in Kyoto and it would
me pleased you just as much."

wasn't pleased," Nick said in a
wnded voice. Suddenly he leaned
fo ard, seeing Cogswell ascend the
st s toward their level of the lobby.
Notice that distinguished-looking
ma with white hair?" Nick said.

etty said, "Oh, that's Gregory Ward
Cogswell. What's he up to in Tokyo?"

He's just bearing me in mind," said
Nic.

ogswell came toward them, walk-
n too much like a zoo panther for
Nic's taste.

didn't know you were over," Cogs-
wl said to Betty. "We haven't seen
ea other for far too long a time."

etty was civil, but, Nick thought, a
lit distant.

You know Shanghai?" Cogswell said,
to include Nick in the talk.

plan to."

You must. It's very different from
th place." Cogswell looked around
sadly. "And this is very different
fro what it once was. Misfortune to
ma shot their bolt in China. As for
me *maskee*, as we say in Shanghai. It
do n't matter."

That reminds me," Nick said. "I
fo t to tell you when I saw you at the
cl —I did a little broadcasting in
Ho olulu. For the Star-Bulletin." He
fe like an ass the minute he said it.

ogswell replied with interest, "I'm
gl you told me. I haven't forgotten."

BUT Cogswell had forgotten. He was
leased, making his way to his room,
to ave his memory refreshed. This
mt provide the solution for the only
pr lem that remained, a relatively
mi r one, of hiring some one to protect
H in Shanghai while he was in Ma-
nil Griggs is a possibility, he told
hi self, and put through a call to Ma-
sit They arranged to meet in the
mo ning to exchange views on Griggs;
he did not name the rendezvous over
th telephone.

At at ten-thirty, the following day,
he greeted each other in a room on the
fo th floor of Metropolitan police
he quarters. The head of the for-
ers' section, a middle-aged Japa-
ne in a shiny black suit, sat at the
cl splashed table with them. He picked
hi teeth, while Cogswell read the first
re on Griggs, Nicholas, American
jou alist.

I doubt if I need to wade through all
thi " Cogswell said in Japanese. He
rem ved his reading glasses. It strained
yo eyes to decipher Japanese ideo-
gra hs. Cogswell did not propose to
wea en his vision so that he would be
forced to wear spectacles on the street.

The police official was pleased to take charge. He rustled the papers. "His father, Arthur Griggs, still runs a hardware store in Terre Haute, Ind.," he said in a monotonous voice. "Votes Democrat. His brother, Arthur, Junior, works in the Terre Haute First National Bank. Griggs writes to him, to his parents and infrequent notes to men he seems to have worked with on newspapers elsewhere."

"Any politics in his letters?" Cogswell asked.

"No, he never mentions the China Incident or even the Russian situation."

"Quite sure?"

"Positive, or we should have the records," said the official. He held up a page; the lights were dim in the meager room. "He was born a Methodist-Episcopalian. Only the mother attends church. For nearly six months, from the time he graduated from Purdue in 1932 to the time he was hired as police reporter for the Indianapolis News, nothing. There is a gap in our files."

"That doesn't matter," said Cogswell. "We know about the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Star-Bulletin in Honolulu, and then here. We know all that."

THE official flipped a page. "He does not save money. He pays his chits, but is too openhanded."

Makita said: "You've checked all his mail and his files."

"We sincerely have never found anything incriminating; not in his letters, in his office or in his hotel room," said the official, sadly.

Cogswell rose. "Thanks very much, sir. I'm much obliged."

The official said: "Last evening he spent with Alfred Carpenter and a Miss Betty Gaspard, from Shanghai."

Cogswell frowned. "Oh, I thought you said he knew no one in Shanghai. Of course, I remember, I saw him with Miss Gaspard. They didn't seem to be discussing war and peace."

"Miss Gaspard and Mr. Griggs just met last evening," the official said. "Mr. Carpenter introduced them. They quarreled fiercely."

"*Ah, sa*," said Cogswell, smiling. He bowed to the official, stood back to let Makita precede him, changed his mind and walked out first. He was still smiling. He looked at the watch strapped on his lean, yellowish wrist. There was ample time to hire Griggs before he himself caught the plane for Shanghai.

(To be continued next week)

The Carriage Trade

TO TAKE a baby to the Park
Requires a full-blown Noah's ark . . .
I have to cart along a bottle
Of orange juice with which to throttle
His angry cries at half past ten.
And when I put him down again
To drool in his perambulator,
He judges me a second-rater
On whom to shower shrill abuse
If I do not at once produce
His rubber spoon and teething ring.
What's more, I always have to bring
A blanket, lest an autumn breeze
Encourage a potential sneeze.
Spare pants I do not dare forget
To dry Young Faithful, when he's wet.
And cleansing tissues I must lug
To dust his sooty, city mug.
My camera, too, must make the trip,
Nor would it be discreet to skip
The sunburn oil with which to tan
My little tadpole of a man.
Indeed I take so many chattels
From food to freshly laundered rattles,
Plus purse, and magazines, and books,
There's barely room enough for Snooks.

MARGARET FISHBACK

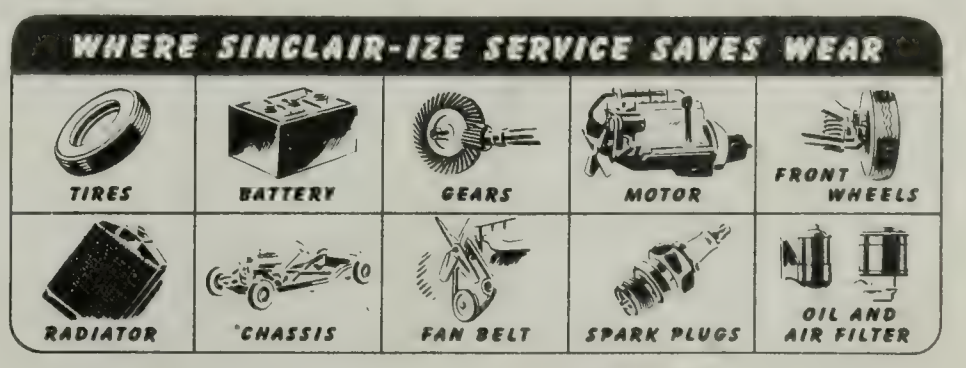


CHEER UP, Lady. While it's true you'll probably have to walk when your present car gives out, there's a way to help put off that day.

Simply put your car in the hands of a Sinclair Dealer for regular servicing. Sinclair Dealers have developed a special Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer.

Every day Sinclair lubricants are saving wear on vital transportation equipment used by American railroads, airlines, and in many cases on equipment used by the U. S. Army.

Profit by their experience — rely on Sinclair lubricants — and have a Sinclair Dealer Sinclair-ize your car now.



SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR — FOR YOUR COUNTRY



General Montgomery explains British tactics on a map to Wendell Willkie, at headquarters on the Libyan battlefront

WILLKIE AT THE FRONT

By Frank Gervasi

CABLED FROM CAIRO

The turning point of the war, as announced by our roving observer, runs into censor trouble one hot afternoon

WENDELL WILLKIE'S recent visit to the Middle East was the second of two memorable events during the last days of August and early September. The first, of course, was the defeat of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

This, among other things, caused stocks to rise on the Cairo Bourse. Some of the lovelies who had evacuated Alexandria returned to that city's beaches, pubs and parties.

The victory over Rommel removed an immediate threat to Egypt and at least put our side in a position to resume the initiative—as they say in treatises on war. The enemy lost a considerable quantity of men and weapons. The myth of Rommel's invincibility was destroyed in a brief hot battle which was over almost before anybody knew it had begun. It was as brief as it was hot and almost as destructive to the German war machine as a short circuit in a generator.

There's no tendency here, however, for the British to overestimate the damage done to the Afrika Korps or to underestimate Rommel's ability to recuperate.

The two events—the victorious battle and Willkie's arrival—coincided so closely that they became confused. The newspaper boys hardly had time to cover the first event before it telescoped into the second, and they were very busy with the second. The blitzvisit was crammed with statements, interviews, receptions, cocktail parties, appearances before still and movie cameras, radio talks, calls on diplomats and kings, conferences with politicians, soldiers and more diplomats.

Short as it was, the correspondents worked harder and longer during Willkie's visit than at any time while away from the fighting front. But he provided them with more fun than they'd had since coming to cover this singularly humorless war. The correspondents had become a bit jaded from pulling Old School Ties, deploring the hectic night life of Cairo and covering retreats. Willkie shook up their livers.

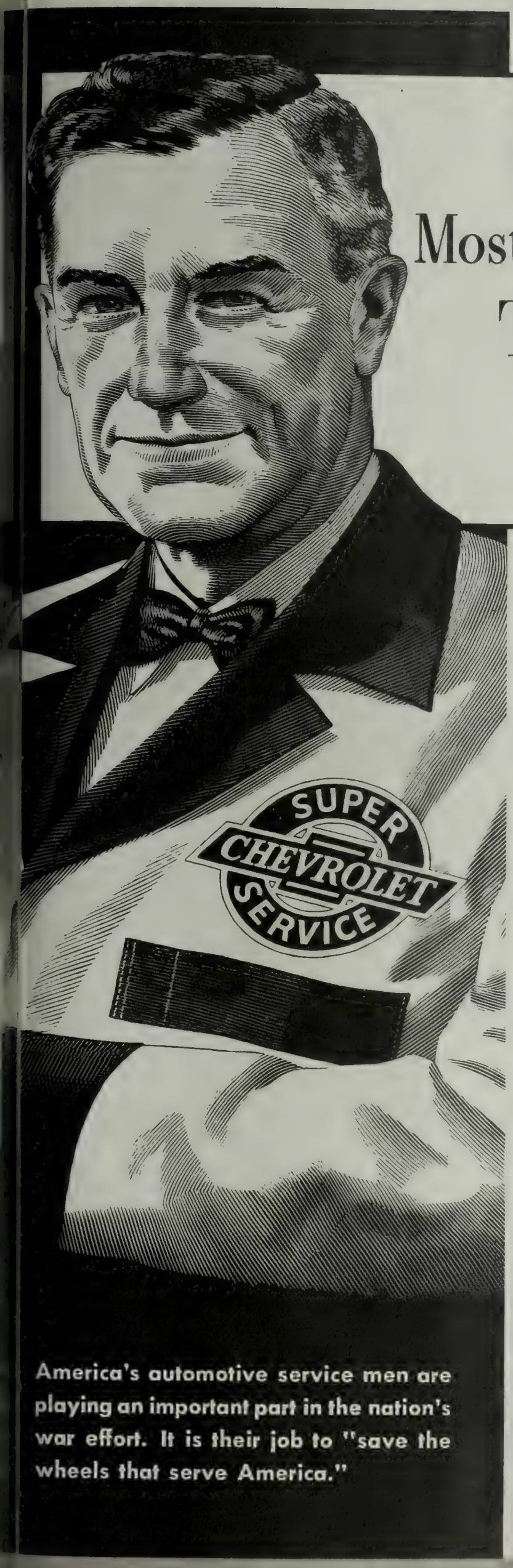
He sassed the censors, made formal diplomatic calls in a lounge suit instead of the sacred striped pants and tail coat of tradition. He managed to impart to nearly everything he did an atmosphere of clambake. Censorship, motivated by the sheer necessity for keeping Berlin in the dark as to Willkie's views about political and military affairs in the Middle East, prevented details of his visit from becoming known. This article is an attempt to supply some of those missing details.

In any other setting, the breezy politician might have seemed a heroic figure, remarkable for his frankness and sincerity. He might have wowed them at some multicourse dinner of superpatriots back home. In the Middle East however, with its traditions of reticence, its compunctions of secrecy in political and military matters, Willkie's act didn't quite come off. He was usually out of character and seemed, most of the time, a huge and handsome bull in a storeful of porcelain images. Every time he moved, you wanted to warn that he might break something.

He did some good but he also bro few images. The damage occurred spite the presence in his cruise cre Joseph Barnes, soft-spoken for newspaperman who now is an off of the Office of War Information. was the conscience of the party, a s voice which kept saying: "Be car Wendell! Somebody might be tryin sell you a bill of goods. Watch w you say and remember this is a Bri battlefield and they are the bosses he

He didn't prevent Willkie, howe from calling on His Majesty King rouk of Egypt in an ordinary suit from having himself photographed sloppy bush shirt, baggy pants and outsize sun helmet, with German pri ers who stood rigidly at attention regarded him with considerable c ness. Goebbels couldn't have fake better picture for his kind of pr ganda.

Also in Willkie's party was Gar Cowles, publisher of a picture maga which privately sponsored Willkie's good-will-mission dash to Engl



America's automotive service men are playing an important part in the nation's war effort. It is their job to "save the wheels that serve America."

Meet One of America's Most Important Victory Workers THE AUTOMOTIVE MECHANIC

It is his job to "save the wheels that serve America," and you'll understand how vitally important his skill is to all of us when you consider the following facts*:

- Automobiles and trucks form *the sole practicable means of transportation* for war workers and war materials in many communities throughout America.
- In some sections, 78% to 100% of the workers drive by automobile to vital war plants.
- 2,314 U. S. cities, with a combined population of 12,524,000, depend on private cars for transportation; and 54,000 U. S. communities depend entirely on motor vehicles.
- Six out of every ten farms use one car or more; and 67% of all farm car mileage is necessity driving.
- 65.2% of all war plants reporting in Michigan (a typical war production state) depend on trucks to haul their incoming freight, while 69% use trucks to haul outgoing freight.
- Trucks haul nearly 100% of the milk supply of most large cities—and 58% of all livestock marketed in the U. S.
- 95% of all fruits and vegetables hauled less than 300 miles are carried by trucks.
- Trucks are the sole transportation system serving the 54,000 communities in the U. S. not reached by railroads.

The automotive mechanic—*the trained Chevrolet Victory Service Man*—is the lifeguard of America's millions of cars and trucks. Help him to help you and America by getting a skilled service check-up at regular intervals.

**All statements based on reports compiled by the Michigan State Highway Dept. and the Statistical Dept. of A. M. A.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER TODAY

HEADQUARTERS FOR VICTORY SERVICE ON ALL MAKES OF CARS AND TRUCKS

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

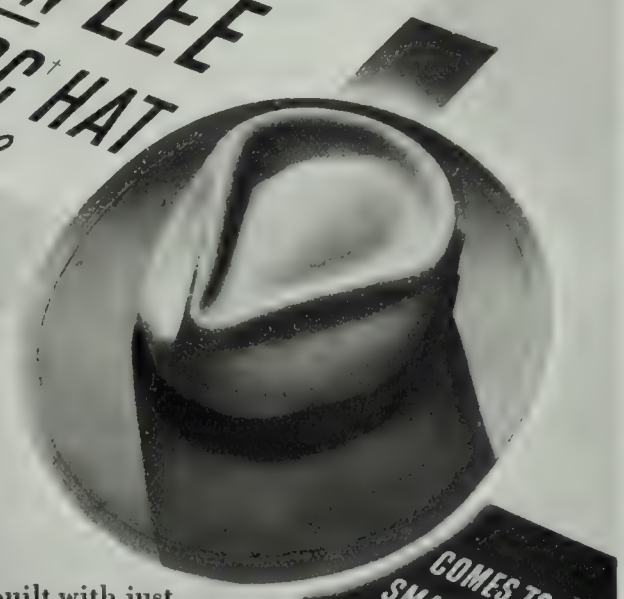
Take the time to discover the merits of this excellent beer



FOR GOOD TASTE
Blatz

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR NINETY-FIRST YEAR

This is it
THE NEW LEE PRE-BLOC† HAT
$5.00



COMES TO YOU SMARTLY SHAPED FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR

The LEE Pre-Bloc† hat is built with just the right crease and pinch in the crown, and the correct curve to the brim.

Try on a LEE Pre-Bloc hat in the new Fall color, *"Postal Telegraph Blue."*

The LEE Pre-Bloc is also available in the Water-Bloc* at $6.50.

Lee features AETNA, *the Insured Hat* ... also Hats for Boys.

LEE HATS
358 Fifth Avenue, New York

*†Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copr. 1942, F. H. L. Co.

Buy War Bonds

Cowles' presence in Willkie's entourage gave rise to rumors that Wendell's trip to the Middle East was much less that of an emissary from President Roosevelt than of a politician making hay for a future election campaign.

Willkie's first plunge into Middle East affairs happened in the marbled hall of the impressive headquarters of the United States forces in North Africa, formerly the home of a wealthy Egyptian family. The active and passive press, uniformed and ununiformed, male and female, American and foreign, were there about seventy strong. Even the Times of London came; so did British and American censors.

Willkie, in a summerweight single-breasted suit, his pants belt tight around his middle, his hair rumpled, and looking very much a man of the people in his white shirt and unremarkable necktie, sat on a chair before a table set on the first landing of a staircase that swept upward behind him. There was a shaft of light on his face from an open door. He reassured us that the Yankees were doing well, but he expressed concern about the Brooklyn Dodgers' chances.

So many civilian defense organizations have requested additional copies of The Truth About Poison Gas, published in Collier's September 26th issue, that we are now offering reprints at the following cost prices, which include shipping and handling: $2.50 a hundred; single copies 5¢. Address Collier's Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio, stating the quantity wanted

Winning with Willkie

Then he turned prophet. He announced that, in his opinion, Hitler was 'way out on a limb and that the tide had turned against the enemy. Pressed for an explanation, Willkie hedged. He admitted that, while the tide had turned, that tide still would take a long time to engulf the enemy. At the moment, the Germans were pounding at Stalingrad, the Japs were making things hot for us in New Guinea and the Solomons, and while we all knew we'd lick Hitler and Hirohito, the victory of which he talked so brightly seemed to us still far away.

It wasn't so much what Willkie said as the manner in which he said it. We got the impression that the war was practically over; that Hitler was licked. Willkie generated an atmosphere of optimism that continued to brighten life in Cairo long after he left. But while there was reason for encouragement due to Rommel's defeat, there still was danger to Egypt and the Middle East.

Later, at another press conference, Willkie, piling words on words, reached even greater heights of optimism. Someone asked him whether the folks at home realized the importance to the United Nations of holding the Middle East and, in a later phase of the war, of using it as a springboard for an attack against Europe and the Balkans. Here, Willkie struck a blow for democracy. He said he didn't believe Americans *did* realize it.

He explained that his mission was partly to bring the Middle East to the attention of the American people, and everybody cheered. A press veteran of many battles with censorship in Eastern and Central Europe then inquired whether Willkie believed Americans were sufficiently well informed about the situation.

"No," said Willkie. "Frankly, I don't think so. I believe the censors ought to permit more news to get out."

After that, Willkie went to the desert in a United States Army catch-as-catch-can uniform. He didn't make a very good-looking soldier, but nobody would have minded that, had he stuck to his strictly amateur role. He became an authority on the higher strategy after a few hours' visit to the battlefront where a few bombs fell near enough h him to see the columns of dust t raised and to hear them burst.

Reporters at the front met him large assembly tent which Gen Montgomery uses for staff conferen It was hot, close and quiet.

The first question was: "Well, Willkie, how do you like our desert

As though the question had releas secret spring, Willkie dived into speech: "The battle which has just b won is perhaps one of the most deci in history. It is comparable to the B of the Nile when Nelson destroyed French fleet. Egypt is saved. threat to the Nile Valley has been moved!"

Correspondents, conditioned to un statements by vigilant censorship, g at Willkie. They hadn't known the been a battle going on at all. knew the enemy had attacked on Au 30th, but this was September 5th. then was news—hot, perishable They rushed it through typewriters; patch riders took it to press headq ters—but all in vain. Willkie overstated the importance of the b Egypt had been saved, but the salva process had begun long before this battle started, and still the threa Egypt remained and wouldn't be moved until Rommel's armies ei were destroyed or chased out of E and Libya.

A Slight Overstatement

Willkie had the censors on a They were obliged to choose bet pruning his utterance down to rea able terms (thereby risking offen him) or allowing Berlin to get valu propaganda material, because B knew as well as the British that had happened in the desert wasn't actly comparable to Nelson's victor

If the British censors had allo Willkie's statement to go out, B could have assumed that the state came directly from British officers had conducted him to the front. Goebbels would have had a chuckle.

The rest of the press conference like this: A correspondent asked, "W you bombed, Mr. Willkie?"

"Well, yes, yes, I was bombed."

"Was it high-level bombing, Mr. kie?"

"Yes, but you've got to expect sort of thing."

Men who'd been strafed, bom dive-bombed, shelled and mach gunned smiled to themselves.

Willkie returned to his original th —the importance of the British vi over the Afrika Korps.

"The past two days constitute the turning point of the war," he said. "I can't stress too strongly that it's due to the brilliant tactical generalship of General Montgomery. I want you fellows who write for the papers back home to stress particularly that General Montgomery is a fighting Irishman from South Ireland."

Montgomery is actually an Ulsterman.

With that, Willkie grabbed his sola topee, slammed it on his head with the chinstrap under the crown, so that it fitted none too well. The reporters wrote what Willkie had said, with prayers that General Montgomery, a tall, lathy, modest man of few words, wouldn't mind. One of the nuances of that conference, too, was Willkie's description of how victory was won in the desert. He was talking at one point of the fact that it was "a United Nations victory." He said it had been won by Australians, Indians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Americans—"and, of course, Englishmen." He added Englishmen as an afterthought, it seemed.

This seemed tactless in view of the fact that seventy-five per cent of the men who did the job on the Afrika Korps were Englishmen.

Willkie's next major public appearance was back in Cairo at a cocktail party in the South African Club, arranged by a Free Frenchman named André Glarner and a Chicago newspaperman, Alec Small. Willkie's henchman, Cowles, went about asking correspondents whether the reporters out on the desert had sent in stories about Willkie's pronouncements there. He demonstrated considerable anxiety about the kind and amount of publicity that Willkie was getting.

British press relations officers were at the party. One correspondent told Willkie that his overzealous words on the desert had been severely censored by the British. Angry, Willkie set his chin, leaned forward into a group of newspapermen and said, in the hearing of the British officers, "God damn it, boys, nobody's got the right to censor anything I say! I'm a responsible person. Nobody's got any right to censor me—and I mean nobody!"

Then, raising his voice slightly and addressing himself to a monocled lieutenant colonel, Willkie went on, "You can tell that to anybody, and I mean anybody you like—I mean it."

A correspondent saved the situation slightly by saying that was the way he felt about anything *he* said, too, whereupon everyone laughed nervously. Willkie posed for several photographs, shook hands with people and left.

Cool Reception in Turkey

In Ankara, where they are sticklers for diplomatic protocol, President Inonu of Turkey was conveniently away when Willkie arrived there. There's an unbreakable rule in Turkey that all official receptions must be held in Ankara. Inonu's absence obviated meeting Willkie, although we were given to understand in Cairo that Wendell carried a personal message to Inonu from Roosevelt, as he did for King Farouk, Chiang Kai-shek and other heads of states.

The Iranians don't like their loyalty to Great Britain questioned. Whoever briefed Willkie for this flight into international affairs, however, neglected to tell him about that. When he reached Bagdad he committed one of the major blunders of his journey. He saw General Nuri.

Said Willkie after his interview: "I had a long and deep discussion with Premier-General Nuri. There's no doubt we've got a friend there—his heart's right in it."

The implication read into this was that, abroad, there had been some doubt concerning Nuri's loyalty.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Hennessy's always on the alert. When he isn't playing, he's listening for planes"

ELMER ATKINS



"Here's what you're looking for..."

... LETTERS! And don't forget—others are looking for letters from you, just as you are looking for letters from them. So write—often.

In America's war efforts the fountain pen has become almost indispensable. With it letters are written that maintain the morale of our fighting men ... of the workers in the great new war industries ... and of the folks at home. With it plans are shaped to speed up war production. And with it, students are being trained for the responsibilities of tomorrow. To meet these vital needs, Waterman's has gone "all out" in providing *good* pens, while conserving the nation's vital materials. L. E. WATERMAN CO., 55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Waterman's Commando is the new super-pen specially designed for today's speeded-up tasks. Rugged, dependable, practical, it's ideal for service man or civilian. Priced at **$5**—others $2.95, $3.50, $8.75, and up.



Waterman's Ideal

Waterman's Ink, the world favorite for 50 years. High quality, popular colors—and great volume, making possible the low price of only **10¢.**

UNION MADE







New Bodies for Old

Continued from page 20

of his mouth so that he wore a perpetual hideous leer. Kilner's knife worked busily for fifteen minutes, his needles for another ten, and the man would be normal.

I walked through the wards of Queen Mary's (Roehampton) Hospital with Kilner, looking at postoperative cases. All were the result of either bombing or shrapnel or burns. Every type of skin graft was here; every type of war wound. In one women's ward, there were eight women in bed.

"They all look cheerful enough," I suggested to the nurse.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "considering the fact that there are only five legs among those eight women—all blitz victims.

"It's Helen's eighteenth birthday," the nurse said to Kilner. "Would you care to see her?"

"Yes," Kilner said. "How is she?"

"Had a couple of bad days. Now and then she gets discouraged. Then too, sometimes she remembers that night."

"Helen is our pet here," Kilner said. "She's eighteen today."

We found Helen enjoying the sun. She sat in a wheel chair and she wore a blue negligee of which she was shyly proud—a birthday present. I wondered if there was anything seriously wrong with her.

"Let's see how we're coming along," Kilner said gaily, and gently removed the loose new blue negligee from her left shoulder.

A Miracle of Skin Grafting

It was difficult not to cry out. Her left arm ended at the wrist, and, grafted to the lower arm, stretching to her abdomen, was a heavy tube of skin.

"Helen didn't need that skin on her tummy," Kilner said, laughing into the child's eyes. "So we attached it to her wrist and now it's healed nicely, and soon we're going to attach it to her leg because she needs some nice new skin there." He replaced the negligee around her shoulder and asked, "How is your other arm?"

"All right," Helen said, looking down at her right hand with interest, and then I saw that it was artificial. "I can work the thumb nicely. I can hold a fork or a cup easily."

"Soon we'll have another hand for you, and you'll be able to do anything you want," Kilner said.

"A bomb," he explained shortly, after we left Helen. "She lived in a town on the west coast. Lost both arms, and her leg was burned badly. I have to do that graft to save the leg."

What Kilner was doing to rebuild the pathetically broken body of the girl was to use what the surgeons call a Tubed Pedicle Flap. Once the wrist stump had healed, he cut a long strip of skin from her abdomen, sewed it in the form of a tube and attached it to her forearm. That had grafted perfectly. It formed a living ten-inch bridge between her abdomen and her arm. This took only a couple of weeks.

Soon he would cut the skin flap off at the abdomen and then graft that end of it to the damaged knee, because the burns she had suffered on the leg had killed the skin, and the blood vessels below the surface of the foot itself were receiving no life-giving blood. In time, infection would certainly set in. In short, the foot and lower leg would die and amputation would be the only remedy.

Once the skin flap had been grafted successfully to the knee (a matter of a few weeks), then the flap could be cut from the lower arm and spread over the lower leg. Once successfully grafted, life would return to the dying leg. To the layman, this seems a long-drawn-out process. It is, but barring unexpected complications, such a series of operations is usually successful.

Thousands of pilots whose faces and hands were burned to ugly, dead scar tissue have been returned to almost normal by the skill at skin grafting shown by the plastic surgeons of Britain. There was a time when plastic surgery was the bedraggled Cinderella of medical science. The public thought of a plastic surgeon as a sort of quack who spent his time lifting wrinkles from the parchment skin of aging dowagers or removing incriminating scars from the faces of public enemies.

Actually a plastic surgeon of the type of Kilner, Gillies or McIndoe is nothing but a highly qualified general surgeon who has applied his talents and experience to reconstructive and reparative work on every part of the body.

The science of reconstruction has advanced incredibly since the last war. It has advanced to such an extent that today Queen Mary's Hospital, in addition to victims of this war, has more than fifty casualties from the last. A jaw adequately rebuilt in 1920 will, because of the outmoded technique used at that time, now have lost many of its teeth. Routine bone grafting can be done to a jaw which has failed to unite properly. Hairless skin, probably from the upper arm, can be grafted on the lining of the cheek, and the contour built out where necessary with a wax mold.

I went to a hospital in Kent that was filled with blitz victims, most of whom were on the point of returning to the civilian life from which bombs had blasted them. I visited that hospital a year ago, just after the horrible May 10, 1941, raid on London. Every bed in it was filled, and patients lay in rows, in corridors, waiting their turn for the operating room.

Reluctantly I visited the hospital again, after a year, and found that a great many of the same women and children were there, but their eyes had lost the vacant look they had had then, and now no sudden flashes of instinctive terror crossed their faces when remembrance came. A year had, to a great extent, banished the memory of terror, and if memory came, it came deep in the night when one was alone.

Rebuilding Arms and Legs

Legs and arms that were amputated in the last war as a matter of course, are now saved more often than not, but there are still thousands of amputations performed—for the alternative is death. Here at Queen Mary's Roehampton, those who lost arms or legs had been refitted with artificial appendages, and there was not the slightest sign of despair on the face of a single patient. Plastic surgery or reparative surgery is closely aligned to orthopedic surgery. Once the stumps are healthy and alive with growing skin taken from some other part of the body, the task of fitting artificial limbs comes. The surgeons and the engineers have accomplished amazing things in the construction of arms and legs.

"Look at that," the doctor in charge chuckled, pointing to a ten-year-old girl. The youngster was skipping rope and enjoying it. "She lost her leg in a blitz only four months ago," he went on. "And we've fixed her up pretty well. You'd have to look twice to know wh limb is artificial. She can bicycle she can walk, and now we're teach her to skip rope. Youngsters are plia and they adjust themselves easily.

"We have a gardener here I want y to see," he went on. "He was a pati of ours for a few months and wanted stay on. We'll find him."

We found him grumbling because weeds had strangled a few of his ro The doctor asked him if he'd run do the garden path and then run back. doctor added that he'd bet a shillin couldn't tell which of his legs had b amputated. The gardener grinned kn ingly (evidently this was a garden t played on all visitors), and cheerf ran down the path, turned and ran ba He ran easily, evenly, and I could tell which leg was artificial.

"The right one," I said. I was j betting on the law of averages.

"You're wrong, mate!" the garde laughed, and he lifted his trouser l a foot. Both legs were artificial.

New Life with New Limbs

"Of course, it takes time," the s geon explained. "First, we have th exercise the right muscles to deve them. We fit them with artificial lin to measure. Then they practice bef a mirror. Adjustments can be made the legs. Incidentally, they weigh o five and a half pounds each. As s as they get the idea that they can ac ally walk, they want perfection. ultimate aim is to make them entir unconscious of their artificial lim We discourage the use of canes, wh reminds them of the loss they h suffered.

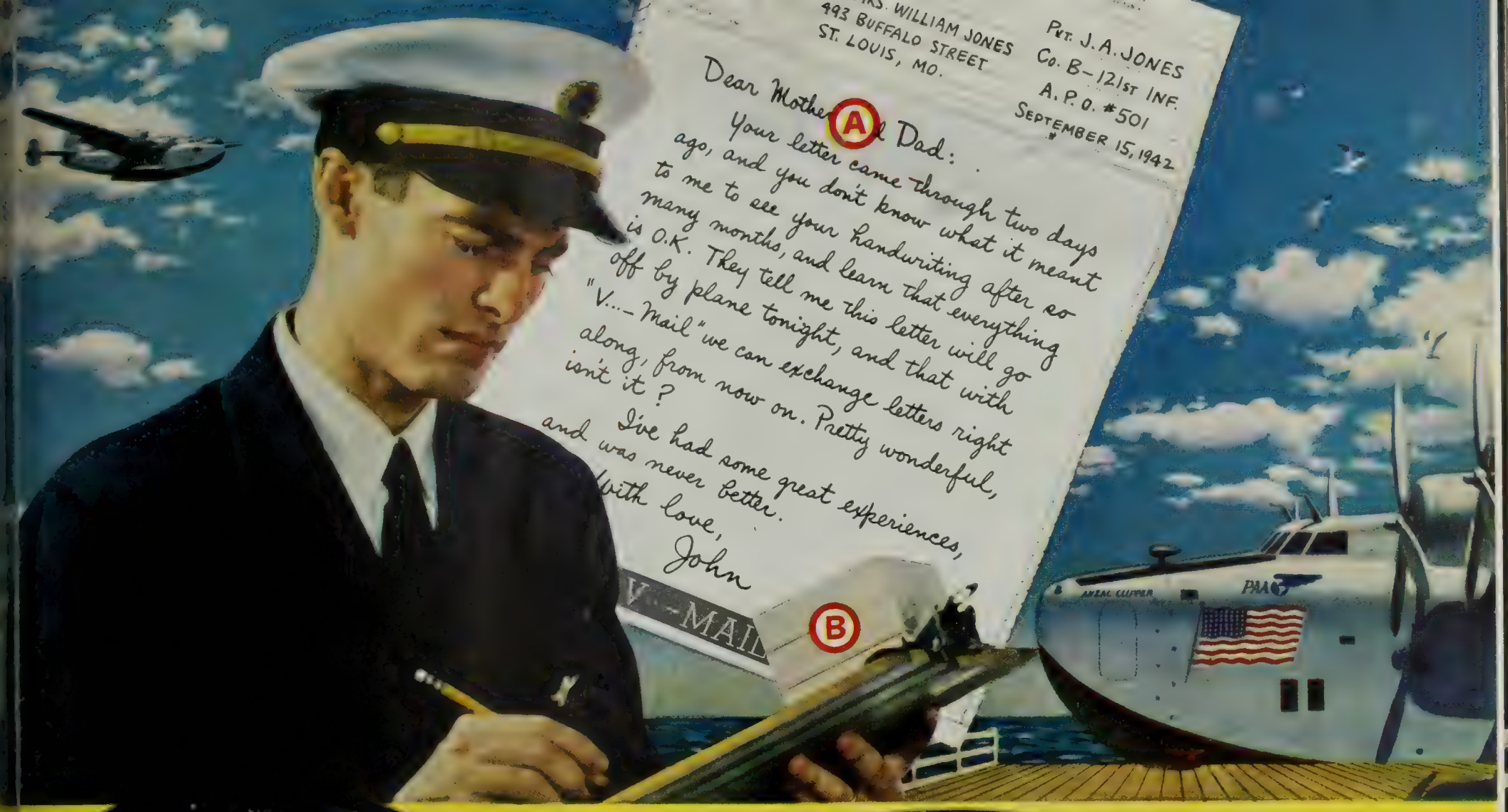
Artificial arms give even more sc to the surgeon and the engineer. T development has been rapid and mos it has come during the past two ye If you have one sound arm and ha the artificial one is made to its measu ment. The hand is made exactly size of your good hand and, of cou is painted flesh color. The thumb worked by a strong cord passed aro the upper back of the patient. thumb opens and shuts as he pushes shoulder backward or forward. Suc hand can be used for carrying a suitc holding a newspaper or for any ordin daily pursuits. For factory work there are all sorts of special gadgets tached by merely unscrewing the h and screwing in the tool required.

None of this may be pretty to r about, but then, the war that has b waged against the civilians of Brit and Russia is not a very pretty wa all. Once you get accustomed to it, don't mind the sight of wounded diers and pilots, but even the men Kilner's staff confess that they ne get accustomed or hardened to the si of girls like Helen or of the eight wo lying in the semiprivate ward.

The war comes closer and closer t in America each day, and if one is to complain about the rationing of ti of gasoline and of sugar, the though the thousands of civilians still in ho tals in Britain trying, with the help these magnificent surgeons, to reb shattered bodies which were never m to withstand the steel and iron of bom might come as a sobering thought.

The thought might banish the irr tion we feel because we can't drive the beach on Sunday. To date, the has brought no suffering in Americ any sixteen-year-old youngster Helen or thousands like her.

THE END



A—You read a letter in your boy's own writing, like that above (actual size). B—The three small boxes in the photograph contain over 5000 of these letters—in the form of photographic film. C—On this one roll of 16-mm. film—shown in slightly reduced size—1700 letters have been photographed.

Kodak created, U.S. Government adopts "V···-MAIL"... for communication with our men on distant fronts

Your boy writes you a letter on a sheet of paper—regular letter size. This is photographed on Kodak microfilm—is reduced in size to about a quarter of a square inch ...Now it has only 1/100 of the weight of normal mail.

With thousands of other letters—85,000 letters weighing 2000 pounds weigh only 20 when reduced to microfilm—it is swiftly flown from his distant outpost to America.

Here, again through photography, the letter addressed to you is "blown up" to readable size—folded, sealed in an envelope, and forwarded to you. It is as clear as the original writing. It really *is* the writing of your boy because it's a photographic print.

And your letters to him, which you write on special forms, go by the same space-saving, time-saving V···— Mail.

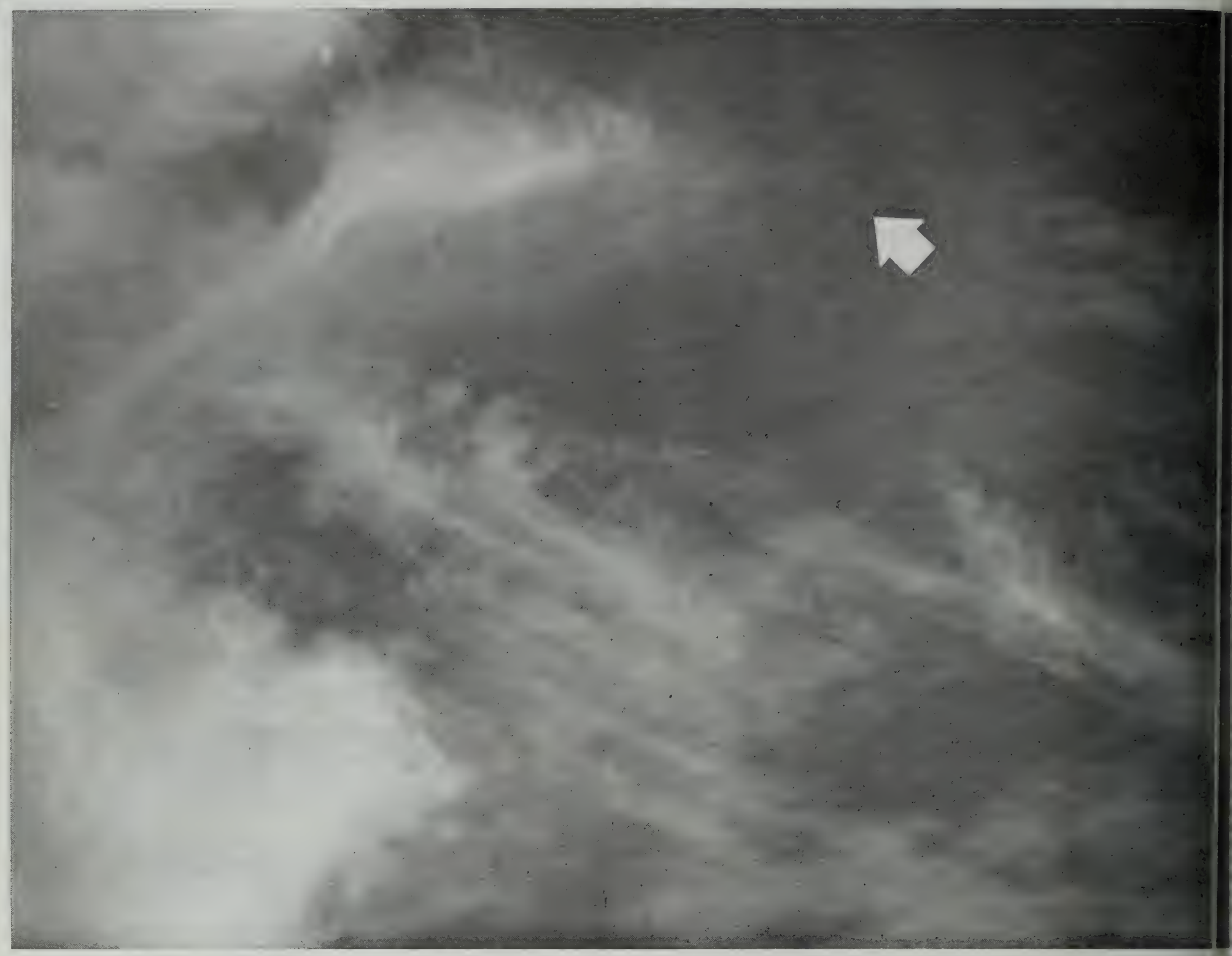
Kodak developed and perfected the process . . . Pan American Airways and British Overseas Airways, the two great pioneers in transoceanic air transport, blazed the air trails . . . and the three companies, as Airgraphs, Ltd., offered the service to the American and British governments.

In April, 1941, under the trademark "Airgraph," England first employed the system to solve the problem of getting mail to and from the forces in the Near East. The Airgraph System was gradually expanded until it knits the British Empire together with about a million letters a week—personal and official.

And now the men serving overseas in the American armed forces also have the benefits of this form of speedy correspondence.

Airgraph, or V···— Mail as it is called here, is an adaptation of Kodak's *Recordak System* which has revolutionized the record-keeping methods of thousands of banks and business houses. Many records of the U.S. Census, Social Security, and Army Selective Service are on microfilm—error-proof, tamper-proof, lasting photographic copies of the original bulky records...Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY



Photograph of a Flying Fortress—seven miles up

This is the way a Flying Fortress* looks to the enemy, on its way to the bombing objective. At six and seven miles up, an airplane is invisible to the naked eye, and one of the reasons for the success of the Flying Fortress in combat is that it strikes with deadly precision from regions above the effective range of anti-aircraft fire, and beyond the reach of most enemy planes.

Seven miles is 36,960 feet. Problems of flight that high in the air increase in severity with every hundred feet. The air up there is colder than Siberia in winter, and atmospheric pressure falls off sharply. The stratosphere is still a newly discovered country. Until recently, one of the major problems has been the maintaining of communications.

A year ago 19,000 feet seemed to be the ceiling for plane-to-ground voice communication. Above that, somewhere in the thin, biting air of the substratosphere, the radio-telephone died. Radio-telegraph was good up to 26,000. From there, it was a one-way street. You could receive, but you couldn't send.

Here was a problem for Boeing acoustical and electrical engineers. Years ago, Boeing led the development of the first plane-to-ground short-wave radio-telephone system. Now, with Boeing Flying Fortresses operating six, seven and more miles above the earth, it was necessary to provide two-way radio voice communication at these levels. . . . This the Boeing engineers did.

Working nights and days, working in the laboratory and "upstairs" in the stratosphere, working against time and cold and rarefied air, Boeing engineers have gradually pushed the communications ceiling higher and higher.

Today the men in the Fortresses cruising over the roof of the world know that their communication system is the best available. Today the work of Boeing engineers is helping our Air Force to speak terse, well-chosen words for democracy.

The advance of radio communication . . . both for peace and for war . . . is only one of the many different projects which form a constant part of the Boeing engineering schedules at Seattle and in other plants in the Middle West and Canada.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

TWO BEERS

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



Twice Rita leaves a spending table to join Eddie. "Two beers," that's the soldier's slogan, so they call him Two-Beer Eddie. The two sit in a corner and talk

HOW this soldier happens to walk into the Torrid Zone in the first place, nobody can figure. He fits in nice with USO parties and things like that, but not in a clip joint. And, brother, clip joint is what the Torrid Zone is.

That makes it funnier is the way the kid goes for Rita. They call Rita an entertainer because you ain't allowed to call 'em hostesses, but she's strictly from percentage and you'd have thought she'd brush this soldier off after he showed up a second time.

Rita looks like a cutie, but she's smarter than eighteen dollars' worth of hash. The boss likes her because they talk the same language and also because she can build up a sucker's check where he needs an adding machine.

The first night the soldier is there, it's noticed by the boss. He wanders in, and you can see right away he doesn't know he's playing in the wrong league. It's early, the joint ain't busy, and Rita drifts by his table and says, "Hello, soldier." His face lights up, so she sits down to chew the fat a little and kill a few minutes.

You can see that hard little brain of hers working. In this war, you can't ever tell. Some of these guys that ain't got a single chevron on their sleeves or a bar on their shoulders—they got plenty of dough, and they'll part with it for a good time. But not this guy. He tells the waiter to bring the lady a beer. And that is all she ever gets from him for two nights.

After a couple nights the boss has a word with her. He says, "Look, I'm for the Army, see. I think it's swell. I wave the flag high as anybody. But, Rita—you ain't playing smart. You oughta cash this character off?"

Rita looks straight at him. "Eddie won't dust off so easy," she explains. "It's lonely, and talking is the most fun he's had since he joined the Army."

"Look . . ." The boss was almost pleading. "I want he should have a good time. But there ain't any sense of you and me both losing money on account you're concentrating on a dope which he ain't got nothing to recommend him except a uniform."

Rita says, "You're just throwing good money after bad. When the Army figures it wants me, it can have me. And whatever is the program, I drink beer. So you can peddle your apples somewhere else."

Sure, she told him off. She doesn't take nothing from nobody.

Well, Eddie comes in again and again and again. Six nights in a row. Sometimes early and sometimes late. Twice Rita leaves a spending table to join him. "Two beers," that's the soldier's slogan, so they get to call him Two-Beer Eddie. They two sit in a corner and talk, and the boss says, "She's gone crazy—that's what. Up until this Eddie come along, I figured she was the perfect dame for a single like this. And now look at her. You'd think she liked the guy."

"Yeah," agreed the bartender thoughtfully, "you'd almost think that."

THIS sixth night when Eddie comes in, Rita knows right away that something has happened. They talk about this and that, none of it being important, and finally Rita leans over and says, "All right, Eddie: give out."

He smiles, slow and easy, and says, "I like the way you talk."

"Yeah. Me too. Only this time I'm asking questions. What's cooking?"

He shakes his head. "I'm afraid you won't be seeing me again. Not for a long time, anyway."

Rita knew what she ought to be thinking. She ought to be thinking, "Wotta break! Now I'll cut in on wine checks again instead of two-bit beer." But instead she gets a kind of scared feeling. "They transfer you?"

"Sort of."

"Where'll they transfer you to?"

"I'm not sure. And I ain't allowed to talk . . ."

She got it. Overseas stuff. Second front. "It doesn't fit," she says. "Not you."

"Oh, *that!*" He shrugs. "We all want it, and of course we're all scared. But that isn't the important thing, really."

"You goin' overseas ain't important? Are you kiddin'?"

"I never said overseas." He was remembering what his officers had warned. "It's just that I won't be back for a long time, and I didn't want you to think things."

She said, "I'll miss you, Eddie."

"Honest?"

"But good."

"That makes it easier . . ." The guy was getting embarrassed. He reached into the pocket of his OD blouse. "I hope you don't mind, Rita . . but I got something for you to remember me by."

"Now listen . . ."

"You don't have to wear it. It isn't easy to explain. It won't mean a thing to you, though I wish it would. But I want to remember that I gave it to you."

She held out her hand. "What is it?"

"You won't laugh?"

"At you?" She was afraid to look straight at him. "This ain't my laughing night, Eddie."

He put a little box in her hand, and she opened it. The ring was pretty. Even in the dim light the stone gleamed. But it wasn't that so much as the setting. . . . She said, "This kind of a ring . . . ?"

"I knew what kind it was." He was stumbling over his own words. "And I wasn't aiming to be fresh. But the way I feel. . . . You know, if I figured I could come back to see you when it's finished. . . ."

She tried to say the right thing, but it was no soap. She slipped the ring on the third finger of her left hand and looked at it. She tossed off what was left of her beer and the waiter brought two more.

THEY didn't do any talking after that, not until he looked at his wrist watch and said, "I'm leaving. We have orders to be in early. . . ."

She was calling herself all kinds of a fool for feeling like she did. She was saying it was the uniform: that a guy like him she wouldn't give a tumble except there was a war. But it didn't come out even. She said, "You don't know what kind of a dame I am, Eddie."

"Yes, I do."

"I'm a tramp. I'm a percentage gal. I ain't worth wasting time on."

"I think different," he said quietly. "It's the way I want to think . . . and the way I'm going to keep on thinking."

He got up then, and so did she. "You won't," she said, "so I will."

She put her arms around him. When she stepped back he was all over lipstick, and she laughed nervously and wiped it off with her handkerchief.

He said, "I'll be back, Rita, I'll be back."

Then he turned and walked out. Nobody in the joint laughed. She watched him go, and didn't know the boss had walked over until he started talking.

"I figure he ain't coming back," said the boss.

"No."

"Overseas?"

"I suppose so."

"I wish him luck." The boss patted her shoulder. "It's been fun, Rita—but now you're back in circulation. Business is good. You can make yourself a piece of change."

"Okay . . ." She was looking down at the ring he'd given her, the ring with the engagement setting.

The boss said, "Lemme see it. I know diamonds."

She held out her hand. He studied the stone carefully. Then he shook his head. "It's still beer," he said. "That ain't real."

She looked up at him. "It's real," she corrected gently. "It's the only real thing I ever had in my life."



DON'T be one of Hitler's unpaid saboteurs of American transportation.

Drive carefully. Stay under thirty-five. Watch your starts and stops. Take it easy around curves.

Follow Collier's Preventive Service instructions. Write for the Collier's P. S. booklet today. Find out how you can help make your car last for the duration.

Written by men with years of practical experience in motor car service and maintenance, this booklet tells you how to save gasoline, tires and repair bills. There's not a technical term in the entire 12 pages—only simple questions and answers anyone can understand.

Fill in the coupon, send with 6c (either stamps or coin) to cover the cost of handling and mailing to Collier's P. S., 250 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. We'll send your copy of "War and Your Automobile" by return mail.



Collier's *P. S.*
250 Park Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Here's my 6c ☐ stamps ☐ coin
Send me a copy of "War and Your Automobile"
Name _____
Street _____

Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page 18

like Scotch whisky. He came of a race of drinkers who look contemptuously upon an alcoholic content of twelve per cent, unaware that the fermented grape works its enchantments more subtly than the distilled spirits of grain. I do not infer that he was drunk; let us say, rather, that the wine opened his heart. He became less Scottish and more boyish; less the professional detective and more the youth in need of a confidant.

I had dined here with Laura. We had eaten the same food at this very table. The same weary cotton leaves had hung above her head. A mechanical contrivance filled the restaurant with music and sent faint melody into the garden. Someone wrote an unforgettable line (whose precise wording I have forgotten) upon the ineluctable charm of old popular songs. Old tunes had been as much a part of Laura as her laughter.

When I mentioned this to Mark, he nodded gravely and said, "Yep, I know."

"What do you know and how do you know so much?" I demanded, suddenly outraged by his superior airs.

"I looked at her records," he said. "I even played some of them. Make what you want of that, Mr. Lydecker."

I POURED him another glass of wine. His belligerency dwindled and it was not long afterward that he poured forth the revelations recorded in foregoing chapters. I confess that I was not without guilt in plying him with liquor and provocative questions. We discussed the insurance policy, the false alibi, and, at my subtle instigation, Shelby's familiarity with firearms.

"He's quite the sporting type, you know. Hunting, shooting and all that. Once had a collection of guns, I believe."

Mark nodded knowingly.

"Have you checked on them? Or did Shelby confess that, too?"

"I'm a detective. What do you think I do with my time? It was a simple matter of two and two on the guns. Photographs in her album and storage receipts in his room at the Framingham. He went up to the warehouse with me himself on Monday and we looked over the arsenal."

"Well?" I awaited revelation.

"According to the records in the warehouse, nothing has been touched for over a year. Most of the stuff showed rust, and the dust was an inch thick."

"Of course a man might have guns that he didn't put into a warehouse for safekeeping."

"He's not the type to use a sawed-off shotgun."

"A sawed-off shotgun!" I exclaimed. "Do you know positively?"

"We know nothing positively." He underscored the adverb brusquely. "But where do you use BB shot?"

"I'm no sportsman," I confessed.

"Imagine anyone trying to carry a shotgun around the streets of this town. How could he get away with it?"

"Sawed-off shotguns are carried by gangsters," I observed. "At least according to the education I've received at that fount of popular learning, the movies."

The music changed. My hand, holding a wineglass, was stayed on its journey to my lips. My face was drained of color. In the bewildered countenance of my companion I caught a reflection of my pallor.

Yellow hands slid coffee cups across the table. The moon had lost its battle with the clouds and retreated, leaving no trace of copper brilliance in the ominous sky. The air had grown heavier. In the window of a tenement a slim gi stood, her angular dark silhouette sharp ened by a naked electric bulb.

At the table on our left a woman wa singing:

"So I smile and say,
When a lovely flame dies,
Smoke gets in your eyes."

Fixing offended eyes upon her face, spoke in my courtliest tones: "Madam if you would spare the eardrums of on who heard Tamara introduce that en chanting song, you will restrain you rather clumsy efforts at imitation."

She made a remark and gestur which, lest my readers be squeamish, shall not describe. Mark's eyes wer fixed on my face with the squinting at tentiveness of a scientist at a micro scope. I laughed and said hastily, "Tha melody is significant. Common as has become, it has never lost a pecu iarly individual flavor."

"The first time you heard it you wer with Laura," Mark said.

"How astute of you."

"I'm getting used to your ways, M Lydecker."

"You shall be rewarded," I promise "by the story of that night."

"Go on."

"In the fall of '33, shortly after Laur and I became friends, I took her to h first opening night. She was no end ex cited, her eyes burning like a child's, he voice rising in adolescent squeaks as pointed out this and that human crea ture, who had been, until that nigh magic names to the little girl from Colo rado Springs. She wore a gown of cham pagne-colored chiffon and jade-colore slippers.

" 'Laura, my precious babe,' I said t her, 'we shall drink to your frock i champagne.' It was her first taste of i McPherson. Her pleasure gave me th sensation that God must know when h transforms the blasts of March into th melting winds of April.

"Add to this mood a show which all glitter and chic, and top it with th bittersweet froth of song, throatily sun by a Russian girl with a guitar. I fe a small warmth upon my hand, an then as the song continued, a pressur that filled me with swelling ecstasy. D you think this a shameful confession? man of my sort has many easy emo tions, but few great moments. But swear to you, McPherson, in this simpl sharing of melody we had attaine something which few achieve in th more conventional attitudes of affec tion.

"Her eyes were swimming. Later sh told me that she had been recently re jected in love. I imagine anyone reject ing Laura! The fellow I take it, wa rather insensitive. She had, alas, a lo taste in love. Through the confessio I clung to that tender, lively hand."

THE music flowed between the whit dusty boards of the trellis, throug vines of artificial lilac. I had never be fore spoken aloud nor written of th reverie which had filled me since the night with Laura at the theater, yet felt certain security in entrusting it t a man whose nostalgia was concerne with a woman whose face he had neve seen.

At long last the song ceased. Free from pensive memories, I drained m glass and returned to the less oppressiv topic of murder. I had by this time suf ficient command of myself to speak c the scene we had witnessed in Laura room and of Shelby's pallor at the sigh

o the Bourbon bottle. Mark said that t evidence gathered thus far was too ci umstantial and frail to give sub- stice to a case against the bridegroom.

Do tell me this, McPherson. In your o nion, is he guilty?"

Ie answered with an insolent smile. set to work on his emotions. "Poor Lura," I sighed. "How ironic for her ift actually was Shelby. After having ded so generously, to discover treach- l. Those last hideous moments before s died!"

Death was almost instantaneous. Vthin a few seconds she was uncon- s us."

You're pleased, Mark, aren't you? Y u're glad to know she had no time to r et the love she had given?"

Bony hands gripped the table. "Let's h e another drink," he said hoarsely. suggested Courvoisier.

You order. I can't pronounce it."

AFTER a short pause, he said, "Listen, Mr. Lydecker, there's one thing I w t to know. Why did she keep putting o the wedding? She was crazy about h , sh ehad pictures of him all over the p ce, and still she kept postponing it. W y?"

The familiar curse of gold."

Ie shook his head. "Carpenter and I h e gone into that. The guy's fairly d ent about it, if a man can be decent a l take money from a woman. But this is hat gets me: They've been going to- g her for a long time and at last they d ide to break down and get married. S she plans a vacation and a honey- m on, and then has to have a week by h self before she goes through with it W at was holding her back?"

She was tired. She wanted to rest.'

When everyone says the same thing a l it's the easiest answer, you know v y well it's baloney."

Are you suggesting that Laura might h e been seeking excuses for postpon- i the wedding? That she wasn't await- ing the great day with the tremulous expectancy of a happy bride?"

"Could be."

"Strange," I sighed. "Incredibly strange and tragic for us to be sitting here, at this very table, under these same weary lilacs, listening to her favorite tunes and stewing over our jealousy. She's dead, man, dead!"

Nervous hands toyed with the stem of the brandy snifter. With a great sigh he unburdened himself of another weighty question. "Did she ever talk to you about Gulliver?"

My mind leaped nimbly in pursuit. "It's one of your favorites, too, I take it."

"How do you know that?" he challenged.

"Your boasted powers of observation are failing sadly, my dear fellow, if you failed to notice that I took care to see what volume it was that you examined so scrupulously in her apartment on Sunday afternoon. If it gives you pleasure, young man, I'll confirm the hope that she shared your literary enthusiasms."

His gratitude was charming. I counted the days that had passed since he had spoken of Laura as a two-timing dame. Had I reminded him tonight, I dare say he would have punched my face.

The genial combination of good food, wine, music, brandy and sympathy had corrupted his defenses. He spoke with touching frankness. "We lived within half a mile of each other for over three years. Must have taken the same bus, the same subway, passed each other on the street hundreds of times. She went to Schwartz's for her drugs, too."

"Remarkable coincidence," I said.

The irony was lost. He had surrendered.

"We must have passed each other on the street often."

It was a slender morsel of consolation he had found among all the grim facts. I resolved then and there to write about



COLLIER'S "The liquor was ordered by express" GARDNER REA



Longer Car Life

RIGHT IN YOUR HAND

On your car's life-line depend extra miles and extra years of useful service. That life-line is your car's electrical system*. Faulty operation of any one of its complex units from generator, to battery, to spark plugs, can cause waste of gas, oil and other vital materials. To avoid this penalty, be sure to have a responsible service man, car dealer or registered Auto-Lite service station check this life-line regularly. Wherever you see an Auto-Lite sign you can count on service which for years has helped America's car owners get extra miles—has made Auto-Lite mean Auto Life.

Consult Your Motor Life-Line Today

SPARK PLUGS
BATTERIES
STARTING — LIGHTING
and
IGNITION SYSTEMS
WIRE and CABLE

In its 26 great manufacturing divisions, Auto-Lite is producing for America's Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air.

TOLEDO, OHIO THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY SARNIA, ONTARIO

AUTO-LITE means AUTO-LIFE

*More Than Half of America's Car Makers Specify Auto-Lite Equipment



YOUR DUTY
To Stay Healthy

The better the health of America . . . the *sooner* we'll win this war.

It's up to you to arm yourself with the greatest stamina you can muster.

You know your regulations—correct nutrition (watch those vitamins and minerals) . . . outdoor exercise . . enough sound sleep . . relaxation. Forget your worries and remember Pearl Harbor.

Duofold Underwear is a capable aide-de-camp in this campaign. Its two thin layers provide protection on the 2-layer, with air space between, principle of insulation. It is warm but not heavy.

Duofold, Inc. • Mohawk, N. Y.



You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to soothe and refresh your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

this frustrated romance, so fragile and so typical of New York.

"Wonderful ankles," he muttered half aloud. "The first thing I look at is the ankles. Wonderful."

The somber voice and vacant eyes told me that he was engaged in a day dream. I knew then that, for a brief moment, he was engaged in the fancy of their meeting at the cigar counter of Schwartz's drugstore. He had been buying pipe tobacco and she had put a dime in the postage-stamp machine. She might have dropped her purse. Or perhaps there had been a cinder in her eye. She had uttered but a single word, "Thanks," but for him sweet bells jangled. A glance at her ankles, a meeting of their eyes and it was as simple as with Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan.

They had turned off the music, and most of the diners had left the garden. A couple passed our table. The girl, I noted, had remarkable ankles. Mark did not turn his head. I caught a glimpse into the future. Women were forevermore destroyed for Mark McPherson. Had he known and lost a living love, he would not have been so marked as by this short excursion into necrophilia. Prophetically I saw him growing older, thwarted because he would eternally demand that every woman be Laura. He would meet her momentarily in the embrace of every doll and in the tenderness of every living woman, but he would turn with equal bitterness from the frivolous and the virtuous because, when the moment was over, there would be flaws in the flesh and Laura would die again.

There was one consolation. "Tell me, McPherson, how much were you prepared to pay for the portrait?"

He turned on me a look of dark malevolence. "Tell me, Lydecker," he demanded, "did you walk past Laura's apartment every night before she was killed, or is it a habit you've cultivated since her death?"

Thunder crashed above us. A storm was coming up.

WHEN Waldo Lydecker learned what happened after our dinner at Montagnino's on Wednesday night, he could write no more about the Laura Hunt case. The prose style was knocked right out from under his black Homburg.

He had written the foregoing between ten o'clock on Wednesday night and four on Thursday afternoon with only five hours' sleep, a quart of black coffee and three hearty meals to keep up his strength. I suppose he had intended to fit the story to one of those typical Lydecker last paragraphs where a brave smile always shows through the tears.

I am going on with the story. My writing won't have the smooth professional touch which, as he would say, distinguishes Waldo Lydecker's prose. But for once in my life, since this is unofficial, anyway, I am going to forget detective bureau shorthand and express a few personal opinions. This is my first experience with citizens who get their pictures into that part of the funny papers called the Society Section. Even professionally, I've never been inside a night club with leopard-skin covers on the chairs. When these people want to insult one another, they say *darling*, and when they get affectionate they throw around words that a Jefferson Market bailiff wouldn't use to a bum. Poor people brought up to hear their neighbors screaming filth every Saturday night are more careful of their language than well-bred smart alecks. I know as many four-letter words as anybody in the business and use them when I feel like it. But not with ladies. Nor in writing. It takes a college education to teach a man that he can put on paper what he used to write on a fence.

I'm starting the story where Waldo ended . . . in Montagnino's back yard after the third brandy.

As we stepped out of the restaurant, the heat hit us like a blast from a furnace. The air was dead. Not a shirttail moved on the wash lines of MacDougal Street. The town smelled like rotten eggs. A thunderstorm was rolling in.

"Can I drive you home?" My car was parked beside a hydrant but the police badge protected me.

"No, thanks, I feel like walking."

"I'm not drunk. I can drive," I said.

"Have I implied that you're drunk? It's my whim to walk. I'm working tonight." He started off, pounding his stick against the pavement. "Thanks for the feast," he called as I drove off.

I TOOK it slowly because my head was still heavy. I drove past the corner where I should have turned for the Athletic Club, and then I knew that I didn't want to go home. I didn't feel like bowling or pool, my mind wasn't sharp enough for poker, and I've never sat in the lounge in the two years I've lived there. The steel furniture in my bedroom reminded me of a dentist's office. There wasn't a comfortable chair in the room and if you lay on the couch the cover wrinkled under you. These are all the excuses I can find for going to Laura's apartment that night. Maybe I was just drunk.

Before I went upstairs, I stopped to raise the top of my car and shut the windows. Later, when the thing that happened caused me to question my sanity, I remembered that I had performed the acts of a sober man. I had the key in my pocket and I let myself in as coolly as if I'd been entering my own place. As I opened the door I saw the first streaks of lightning through the blinds. Thunder crashed. It was followed by the stillness that precedes heavy rain. I was sweating and my head ached. I got myself a drink of water from the kitchen, took off my coat, opened my collar and stretched in the long chair. The light hurt my eyes and I turned it off. I fell asleep before the storm broke.

Thunder crashed like a squadron of bombers above the roof. Lightning did not flash away immediately. After a few seconds I saw that it was not lightning at all but the lamp with the green shade. I had not turned it on. I had not moved from the long chair.

Thunder crashed again. Then I saw her. She held a hat in one hand and a pair of light gloves in the other. She was five foot seven, weighed about one-thirty, dark eyes slightly slanted, dark hair and tanned skin. Nothing wrong about her ankles either.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

I couldn't answer.

"What are you doing here?"

I remembered the wine and looked around to see if she'd brought any pink elephants.

"If you don't get out this moment," she said and her voice trembled, "I'll call the police."

"I am the police," I said.

My voice told me that I was alive. I jerked myself out of the chair. The girl backed away. The picture of Laura Hunt was just behind her.

I had a voice. I spoke with authority: "You're dead."

My wild stare and the strange accusation convinced her that she was facing a dangerous lunatic. She edged toward the door.

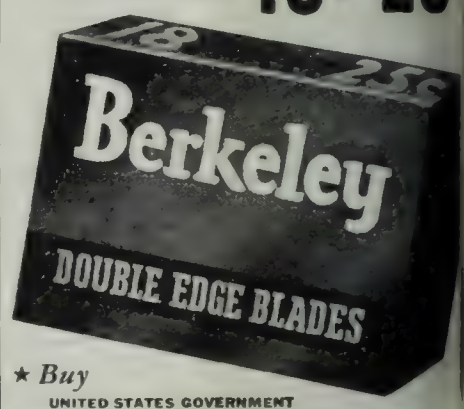
"Are you . . ." but I couldn't say the name. She had spoken, she was wet with rain, she had been frightened and had tried to escape. Were these real evidences of life just another set of contradictions?

I don't know how long we stood, facing each other and awaiting revelation. For a crazy half-second I remembered



BUT . . . *a great many me drift along, paying too much for razor blade* Why pay more . . . when 25¢ now buys 1 of the keenest razor blades you ever use . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkele today. Made of fine watch-spring steel precision honed. Money-back guarantee

NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE **18 for 25¢**



★ *Buy*
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
War Bonds and Stamps ★

MAGAZINES
AMERICA'S SHOW WINDOW



Is something missing from your meals? Whet the old appetite with savory A•1 Sauce. Dash it on and dish it up—with meat, fish, eggs, beans—it coaxes out flavors you never knew were there!

Write for free booklet, *"Cooking for a Man."* G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 910, Hartford, Conn.

A•1 SAUCE

The DASH that makes the DISH

at my grandmother used to tell me ut meeting in heaven those whom had lost on earth. Peal after peal of nder shook the house. Lightning hed past the window. The ground med to be trembling below us and skies splitting overhead. This was ura Hunt's apartment; I felt in my ket for my pipe.

had bought a paper. As I unfolded I said, "Have you seen any newspas lately? Don't you know what's pened?" The questions made me l sane again.

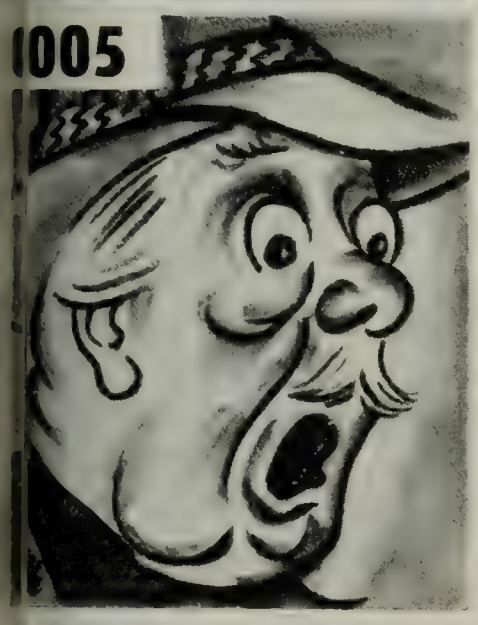
he shrank away, clinging with both ds to the table.

said, "Please don't be frightened; re must be an explanation. If you en't seen the papers . . ."

I haven't. I've been in the country. radio's broken." And then slowly, f she were fitting the pieces together,

NOT WANTED for the Duration

1005



ME-FIRST IDIOT

Yelps for Navy to stay home and protect Podunk Beach.

ALAN WOODS

said, "Why? Do the papers say . . ."

nodded. She took the paper. There s nothing on page one. A new battle the Eastern Front and a speech by urchill had pushed her off the front ges. I turned to page four. There was picture.

Wind howled through the narrow rt between the houses. Rain spatd the windowpanes. The only sound ide the house was the rhythm of her athing. Then she looked over the per into my face and her eyes were ed with tears.

"The poor thing," she said, "the poor, or kid."

"Who?"

"Diane Redfern. A girl I knew. I'd ned her the apartment."

E SAT on the couch while I told her about the discovery of the body, the truction of the face by BB shot and identification at the morgue by her nt and Bessie Clary.

She said, "Yes, of course. We were out the same size and she had my e on. We wore the same size, I'd en her a few of my dresses. Her hair s a little lighter, but if there was a of blood . . ."

She groped for her purse. I gave her handkerchief.

After she had dried her eyes, she read the rest of the story in the paper. "Are you Mark McPherson?"

I nodded.

"You haven't found the murderer?"

"Nope."

"Did he want to murder her or me?"

"I don't know."

"What are you going to do now that I'm alive?"

"Find out who murdered the other girl."

She sighed and sank back against the cushions. "You'd better have a drink," I said and went to the corner cabinet. "Scotch, gin or Bourbon?"

There was the bottle of Three Horses. I should have asked her about it then, before she had time to think. But I was thinking less about the job than the girl, and still so dazed that I wasn't even sure that I was alive, awake and in my right mind.

"How do you know my house so well, Mr. McPherson?"

"There isn't much about you I don't know."

"Gosh," she said, and after a little while, she laughed and asked, "Do you realize that you're the only person in New York who knows I'm alive? The only one of seven million people?"

Thunder and lightning had ceased but rain beat on the windows. It made us feel separate from everyone else in the city, and important because we shared a secret.

She held up her glass. "To life!"

"To resurrection!" I said.

We laughed.

"Go and change your dress," I said, "you'll catch cold."

"Oh," she said. "You're giving me orders."

"Change it. You'll catch cold."

"How masterful, Mr. McPherson."

SHE went. I was too nervous to sit down. I was like a kid in a dark house on Halloween, everything seemed mystic and supernatural, and I listened to the door so I should hear her moving about the bedroom, and know that she had not vanished again. My mind was filled with a miracle, life and resurrection, and I had to battle my way through clouds before I could think like a human being. Finally I managed to anchor myself to a chair and light my pipe.

There was, of course, no more Laura Hunt case. But what about the other girl? The body had been cremated. You've got to have a *corpus delicti* to prove murder.

This did not mean that my job was finished. Neither the department nor the D. A.'s office would let a case slip through their hands so smoothly. Our job was to establish circumstantial evidence of the girl's disappearance, to discover where she had last been seen and by whom. Unless we had cogent evidence that the crime had been committed, the murderer might confess and still escape conviction.

"What do you know about this other girl?" I called in to Laura. "What did you say her name was? Were you close friends?"

The bedroom door opened and there was Laura in a long, loose sort of gold-colored robe that made her look like a saint. She carried the magazine that had been on the bed table. On the back cover there was a photograph of a girl in evening clothes smiling at a fellow as he lit her cigarette. The advertisement announced: COMPANIONABLE! THERE'S NOTHING AS COMPANIONABLE AS A LANCASTER.

"Oh, she was a model?"

"Wasn't she lovely?" Laura asked.

"She looks like a model," I said.

"She was beautiful," Laura insisted.

"What else?"

"What else what?"

"What was she like? How well did

DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS and household cleansers are not intended for dental plates. Dental plate materials are softer and more easily worn down than natural teeth. Many makeshift cleaners are *abrasive,* wear down the important "fitting ridges," may ruin costly dentures.

In addition, continued use of these makeshift cleaners scratches dental plates, actually causing film and stains to collect faster, cling tighter.





Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The dark film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities like a sponge. Almost always it results in "Denture Breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it—*but others will!* Yet POLIDENT quickly dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

PLAY SAFE—USE POLIDENT

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident *dissolves* ugly stains and cloudy film, cleans those hard-to-reach corners and crevices without the dangers of brushing; *maintains* their original natural appearance. Recommended by many leading dentists and approved by leading makers of modern denture materials.

ONLY 30¢ AT ALL DRUG STORES

Long-lasting 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz.—60¢, at all drug stores. *Your money back if not delighted.* Today get Polident.



POLIDENT

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges



THE CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY can help keep your things in good repair for the "duration" whether it's a tricycle or an automobile.

Look in the Classified and see how easy it is to find tradespeople who can serve you. Under easy-to-locate headings you will find the name, address and telephone number and in many cases information to aid you in choosing those who can help you most satisfactorily.

MAKE THE CLASSIFIED YOUR BUYING GUIDE





IT'S easy," Mike Shea mused, "to forget the war on a night like this." Leo Ryder mumbled, "Yeah." He was staring out at the placid ocean, bathed in the half-light of a full moon. It was comfortable here in the pilothouse on a warm night and there were dreams of his home in Boston mixed with the thoughts of the course the mate had given him before retiring to his bunk at midnight.

The sturdy, Diesel-engined fishing trawler was plowing its dependable way back to port. There was a sense of satisfaction in knowing that you were going home to New England after five profitable days on the fishing banks. . . .

At 3:30 A. M., Alex Zilevicze climbed out of his bunk and went down to the galley to start breakfast. The coffee was just giving the galley an interesting smell when in walked Second Engineer Nils Anderson. "How's for a cup of coffee, Cookie?" Nils asked.

"Coming up," Al told him.

Anderson was sipping the boiling brew when the sharp report sounded. They both looked up. Cookie said: "Better get back to your engine. Sounds like it's backfiring."

Anderson was standing very still. One look at his face and Cookie knew that it wasn't backfiring he was hearing. He dashed for the deck.

Chief Engineer Otto Goranson woke up suddenly. He thought he had heard a backfire, too, and he wanted to know what was wrong with his engine. He was stark naked as he switched on the light. The light went out, almost as soon as he had put it on.

The chief groped for a fla hurried to the engine room ping to put on any clothes. " he called. There was no a turned on his flashlight and port sounded again. There in the engine room, but a hol in the bulkhead and a batter flames. The chief hurried quarters, climbed quickly rees, jacket, shoes.

"I wonder," he thought. " But Mike Shea and Leo Ry wondering; they were lying the riddled pilothouse.

Captain Philip Colbert came on deck. He could s lying hull of the submarine the moonlit water, about 15 from the trawler. He saw flashes from its deck gun as plosive shells—two a minu into the fishing vessel. Ther smaller, quicker flashes fr near the conning tower, an on-a-picket-fence clatter of gun cut through the blast an the explosive shells. "They ing us," he said between his

The skipper saw one of hi rying along, spin suddenly wordlessly to the deck. He ond man scream and saw writhing, not far from the fi

Captain Colbert called t the crew to launch the sta boat. He grabbed a line him and then a shell smashed in The captain staggered b clutching his head. "My

you know her? Where did she live? How much did she earn? Married, single, divorced? How old? Did she have a family? Who were her friends?"

"Please, Mr. McPherson. One question at a time. What was Diane like?" She hesitated. "I don't think a woman can answer that question quite honestly. You ought to ask a man."

"Your opinion would probably be safer."

"I might be prejudiced. Women with faces like mine can't be too objective about girls like Diane."

"I see nothing wrong with your face, Miss Hunt."

"Skip it. I've never tried to get by on my beauty. And if I should tell you that I considered Diane rather unintelligent and awfully shallow and quite a negative person, you might think I was jealous."

"If you felt that way about her, why did you let her have your apartment?"

"She lived in a hot little room in a boardinghouse. And since nobody would have been using this place for a few days, I gave her the key."

"Why did you keep it so secret? Even Bessie didn't know."

"There was nothing secret about it. If I had come home on Friday afternoon or seen Bessie, I'd have mentioned it, but Bessie would have found it out anyway when she came to work on Saturday."

"Have you ever loaned your apartment before?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"They said you were generous. Impulsive, too, aren't you?"

She laughed again. "My Aunt Susie says I'm a sucker for a hard-luc but I always tell her the sucker the end. You don't get neuroses ing over people's motives and ing whether they're trying to u

"Sometimes you get shot t take," I said. "You happene lucky this time."

"Go on," she laughed. "Yo so hard-boiled, McPherson. Ho shirts have you given away life?"

"I'm a Scotchman," I said stiff not want to show too much ple the way she had read my chara

SHE laughed again. "Scotch vastly overrated. My Grann land was the most liberal an handed woman in the world."

"You had a Scotch grandmot

"From a place called Pitlochr

"Pitlochry! I've heard of P My father's people came fro Atholl."

We shook hands.

"Were your people very re Laura asked.

"Not my father. But orig started in my mother's family."

"Ah-hah!" she said. "Disse the home. Don't tell me that ther read Darwin."

"Robert Ingersoll."

She clapped her hand to h "What a childhood you mu had."

"Only when my old man too too much. Otherwise Rober soll never even got to the forty-yard line."

"But the name had a sort



END OF A TRAWLER

By Gene Casey

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

oaned. And then he fell. Dunsky noticed that his A. M. when the first shell s he came on deck, a fish- laim that Captain Colbert he immediately took com- g the surviving members nto the port lifeboat. The the submarine as the men g the boat. It was circling umping in shells from all

okie Al Zilevicze standing owering rage. Al was shak- t the sub, shouting above dirty rats! Some day we'll en the cook climbed into

e ten of the trawler's crew en in the lifeboat when ordered them to pull away

nson came on deck and the starboard side. There ere and the starboard life- blown to nothingness. He rtside and saw that life- ting off. As he started to burst above him, knocking ous and into the water. brought the chief to his y and one of the crew t hauled him aboard. Then led away from the side t had traveled about fifty men heard a cry from the wed by a splash as a man rd. They turned back to mmer and helped him into the lifeboat. One of his legs, shrapnel-torn, dragged uselessly behind him. "It's Dick Codner," one of the men in the lifeboat told the others.

The fishermen watched the submarine continue to shell the trawler as they rowed to safety. Those aboard the sub paid no attention to the small boat; but they were blasting away at the trawler as though they had ammunition to burn.

"They've cut her in two," the cook said, bitterly. "They're sure wasting shells. One at the water line would have been enough."

"I've counted more than forty shells," the mate offered.

They were some distance away from the trawler when there was a sharp explosion aboard her and she burst into flames. Then she rolled over and sank. Mate Dunsky looked at his watch. It was 4:20. The submarine dove from sight.

At daylight the mate checked those in the lifeboat. Seven of them were wounded; five, including himself, were without serious injury. Five others, counting Captain Colbert, were missing, had died in those brief shell-torn minutes on the moon-bathed deck of the trawler.

Late that afternoon the mate sighted a ship, identified it as a United Nations'. The men shouted hoarsely, waved their shirts overhead. The ship headed toward the lifeboat.

"They see us," said Mate Dunsky. "We'll be home soon. Then we'll be able to go out to the fishing banks again." ★★★

read him secretly as you grew

did you know?"

ou decided to learn everything rld so people couldn't push you

tarted the life story. It must nded like a combination of Merriwell and Superman in ne volumes, each worth a McPherson vs. Associated n. McPherson in Washington. on's Big Night with the Hop- own Among the Bucket Shops k McPherson. The Labor Spy s Seen by McPherson. Killers Known. From there somehow back to Mark McPherson's d Days. From Rags to Riches efoot Boy in Brooklyn.

s I described every game I'd or the Long Island Mohawks. her about the time I knocked co, the Wop Terror, and how ampini who had bet his paper Rocco knocked me out for re- nd about my folks. My mother sister who had made up her narry the boss, and what a heel turned out to be. I even told t the time we all had diph- d Davey, the kid brother, died. ave been ten years since I had d Davey.

t with her hands folded against colored cloth of her robe and her face as if she were hearing mandments read by Moses him- 's probably what Waldo meant te flattery.

id, "You don't seem at all like ve."

"Have you ever known any detectives?"

"In detective stories there are two kinds, the hard-boiled ones who are always drunk and talk out of the corners of their mouths and do it all by instinct; and the cold, dry, scientific kind who split hairs under a microscope."

"Which do you prefer?"

"Neither," she said. "I don't like people who make their livings out of spying and poking into people's lives. Detectives aren't heroes to me, they're detestable."

"Thanks," I said.

SHE smiled a little. "But you're different. The people you've gone after ought to be exposed. Your work is important. I hope you've got a million more stories to tell me."

"Sure," I said, swelling like a balloon. "I'm the Arabian Nights. Spend a thousand and one evenings with me and you won't hear the half of my daring exploits."

"You don't talk like a detective, either."

"Neither hard-boiled nor scientific?"

We laughed. A girl had died. Her body had lain on the floor of this room. That is how Laura and I met. And we couldn't stop laughing. We were like old friends and later, at half past three, when she said she was hungry, we went into the kitchen and opened some cans. We drank strong tea at the kitchen table like home folks. Everything was just the way I had felt it would be with her there, alive and warm and interested in a fellow.

(To be continued next week)



A man can stand just so much...

• Is all this extra hustle and hiking wearing you down? Get back on your feet in a hurry—in Walk-Overs. Natural-fit lasts that need no breaking in ...and help balance your feet correctly. Oil-treated soles for extra flexibility and wear. Most styles $8.95 and $10.95. Illustrated, BROADMOOR. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.



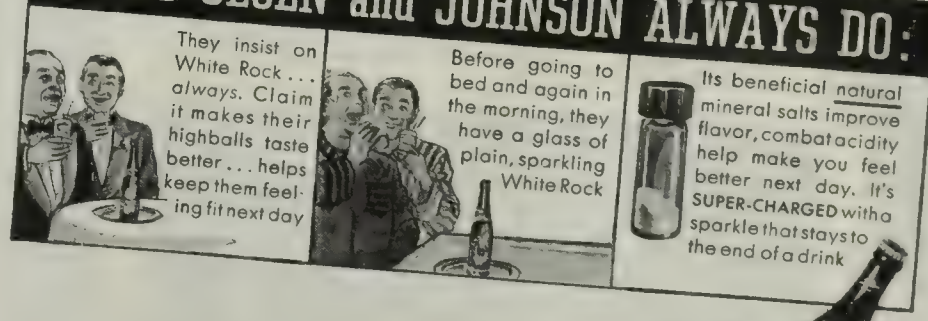
TASTE THE DIFFERENCE TONIGHT

Feel the Difference Tomorrow!



OLSEN AND JOHNSON, *stars of the crazy musical,* SONS O' FUN, *use White Rock to help keep fit.*

WHAT OLSEN and JOHNSON ALWAYS DO:

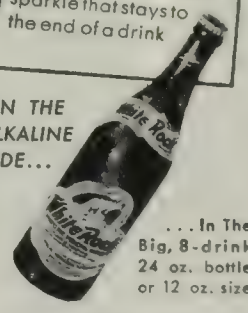


FEELING FINE THANKS TO

White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE...



...In The Big, 8-drink 24 oz. bottle or 12 oz. size

Try White Rock Sarsaparilla and White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale. Both made with White Rock care.



AIR EXPRESS GAINS SHARPLY

Express carried by commercial air lines in first six months of this year gained sharply over a year ago, according to AIR EXPRESS DIVISION of Railway Express Agency. It said movement of essential materials was largely responsible.

In order that airlines may utilize cargo space more efficiently, shippers are urged to forward traffic earlier in the day, when more space is available than on night flights.

Taken from Boston News Bureau, August 22, 1942

You do not need a priority to ship by AIR EXPRESS, but if you have war production shipments requiring priorities, they will be granted. Phone Railway Express Agency, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, or any airline.

NOW IN ITS 10th YEAR — AIR EXPRESS — Division of RAILWAY EXPRESS

IT'S SMART TO SMOKE
filter-tip
VICEROY



THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU

No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth
Throat irritants are checked
True tobacco flavor is brought out
The cork tips save your lips



"It's from Australia and all it says is, 'Sighted dame, dated same'"

COLLIER'S IRVING RO

WHAT'S UP DOWN UNDER

BY V-MAIL from Australia come some random notes by Cartoonist Charles Pearson, who is spending more time these days being a private than being an artist. Items:

When Pvt. Wilbur Tirrell (S. Weymouth, Mass.) ordered his first steak in an Australian hotel it was served to him with two fried eggs. No mistake had been made. It seems fried eggs go with steak just as fried potatoes do over here.

As you know, Australians drive on the left side of the road. Pvt. Joseph Sereika (Kearny, N. J.) forgot this momentarily one day when he was driving a truck, but another American truck driver caught him up short with: "Hey, you—get over on the wrong side of the road where you belong!"

There are no canned-heat stoves on hand for quick cooking on maneuvers, so Pvt. Hugh Murphy (Cleveland, Ohio) used a blowtorch. He can fry an egg in ten seconds.

All drinking is done in pubs, which may be anything from a one-armed flea castle to a red plush His Majesty's Hotel. Beer and/or whisky drinkers get along fine; a wine drinker has to remember that wine is served in schooners, and a ten-bob note will buy enough to put him under the table. Austr rum should be put in bombs dropped on Japan, according to Pearson. "The brandy is labeled pital Brandy—and they're not kidd Some of the local drinks are know snaps and sars, shandygaff, poeter and butcher with a black dash.

The boys are going in for cus made knives. Each Yank designs own, then finds a smith to make i him, after which a saddler fits it w handle and sheath. A soldier spen week polishing and sharpening the b —and he has something eminently able for use on a Jap.

When a soldier goes to a part dance in the U. S. he generally lose or more of his regimental insigni some souvenir-hunting gal. In Aust the situation is reversed: the so wears no insignia, so he can't lose But he spends a large part of the ning at a party or dance trying to w a blouse ornament from the girls are in military service.

A 25-word cablegram to almost part of the States costs something than a pound, or almost four do which is why the folks at home don cablegrams more often. . . .

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

knows, or cares, what the position of the plane is an hour after its departure.

They are not expected to do the navigating but it makes an interesting game and at the same time brings the realization that "avigation," as aerial navigation is often termed, is anything but simple. Occasionally the pilot sends a flight report through the cabin. The passengers take a look, then go back to sleep or continue with their reading. If it is clear and the plane is flying "contact," the passenger might take a look out of the window, check his watch, and then make a guess. If the plane is "on top," they know the pilot is flying on instruments, guided by the radio beam. So why worry?

For the pilot and copilot of that commercial plane, such flights are just routine. The remarkable thing today i work these same pilots are doing called upon by Uncle Sam to de vital war goods in cargo planes c war planes to the many fronts. many of these pilots, it is their flight to the unknown, over st oceans and continents, and they doing it without the familiar gu tone of the radio beacon and beam. months, crews of pilots from T American Airlines, Eastern Air L United Air Lines, as well as almo other commercial lines, have called on between their regular to make special flights to deliver war goods in Army planes. The have taken their orders and ca them out—with navigation being big factor. . . .

J. B

Chile Gets Off the Fence

Continued from page 16

Besides these economic and psychological factors, Chile—while the Jap fleet was strong—had immediate military cause to worry.

The oil stocks of the country are low. The batteries and planes we have sent are insufficient. The chief of staff, a good, stocky, cordial Chilean, corroborated this for me, and so did the Socialist minister of production, Oscar Schnake, and the Radical minister of the interior, Doctor Raúl Morales, both strong partisans for an immediate break. Yet the trend toward American solidarity is irresistible.

A Nation of Fighters

The Chileans are a profoundly democratic people, and they have never—like Argentina or France—found life so soft that the prospect of hard times did not dismay them. Besides, they are a nation of fighters, as Peru and Bolivia, both individually larger and richer than Chile, learned in the War of the Pacific.

The Chilean army admires the German military machine from which it learns lessons but, unlike the Argentine army, its high officers are not pro-Nazi. I had warm talks with several military leaders who took pains to assure me of the democratic spirit of their army and compared it to that of Mexico. Moreover, the Conservatives, although the rank and file are distrustful of democracy and against the break, have contributed some of the most fiery and effective partisans of full co-operation with the United States, even to the extent of war. Among them is the former party president, Rafael Gumucio, a man universally respected, who left the party to show his disapproval; and the devout Catholic, Eduardo Cruz-Coke, possibly the most brilliant man in the senate. Marcial Mora Miranda, leader of the Radical party—the president's—also resigned, to show his disgust with the administration's slowness in lining up with the American republics.

The two men now at the helm in Chile's White House—the lovely colonial palace known as *La Moneda*—are practical men. Ríos impressed me as a sincere, honest individual, with little imagination and little initiative. What-force he has is moral. If you try to push him around, you will find you are trying to push the Andes. Foreign Minister Ernesto Barros Jarpa is a clever lawyer with a lawyer's ability to find reasons for whatever he chooses. He met me most cordially, with an hour's arguments to the effect that diplomatic relations meant nothing but a source of information, and he eloquently asked me why my great country did not let his little country express its democratic brotherhood in its own way.

My own hunch is that these two men have gone slow because they want not the leaders but the people with them, the people whose resistance, as in every country, is great against any step that threatens their blood and their bread.

There is a drama here. To see it and Chile's importance within the Pan-American picture, we must have a sense of the Chilean people.

The Chilean is half mariner, half mountaineer. He lives in a land whose geography a famous Chilean writer has called "insane." Chile is 2,000 miles long and about 100 miles wide, shaped like an earthworm. One side of it is sea, the other ice and rock. In square miles, it is larger than France, but a bare ten per cent of its soil is cultivable, the rest being desert, mountain and poor sheep pasture. That's not the worst of it. Chile is the land of earthquakes. Every Chilean remembers "his earthquake." He may be fifty, and the frightful experience may have shaken his body when he was six, but his soul cannot forget.

The Havoc of an Earthquake

I visited Concepción, the country's third city, where, only three years ago, a quake in ninety seconds destroyed thousands of lives and shattered hundreds of houses. The ruins are there still—the cathedral, the dwellings, the commercial structures; and on and about them Concepción moves, disorganized and dazed, like a city bombed by an enemy which the people cannot have the satisfaction of hating.

All this has made the Chileans slow, reticent, stubborn, intellectually matter-of-fact; a people of depth and will, rather than surface sensibility and color; a long-suffering folk whose noble music is almost buried in their hearts, as different from their charming and brilliant neighbors across the Andes as their



"I keep it there to remind the children to brush their teeth. It's very effective!" LEO GAREL

"IT'S A CRIME!

TO NEGLECT OR ABUSE

YOUR TIRES"

SAYS Bob Bowes

PRESIDENT & FOUNDER OF BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, PIONEER IN SAFE TIRE REPAIRS



YOU CAN ADD 25 to 50% to Your Tire Mileage

● Saving your tires is strictly UP TO YOU. Even the best tire repair expert can't save tires that have been badly punished by your carelessness. Neglect and abuse of your precious tires is a crime. RIGHT NOW, get your tires *thoroughly inspected* INSIDE and OUT. Small cuts, holes and bruises can lead to BIG trouble . . . unless they're found NOW and fixed RIGHT. Most tire failures begin in very small cracks, cuts or bruises. GET 'EM FIXED RIGHT NOW . . . and you'll add from 25 to 50% to your tire mileage.

YOUR FIRST STEP IN TIRE SAVING *begins with*



INSIDE and OUT INSPECTION

Almost every service station offers this service . . . but to be absolutely sure, look for a BOWES TIRE SAVING STATION.

Bowes Tire Repair Experts are factory-trained to help you get every possible mile from your tires. This careful training and special Bowes Equipment assures you a *Safe* job of tire repair. So, look for the Bowes Sign . . . drive in . . . and put your tire problems in the care of a *Bowes Tire Saving Expert.*

Regular INSPECTION . . . *KEEP 'EM ROLLING!*

Tires literally can be turned *inside out* on Bowes Check 'N Spect—and—only in this fashion can hidden nails, imbedded glass, tacks and rocks be found and removed *before* they cause trouble. There's specialized BOWES equipment and materials for every tire trouble—and—the Bowes Trained Tire Experts will add 25 to 50% to your Tire Mileage—*IF*—you have tires inspected frequently and give them a chance to find and repair the damage before it's too late.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

BOWES SEAL FAST *Dependable* TIRE REPAIR SYSTEM

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF

THIS PLANE



THIS TANK



THIS SHIP



?

(*ASKS FATHER TELECHRON*)



You can't see it in the blueprints — or in the finished product. But the most important part of any weapon of war is *the TIME it takes to build it!*

Copper and steel, rubber and oil are worthless — unless the workers who turn them into tanks and ships also make the most of *time*. Only planes off the production line *on time* — only bombs over Berlin and Tokio *on time* — will win this war.

We're glad that so many Telechron Electric Clocks are serving America with accuracy and dependability.

Telechron

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

ALL with the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for silence and long life. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.

rocky land is different from the Pampa.

Politically, Chile is the most advanced nation of South America. Its industrial workers are all unionized, every Chilean belongs to a political party, and the elections are honest. The two largest parties are the Radicals (corresponding to the Liberals in this country) and the Conservatives (like our die-hard Republicans). Socialists and Communists are highly respected, important minorities with representatives in the ministry and congress. Yet this sturdy, conscious folk (with the exception of Uruguay, the most homogenous in all South America) remains economically poor and exploited.

So hard has been the life of the Chilean worker, so hard the soil, so uncertain even the survival of his house when his earth quakes, that when he gets a bit of money, he doesn't—like the American—buy goods; he buys *rest*. Poor food, ragged clothes, a hovel of a house, he has got used to. What he wants is a week off, with plenty of wine to remove him from his troubles. The average labor-year of the fully employed, skilled Chilean industrial worker is 39 weeks.

The people are democratic from top to bottom. An example: The new minister of health, Doctor Miguel Etchebarne, still works as a subordinate of Doctor Orrego who, officially, is under him. At 8 A. M., the minister takes orders from Orrego in the State Hospital; at 11 A. M., in his ministry, he gives orders to Orrego.

Another instance is the Church. Everywhere, there are good Catholic Democrats. In Chile alone, as far as I know, there is an organized Catholic Democratic party which works with Radicals, Socialists and Communists against the Fascist danger. Schnake, the minister of labor, is of this party.

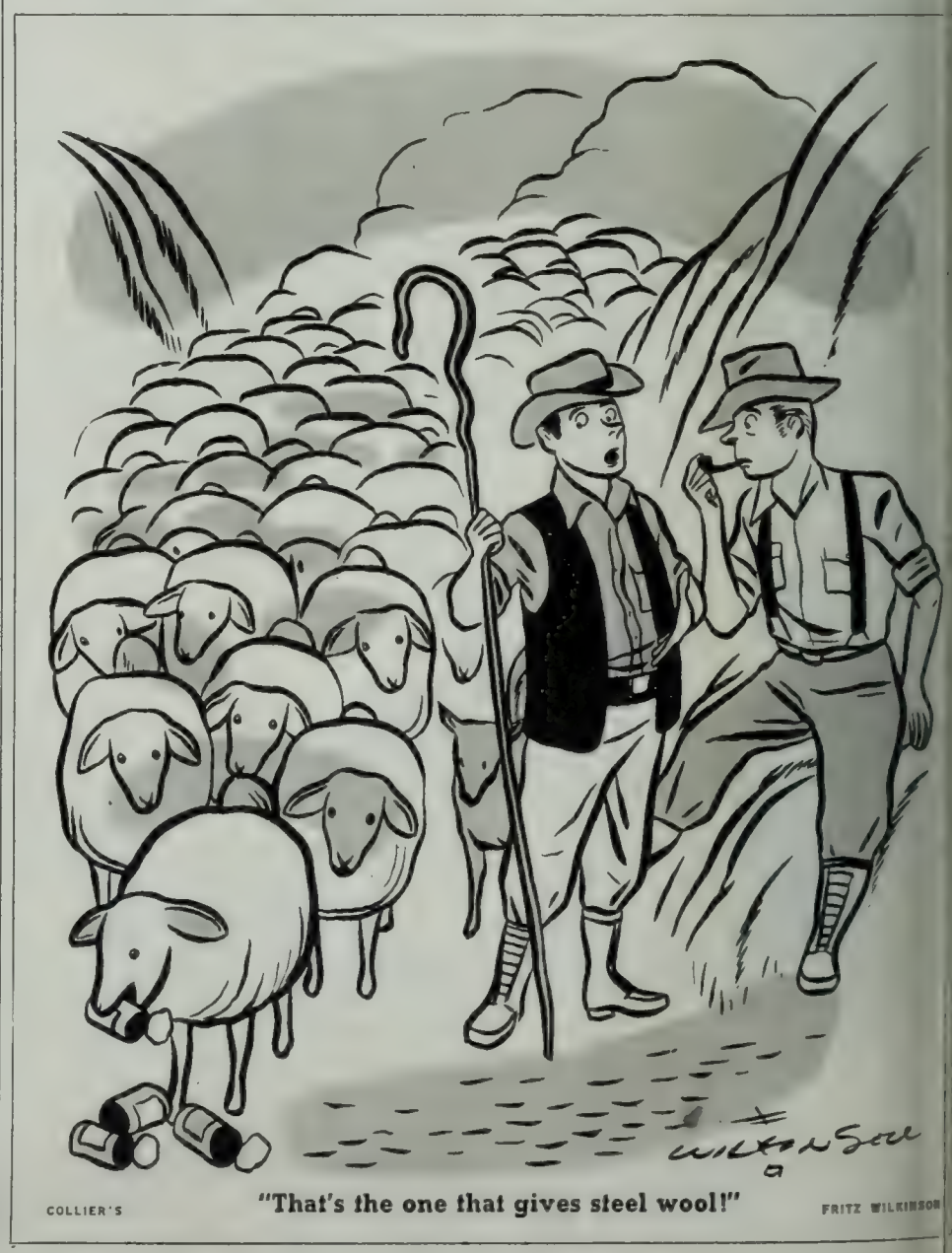
Not far from Valdivia, heart of German Chile, in the village of San José de la Mariquina, lives the noblest of the country's anti-Nazis, a bishop an[d] full-blooded German! I went to [see] Guido Benedict Beck de Ramberga, [a] puchin bishop and vicar apostolic to [the] hard-bitten warlike Araucanian Indi[ans]. He told me of his fight against his fe[llow] Germans and Chileans of German [de]scent, who send him threatening let[ters] and have withdrawn their financial [sup]port of his hospitals and schools.

The Nazis have one great virtue: t[hey] know their enemies and fight them. [The] Gestapo in Germany warned him [of] reprisals if he did not stop publish[ing] his anti-Fascist literature. The ma[ga]zines and pamphlets kept on flow[ing] from the bishop's print shop.

The Axis Tries Appeasement

This brings me back to the Nazi [em]bassy in Chile. A few weeks ago, M[in]ister of the Interior Morales mad[e a] speech forecasting an early break [with] the Axis. The Nazi-Italian-German [em]bassies got busy on the cables, [and] Morales cracked down on them, re[fus]ing to pass their messages. This [is] contrary to all rules of diplomacy [be]tween "friendly" nations, but the Axis embassies spoke no word of protest. [Ex]cept for one accident at the start of [the] war, no Chilean ship has been disturbed in the U-boat-infested Caribbean. [The] meaning is obvious: The Nazis [are] willing to go to any lengths to keep [their] foothold in the American Pacific. [They] must pay.

The Nazi embassies in Buenos Aires and Santiago are among the richest in the world—and not a pfennig comes from Berlin. Thirty per cent of the profits of all German firms in South America flow into the Nazi South American funds for propaganda, espionage, and—if *Tag* comes—sabotage and insurrection. According to all reports, one of the clearest of Nazi diplomats is the Baroness von Schoen, American-born wife of the ambassador in Santiago.



COLLIER'S "That's the one that gives steel wool!" FRITZ WILKINSON



"For his birthday I got Harold a fountain pen and a box of fine linen paper. I want to sue him for breach of promise"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

The Nazi embassies in Chile and Argentina work largely through the Spanish embassy and, by this link of blood and race, through that powerful portion of the local Church which is more anti-democratic than pro-Nazi. The Church in every Latin-American country has hundreds of humble parish priests who live with the people. But many Church leaders are enemies of American democracy; they take instructions from the Spanish *Falange* which is under orders from Berlin. They are served by a rich hired press, by groups of clever writers, and by the reactionary landowning classes. Against this setup, British and American propaganda has been particularly feeble.

When I got to Chile, I was welcomed with a warmth unusual in this undemonstrative land, by government, political and university leaders, by the newspapers, the writers and the workers. Did this dishearten the Nazis? Not a bit! On the walls everywhere appeared: "Death to the Jew-Yankee bank."

In the central streets were scattered thousands of throwaways, calling me a war instigator, an enemy of Chile, and inviting the "good patriots" of Santiago to deal with me as had "the patriots of Argentina." The reactionary press burgeoned forth in less than ten days with more than a dozen articles and editorials, quoting isolated sentences from my books to make me out a foe of Chile, of the common people, of the Catholic Church, and a defamer of the virtue of Chile's women.

We want Chile and Argentina to consolidate the hemisphere by breaking with the Axis. But when the break comes, the Franco embassies will carry on as they are carrying on today in other countries. As long as Franco has an ambassador in our own capital, the other republics will be helpless. If you want to hear some good red-blooded oaths, listen to the Spanish Republicans in Mexico, Buenos Aires and Santiago, comment on this "strategy" of our State Department.

Another point particularly pertinent to Chile: We ask for solidarity from our sister republics. We are getting it. What are we giving in return? A certain amount of military aid—batteries, soldiers, radio stations, planes; a considerable amount of economic aid—oil, paper, machines, credit and cash. It's not enough.

Why is Chile so poor? Why do the people almost unconsciously dislike and distrust the United States? Because their industrial wealth flows out of the country—and largely into the United States. People are so constituted that they can manage only one hate at a time. Fear of the Nazis is academic among the Chilean people so long as economic disadvantages feed resentment against us.

A Poor Little Rich Nation

It is true that without United States capital, the great Anaconda and Braden copper mines of Chile could never have been opened. Any intelligent Chilean will admit it. It is true that Chile's government takes a profit tax of about 36 per cent on copper, and is quarter owner of all the Consortium's nitrate. But it is also true that in a healthy country not only the taxes but the production and profits also circulate at home. This normal circulation is what Chile lacks and needs—needs economically and psychologically. About the only way the Chilean people will ever get it is by owning their own natural resources.

This is sure: Let our government make it plain by action that our sense of hemisphere solidarity implies the end of an archaic economy which keeps a nation like Chile penniless and its people ragged and ill-nourished, while its mountains burst with copper, coal, iron, gold and probably oil—and we will have won a devotion that will stand us in good stead, a devotion beyond the politics of the moment, indestructible as the Andes.

THE END

FRIENDLY TOAST...

Perfection of Mildness



86.8 Proof
70% Grain Neutral Spirits

FRIENDLY TIP...

YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER WHISKY—AT ANY PRICE

The Girl Grew Up

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Aided and abetted by a charge of duck shot at point-blank range, Johnny persuaded the lady that his intentions were honorable

"CHECKMATE!" said my grandfather.

I reset the board with the big, finely carved ivory pieces, while my grandfather looked on with a considering and disapproving glimmer in his gray eyes. He had been like that all day; and I was beginning to feel a bit irked.

"It's a queer time in the world's history for a sailor to be loafing ashore," he said.

"If you don't know the answer to that, sir, it's not for the want of being told," I said. "But here it is again. I'm supposed to be resting my nerves, by doctors' orders, after four torpedoings within a period of twelve months, sir."

"I'm not questioning it," he said. "You're always welcome, Johnny, and I hope your nerves are feeling the benefit of the rest. What I'm thinking of is the apparent lack of stability in your character. When you visited me five years ago, your stated intention was to acquire a practical knowledge of farming. When you left me, a year later, a literary career was your aim and ambition. But here you are, a sailor. And a shipwrecked sailor, at that!"

"Was it my fault that I didn't acquire a practical knowledge of farming, sir?" I asked. "I learned what you were pleased to teach me. Throughout June and July, the art of angling with a dry fly; in the fall, woodcocking; during the winter, the game of chess and a taste for Manila tobacco."

"Let it pass," said my grandfather. "I confess to a bad temper today, Johnny," he added.

"A touch of liver, sir?" I ventured, politely.

"Touch of liver be damned!" he retorted. "It's a touch of Delancey Carfax that's upset me. That swamp rat!"

"Have you been trespassing in his woodcock coverts again, sir?" I asked.

"Yes—but that's not the trouble," he replied. "I shoot his coverts and settle out of court every year, without argument, like a true sportsman. But this is something else. This is something so low and slimy and ratty it's hard to believe even of that swamp rat. This is blackmail."

Blackmail! I was too astonished to speak.

"Johnny, if you ever encounter any of that breed—and I'm warning you now never to run the risk of doing so!—be on your guard," continued my grandfather, impressively.

He paused. And during that pause, I traveled back more than five years to a certain memorable episode of which he knew nothing. I traveled back t and lived it again. We were fishing kettle Brook. Grandfather was snee at every cast I made. So, after a wh I gave him the slip. I was new that country; and it wasn't long befo was lost. Being lost in the woods any fun, especially in black-fly and m quito time. And I was in a swa which is worse than dry woods.

So I scrambled around through alders until I stubbed my toe on r ground. It was a little sharp hill knoll, grown over with spruce and b and moosewood. I found an open p near the top and made a smudge of spruce twigs and punkwood and m In addition to the smudge, I lit on

I crumpled again. It was n and soft. Diana turned me ov and said thoughtfully, "Yo better rest a spell, John

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man



six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢ . . . Copyright 1942, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, Department C



"No brakes yesterday... No car for the war job today!"

We all have a direct or indirect part in working for victory and our cars are often vital to this job. Good brakes are important in helping you avoid accidents that can deprive you of your car. So watch your brakes closely; when they are slow acting, pulling right or left, squealing or grabbing, protect your car and your part of the war job . . .

DRIVE IN A REPAIR SHOP WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

Safe-Stop Brake Service



American Brakeblok BRAKE LINING

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE AMERICAN BRAKE SHOE & FOUNDRY CO.

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NAPA Symbol of Quality

Safe-Stop Brake Service is sponsored by The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company's American Brakeblok Division, makers of The Safety Brake Lining, now in use on millions of civilian vehicles. We are also making huge quantities of war materials for equipment for all branches of the U. S. armed services.

my grandfather's Manila cheroots. I sat down between them and tried to figure out the easiest way of finding myself. I was still working on it when I was startled by a human voice from close at hand behind the black screen of the smudge. It was a childish, angry, kind of breathless voice; and I didn't catch the words. But it gave me such a start that I went through and over the smudge in one jump. And there was Diana.

That was our first meeting. That was in June. She told me to tramp out the smudge, and then helped me do it. She wore oil-tanned moccasins, but no stockings. Her legs were tanned and scratched and fly-bitten here and there, but very graceful. We trampled out the fire and even plastered the place with wet muck from the base of the knoll, to make sure. Then she said she had better get me out of there before something terrible happened to me. She told me to follow her, which I did.

SHE was only a kid. Fifteen or maybe sixteen, I guessed. She wore the worst old clothes I had ever seen on a girl, and very little of them. But she didn't seem to give them a thought. And her voice and language were what you might hope to hear in a select girls' school. Her eyes were wonderful. The rest of her face was all right, too. We came out on the edge of a field and sat down. She took off her hat and fanned herself. It was an old wreck of a man's felt hat.

"What was the hurry?" I asked.

She said that I had been in deadly peril, but wouldn't say what of. I asked her name, and she said, "Diana Smith." I said that Diana suited her and that Smith was the greatest name in England's story. She laughed and said that Robinson was fairly well and widely known, too. Yes, she knew who I was, and told me, forthrightly.

"You are young Johnny Robinson, grandson of that stuffed shirt, old Johnny Robinson."

I didn't like that even from that poor, raggedy kid, and I told her so.

Diana said she was sorry and I looked at her eyes and her legs and forgave her. We started on our way again and soon came to an edge of an old orchard. She told me to keep right on and I'd come to a rough pasture and in sight of my grandfather's house. I thanked her cordially and asked what direction she was taking. She laughed at me. She had an agreeable laugh. But she refused to tell. So I asked where and at what hour I should meet her next day. She said she wouldn't, anywhere or at any hour; so I told her I would find my way back to that knoll and make another smudge there if she didn't. She told me I talked like a fool; and then she promised to meet me right where we stood at the moment and between nine and ten next morning. I wanted to kiss her. But she was such a kid, and looked so poor and unprotected, that I hesitated; and in that moment of my hesitation, she turned and disappeared in the underbrush like a fox.

My grandfather snorted; and I came back, across five years and three months of sidereal time, from the lower end of the old orchard and my first meeting with Diana Smith.

"That ruffian has a daughter," resumed my grandfather. "She made an unfortunate marriage—he was a worthless fellow—ran the woods like an Indian. And she hasn't seen or heard of him in nineteen years. I met her, quite by chance, one day last summer. A year ago this summer. We talked for some time, and she seemed to me an intelligent and well-mannered person, before I learned her identity.

"She said she could see that I didn't know her, though she had known me all her life, by sight and hearsay. 'This is our second actual meeting,' she said. 'The first was when I was a little ... You were fishing, and I was spyin... you from the bushes. But when ... were eating your lunch, I came too ... and you heard me and grabbed ... And you were so kind and jolly t... told you I was Sally Carfax and tha... father had set me to spy on you an... him every time you trespassed on C... land. Now you know who I am—... lancey Carfax's daughter.' I was ... what taken aback, I must admit. ... I laughed it off; and she lau... too. She has a musical laugh."

"You spoke of blackmail, sir," I ...

My grandfather snorted. The ... groaned. He stood up. He is a fin... ure of a man, six-foot-one in his ... pers, straight as a lance and lean ... hound. He walked around the tabl... sat down again.

"I must confess that I've me... several times since," he sighed ... number of times. She is a well-edu... and an intelligent young woman— ... in her forties, I suppose—and I th... her honest. And still I can't believe ... she's not honest. I thought it a h... and harmless friendship for a l... man of my age; and it seemed to ... something to her, too.

"Her attitude toward me was— ... I might have been a trusted an... spected uncle. And mine towar... was avuncular. Yes, I can say ... Practically avuncular. A frequent ... ject of her conversation has bee... daughter. Sally—that's the ... woman I've been talking about ... educated the daughter at home. Sh... been worried about the girl, w... somewhat self-willed, it seems, an... clined to run the woods like her fa...

My grandfather paused again, ... again my mind slipped back five ... and in the blink of an eye I relive... second, third and fourth meetings ... Diana.

"But now the child's prospects ... improved, it seems," continued ... grandfather. "A very respectable ... fellow named Simpson—I know ... family—Simpson's Mill on French ... —prosperous and decent people ... been attentive for years; and no ... last, the girl has agreed to marry ...

AGAIN he paused. I took a cigar ... the box and tried to pinch o... little twist of leaf at the butt end. ... made a mess of it. I tore the wr... from end to end.

"What the devil are you ab... cried my grandfather, glaring.

To mistreat a cigar or cheroo ... almost as bad, in his eyes, as to ... treat a dog, horse, songbird, gun, ... rod or book.

"Sorry, sir!—but I guess it's ... nerves," I mumbled.

"*Your* nerves!" he snorted. ... what about mine? What are a few ... pedoings, at your age, compared ... blow like this at mine?"

He fished a folded sheet of paper ... a pocket, opened it with violently ... bling fingers and slapped it down ... table under my nose. I read:

"Colonel John Robinson of Bel...

"Sir, I am fully informed upo... subject of your frequent recent ... meetings with my daughter, and ... with notify you, on my honor ... gentleman, that you have gone t... Your trespassings of the past ... poachings of woodcock and trout ... been settled from time to time wi... payment of a few dollars—but nc... family honor is touched. If yo... intentions are honorable, that is t... matrimonial, give me proof of it ... twenty-four hours. If not, prepare ... self for the worst.

"Believe me, Sir,

"Your Obedient Servant to Com...

"DELANCEY CARF...

"Well?" inquired my grandfather.

I had nothing to say, for I had read the words with my eyes only, without comprehension. My mind was not on my grandfather's affairs.

I'm a fool to be here, ran my thoughts. I should have returned two years ago, a year ago anyhow—though that would have been difficult—or never. And what rest am I getting here for my nerves? I've been here two days now, and my nerves are worse than ever. I was a fool to remember the kid at all—especially, that is. A few kisses—and I had made a sort of joke of kissing her because she was only a kid. But then I had to go and build them up. I had to build her up. That's a sailor for me! Sentimental. So I built up something wonderful, with the help of stars and sea fire alongside, and fell for it. I made the Rose of the World out of a swamp kid. I made a blue rose of her. And here I am—and a fellow who runs a sawmill is going to pick the Rose of the World!

"You seem to be stunned," said my grandfather. "And no wonder! So am I, with more reason. It's preposterous. It's—dammit—monstrous!"

I made a sluggish effort to divert my mind from my own concerns to my grandfather's.

"You're going to sue you for breach of promise or something like that?" I asked.

"Breach of promise?" shouted my grandfather. "Breach of promise? She wouldn't have to do that! She's of age—twenty-one over and more. You talk like a fool. The fellow's mad, I tell you! Why, damn it, I never mentioned marriage—never spoke a romantic word. I'd sound a damned fool, at my age! We exchanged views. We talked about the daughter. I gave her advice, when asked for it. We were good companions. .

"Why, dammit, I never even tried to kiss her. Kept my mind right off anything of the kind. She kissed me once on a very chaste, quick one—and I pretended not to notice it. My behavior with her has been exemplary, always. Everybody knows it—and he must know it. He couldn't lie. He must have spied on me—the rat! The swamp rat! He has been snapping at my heels all his life. And what have I ever done to him? Nothing to ignore him, that's all.

"And it was the same between our mothers. And all because the Carfax of nineteen-eighty-three accepted what Belmont offered him without seeing it because he was too lazy, and probably too proud, to come up from Parrstown and look the country over. Accepted what Belmont offered him on the map. My great-great-grandfather headed upriver in a canoe with two Indians without waiting even to see his family and goods disembarked at Parrstown. So we have Belmont, and the Carfaxes have seven hundred acres of Dragon Swamp. It has given them an inferiority complex, I suppose—but I must say I've never noticed it in Sally."

I stood up, helped myself to another cigar and turned away from the table.

"Don't fidget!" said my grandfather. "Sit down. Tell me what you make of this."

He pointed to Delancey Carfax's extraordinary screed.

"All I can make of it, sir, is a suspicion that you've stuck your neck out too far—overplayed the doddering old avuncular role, maybe—and Delancey Carfax has his hatchet arm up and back," I told him, without sitting down. "As to his motives—and possibly hers, sir—why ask me? I don't know the old man, except by hearsay, and I've never been kissed by the lady. And now, sir, I'm going out to stretch my legs and rest my nerves."

I WAS out of the room before he could stop me. I left the house by a side door, ducked through lilacs and highbush cranberries and soon had the red barn between myself and my grandfather. Pretty soon, I found myself halfway down the slope of the old orchard. I kept on till I came to the edge of a field and the spot where that kid Diana Smith had rested, and allowed me to regain my breath, after our flight from Dragon Swamp at the time of our first meeting. But that had been June, and this was late September. June of five years ago.

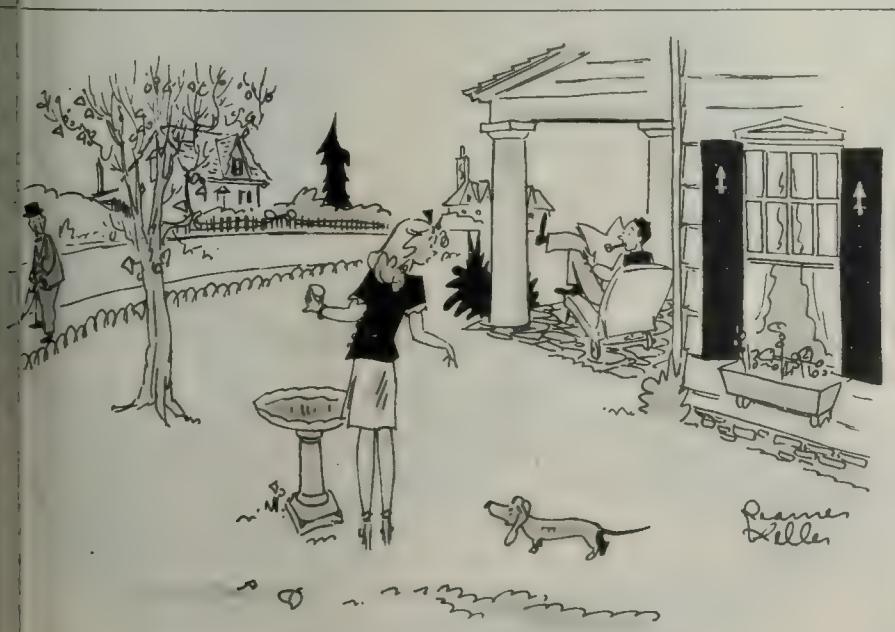
Diana Smith. That poor kid. That raggedy naiad of Dragon Swamp. And that hat! Again I looked into the eyes beneath that disreputable brim. Again I saw the lips and chin and slender throat. I groaned and got to my feet.

"But she'll have grand hats from now on," I said.

I turned and retraced my steps through bush and woods to the foot of the old orchard. It was here I had first kissed her—but that one, like all my subsequent kisses, had been kept well in hand. Her youth, her innocence, and her forlorn and impoverished appearance had stirred the best in me, had moved me to more of protective pity than of reckless passion; so that now my memories were free of remorse and all my pity was for myself.

I swore and moved on again. Time hung heavy on my heart and my poor nerves.

I skirted the swamp for half an hour before I came to what I had in mind, which was a deeply ditched and corduroyed road leading straight into the



"I found an egg in the birdbath, dear. I suppose they want to show their appreciation" REAMER KELLER



—because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF



'Most everybody likes Goebel. People like the *taste* which, in only a few months, has built a national reputation. Won't you try Goebel soon? Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Michigan's *National* Beer • Right From The Cypress Casks of Goebel

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION MEMBER

The fastest-selling items in any retail store are advertised in MAGAZINES

swamp. And now that I had come to it, what did I want of it? I sat down among alders to think it out, to reason it out. But it was not a situation for reasonable thought, or else I was not capable of reasoning.

I was about to step along the road when approaching sounds sent me back to cover and a horse and buggy issued from the swamp. The lone driver was a large young man with an anxious expression on his large face. He sat in the middle of the seat and held a line in each hand; and I guessed that his immediate anxiety was for the buggy's creaking springs. By his dress I knew him for the prosperous and lucky suitor from Simpson's Mill.

His snappy felt hat looked like at least seven dollars and fifty cents' worth of anybody's money. I thought of the hat Diana used to wear. I sneered—not at my memories of the swamp girl's hat, but at the thought that the fellow was using horse and buggy for his courting so as to save rationed gas and priceless tires for the wedding splurge, or maybe for a splurging honeymoon. Such landlubberly, village-buck, safety-first measures offended my battling sailor's soul and blasted nerves. I sneered again.

FIFTEEN minutes later, I was well on my way along the swamp road. On my way where? And to what? Did I want to see Diana? That was the want which had brought me back to Belmont after an absence of five years—but what would be the good of seeing her now? Perhaps she didn't even remember those times of five years ago.

"Stop right thar!"

I stopped. My heart stopped, too, then plunged like a stumbling horse, and my thin nerves twanged. I looked to my right. There he was—Delancey Carfax—stepping from the bushes and across the ditch on a plank, with a double-barreled gun in his two hands. He halted on the edge of the corduroy and grinned wickedly. His eyes were small and pale, but bright as flakes of mica. He was of medium size and had a smooth way of moving.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name's Robinson," I said.

He frowned.

"Telling the truth, hey?" he s "And you dare tell it to me!—an Dragon Swamp, at that! What bro you here?"

"Curiosity," I told him.

"Maybe so—but you're a fool your pains," he said, quietly. "I your grandfather. His biggest foo ness has always been his mistakin for a fool. Maybe *you* think I'm a too?"

"More knave than fool, if you re want my opinion," I told him har

At that, his wolfish grin took o slightly human expression and his s lost something of its micalike glitter.

"Sure, I am!" he agreed prom "And that's what the magnificent c nel hasn't discovered in all the y I've been making money off him. you are smarter than your grand But don't be too smart. I'll ask again what brought you here."

"Isn't curiosity a good enough swer?" I countered.

"Listen!" he said, with a rasp in voice and the glitter back in his e "Listen, you! I know what brought here. I saw you sparkin' the girl years back. Saw you twice—but was enough to show me you warn't good—not to be taken seriously! now she's got a real man—but if hadn't, I'd shoot you and sink yo the swamp before I'd see any C wedded to a Robinson of Belmont."

"Is that so?" I jeered. "Then w about your letter to my grandfath

His hard, bright, intent stare fl ered aside for a moment.

"You tell him to marry your daug or else prepare himself for the wors added.

"Listen, you!" he said, in a low v brittle with evil. "He's got no ide it. He wouldn't marry her if he c —not even if he had fire enough in belly to want to and I'd let him fear of folks laughing, and maybe t ing scandal, at respectable old H and-Mighty John Robinson, D. getting tangled up at the age of enty-four with the swamp-bred w of a hop-by-night bootlegger. If *is* a widow! But I know him. I'll cash in on my knowledge in a



"It happens every time we have mince pie made with Borden's NONE SUCH—the eatingest, spiciest mince meat of them all." *Costs a few pennies more . . . and worth it!*

© Borden Co.



COLLIER'S "Well, I see Bentley's commission came through" CARL ROS

ay . last—even if he has to mortgage elmat; and then, with money in the ank nd a rich granddaughter, I'll show at oodcockin' windbag who's the gen- ema !"

Hi voice was low and level, but it bra d with hate and derision. He as out to say more—but just then y or nerves let go. I jumped for m, ipped on the corduroy and came wn lam. But in the split second be- re actually crashed the cedar poles, ea d the blast of his duck gun and ou t, quicker than ordinary think- He fired both barrels!" And I had him unless he used the butt.

I mped like an angry porcupine, n xtended again in a lunging grab h legs. But they weren't there. He n there. And I didn't have to look w that the double recoil of the old d kicked him off the edge of the a oles and into the ditch. I would e ain down then and relaxed, but e dy made fast to me under the s nd heaved me to my feet. It was n

I all right," I said.

He s got more cartridges," she said. e shot. You'll have to run."

RAN. She towed me by a hand. All I ca to do was to keep on lifting my f nd that was just about all I could I ad hit the corduroy a pretty hefty w ith everything I had between my e nd my toes. I crumpled, but she t it up and going again. She man- a d me over a ditch on the butt of g nd towed me along a muddy trail. u pled again. It was nice and soft. e ned me over.

he said, thoughtfully, "Maybe you'd t rest a spell, Johnny."

I on my back and caught at my b with my mouth open. After five d tries, I caught it and filled my l That felt better. Diana was k ng beside me, looking down at me s but gravely.

When did you come back, Johnny?" a ed.

"T o days ago," I said. "I would ve me back sooner—a year sooner, m e—but I've been pretty busy ever s he war started. And since before t o. I'm a sailor. I've often wanted co e—but I didn't have a good ex- se ntil the doctors advised me to r y nerves a rest—after four torpe- in inside a year."

"D you come back to see your g ther, Johnny?"

"N particularly," I said.

"W y did you come into the swamp, n ?"

"I st heard about you. You and m n, I mean. So I came this after- co nstead of waiting till tomorrow m g."

"T morrow morning's the date of the d g, Johnny," she whispered, avert- h glance.

"I didn't know that," I mumbled. "I ve seen you, anyhow. That's bet- t n I deserve."

"D I look different?" she whispered, tu ng her glance to mine.

I s ook my head.

She whispered, "I've been told I—I'm a looking."

"W , you're not," I said, with a flare a er. "Not than when I last saw m first saw you, five years ago. M with eyes for true beauty could h hat. You're better dressed; and h ve on silk stockings—but you e st as lovely then—five years ago e in that old hat."

She averted her eyes.

"W must move again, Johnny," she id. "You're not safe yet; he's comb- a t swamp for you right now. Can y t up without help yet, Johnny?"

"M right knee feels rather painful I— ather worse, in fact," I said.

She stood up and stooped over me and, with both arms around me, heaved me up onto my feet again. I wanted to keep right on in her embrace and clinging to her, but I was man enough not to try to do so.

We didn't stop again, or say anything more, until we emerged from Dragon Swamp onto Robinson land. Then I crumpled again and lay still. She crouched beside me.

"Johnny," she said.

I couldn't see her very well. The sun had been down for some time and dusk was deepening. I didn't speak. She repeated my name. It sounded wonderful, the way she said it. That was one of the things I had thought of oftenest during those five years—the way she said "Johnny."

She asked, in a faint voice, "What will you do now—tonight and tomorrow, Johnny—and from now on?"

"I'll go back to my job," I said. "Back to sea. I'll start for Covered Bridge about ten o'clock, after a few more games of chess with my grandfather—if he isn't too upset to play. I'll go in his jaloppy, with Sam McVey to bring it home—and catch the through express for St. John at midnight."

She asked, in a faint whisper, "You wouldn't wait for my wedding, Johnny?"

"I couldn't do that," I said. "I wish you all happiness, God knows, but—but there's a limit to human endurance. Even to a sailor's endurance."

She stooped close to me.

She murmured, "I'd like you to see me married, Johnny—before you go away again."

"Are you crazy?" I cried.

She pressed a hand on my mouth. She brought her face close down to mine.

"Oh, Johnny dear, please don't be like that! To yourself, Johnny! Isn't there room for one more in the old jaloppy? Don't make me ask you three times—to take me with you—for better or for worse—dear, dear Johnny!"

That was two weeks and two days ago. My ship is sailing tomorrow, in convoy; but Diana will stop right here in this port and work in a Red Cross canteen for men of the Merchant Marine.

I RECEIVED the following letter from my grandfather yesterday:

"Dear Johnny: You must forgive my delay in acknowledging your telegram. The fact is this is the tenth letter I have written you, each less violent than the one preceding it. The others were destroyed as written. Delancey Carfax comes to see me almost daily. He is a changed man—so vastly changed for the better than I can only think that his mind has given away entirely. He tells me, over and over, that you threw his gun into a ditch and himself after it. He says you are the only Robinson who ever understood him. I am teaching him to play chess. His daughter visits Belmont with him quite frequently. In fact, she is here now, and joins me in love and best wishes to both you and Diana. Trusting that your nerves are fully recovered, I am, my dear lad, your affectionate grandfather,

"JOHN ROBINSON."

Diana read the letter and pondered it.

"I'm so glad for them," she said. "They'll be happy—and so much more comfortable—at Belmont than in that terrible, waterlogged old house in the swamp."

"Are they going to live at Belmont?" I asked, in my innocence.

She laughed at me and kissed me.

"You may be a terrifying figure in a fight, Johnny, and a marvelous navigator, but sometimes I wonder if you are quite bright," she said.

And she kissed me again.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

. . . a FAMOUS NAME you know and trust!

To most people, "Alligator" is the *only* name in rainwear—for millions have literally grown up wearing famous Alligator Raincoats, Galecoats and Sportswear.

Today, Alligator dependability is especially important. In these times, the extra months, even years, of service in your Alligator mean more than ever. If you don't yet own an Alligator, see your dealer and select from the smart waterproof and water repellent styles he offers.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY
St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles



Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



*Contains the famous Wright Air-flow air-conditioned construction. U. S. Government patent No. 2,218,590.
**Like all Wright Air-flow Hats, The Wright Mirakal Hat is 100% waterproofed with the patented Mirakal waterproofing process.

Try on a Wright Hat today at your nearest Wright Hat dealer's. If you don't know his name just drop us a card.

Wright Hats $5.00 to $7.50

THE WRIGHT HAT

ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT CO.
Since 1859
ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

Rear Guard at Derevushka

Continued from page 19

tiredness beyond physical exhaustion. With a few hundred other routed men he had stumbled back to Derevushka in the night, not knowing what had become of the two soldiers left alive under his own command or of the officer under whose command he was. A veteran's instinct had led him beneath the bridge, where he had slept, out of the wind. Other men sleeping there had left before dawn. Sergeant Strelok had known, even sleeping, that swastika-hooded death might thunder over the bridge at daylight, and had defiantly buried himself in sounder sleep.

When morning wakened him he was unsurprised to find Derevushka deserted and himself alone. Somewhere beyond the village the road would be choked with retreating troops, perhaps doubly choked with truckloads of fresh men coming up to plug the hole in the Russian lines. There should be a rear guard to cover the retreat, but Sergeant Strelok doubted whether there would be. The defeat of the day before had been shattering and the Russian units were disorganized. If there had been a rear guard it should have been here, at Derevushka. But here was no one but Sergeant Strelok.

HE STOOD in the yard-wide strip of mud that bordered the brook and checked the tank's progress, his head barely above the level of the bank. He could see the long barrel of its 105-millimeter gun protruding from the turret. Three or four minutes yet. The tank was clearly on a lone reconnoitering mission, probably detailed to see if Derevushka was defended. A radioed report, and a flying column of German tanks and motorized infantry could swarm through the empty village in an hour and charge down on the straggling Russian troops beyond.

Sergeant Strelok nursed no optimism about his chances of preventing this—or of surviving. Lone soldiers are not supposed to pick fights with tanks. Nor do scouting tanks take prisoners, having no way to guard them. They simply kill and roll on. The odds, Sergeant Strelok told himself with an old card player's punctilio, must be revised. Not one to one, but a thousand to one. Nevertheless he was, in a manner of speaking, the rear guard at Derevushka. His broad cheeks creased in a grimace at his own foolishness.

Under the bridge lay scattered the miscellaneous equipment abandoned by retreating soldiers. Blankets, knapsacks, clips of cartridges . . . He picked up half a dozen grenades of the Russian potato-masher type, smaller than the German but as powerful, and dropped them into an empty haversack. He bound them into a tight bundle with the shoulder strap, so that the handle of one projected, encircled by its metal safety ring. Two more grenades he stuffed into his pockets.

Fifteen yards from the bridge, within easy grenade-throwing distance, the brook made a slight turn. A steep shoulder of earth offered protection for a man shooting toward the cart track. A wisp of sodden wheat at the brink would give a minimum of cover for the black barrel of the Degtarev and the head of the man behind it.

Sergeant Strelok waded along the brook, the silty yellow water soaking into his felt boots, carrying the light automatic rifle, the extra pans, the sack of grenades. Beyond the earth shoulder he turned, pitched the barrel of the gun over the edge of the bank and swung it down hard, so that the spiked feet of the bipod at its muzzle bit into the dirt. The sight was at zero. The round, horizontal pan held forty-nine shots. He pulled back the cocking lever.

The tank rumbled toward him at twenty miles an hour. The hatch atop its turret was folded back—like the lid of a bully beef can pried open with a bayonet, Sergeant Strelok thought—and a man's head and shoulders stuck out. A black spot lower down showed that the driver's hatch was also open. Sergeant Strelok had counted on this. When not under fire, he knew, German tank crews preferred the risk of open hatches to traveling in semiblindness. He could have picked off the man in the turret with one burst, possibly the driver too. But there was no hurry. He still had a whole minute.

The tank pitched and heaved like a ship as it rode the muddy earth swells toward the bridge. Its clatter increased enormously. Sixty yards. The U of the Degtarev's rear sight embraced the midriff of the leather-covered man in the turret and followed him firmly. Sergeant Strelok's finger began a slow contraction against the trigger. Then the tank stopped.

Sergeant Strelok lay motionless. The relief of quiet after the threatening clank of the caterpillar treads was startling.

A big tank, over thirty tons, he judged. The face of the man in the turret was tanned to the yellow color of his leather coat and helmet. His eyeballs flashed as he inspected the bridge and the margin of the brook. The scant stalks of wheat around Sergeant Strelok's head were poor cover, but with luck he might go unobserved. He lowered the automatic rifle sight a fraction of an inch from his eye. He would wait and see what they did next.

The tankman pushed himself up through the hatch, swung his leather boots outside the turret, and clambered down over the treads to the ground. He walked stiffly toward the bridge, like a man whose legs have long been cramped. As he walked he scanned the cart track carefully.

Looking for mines, Sergeant Strelok reflected. He wished there had been some mines.

Another head pushed up through the turret. Two of them at least, maybe three, Sergeant Strelok congratulated himself. He could shoot now, eliminate the man in the turret and possibly the driver, then swing the Degtarev on the man nearing the bridge. After that the surviving men in the tank—two or three probably—would catch him in the sights of a heavy machine gun, or they would swing the turret with its long 105 toward him, and everything would be over.

STILL, there was no hurry. He lay quiet as a dead man. The leather-covered German neared the bridge. Sergeant Strelok was hidden from him by the shoulder of the brook's bank. The German sank ankle-deep in muck as he reached the bridge and cursed. Sergeant Strelok grinned. Germans didn't like Russian mud.

The leather-coated man bent down and inspected the beams under the bridge, then started to walk across it. Sergeant Strelok tensed—a few steps farther and he would lie exposed to his enemy's eyes. But the German stopped in the middle of the bridge and waved the tank forward.

The exhaust exploded raucously and the treads took up their anvil clanking as the machine lurched ahead. Sergeant Strelok dropped the stock of the



Protect your anti-freeze – clean out with Sani-Flush fi

Don't waste precious anti-freeze i dirty radiator. Rust and sediment ca dangerous overheating. Clean out with Sani-Flush. It's quick and c plete. Costs only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just flush with water. Sani-Flush is thorough. it yourself, or ask your service stat *Sani-Flush is absolutely safe in a cooling systems, when used acco ing to directions on can.* It's in n bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold grocery, drug, hardware and 10c sto The Hygienic Products Co., Canton

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATO



Where is your ex Christmas MONE coming from? . . .

WITH mounting war taxes and th creased cost of living, do you need Christmas money more than ever? try our profitable plan for looking new and renewal subscriptions for magazine. For full details, *write nou*

Independent Agency Division, Desk 6 The Crowell-Collier Publishing Com 250 Park Avenue, New York

HOW can I earn extra money for Christmas?

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Town . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

Degtarev to the ground. The situation called for a change of tactics.

He slid down to his haunches and, crouching behind his jut of earth, only half hidden from the man on the bridge, fumbled for the bag of grenades. The tank was hardly a hundred feet away. His fingers found the projecting grenade handle and jerked off the ring which encircled it. With his left hand he held the spring lever down against the handle. With his right he picked up the handle. His flesh crawled with expectation that each instant would bring sudden oblivion—a shell, a grenade, a burst of machine-gun fire. He knelt an instant longer. He must not be a second too soon nor a second too late. The tank roared almost at the bridge.

Sergeant Strelok stood up. In two strides he reached the middle of the brook and stood calf deep in the yellow water. With the ease of a man used to the scythe he swung back the clumsy Degtarev balanced in his right hand. The trigger lever, released, sprang out erect from the handle. The tank loomed thirty feet away and a dozen feet from the bridge. With a practiced heave Sergeant Strelok threw the sack of grenades straight in front of the machine, hurling it between the treads and under the belly.

Above his ears echoed the shout of the man on the bridge. The sack sailed through the air. Strelok's eye caught the swinging of the turret, the downward dip of the 105's long barrel as he dived into the mud. There was time for a breath to tick twice before the earth and sky exploded and the air struck his ears a blow that numbed them beyond hearing.

BLACK smoke shut off the sunlight, mud and dirt cascaded into the brook. Things began to fall through the smoke, first rattling clods and gravel, then thudding chunks of earth or metal. The stink of cordite. Sergeant Strelok lay dazed until water seeping through his clothes aroused him.

He wriggled free of the loose earth around his legs and saw the Degtarev lying in the water near him. The explosion had blown it from the top of the bank but seemed not to have damaged it. He waded in the mud to recover it and, turning behind him, only then saw that the farther bank of the brook, just above his head, had been excavated as if by the sweep of a huge shovel. He grasped dimly that the tank's big gun had fired a shell into the lip of the bank. It had exploded above and slightly beyond him. Sergeant Strelok, an expert in such matters, understood that its velocity at close range had carried most of the steel fragments on in the direction in which the shell had been traveling. He decided that he was unhurt, though his ears rang like church bells from the impact of the double explosion of shell and grenades. For his grenades had exploded too. He was sure of that.

A metallic yammering forced its way into his stunned ears. The tank was still alive and fighting. Through the slowly clearing smoke he saw geysers of dirt leap from the far side of the ditch at six-inch intervals. One of the tank's heavy machine guns had traversed the bank with a long burst of fire.

A man loomed out of the thinning smoke in the brook's bed. A man crusted in muddy leather. Without thought Sergeant Strelok rose to his feet, dragged the Degtarev up to his hip and fired. The gun snorted ten shots before he could relax his numbed finger. The German in the leather coat fell over backward.

The tank's machine gun yammered again, its bullets retracing the same line along the top of the bank. Sergeant Strelok dropped to his knees. It came to him that in that second on his feet he had glimpsed the tank's turret and that the hatch on top of it was still open—like an empty tin can, he thought again, and grinned crookedly.

If the turret was still open it meant that most of the men inside were dead, or dazed by concussion. The heavy machine gun loosed another burst, as if to show that the tank was still fighting.

SERGEANT STRELOK plodded toward the dead German, who lay on his back in the water. The tank's interlocking treads projected out over a fuming hole in the brook's bank, where the end of the bridge had been.

The forward end of the tank loomed above him. Its under plates were scored and blackened, but he could see no serious damage. The treads were intact. His ears still rang pulsingly. It took him a moment to realize that the tank's engine had stopped. He dropped the Degtarev and pulled a grenade from his pocket.

He reached up and grasped a flange of the caterpillar track and pulled himself up to level ground close beside the tank, pressing his body against the treads. If the men inside had fully recovered from the shock of the explosion they would lean out now and kill him—with a grenade, with a hail of bullets from a Mauser submachine gun. He did not look up.

With his shoulder scraping the iron wheels of the dollies which bore the machine's weight inside the caterpillar track, he crawled beside the tank. The track was over twenty feet long. Two thirds of the way back he stood up and stripped the safety ring from the shank of his grenade. The black stripe of a swastika banded the turret close to his face. The long 105 still pointed down obliquely toward the gash in the brook's far bank. No sound came from inside the tank.

Sergeant Strelok put one foot on a dolly, caught hold of an iron rung meant for a man's hand, and pulled himself half up to the turret. His right arm swung in an arc and flung the grenade down hard inside the open hatch. Then he pushed himself away from the tank and fell to the ground.

The explosion was muffled. Smoke trickled from hidden vents and hovered over the hatch. Sergeant Strelok stood up. The odds had been a thousand to one and he had won. But he was not elated. There would be other tanks.

He was still alone at Derevushka. Perhaps counterattacking Russian troops would arrive to help him. Perhaps not. The war stretched before him and the odds on his life were still a thousand to one. But while he lived no enemy should pass this way. He retrieved the Degtarev from the creek and placed it ready beside the carcass of the tank. There was still a rear guard at Derevushka.

THE END

NO CENTS

The OPA recently issued some Alaskan prices of odd sums like 58 cents or $1.16. Alaskans laughed and the sums were changed to 60 cents or $1.15. Scarcely anyone in Alaska uses pennies. Sums have to come out even. For a 99-cent article the dealer gets $1. A $9.97 item the customer gets for $9.95. Pennies don't figure in Alaskan transactions.



A little rubber~ a lot of American "know how"!

Good old American "know how" has done it again! For this winter—despite the meager allotment of rubber—manufacturers are able to provide rubber footwear for the essential health protection of millions. Necessary W.P.B. rulings have restricted styles, and eliminated colors and frills.

We at Hood and B. F. Goodrich have named this footwear "Duration Quality."

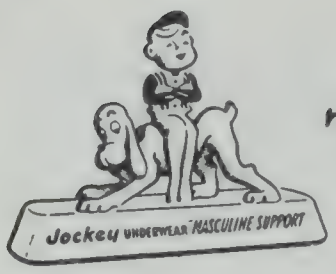
By drawing on our background of experience and ingenuity, we have found ways to give you more service and better looks than would seem possible under the circumstances. And we know you will wear this footwear with patriotic good will till the war is won!

★ ★ ★

NOTE TO GOOD CITIZENS: Buy only what you need—take care of what you have. *And be sure to throw your scrap into the fight!*

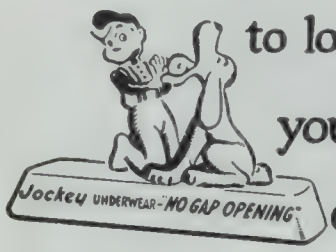
FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

Hood Rubber Co.
A Division of
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



The trusted trade-marks of great American manufacturers are as priceless to them as they are to the buyer. In underwear, "Jockey," REG U.S. PAT. OFF. originated and made by Coopers, is the name





to look for. It is your assurance that you are buying the most comfortable underwear that can be made, thanks to the patented Y-front construction.





Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Macrae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

MAGAZINES
have put before all classes in America finer ideals of living.
Magazine Advertising has helped turn these ideals into *REALITY*.....

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



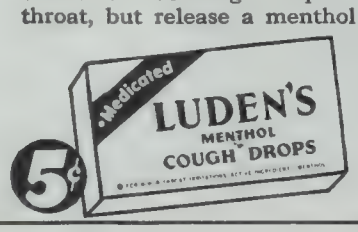
The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

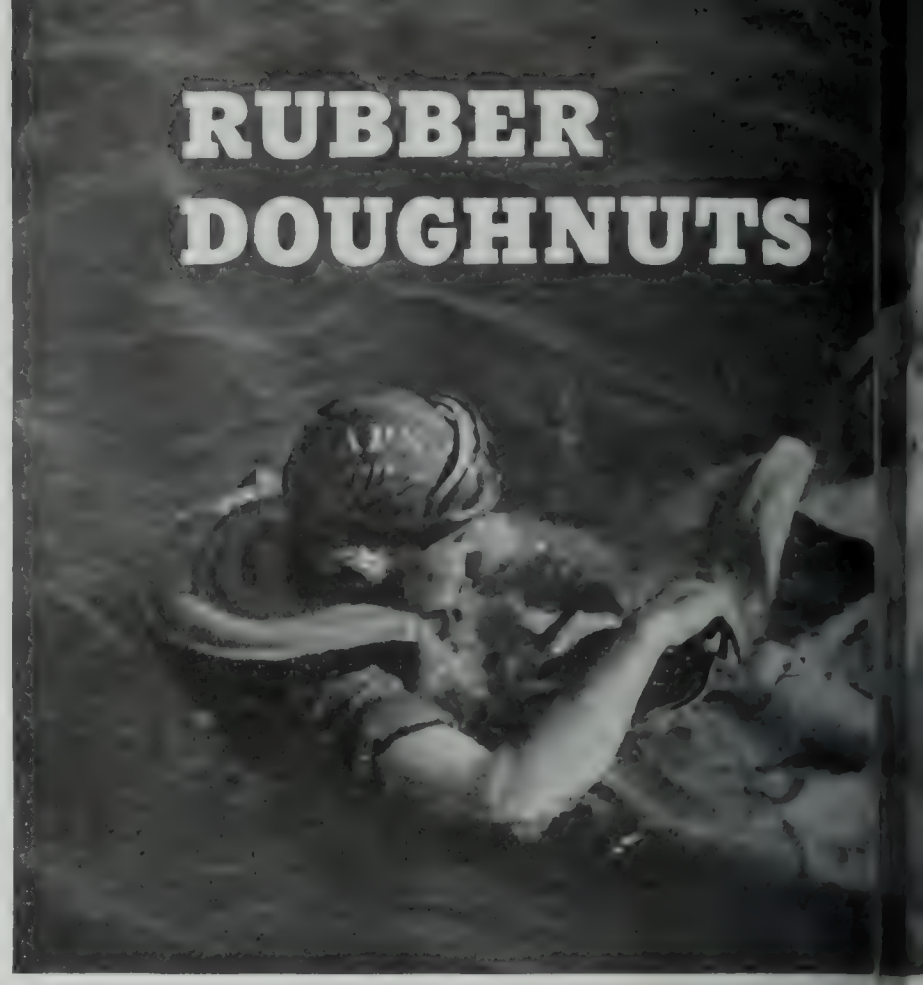


MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Sensational *extra* help for colds—with Luden's! These famous cough drops not only help soothe throat, but release a menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages, helps relieve "clothespin nose!"









OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE mascot and pal of a U. S. Navy airplane pilot at sea on an aircraft carrier is not a dog, the traditional Navy goat, or even a picture of his dream girl. It's his doughnut—his rubber boat.

If you've been irked by that new set of tires you do not own, it will ease your ire to know that the rubber which might have gone into them was used to provide some naval aviator with a life raft.

The world has heard of the courageous thirty-four-day drift to safety made by Chief Petty Officer Dixon and two companions after their torpedo plane was forced down in the South Seas. Theirs was a three-man doughnut. More than thirty-five dive-bomber crews and fighter pilots, shot or forced down at Midway, were rescued from rubber boats by our PBY seaplanes during the week following the battle. Dive bombers carry a two-man doughnut. The fighter pilot's rubber boat is a one-man affair, snapped to his parachute harness in case he has to jump with only ocean below him.

Rubber boats are folded compactly into a compartment in the fuselage, with emergency rations and water attached or near at hand. Tripping a lever releases the boat, which is inflated by a bottle of compressed CO_2. [illegible] are equipped with paddles, [illegible] pair kit and hand pump. [illegible] painted yellow, which stands [illegible] the sea, making it easy for [illegible] planes to find them.

This was a comfort to Ja[illegible] Midway, who, after their car[illegible] destroyed, used their remain[illegible] line to strafe our doughnut[illegible] men in them, before they t[illegible] landed in the water near their[illegible] to be picked up. It was learn[illegible] way, too, that the yellow bo[illegible] doughnut has a strange fasc[illegible] sharks which love to rub agai[illegible] it, and just can't leave it alo[illegible]

Take, for example, the s[illegible] section of Fighting Squadron [illegible] squadron was returning from[illegible] way section after prolonged fi[illegible] most out of gas. The wing m[illegible] sections had already gone d[illegible] section leaders formed a secti[illegible] own. Their carrier was still n[illegible] away.

The engine of the squac[illegible] mander Lieutenant Comm[illegible] Mitchell, sputtered, then sto[illegible] the benefit of his new wing m[illegible] his head on his arm in the "cr[illegible] tion used by pilots when



When forced to own at sea, the pi- Navy single-seat r releases his nuf"—or rubber —inflating it from tle of compressed dioxide which is d in his supplies. The raft's inflated took only a min- the pilot is climb- deck"—which is as boarding a canoe wimming. Sooner or will be picked up avy patrol bomber

glided toward the water. The . Lieutenants Ruehlow and tched Mitchell drop below d their gas gauges anxiously, y searched the horizon ahead w on.

made a smooth landing in He had difficulty freeing the s safety belt. The plane, nose ettling fast. As Mitchell got cockpit, the plane sank, tak- ber boat, still in its compart- it. He inflated his life jacket it up, then floated comfort- searching the sky for planes, y lifting up to sweep the hori- ps.

lf an hour, he saw a yellow t lift onto the crest of a wave of a mile ahead. The boat wn. Mitchell swam over to ccupant was Ruehlow, the eft-wing man. Ruehlow was e his skipper but he warned not to get him wet as he , and then complained that a boat seats one man comfort- wo intimately. Ruehlow had able to get his emergency of his plane before it sank. was cut about the hands and t night, as he and Mitchell scanned the darkness of the far horizon, he dabbled his hands in the water to cleanse the wounds. A shark, attracted by the blood, attacked the boat. They chased him away. It came back a second time, turned belly up, slashed at the boat with its teeth and ripped out the side. They were back in the water again. And then the persistent shark returned. They kicked at it, yelled and finally scared it away.

Next morning, on top of a wave far ahead, they saw another yellow one-man boat. It drifted down and they recognized Gray, their right-wing man. The section was back together again, rendezvoused on the water. Gray had a canteen containing about a pint of water and his emergency rations. He was very welcome.

They put Ruehlow in with Gray, and Pat Mitchell held on to the side of Gray's boat. During the day they worked on Ruehlow's boat, patching it. Finally they pumped it up. It still leaked, but by continuous pumping they could keep it inflated. So they had two boats for three men—still intimate.

Gray's emergency rations consisted of fourteen units of pemmican; the rules called for one man to eat two units a day. They three fighter pilots ate only one unit between them. Thinking of Dixon's doughnut voyage, they realized they might drift a long time before being rescued. They only wet their lips with water; on the fifth day they had half their original pint.

Sharks often visited them. They discussed the matter and decided that the bottom of a rubber boat should be painted some color to which sharks are allergic, or perhaps a cerulean blue, so that the boat would look like a distant cloud in the sky to the myopic eye of a shark. Or perhaps the paint could have an antishark smell. But talk did not keep the sharks away.

A PBY to the Rescue

On the fifth day, nine PBYs passed over the horizon, searching for them. They didn't see the doughnuts and soon went out of sight, straight ahead. The fighter pilots were about ready to drink the water and eat the pemmican then, but they finally decided to hold out for another day.

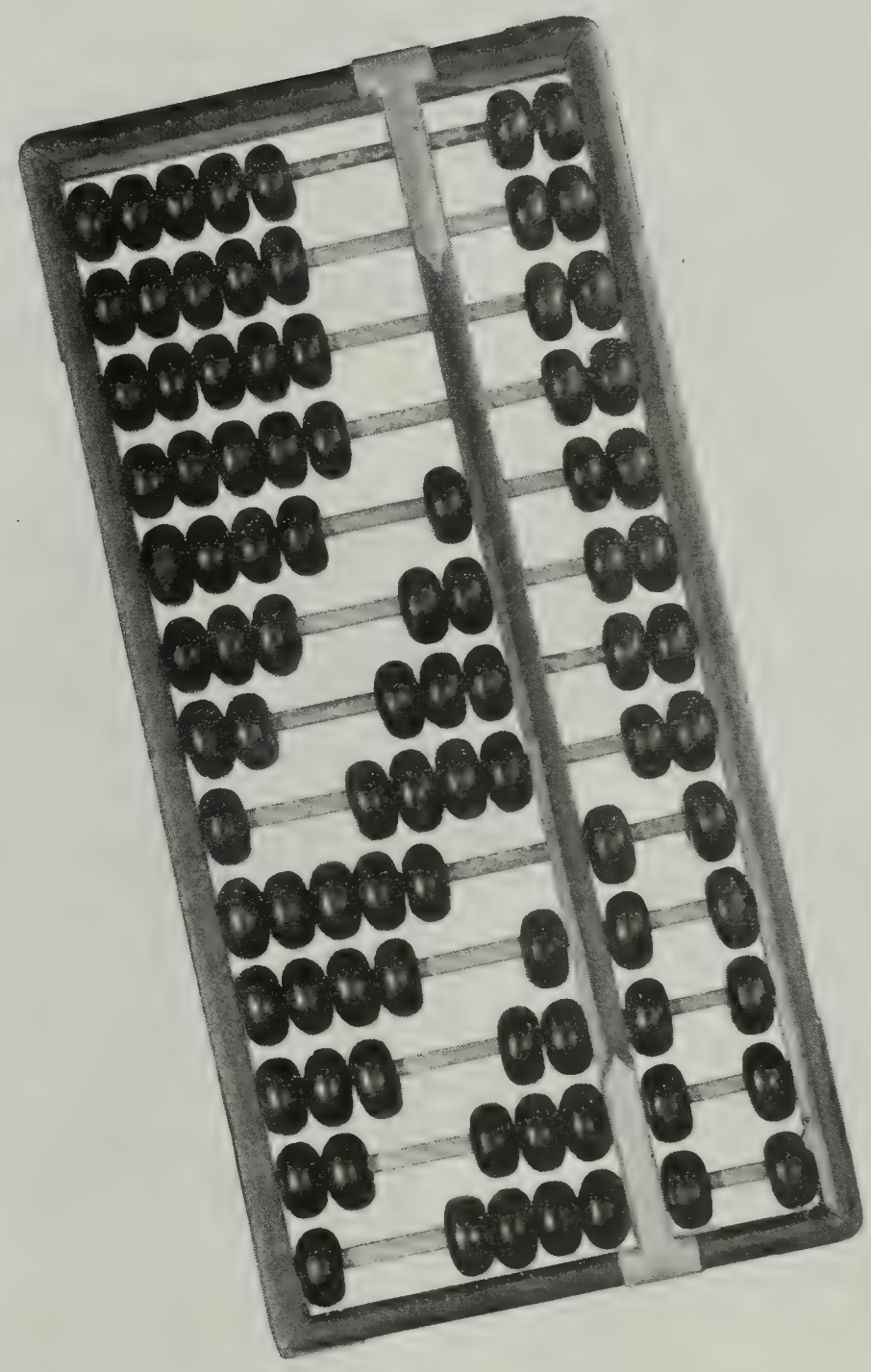
The next day, a PBY passed overhead, saw them, and signaled by Aldis lamp that it was too heavy to land in the rough sea that was running. It's pilot would pick them up on his way back, that afternoon. They ate the pemmican and drank the water.

That afternoon, his gas load having been lightened by fuel consumption, the PBY flier returned, made a smooth landing in the heavy swells and picked up the fighter pilots. He had been Gray's roommate during flight training. They pulled the rubber doughnuts into the plane, which then flew them in to Midway.

That night, as they cleaned up in the bachelor quarters of the Naval Air Station at Midway, the three fighter pilots discussed buying a watch as a present for the PBY pilot who had rescued them. They had ninety bucks between them. It's strange the way pilots, accustomed to forced landings in out-of-the-way spots, will carry money, even into battle. They finally decided they'd never have enough money to get the PBY pilot the sort of watch he deserved. So they asked him if he'd join a small dinner party, just for the four of them, when they got back to Honolulu—a ninety-dollar party. The PBY pilot grinned his acceptance.

Then they decided they'd better ask a couple of other guests to attend the feast. So Mitchell wrote out a formal invitation to Ruehlow's and Gray's rubber boats. ★★★

There's more than one way to skin a Jap!



• For upwards of five long years, our allies in China have been slugging it out with the Japs. With unquenchable courage, they have proved that love of freedom is not peculiar to the Western world.

Behind the shifting battle-lines, Free China's war factories and shops operate under incredible handicaps . . . but they operate. And where you find factories and shops, there you also find problems of figure work.

The Chinese solve these problems on a crude but remarkably effective device: the *suan-pan* abacus. With it, they are able to add, subtract, multiply and divide.

As the makers of the Comptometer adding-calculating machine, that comparatively recent invention by means of which America's victory-vital industry solves the most difficult figure-work problems speedily, accurately and economically, we salute the Chinese craftsmen who make the "adding-calculating machine" that illustrates this advertisement.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



LET'S GET TWO-FISTED

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN HENRY (JACK) TOWERS, air chief of the Navy, has been sent to sea. Admiral Towers is not unpopular in Washington. On the contrary, everybody likes him. He was not exiled. He was sent away so that he might be promoted.

His story is important. It shows in the experience of one man why we are not winning the war faster.

Jack Towers has been air-minded since he entered the Naval Academy from Georgia Tech. He was the leader of the Navy crew that flew across the Atlantic in 1919—eight years before the Lindbergh flight.

Towers has stuck to the air as much as he was allowed. No man in the Navy can get ahead by being just an airman. He has to take a tour of sea duty on the deck of a ship if he wants promotion. So Towers and all his brother officers have had to alternate at two professions. A year or so at sea, a year or so in the air. No unbroken continuity.

You see, the Navy wasn't really air-minded. Of course the Navy had some planes and some good fliers. The whole technique of dive bombing was developed by our Navy. The Germans under Hitler borrowed the idea from us just as, earlier, they had taken the submarine and the airplane from our inventors.

The Navy thought the airplane was subsidiary to ships. Naval officers who were inclined to differ remembered what the Army did to General Billy Mitchell. So they tended to be tactful.

The result is that now, after three years in which the airplane has played a vital and generally a decisive part on every battlefield of a world war, no high-ranking representative of the Air Force remains on the board of strategy of the Navy after Admiral Towers' departure from Washington.

This is not a conspiracy. It is much worse. It is a habit. To have high air officers at work on the basic strategy of winning this war just does not seem vital.

How much of a price do we have to pay to learn this obvious lesson? How many battleships and cruisers do we have to lose before we realize that air power is not subsidiary to anything?

The Germans won their victories by a preponderance of air power. France, the Netherlands, Poland, Norway collapsed because the Germans had mastery of the air. The Germans could not pass Dunkirk because at the supreme hour the British had mastery of the air.

The defeats and losses that we suffered at Pearl Harbor and Manila were made possible by Japanese air superiority. Our victories in the Coral Sea, at Midway, at the Solomon Islands, were accomplished by air power. At Midway a great naval battle was fought w the hostile fleets a hundred miles and m apart. Planes, and only planes, were able attack.

We expect to win this war. We expect to against Germany. We expect to win aga Japan. If we are capable of learning anyth we ought to know by this time that we can only by exerting our full force.

Of course, we want to use—and use to utmost—submarines, battleships, aircraft c riers and everything else that can contrib to victory. We only postpone that victory refusing—or even by forgetting—to recog the reality that air power is subordinate nothing in this war. In every naval council admirals should be present in numbers an authority.

Soon, we hope, great fleets of planes will carrying the war to Japan, as they are r carrying the war to Germany. The lads w take the risks and win the victories are entit to advantages of command that only exp ence and authority can give.

Admiral Towers is going and he deserves promotion even though it is silly to make l go to sea to get it. All right! In place of A miral Towers, how about a number of new ing admirals at the seat of authority? Wh are we fighting anyhow—ourselves or Ja and Germany?

HURRAY FOR GEORGIA

HEREWITH, heartfelt congratulations the Democratic voters of the state Georgia. In their 1942 primaries, these vo gave Governor Eugene Talmadge the gr bounce when he asked them for a fourth no nation to that office. They nominated Georg State's Attorney General Ellis Arnall inst A Democratic nomination is tantamount election in Georgia.

It was a triumph of sense over nonsense reasoning people over fanatics and morons progressive elements over chronic suckers such appeals to hatred and prejudice as T madge's battle cry of "White supremacy, st rights, local self-government and old-time ligion." Some of those things have their pl in the general scheme, but Talmadge pla them in rabble-rouser style. His technique last failed. Georgia intelligence (which we ways knew existed despite evidence which c vinced many others to the contrary) fin went to bat and batted Gene politically into middle of next week.

We don't know yet what sort of man Ar is, though we hear he's okay. Here's lot luck to him and his administration! May t give Georgia good enough government to k Talmadge from ever staging a political co back! The red-gallused nonesuch of the w hats has too long been a drag on his own sta progress and a minor menace to American mocracy as a whole. If he is now permaner dead in Georgia politics, Georgia and the na have scored a substantial gain.

Collier's

OCTOBER 31, 1942

TEN CENTS

P. F. COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF [illegible] THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE [illegible] WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



DETROIT STRAINS AT THE FEDERAL LE

By Walter Davenport

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

He's the biggest Meat Eater in the world!





Actual meat portions served in one day to men in the U. S. Navy . . . Meals typical of the nourishing food served our armed forces every day



Each man served 1/5 lb. bacon

BREAKFAST

Stewed prunes

Corn flakes with fresh milk and sugar

Bacon with fried scrapple and hot syrup

Bread and butter

Coffee



Each man served 1/2 lb. beef

DINNER

Cream of tomato soup

Pan roast of beef with brown gravy

Boiled potatoes

Stewed spinach

Chocolate cake

Bread and butter

Coffee



Each man served 1/2 lb. hamburger

SUPPER

Grilled hamburger steak with fried onion gravy

Spaghetti and cheese

Vegetable salad

Fruit pudding

Bread and butter

Coffee

One Pound of Meat Per Man Per Day . . .
That's Orders from the U. S. Navy Commissary Officer!

n the Admiral to the rawest recruit in "boot" training, Je Sam has the best fed Navy in the world! Not one man n ate as nourishing, well-balanced meals at home as he in the Navy today! And meat is the mainstay of his diet. Je Sam sees that every soldier, sailor and marine gets a d of meat every day — because this muscle-building food important as munitions to a fighter's stamina and morale. he meat is as fine in quality as any you could buy at e. The choicest cuts of beef, lamb and veal, the same fine s and bacon that have built the reputation of such firms rmour and Company.

forces. And next year, it may be double or triple this amount. In addition, Armour is supplying tons of meat and dairy products daily for our allies through Lend-Lease. And continuing to supply the famous Armour's Star meats and Cloverbloom dairy products for our folks at home.

Because meat is so vital to America's war effort, temporary shortages in certain cuts of meat have been unavoidable on the home front — but our boys in service haven't felt any shortages. Uncle Sam did not have to build any mass production plants for meat. The billion dollar plants of the meat industry, developed in peace-time, went to work for Uncle Sam

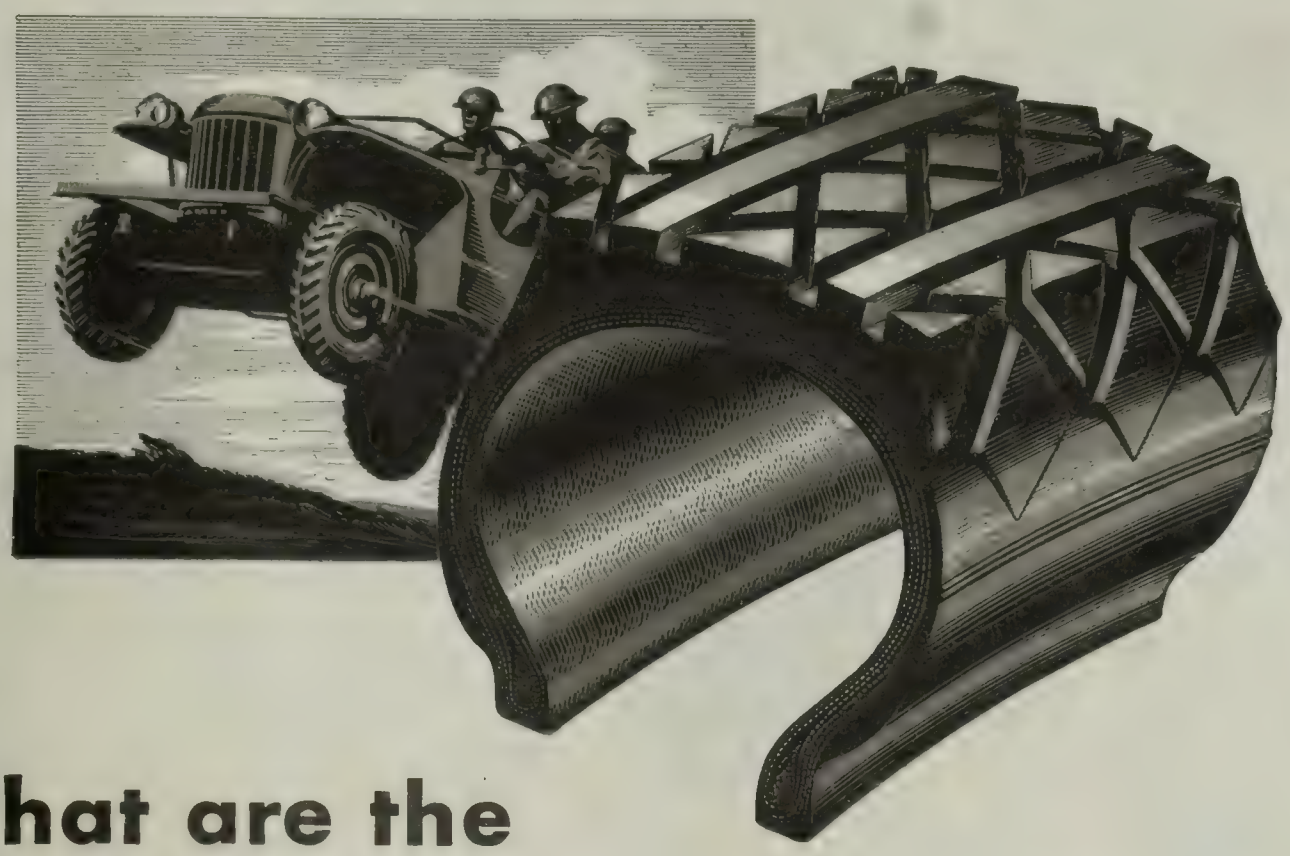
© ARMOUR AND CO.

Armour and Company

Free Illustrated Booklet — "Food for Free m — shows why our fighting forces are the fed, best equipped fighting men in the world

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



What are the facts about SYNTHETIC TIRES?

RIGHT now the most important fact of all is that you cannot buy tires made of synthetic rubber at any price.

That is because every ounce of Goodyear's synthetic Chemigum and similar materials that can be produced is needed for military purposes, and will be for a long time.

But after new plants now building as part of the government program are in operation, and a surplus becomes available for civilian needs—*in perhaps another year or two*—you can count on this:

Passenger car tires built of Chemigum will give you, under normal driving conditions, slightly longer tread-wear than the best natural rubber tires you have known.

That was proved in road tests conducted back in 1940 when Goodyear had already been building Chemigum tires in limited quantity for more than two years.

But it does not hold true, as yet, in the case of large truck tires, because of the extreme heat (above 200° F.) generated in such tires by heavy overloads and sustained high speeds. At high temperatures Chemigum loses strength and toughness, reducing its serviceability.

It must be remembered, however, that heat failures were long the plague of natural rubber truck tires, until gradually eliminated by improvements in compounding. Similar advances can be expected in synthetic truck tires.

But above all, the fact to keep in mind is this: out of the experience Goodyear is now gaining in building synthetic tires and other rubber needs for the Army and Navy, still better Chemigum products are already coming and at considerably lower cost.

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Picture OF THE MONTH

JUDY GARLAND

in

FOR ME AND MY GAL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

WITH: *George Murphy, Gene Kelly, Marta Eggerth, Ben Blue*

DIRECTED BY:.....*Busby Berkeley*

PRODUCED BY:.....*Arthur Freed*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers*

ORIGINAL STORY BY: *Howard Emmett Rodgers*



CAPSULE REVIEW: There's something about FOR ME AND MY GAL which works. We tried to figure it out. Was it the superb performance of the now-come-of-age Judy Garland or was it the pleasant rhythm of George Murphy or was it the new discovery that unquestionably is Gene Kelly. We decided no.

FOR ME AND MY GAL has an indefinable quality, an overtone that transcends plot and emerges from a simple story of the love-life of the child-hearts that characterized our now somewhat forgotten vaudevillians of a few decades ago. Judy, who has grown in artistic importance as she has grown in years, will literally amaze. She has what Nora Bayes had, what Fay Templeton had, but most important, she has what Judy Garland has, a soul which shines through.

Gene Kelly, whom you will remember from Broadway's "Pal Joey," is the last word in the personification of a ham. This veneer which the actor has grafted on his personality as an armor against the hard knocks of touring and rebuff wears off in the clinches and Gene and Judy become real people—something rarely seen in a plot that musicalizes so well. You gather that we liked FOR ME AND MY GAL. We do—enormously—and we think you will, too. That is why we select it as the Picture of the Month.

NOSTALGIA NOTES: Are you all too young to remember "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," "By the Sea, By the Sea, By the Beautiful Sea," "How You Goin' to Keep Him Down on the Farm?", "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?", and "Ballin' the Jack?"

HONORABLE MENTION: Marta Eggerth sings like a thrush. Song title: "Do I Love You." Ben Blue who used to do the "flying duck" in vaudeville is a droll fellow in FOR ME AND MY GAL.

PAT ON THE BACK: You've done it again, Busby Berkeley, Arthur Freed.

SUMMARY: Swell musical picture from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Ed

ANY WEEK



ON OUR cover this week, you will behold Boatswain's Mate, Second Class, Leighton Spadone of Sierra Madre, California. He is 28 years old, has been in the Navy seven years, is married, has two children. As you see him, he is not broadcasting a razzberry but blowing or piping a bosun's call. That's the name of the gadget—call, not whistle. He makes the necessary notes by opening and closing the hand that holds the call—open hand for high notes, closed for low. Cunning, isn't it? Just throws a switch, pipes into the mike, and his mates get busy. Good-looking guy, isn't he?

WHAT we are about to set down here, is, we think, a public service. For years you have been getting letters from important officials in Washington. If you are as dense as we are you've probably done precisely what we've done: Put the letter aside wondering what it meant. Your trouble and ours has been that nobody has compiled a glossary of red-tape double talk, the official language of the bureaucrats, staff officers, department heads, congressmen and others who have our national destiny in their hands and are obviously pretty perplexed to know what to do with the damned thing. But we've started that glossary. We haven't had time to complete it, but it will give you an idea. We got it, you'd better know, from the experienced secretary of a patriotic but inexperienced gentleman who is now making a noble effort to hold down a fairly important war production job.

When you are told that something in which you are vitally interested is "Under consideration," you may be pretty certain that the gentleman writing to you never heard of it before. If, however, he writes "Under active consideration," that means that he's having his secretary look vaguely through the office files. If he should ask you "Have you any suggestions?" he means "Give me some idea what this is all about." The phrase "Has received careful consideration" means that that office has forgotten all about it but won't admit it. If he writes "That project is in the air" he means that it's all news to him but that he intends asking somebody about it if he remembers to. But if he writes "You will remember" it is tantamount to saying that he had hoped that you had forgotten that he hadn't replied to your first letter or that he's trying to put you on the defensive. In their interoffice correspondence, when one bureau head writes to another, "Transmitted to you" he's really saying "You hold the bag for a while." And of course "Let's get together on this" means "I'd like to know whether you're as confused as I am." If he writes "Please expedite reply" he means "For Pete's sake try to find the papers. The Big Shot is raising hell with the Chief." When the note or notation reads "Passed to higher authority" you can be quite sure that something is about to be pigeonholed in a bigger, better-furnished office. When one department head or staff officer passes a sheaf of papers to another with the notation "For appropriate action" he's merely asking "Do you know what to do about this? We don't." And if one of these gentlemen suggests to another that they get together and give somebody "The picture" it means that somebody is going to have to listen to a long-winded, utterly confusing and wholly inaccurate statement about something they don't understand.



BUT that gives you the idea. If we had time we'd write a nice booklet of these interpretations and enjoy the comfortable feeling that after the war when they're looking around for somebody to pin a medal on—a medal for that person who had done most to clarify the situation—we'd get it if there was any justice at all. Such a helpful volume would carry an appendix containing, for example, an explanation of Washington's war-drinking routine. It starts with somebody saying to somebody else, "Have one on me." That done, the second guy says, "Let's have the other half." The second drink gone, the original fellow says, "Here's to the odd one" and buys a third. The fourth drink is known as

(Continued on page 69)

Vol. 110, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President, William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6 50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 31, 1942

SHORT STORIES

ROARK BRADFORD
The Ordeal of Big Mag Purdy A tle matter of divorce.

WILLIAM MacHARG
Witness Absent. The Navy O'Malley out of a jam.

ERNEST HAYCOX
Time of Change. Turck finds women aren't faithless.

MARJORIE WORTHINGTON
The Black Market. Two can the same game.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
In the Balance, by Phyllis D

SERIAL STORIES

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. The second parts.

VERA CASPARY
Ring Twice for Laura. The seven parts.

ARTICLES

ROBERT NATHAN
Conceal the Dead.

ROBERT McCORMICK
Silent Ferries. Rosy future gliders.

KYLE CRICHTON
Blond Blitz. Betty Hutton into fame.

WALTER DAVENPORT
Detroit Strains at the Fede And what the government do about it.

CARL VINSON
The Battle of the Atlantic. about our war against the

STEVE OWEN and ARTHUR DALEY
Keeping the Foot in Footb ment kicking is the New Yo pride.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
What Every Pilot Knows. Nazis, it's the little people.

SGT. LLOYD SHEARER
Look at Private Hargrove rich, he's famous—he's a c

IRINA SKARIATINA
I Heard Russia Sighing. T attitude toward the secon

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS

COVER RUD

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DIABETES

. . . a disease that prefers plump, middle-aged people



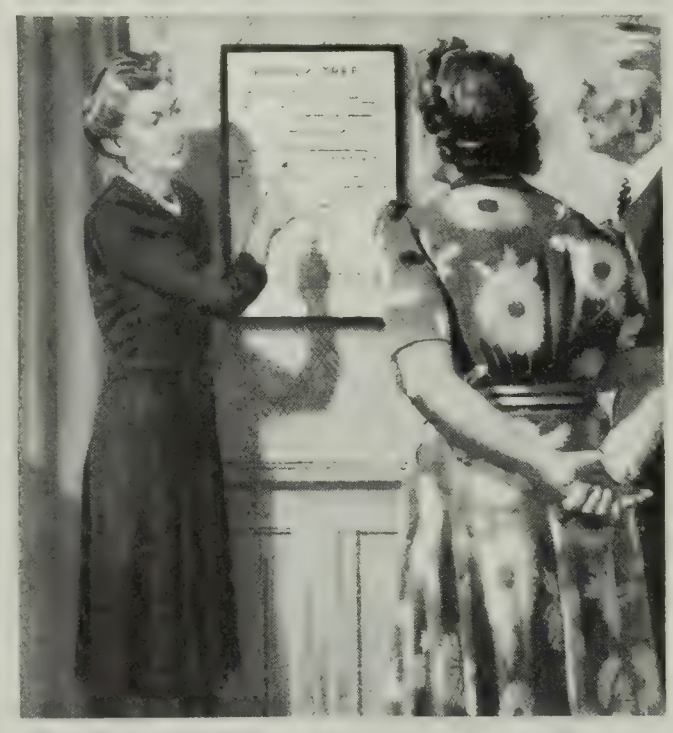
1, Twenty years ago people with diabetes were virtual invalids. The basis of their treatment was a "starvation diet," so drastic that life was gloomy, indeed. Most of them survived only a few years. Then, in 1921, medical science produced the modern miracle—*insulin.* Overnight, diabetics were given a new lease on life.



2, Today, largely because of insulin, the life span of people with diabetes—and especially of diabetic children—has increased remarkably. Hundreds of thousands of diabetics are able to lead practically normal lives. Many successfully carry heavy responsibilities.



3, The vital factors in controlling diabetes are proper diet, insulin in its several varieties, and exercise (which includes work). The diabetic who studies his disease and co-operates with his physician has a good chance of living as long with diabetes as he might without it.



4, Diabetes seems to run in families. A diabetic should educate his relatives in preventive measures, counseling them against overeating and overweight, and encouraging them to obtain periodic health check-ups.

5, Diabetes may occur at any age, although it begins most frequently in those who are past 45 and overweight. More women than men get diabetes.

Typical signs of the disease are usually absent in early or mild cases. At that stage it may be detected by abnormal amounts of sugar in the urine and the blood. That is why it is advisable for everyone with a family history of diabetes, *especially if overweight,* to have periodic health examinations.

The first obvious symptoms are usually excessive thirst, constant hunger, frequent urination, and unexplained loss of weight and strength. Among middle-aged and older people, boils, carbuncles and sores which resist healing (especially on the feet or toes) may first lead to its discovery. Prompt treatment prevents serious and sometimes fatal complications.

To learn more about diabetes and its treatment, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Diabetes."

Diabetic Emergencies in Wartime

WHAT THE DIABETIC SHOULD DO:

1. Carry lump sugar or the equivalent.
2. If insulin is used, carry syringe, needles and insulin when away from home.
3. Keep one month's supply of insulin on hand.
4. Know your diet thoroughly so that you can make the right substitutions if necessary.
5. Know what to do if coma impends.

WHAT OTHERS SHOULD DO FOR THE DIABETICS:

Most diabetics carry special identification cards. If a diabetic is found ill, give him sugar or sweetened fluids. If he does not show definite improvement *within fifteen minutes*, call a doctor or send the diabetic to the hospital.

COPYRIGHT 1942—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 112-C, "Diabetes."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State _____

Dear Employment Agency:
I need a new job . . .

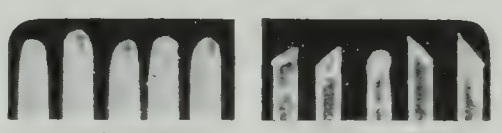


For years hog bristle made the best brushes...then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's *PROLON*

Next time you buy a tooth brush keep this in mind: years of laboratory research have produced amazing new *synthetic* bristles . . . far superior to natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than "Prolon," the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"Prolon," in fact, has a very important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photo-micrographs, the difference between the round bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*



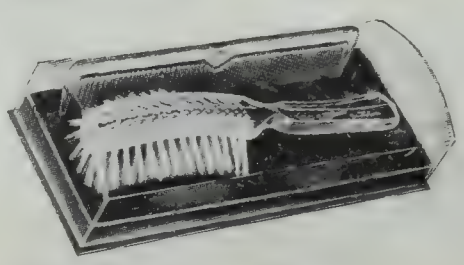
PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

The ONLY tooth brush with ROUND-END BRISTLES and a money-back 6 MONTH GUARANTEE

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you . . . maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Raising the right hand while taking an oath in court originated in the days when a person who had been convicted of a felony was barred as a witness. As such an individual had the letter "F" branded on his palm, every person, before taking the stand, was required to expose his hand to prove he was not disqualified for this reason.—*By Richard T. Dunn, Bridgeport, Connecticut.*

One of the few species of animals that wear our patriotic colors is the patas monkey, *Cercopithecus patas,* of West Africa. Its back and legs are red, its stomach is white and its face is blue.

Dresses, curtains and sheets, which so often catch fire in the home, can now be flameproofed by anyone by being dipped into or sprayed with a new chemical. As it does not affect the appearance or feel of the fabric in any way, only an expert can detect it.

•

The Argus, a newspaper in Banton, Pennsylvania, recently started the publication of a fifty-installment serial feature entitled The Autobiography of Jesus Christ.—*By Kenneth E. Ballard, Chicago, Illinois.*

Every twenty-four hours, a leaking water faucet with an opening the size of a pin will waste 170 gallons, one the size of a pinhead 970 gallons, and one the size of a wooden match, 3,600 gallons. Incidentally, about one hundred million gallons of water, or ten per cent of the quantity piped into New York City daily, are wasted chiefly in this way. —*By Mrs. J. R. Atkins, Corsicana, Texas.*

Underground France has compiled a list of its fellow citizens who will be tried, when France is free again, for the crime of collaborating with the Germans. Among those accused, other than government officials, are Georges Carpentier, Sacha Guitry, Mistinguett and Maurice Chevalier.

In the United States, mail truck have the legal right of way over fi engines, police cars, ambulanc and all other emergency vehicle even when they are on their way a fire or the scene of a crime or a accident.

America's proposed meat ratio of two and a half pounds per pers per week is about equivalent to o average consumption during t past ten years. Today Engla allows only one pound, Germa three quarters of a pound, Holla one half pound and Italy one qua ter pound. Unlike the other cou tries, rationing here will not inclu poultry, eggs, fish, shellfish, chee and other meat substitutes.

The cost of manufacturing a m dium-sized bombing plane today approximately forty times as mu as that of a fine motorcar—on per pound basis.

To keep the topsoil from shift in the dry Midwestern states, m than 100,000,000 trees are n growing in 17,000 shelter be some of which have already reach a height of fifty feet. According experts, these belts lift the prev ing wind up and over the leew fields for a protective distance t is twenty times the height of trees.—*By Martha Barry, Cle land, Ohio.*

The first air raids over Ameri cities may be directed against vilians and use incendiary "el tron" bombs. As the bombs only ten inches long and we slightly more than two pounds, plane alone can carry and dro random from great heights as m as 2,000, a number which will, cording to estimates, successf start at least 150 roof fires i matter of minutes.

Five dollars will be paid for each intere or unusual fact accepted for this col Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New City. This column is copyrighted by Coll The National Weekly. None of the items be reproduced without express permissi the publisher

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

THIS IS A LONG DISTANCE SWITCHBOARD



We can't get materials to build enough of them. And those we have now are crowded with war calls.

So please do not make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity.

These girls are at battle stations on the telephone front. They have as much as they can do to get the war calls through.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WAR CALLS COME FIRST



What kind of men do outdoor girls like?

✓ An independent survey reveals they prefer men ruggedly built, lean-jawed, blond and bronzed, with a taste for sports and sports clothes . . . the kind of men who wear—

ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

No wonder women like men in Essley Shirts! The painstaking tailoring by famous Troy craftsmen impresses *everybody!* And the superb styling by America's foremost men's fashion authority makes a man look his best in a woman's eye. $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50 and up.

Originators of the *TRUBENIZED Collar**

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York City

Costume from Mary Lewis *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS are made by ESSLEY shirtmakers. Quality tailoring . . . finer fabrics . . . smarter patterns.

WING TALK



GROENHOFF

Army Air Forces mechanics change an engine of an A-20A bomber

ACCORDING to Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, chief of our Army Air Forces, several hundred combat planes were on the ground the day after Pearl Harbor because of faulty maintenance—fighters and bombers that were vitally needed in our war zones.

Naturally, Arnold was worried. He wanted to know what was wrong and why. He summoned crack maintenance experts from the commercial airlines to the capital and asked their advice. They were, he wisely concluded, good authorities on the subject, since for years they had operated their lines with a minimum of equipment at a maximum of efficiency.

There was no tongue-in-the-cheek exchange of words. The airline men were frank. They told Arnold what was wrong and listed three reasons: (1) Army planes, from their inception and design stages, were not built to be easily overhauled. (2) Inexperienced mechanics were given the task of keeping planes flyable that they knew nothing about. (3) The system of supply—getting spare parts in a hurry—was inefficient and slower than the jackass mail.

The nation's air chief admitted the charges were true. But before sticking his neck out too far, he sent the experts on a flying tour of various air bases so they could see what was going on and report to him.

What they found substantiated their criticisms: At one field, two fighter planes were out of commission because several special necessary bolts, ordered three weeks previously, had not yet arrived—bolts which could have been purchased at a local hardware store, had regulations permitted. The ground crew assigned to one squadron was idle, playing ball, while mechanics of another squadron on the same field lagged behind because of overwork. Several planes of a bomber command were grounded because mechanics didn't know how to fix the landing-gear mechanisms—had to send for factory exper

Such conditions don't exist toda Boss Arnold did something about the and in a hurry. Several new mechani training schools were established. speeded-up supply system—almost teletype communications—was put in practice. Simplified maintenance me ods have been injected into new pla designs.

WHEN Brigadier General Jim Doolittle pulled the surprise raid Tokyo, the North American B-25s u for the job were not equipped w America's much-sought-after bo sight. Doolittle ordered all the inst ments removed from the bombers fear the Japs might get their hands the closely guarded device, should of the bombers fall victim. Inste bombardiers used a small improv bomb sight that cost only 20 cent piece together.

USING his wits, two small piece wood, a balance weight and of an old discarded protractor, Nor J. Greene of Berwyn, Pa., has inve a bomb sight for light planes that is ported to be fairly accurate. At l Civil Air Patrol officials are goin let him demonstrate the idea and give it serious attention if the time comes when their pilots are called to do a little bombing.

THE trimotor transport, once so miliar on all the airlines but practically extinct in this countr coming back. Looking ahead to postwar period when they will have minals in almost every American c big and small—the airline men be that the three-engined planes wi most suitable for short-haul opera because they can use small fields less difficulty than the presen twin-engined ships. What's more

(Continued on page 69)

Never Beyond This Shore

HERE at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go.

Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to [I]reland and Australia and Iceland; women have [b]een lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

[B]ut I know I would be foolish to dream of [s]eeking as they have. For a woman to go farther [th]an this shore demands a special skill, complete [in]dependence—and I have neither.

[S]o, my task is here, here in the little storm-[be]at house that sits back from the cove, here [wi]th my son.

[A]nd if I become discontent with the seeming [lo]neliness of my task, Jim's words come back to [co]mfort me. "I'm leaving you a very important [th]ing, Mary. Until this war is won, there won't be [m]any more evenings when we can sit by the fire-[si]de and plan our tomorrows together. It will be [up] to you to make the plans for the three of us. "Mary," he said, "keep our dreams alive."

★ ★ ★

MAKE no little plans, you who build the dream castles here at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for that world of tomorrow will be resplendent in things you don't know—never even imagined. Allow for wonderful new developments in such fields as television, fluorescent lighting, plastics. And leave a flexible horizon for the marvels that are sure to come from the new science of electronics. When you're dreaming of your better tomorrow, count on us. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

THE VOLUME *of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.*

952-348K-211

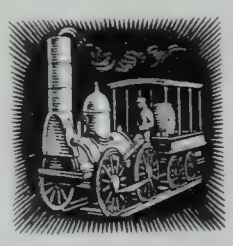


GENERAL ELECTRIC



A Great Invention

IN MAKING A LIST of the important inventions of history, it is fitting that those inventions which have contributed most to the progress of mankind should be given the highest rating.



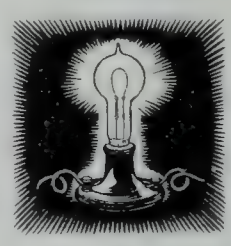
Almost all these inventions, you will find, are important because they extend man's own limited powers.

The lens, for instance, in telescope and microscope, enabled us to examine the infinitely distant and the infinitely small, far beyond our normal eyesight. The steam engine and the internal combustion engine have multiplied our speed in travel on land and sea, and even taken us into the air over both. Gunpowder enlarged our muscles so that we could dig deeper into the earth; it lengthened our arms so that we could deliver far-reaching blows to our enemies.



The telegraph, telephone, and radio have extended to the ends of the globe the distance our voices can carry and our ears can hear. Mechanical power in factory and field lets one man do the work of twenty, and has freed us from the slavery of long hours and arduous labor. Electricity brought light, and printing brought enlightenment. All were truly great accomplishments.

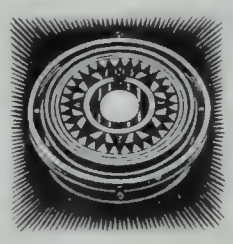
But there is another invention which belongs near the top of the list, even though it involves neither metal nor mechanics. It is insurance, one of the most powerful extensions of man's abilities.



More powerful than the lens, it enables man to pierce the veil from that world beyond and oversee the education of his children and the comfort of his widow.

The engine, and the speed which it gives us, are as nothing compared to a device which can create an estate in the few seconds it takes to sign your name to an application for life insurance.

Can you, even with your telephone, summon a thousand persons to help you rebuild your home as readily as a fire insurance policy collects the contributions of the many for the benefit of the unfortunate few?



Photography may capture and record the scenes of the day, but can it carry out your good intentions toward your family after you have "stepped out of the picture"? The compass helps in avoiding charted dangers, but of what avail is it in protecting you against the uncharted hazards of the future?

By what other invention can you pay for an accident before it happens? Or buy time for the future—your own time for rest and recreation in retirement years?

Power itself could hardly have been used in the great plants of today unless insurance had made safe the investment of the owners.

Great projects could not have been undertaken without the service of insurance to spread the risk so that it would fall lightly on the many rather than heavily on the few.

And whenever you want this great invention to serve you in a bigger or broader way, let a Travelers agent or broker be your "consulting engineer." His training and experience can be of real service to you.



MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 31, 1942

The Ordeal of Big Mag Purdy

By Roark Bradford

ILUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Deacon was a cynic. He aid Big Mag married Pete urdy to keep from paying im wages. But just the same he Deacon was number one in ne when Pete disappeared



MONEY, money, money! P—hanh!" Big Mag waved a check for $105.90 which Mr. Cheramie d just paid her for the day's shrimp tch. Standing on deck of her twenty-ght-foot trawler, the Brazos Belle, g Mag was clad in a single garment of bleached muslin, sparsely cut and ilt romper style. Her big red arms d legs indicated force rather than nu-y. "Everybody's money-nuts! What ?" Big Mag boomed.

Pete, tinkering with the engine's cool-g system below decks, said vaguely, eah, Mag, that's right." The engine, old automobile conversion job, had en running hot all day.

The Deacon, sitting on the Co-op arf fifty feet away, counterpointed very loud, "Some women shore love show their legs." He had not liked g Mag since she turned him down to rry Pete Purdy, but he'd never been e to do anything about it.

They want money to build two-story ises with!" Big Mag replied to her ginal question. "Why? So's they can p out the second-story window and ak their necks when they go broke! P-hanh!"

A loud-talking woman is a 'bomina-n," the Deacon said. "Big mouth. B arms. Big legs." He spat in the er. "Big sinner, too, if I was called to judge. A right out 'bomination."

ig Mag hated the boom and every of the thousands of pay-roll follow-it brought to Velasco. She was a mp fisherman and all she wanted to be allowed to trawl for shrimp. had not tried to divert the trend of stry when a chemical company de-d to build a hundred-million dollar t to extract metals from the salt wa-at the mouth of the Brazos River. had she undertaken to annihilate, onally, each of the twenty thousand anders ("goons," she called them) came to build and operate the plant. could not stop the tide that swept peaceful Texas village of seven hun-and fifty-five neighbors into a howling hurricane of working and spending.

But she could and did stand on the deck of the Brazos Belle and polish off labor and industry with a single snort.

It was a peculiarly derisive sound. She arranged her lips to sound the letter "p" and having launched that consonant with a grinding asthmatic wheeze, she suddenly changed to a nasal roar. "P—hanh!" Wind and tide with her, she could deflate an ego a hundred yards away.

Her vocabulary was not limited by that one snort, however. Her voice was sharp rather than shrill and her arguments hammered at the eardrums as well as the brain. Pete was not deaf, but five years of life with Big Mag had taught him to close his ears to her voice.

Pete appeared at the companionway hatch. "It's a leak in the cooling system," he announced softly.

Big Mag dropped a pail over the side and dashed the water on deck. Shrimp weren't worth seventeen-fifty a hundred, but that's what Mr. Cheramie had paid. Now, Pete would drink himself crazy and she would have to go through the usual business of lashing him to his bunk and feeding him stewed tomatoes while he fought off pink eels and trigger-fish. And it would be all of a week before he would be fit to go trawling again.

"You never heard of a shrimper jump-

The women laughed, the men shouted and the nickel juke machines wailed. Big Mag's brain ached from the noise and the confusion

ing out the second-story window, did you?" Big Mag bellowed. "Naw! Shrimpers don't live in two-story houses. P—hanh!"

"Talking sense now," the Deacon said, "but talking too durn' loud. Ain't got a lick of pride about her."

Pete crawled out of the cabin, undersized and grimy with grease. "We got to pull her out," he said. "They's a leak in the outboard pipe of the circu-

lation. The pump pumps the water out but she won't suck it back in. That's the trouble with these durn' conversion jobs. Always out of whack."

Big Mag sat down on the cabin trunk. "If it's got to be, it's got to be. Only, seems like to me we was on the ways no time ago." She handed the bucket to her husband. "Douse me, while I scrub down— As if a body could scrub down in this water any more! Time was when fresh water run in the Brazos, but now the company's gone and dammed off and cut the river down across the prairie, so's the channel won't shoal up and hang one of their barges on a sand bar. I been boating out of this river fifteen years and I ain't never run aground."

"We better paint the bottom when she's up, too, Mag," Pete suggested. "She got plenty wormy last time."

Pete dashed a bucketful of water on his wife while she scrubbed. Then she doused him. They both went below to change into dry clothes.

It was no longer a pleasant errand to walk from the boat to the grocery store. Before the boom, a body could get on the path atop the levee and foot it to Old Man Mako's in ease and comfort. At the store, you could chat and chin with Old Man Mako and his daughter, pick up the latest news from the village and get all the gossip about the people across the river in Freeport; and there was the opportunity to haggle over prices and be a part of the community generally.

But not any more. Where grass had grown along the leaves there were now auto trailers—glossy new ones and homemade tin cans; there were tents and improvised lean-tos; the houses and sheds and garages were crammed with beds and cots. New houses of shoddy loblolly and tar paper were being slapped together wherever there was space.

"Heathens!" Big Mag snorted. "Living like heathens so's they can build two-story houses with their high wages!"

Pete, trudging back of her and worrying about the engine, said, "Down in Bay City, my Jersey Standard never run hot. Sixteen horse, and never a lick of bother about heating up. Trouble with these conversion jobs is, they ain't meant to run in salt water."

The store was jammed with jabbering women and their overalled men. The men wore their photographs and numbers in little badges. "P—hanh! Too busy making money to use a regular name!" Big Mag boomed. "So they got to have a number!"

No time now to chat and chin with Old Man Mako and his daughter. They and their six new clerks were too busy to haggle. The prices were too high but you paid them or somebody else would.

Outside, their arms full of groceries, Pete went on with talk of his engine. "She'd turn a 20-20 propeller six hundred a minute, slick as you please, and ain't got overheated on me one time."

"I'm sick and tired of hearing about that old engine," Big Mag said. "That's all you talked about before I married you. And when I finally drug my trawl around, did I catch a sixteen-horse Jersey Standard marine? Naw! Wasn't a blessed thing in my net but a little bitty runt of a man."

"I had to sell her," Pete said. "Had to get money enough to buy me a marrying suit. You want a man to get married in his work clothes? I've strived and toiled over your old conversion for five years now, and you're still griping about me selling that Jersey Standard. My net's full of it and I'll have no more."

Big Mag softened: "Aw, Pete, I ain't blaming you for selling that engine. She wasn't much good, anyhow."

"She wouldn't run hot," Pete said defensively.

THE Deacon came aboard and squatted before the main hatchway. "I hear you got to pull the Brazos Belle out to fix a leak in the circulator," he said pessimistically.

"Yep," Pete said. "She's got a outboard leak and I ain't no diver."

"I hear," the Deacon said, "that Cap Snodgrass has jumped the price for hauling a boat out. Four bits a foot now. Seems a mite high to me."

Big Mag put the last of the supplies into the locker and snapped the door shut. "Four bits a foot, hunh?" she repeated. "Fourteen dollars to pull the Brazos Belle out is too much money. Won't pay it."

"You can't help it," the Deacon reminded her maliciously. "He's got you where the hair is short. You'll pay it or you don't get pulled out, seeing as he's got the only ways on the river."

Pete didn't like the Deacon. He always knew too much about everybody's business. "Cap Snodgrass may have the only ways on the Brazos," Pete said, "but he ain't got the only ways on the Texas coast. They don't charge but twenty cents a foot in Galveston, and they got some real ways up there."

"You ain't in Galveston," the Deacon pointed out.

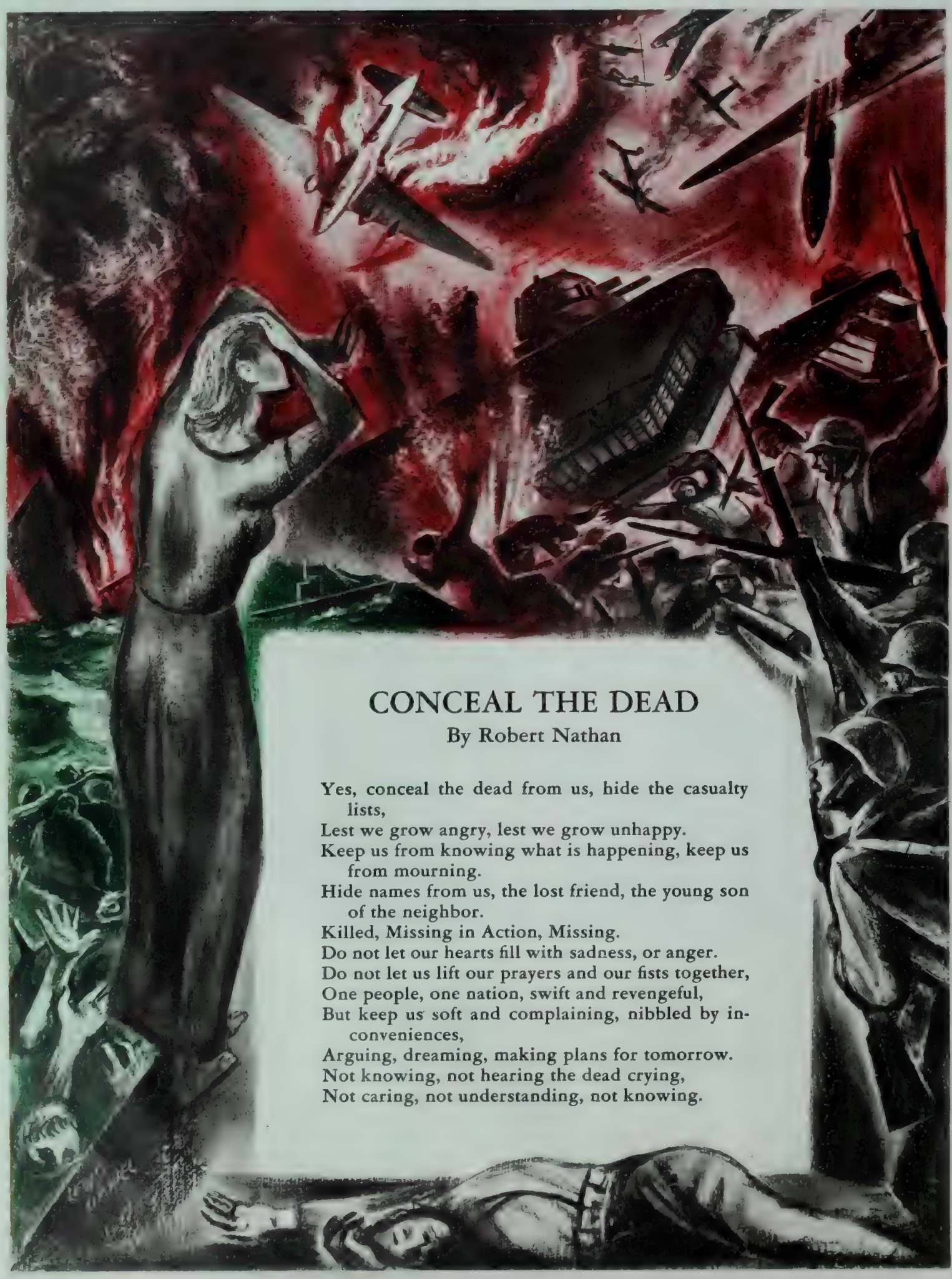
"I know the way," Pete said, "and the Brazos Belle can still run. Before I'll pay Cap Snodgrass four bits a foot or a pull-out, I'll run to Galveston."

"It's a good ten-hour run up the channel," the Deacon figured. "That old engine burns two gallons every hour. That's twenty gallons up and twenty back. Not to mention a quart of oil every hour. I reckon it'll cost you fifteen dollars to run to Galveston and back, just so's you can save eight-forty, and that's coming out with an empty trawl." He grinned. "Yep, Cap Snodgrass is got you where the hair is short."

Big Mag listened to the discussion. Pete was a good mechanic, all right. He could make that old job go when no other man on the river could get a peep out of her. On the other hand, the Deacon was a smart one when it came to figuring and planning. She had balanced each man against the other when she decided to get married instead of splitting shares with a deck hand. She had chosen the mechanic who could make the engine run instead of the smart man who could figure and plan.

Pete had turned out to be as good a mechanic as she had hoped. He

(Continued on page 26)



CONCEAL THE DEAD

By Robert Nathan

Yes, conceal the dead from us, hide the casualty lists,
Lest we grow angry, lest we grow unhappy.
Keep us from knowing what is happening, keep us from mourning.
Hide names from us, the lost friend, the young son of the neighbor.
Killed, Missing in Action, Missing.
Do not let our hearts fill with sadness, or anger.
Do not let us lift our prayers and our fists together,
One people, one nation, swift and revengeful,
But keep us soft and complaining, nibbled by inconveniences,
Arguing, dreaming, making plans for tomorrow.
Not knowing, not hearing the dead crying,
Not caring, not understanding, not knowing.



CONVOY TO MURMANSK

As told to Rae Richard Hess by Second Mate John Cassin Dyer, U.S.N.R.

ACME

Hit! Black smoke pours from one of the freighters torpedoed on the perilous route to the north

WE LEFT port under sealed orders, but the cargo was plainly marked for Soviet Russia, so every taxi driver and stevedore who worked on the dock knew where we were going before we did. It didn't make much difference to the crew, though. We had just come in from a trip to the Caribbean, where our ship was torpedoed, and in spite of the fact that we finished off the dirty Heinies before we abandoned ship we were still plenty mad. None of the crew on our ship had ever crossed in a convoy. We had no idea of what was awaiting us.

We joined a large convoy at an east-coast port, and the next day the nondescript procession departed for another harbor, where we lay at anchor for a fortnight, awaiting sailing instructions. The orders finally came through and we set a course for the top of the world. For two days the sea was blanketed by dense fog. Visibility was absolutely zero. On the bridge you might put your hand on the other fellow's shoulder but you couldn't see him. The only way we were able to keep our position in the convoy was by frequent sounding of our convoy numbers in Morse code on the whistles.

Sunday broke calm and peaceful. War seemed a long way off. It held good that night, but the fog had cleared away next day and we were immediately picked up by a German Dornier observation plane. This detail, or its reliefs, stuck with us until we were actually in sight of the Russian coast, always remaining just outside the range of our guns. We began to refer to the guy as the "stool pigeon." Imagine how you'd like being stalked constantly by a giant bird, just silently watching every move you made.

When visibility is poor, the bombers don't work because, when they come below the overcast, they are too low for accurate bombing and well within range of our guns. All we could do was to wait for their next move. It came when the overcast cleared away, about six hours later.

The antiaircraft ship in the center of the convoy had run up the square black flag, a warning to us of possible attack by enemy aircraft, so we were at battle stations looking for something out of the sky.

A flight of eight Focke-Wulf planes appeared, coming in low over the water, evidently following the observation plane's radio beam. Approaching the convoy closely, they divided into two columns and spiraled in opposite directions above us, constantly gaining altitude. The deliberate precision with which they staged their circus act was almost insolent. All we could do was wait, watching those damned Nazis. We imagined them hanging by their knees from their undercarriages and swinging their bombs like Indian clubs.

All at once the circling planes converged and attacked simultaneously from an altitude of about 10,000 feet. Trying to put our escort out of commission, they first attacked the naval vessels.

Four bombs dropped near our ship. Instantly all the ships caught one plane in gunfire, and it crashed into the sea in flames. The Heinies kept at it for nearly an hour. Dropping small bombs, but, although no ships were hit, the vessels were considerably shaken by the concussion of the near misses. Our score was five German planes shot down.

At midnight it was overcast and snowing. Still at battle stations, we heard our escort vessels dropping depth charges, and we knew a submarine wolf pack was in the vicinity. Later we learned contact had been made with one of the submarines with good results.

Suddenly, abaft our stern, we saw a white streak approaching us at an angle. Torpedo! But it missed our stern, missed the vessel abeam of us, and spent its strength in open water. Ten minutes later there was a terrific explosion as a torpedo hit a vessel at the rear of the third column. A second torpedo followed immediately; there was a blinding sheet of flame and in that instant the ship disappeared. It happened in less than one minute!

They left us alone then until mid-afternoon, when Stuka dive bombers attacked. But the bombs fell in the center of the convoy without causing any damage. At midnight, eight Focke-Wulf planes attacked us, but all our ships put up a terrific fight and drove them off.

Perfect Bombing Weather

At 9:30 in the morning the convoy was attacked by five torpedo planes and eight bombers, the engagement lasting about twenty minutes, and from then on we were subjected to continuous hourly attacks. Intense ack-ack fire from our ships kept the Heinie planes far enough away to make their bombing less effective. But by now we were under the midnight sun, and the attacks could be carried on twenty-four hours a day. It was cold and clear—perfect bombing weather.

Some of the eggs hit two of our ships with resounding explosions. The crews got off safely and were swimming or rowing in the icy water. Then, after burning fiercely, one of the vessels blew up, the explosion fantastically tossing the blazing ship into the air in two pieces.

Four bombs dropped close on our starboard bow, causing a great upheaval of water, and the ship was shaken violently. We sounded the bilges immediately, and hourly thereafter, to make sure we were not damaged.

Near by, another vessel was hit by a bomb, and smoke billowed skyward. The crew started to abandon her; we could see them frantically racing against time away from the doomed ship when the attacking Heinie plane came in low and bombed her again. With a blinding flash the ship instantly disappeared, literally blown to pieces.

They hit another ship, which caught fire instantly, went out of control and dropped astern of the convoy. The last we saw of her she was burning fiercely. Then a stick of bombs hit on the fo'c'sle head of one of the Russian ships in the convoy, killing the gun crew and knocking out the two antiaircraft guns which were mounted there. They also caught the spare Diesel tank forward, setting it aflame.

For sheer courage, this ship's crew set an outstanding example. Despite the inferno and the dense and stifling smoke, fighting the fire for nearly two days before it was brought under control, they kept up with the convoy. All the surviving members of that Russian crew got the Order of Lenin when they reached Murmansk.

I saw three of the Nazi planes fall in flames into the sea. They were too close to the water at the bottom of their dives to bail out. All the time the bombers were attacking us, they were also using their machine guns, strafing the decks as they swooped in low. When we got to Murmansk we found a lot of our deck cargo riddled by machine-gun bullets.

They kept at it until 10:30 that night, with such hourly regularity that in the lull we'd look at our watches and remark, "Well, it's almost on the half-hour. They'll be coming over any minute." Finally, having finished their dirty work, they turned tail and streaked for home. They must have been based at Trondheim.

After the first action, the light cruisers escorting us for protection against surface raiders while running the naval blockade opposite Trondheim pulled away for other duty. Hell lay around us. Ships were burning and going down everywhere. Ships were blown to atoms when the flames reached their ammunition storage, and the explosions seemed to tear the atmosphere into ribbons. For miles around, survivors were struggling in boats, on rafts, and swimming in icy oil-covered water. We will never forget the fearful sight. The escort vessels worked in frantic haste to pick up the survivors and take them aboard.

We had been at our battle stations for eighteen hours without rest, and by 8:30 that night had exhausted our antiaircraft ammunition. Most of the other cargo ships were also running short of ammunition or, like ourselves, were entirely out. We were beginning to get pretty discouraged when the captain of the ship astern of us volunteered to break into his cargo.

Some time after midnight, one of the corvette vessels drew alongside and supplied us. The planes had evidently been withdrawn and we began to disperse to quarters, waiting to be called out again. By this time we were sleeping in our clothes. We had not had them off since the night of the first attack. I sat down to the supper table but it was the first time I had ever sat down to a meal that I could not eat. The anticipation of the next attack and the thought of which one of the ships would be next put everyone on edge, but the balance of the night passed without further incident.

Under Constant Attack

The following morning a flight of German bombers attacked but were driven off by heavy gunfire put up by the entire convoy. That evening a single plane dropped a stick of bombs two hundred feet off our starboard beam, causing heavy concussions on the hull.

For the next three days we were under attack every time the weather cleared. Whenever the sun broke through the clouds the Heinies came with it. Luckily for us, we lost only three more vessels northbound. By the time we got within sight of the Russian coast we had all been at the guns so long, practically on a diet of cigarettes and coffee, and with so very little sleep, that most of us were suffering from the "hoops and jingles."

About fifty miles off the Russian coast, nine of the remaining ships left the main convoy and, with some of the escort, headed for Archangel, while the rest of us continued on to Murmansk. We were attacked again and again by planes, but escaped damage. Shortly afterward, Russian planes came out and circled the convoy in pairs. I felt pretty safe then and turned in for the first good sleep in several days. At noon, when I returned to the bridge to stand my regular watch, the Russians were still circling the convoy, but I thought I could hear the drone of many planes overhead.

"Do you hear anything?" I asked my lookout on the bridge.

(Continued on page 60)

BLOND BLITZ

BY KYLE CRICHTON

OTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Betty Hutton is caught here in an extremely rare pose—motionless and relaxed. When in action she seems to be going in every direction at once

She yells. She screams. She wiggles and she twists. For an encore she breaks her neck in three places. At least she would, if given sufficient encouragement

MISS BETTY HUTTON originally achieved fame by grabbing the microphone in front of Vincent Lopez's orchestra and riding it back and forth like a seesaw, meanwhile emitting jive-mad screams of such character as to entrance all hepcats. This is to say that Miss Hutton's singing was admired by patrons of swing music.

Lately Miss Hutton—now a Hollywood actress for Paramount—has been feeling the effects. For days at a time she has been confined to her boudoir suffering a mild case of vapors. On being asked how one so young could collapse so humbly, she replied:

"Because I'm a damned fool, that's how. I've floored myself."

After years of ferocious struggle, Miss Hutton has finally become an established success and she has stopped to take a breath. The letdown has been almost too much for her. Her Broadway success in Panama Hattie got her the chance at Paramount and she came out to do or die. Her method of putting over a song is compounded of three parts violence and one part music. She wiggles her body, she twists her face into knots, she sings with all the force of a tank going through a barn; by sheer weight of sound, action and some genius, she beats down an audience and eventually has it excited to the point of cheering.

"Since I'm thirteen, I've been keeping the family," she says, getting up eagerly. "And all the time that little old man named Failure is right there on my neck waiting to grab me. I get up there, I get knocked down here; suddenly I'm a success . . . and then WHAMBO! . . . I'm on the deck . . . *flat!*"

The Hollywood venture was a gamble. They put her in The Fleet's In and she knocked herself out trying to make good. Everybody said she had done all right but that didn't convince her. She had heard those things before in a long sad career. While waiting for the picture to be released, she broke her neck trying to get into something else.

"If I flop in The Fleet's In, they'll throw me out on my face," she figured. "But if I get into something else in the meantime maybe I can stall 'em."

She went after the leading role in Out of the Frying Pan and they told her that she would be considered; they would decide it between Susan Hayward and Hutton.

"Listen," she screamed, "who's trying to louse up who here? Hayward and I are no more alike than Joe Louis and Billy Rose!"

"If it's Hayward," they explained patiently, "it'll be a love picture; if it's you, it'll be comedy."

"Right there," says Hutton. "I know I'm mixed up in a little smeller but I stay in there yelling for it. I'm nu see?"

She didn't get it and was downheart but then The Fleet's In appeared a her notices were elegant and soon s was starring in a real something entit Dark Blushes.

"Technicolor," screams Betty, as the gates of heaven had opened, a then adds: "They smacked me dov I'm playing like a human being."

That was so good that the celebra restaurateur and genius named Pres Sturges asked for her services and is now doing a picture with him. J tweentimes she worked in Star-Sp gled Rhythm, the grab-bag picture which everybody on the Paramount is being hurled into one film, with idea, no doubt, of closing up and g home thereafter. It was during example of elephantiasis that collapsed and retired to reflect u life.

In essence, it is the classic Amer success story, the girl who came up f

(Continued on page 68)

Detroit Strains at the Federal Leash

By Walter Davenport

SINCE Pearl Harbor there have been more than seven hundred strikes in Michigan. More than ninety per cent of them have halted for periods from two hours to twenty days the production of ms for our Army and Navy. They have occurred what used to be America's unrivaled automotive dustry.

The rest of these strikes, with few exceptions born contagion, have affected war production to extents eat and small by interfering with transportation d raw materials and by steadily lowering the rale of both management and labor. At least three rths of them are conceded by management, labor d government to have been easy avoidable. Not re than a dozen threatened any of management's vileges of investment or control, any of labor's al or contractual rights; and such threats were her very slight or indirect.

The only real sufferer has been the cause of the ited Nations. The blame settles inevitably and urately upon temporizing, appeasing, red-taped, itics-ridden Washington.

In Detroit, the birthplace of many American acles, none is more impressive than that the auto- tive industry is producing as well as it is, and as ch. Its technological experts, its engineers, its ster minds in general, have not faltered or ceased a moment to evolve the tools of war with the same ing skill and ingenuity with which they produced torcars. In its transition from the equipment of ce to the machines of warfare, the automotive in- try has frequently astonished itself, accomplish- things which Washington said were impossible.

Detroit Has the Hives

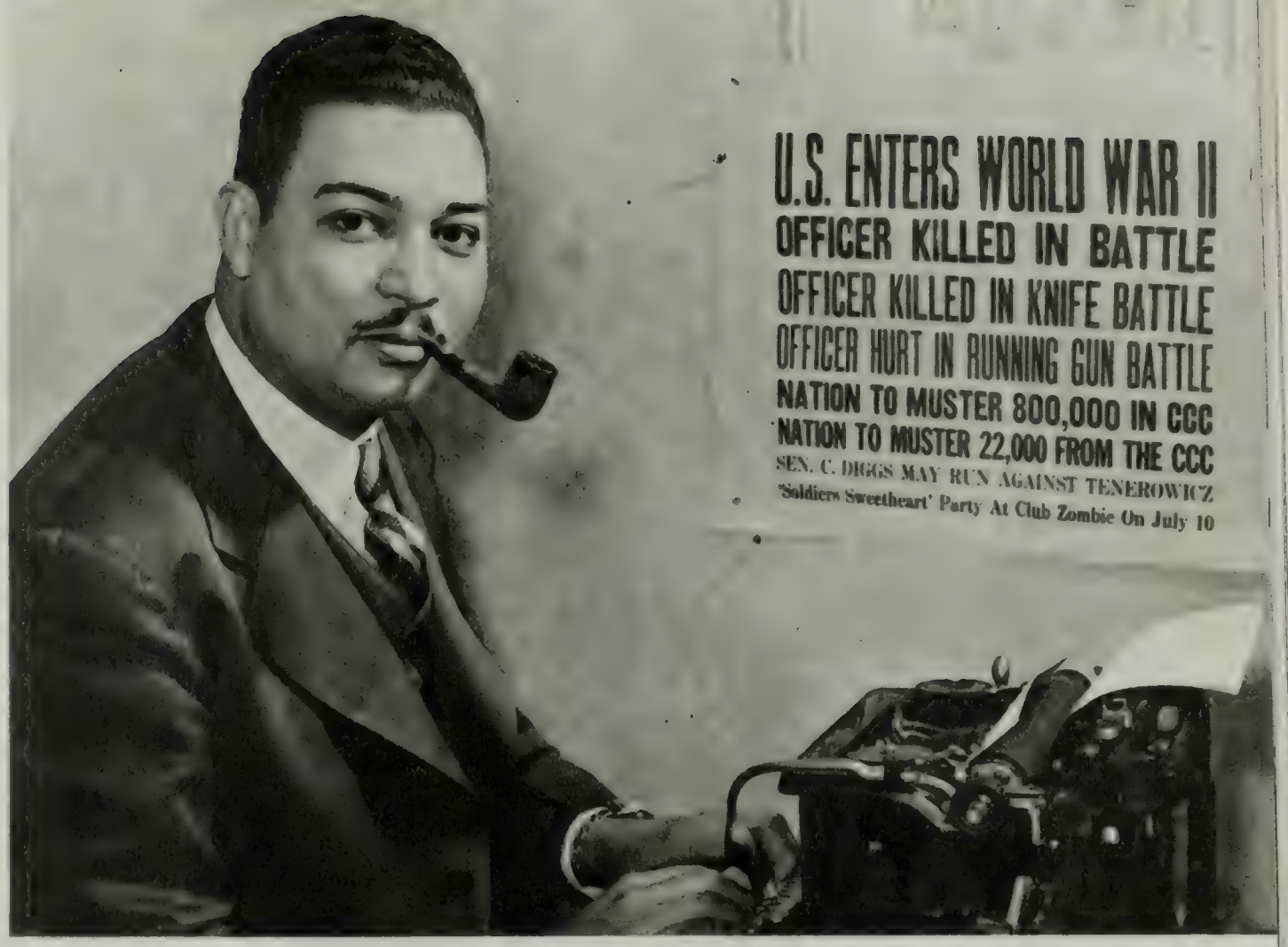
Detroit has no one major illness to be cured. What roit is suffering from is a terrific dose of hives. It been trying to cure itself with home remedies. y haven't worked. What's needed is a cold and h scientific physician from outside. But Detroit s that Washington will send her no more starry- d, long-haired medicine men with New Deal nos- ns.

Call these strikes what you will—wildcats, slow- ns, demonstrations, incidents, token protests or sdictional battles—there have been more than n hundred of them. In their cumulative effect, have done more to widen and deepen the abyss veen management, apprehensive of the future, the worker, jealous of his gains and ambitious for rol, than one conclusive general strike could. To independent spectator, the vast majority of them absurd.

Our writing is interrupted by the telephone. An- r strike. Eight hundred electricians have walked at Ford's because one of them was fired for en- ering his life for the third time by running in t of a bomber body that was being swung at high d from one assembly-line station to another. His man called him a fool. He told his foreman to go ell. Then they had words and the thrice-warned w was fired.

ight hundred of his fellow electricians walked with him. See? They weren't called out by their n chiefs. The United Automobile Workers (CIO) the story from Harry Bennett, Ford's famous nnel boss. The UAW makes inquiry of the ers, declares that the strike is unauthorized and rs them to go back to work. They return, grum- against their own leaders, whom they foolishly ge with more sympathy for the bosses than for

e return to our story, realizing that in that ent there was a great deal that is typical of all seven hundred strikes, slowdowns and demon- ons. Every day here in Detroit we meet nment, management, labor and independent tigators. None agrees with the others as to why things happen.



Detroit's Negroes are more concerned with winning the war than with racial monkey business. Above is Louis E. Martin, editor of the Michigan Chronicle, the Negro newspaper that exposed Takahashi

Worst worry in Detroit is the housing situation, complicated by influx of new workers. An aircraft worker and his son get water from a hydrant—priorities forbade water mains where they live





The Japanese Satochasi Takahashi, Detroit organizer of the Black Dragon Society, whose job (before the F.B.I. caught up with him) was to incite Negroes to revolt. He failed

We talk to management and hear tales of suspected sabotage, subversive influences, the loss of control of labor by its leaders. We receive no proof at all of this. But there is evidence that the UAW's authority over its membership is not the smart, taut thing it was before Pearl Harbor. This, it appears, is due partly to a natural war hysteria which is shared equally by both sides, plus resulting internal political dissension.

We talk to a dozen representatives of thousands of workers. They tell us that management is trying to break down their organization, their solidarity by taking advantage of their pledge to the President not to strike.

The independent and government investigators, most of them peering through politically colored glasses, evaluate what they see according to their lights, limited to their specialties. In Detroit, as in other industrial centers, one may see what one insists on seeing, whatever one looks for.

Here's a group which lays the whole thing to Detroit's lack of worker housing, and they're partly right—but only partly, although Detroit's housing situation is something to weep about. Others blame it all on discrimination against the Negro worker. We listen attentively to them, realizing, however, that they, too, are only partly right. We listen closely because we've just come from Ford's concentrated empire, the River Rouge plant where something happened that gave us a terrific kick.

A group of Negro workers quit work long enough to tear down a few posters which Washington fondly believed would speed labor's hands by arousing furious emotion. But they merely aroused emotion—the wrong one. The posters were pictures of Japanese soldiers murdering women and children. Their brief texts bade the American to behold what the brutish *yellow* devil was doing, calling it war. The Negroes objected to the word *yellow*. The Japanese were a *colored* race, said the Negroes. Until the *white* man granted them —*colored* Americans—equality, gave more than mere lip service to the fundamentals of democracy, they refused to hate other *colored* peoples as such.

There was no protest from management. No one was fired or disciplined for tearing down the posters. Soon thereafter all such posters were removed from all Ford shops. So there was no strike, as there surely would have been had these Negroes been fired. Detroit's 150,000 Negroes are well organized under intelligent leaders. They have a simple, powerful shibboleth: "We are Americans, too." But don't be fooled by that watchword's lack of fire. They mean it.

It was somewhat startling at first. The Ku Klux Klan (apparently existing more in spirit than membership in Detroit) and various White Supremacy agencies and individuals hasten to tell you that it only goes to show you that the Negro is not to be trusted, that he is more concerned with racial than national survival.

Disproof of this is ridiculously easy. After you've talked it over with such Negro leaders as Louis Emanuel Mart editor of the Michigan Chronicle, y come to see it not as a signal of dis fection but as a gesture of the desp ate Negro's freshly awakened realizati that unless he demonstrates he will subjected to even greater prejudice a discrimination than he has already s fered in American industry.

It is not the employer who is resp sible for this discrimination so much the white worker who thinks that security is threatened by the ris quality of black competition. Examp of this are so numerous that doubt the fact vanishes almost at once.

It was the Negro himself, larg through the columns of the Michi Chronicle, who accomplished the u mate downfall of the Jap dissensio Satochasi Takahashi.

Takahashi, sometimes known to l troit's 150,000 Negroes as Naka N Nakane, was the local organizer of Black Dragon Society and the creato a subversive racket known mystical Development of Our Own or Onw in America.

Through all these, Takahashi and stooges exhorted the Negro to with all other *colored* peoples—yel brown, red and black—against all w peoples. Takahashi took all advan of the aid unwittingly offered him prejudiced white employment ag and by stupid housing officials. His lowing in Detroit, before the F.B.I. caught up with him, included a nun of Chinese to whom he turned over somewhat difficult task of convin other Chinese that Japan was not at with China, that the presence of armies in China was entirely benevol But it was Mr. Martin's newspaper exposed Takahashi's activities and ve to the F.B.I. much of its working dence.

We prowl through government o in Detroit groping for the true re underlying seven hundred strikes suspicion and distrust they were of and which they add to. We find the most reasonable, the most plau answer. At any rate, it is in the go ment's setup that we discover the obvious weakness in the whole war duction structure.

What Detroit sees as the result of inexcusable red tape—thousands of U. S. Army trucks pile up in outdoor storage spaces, waiting for someone to order them into service





A Ford worker, unable to find living quarters in overcrowded Detroit, sets up a makeshift home in an abandoned gas station

Government Setup Lacks Auth y

We talk to a dozen intelligent, ya government functionaries. We t them by day and by night, beca their aching desire to do a goo they are regardless of hours. B federal government structure in troit is distracted—lacking in auth certainty of purpose and the se which comes of the knowledge Washington will back up its dec We behold a melancholy dissipat good minds and a bad case of the blind staggers that is epidemic in ington.

For example, we are sitting office of a War Production Board when a couple of officers of the Q master Corps of the United States enter with blueprints in their han cidentally, we are giving you trative incidents which we've because they reveal so much.

The QMC was about to m upon Detroit in large numbers. taken over one of Detroit's larges buildings, leaving the civilian t to scramble for other quarters. QMC officers were arriving, b with them their families. The g ment was making a major task of quarters for these arriving officer wives and children, although con arriving assembly-line worker trudging up and down Detroit's looking for shelter. They t brought wives and children.

(Continued on page 37)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

WITNESS ABSENT

BY WILLIAM MACHARG

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Miss Cordy reads one paper too many. Detective O'Malley solves another murder

A SOCIETY girl got knocked off," O'Malley said. "In this kind of case, if the police don't solve it, the department is in a spot. They got me working on it. If them cops can't get the answer, I won't get it neither; then I'm in the spot, too. Miss Cordy this dead kid's name was. She'd went to a dance given for service guys. Well, she disappeared from the dance. Early this morning a pedestrian found her. The kid had been choked to death."

"How much have you got on the case?" I asked.

"A young guy named Normel took the girl to the dance. He's a civilian, so he didn't stay there. He was to call for her later. Miss Cordy's best friend is a girl named Miss Redor. A guy named Randolph took Miss Redor to the dance. He didn't stay either. He's a civilian, too. Well, Normel come back to take the two girls home and they couldn't find Miss Cordy. There didn't anybody know when she left the dance, or why, or maybe with who. It's against the rules for girls that go to them dances to leave with any service guys or to take a date with 'em afterward. Still, this kid might have done that."

"What are the police doing?"

"About a hundred cops are going around, finding out who went to the dance and questioning soldiers and sailors. We got a roomful of suspects and a drillful of witnesses and it ain't got us anywhere."

"A queer business!" I commented.

A LOT of young people were there at headquarters. Some were soldiers or sailors, a few were civilians. There were young girls among them. Miss Redor was there and Normel and Randolph.

"It won't get us anything," O'Malley remarked, "but I got to go talk with 'em."

We talked with Miss Redor. She was a sweet-seeming girl and was nineteen years old. I didn't like Normel. He was a heavy-set youth who appeared rather sullen. Randolph was a fine-looking young man with a strong Southern accent.

"What ideas have you got about this?" O'Malley asked Miss Redor.

"I haven't got any. It all is too terrible."

"Well, you seen Miss Cordy at the dance."

"Oh, yes; almost all evening."

"When was the last time you seen her?"

"She was dancing with a sailor. Then Mr. Normel came to get us. Our car had been sent for us and we three were going home in it. When we looked for Marion, she wasn't there."

"Wait, lady! What sailor?"

"I didn't meet him."

"Was the sailor still there when you was looking for Miss Cordy?"

"I didn't look for him, but I don't think he was."

"Now, mister," O'Malley said to Randolph, "you took Miss Redor and left her at the dance. Did you see that sailor?"

"I saw several sailors. I didn't take note of them particularly."

"You see that sailor?" O'Malley asked Normel.

"No. I just took Marion Cordy there and left her. Well, I went back later to get the girls. All this is so dreadful I don't remember very well. Marion wasn't there. We called up her house and she hadn't got home. Edith went home in the car and I went around looking."

"Yeah? Where did you look?"

"I didn't know where to look. I asked policemen and taxi drivers. I wandered around but I don't know where all I went—cafés and such places. I got home about daylight."

"LISTEN, son, a cop has to ask questions: Was you in love with this dead lady?"

"Yes."

"She in love with you?"

"I thought so at one time. I don't know about lately. You see, I tried to get into the Army, but I got turned down for medical. There isn't anything really the matter with me. A fellow feels funny that isn't in uniform. I thought she felt I could have got in all right if I really had wanted to."

"She like service guys pretty well?"

"She didn't seem to have much use for anyone else."

We looked at the dead girl. She seemed rather remarkable—an athlete and a beauty. We went where she'd been found. It was on the East Side. She had been found in a small areaway two doors from her home. We looked the neighborhood over but didn't find anything.

"Well, O'Malley?" I asked him.

"Well, what?" he inquired. "You seen that swell kid—girls like her don't get killed; so where was the motive?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Do nothing, I guess—like all other cops do. I'd like to talk with that sailor."

He went back to headquarters. I went there next day.

"How is it?" I asked him.

"It's the same thing as yesterday. What we want is that sailor. We ain't got any charge; we just want to talk

(Continued on page 33)



"Miss Cordy was dancing with a sailor when Randolph and Miss Redor got there. . . . The sailor comes from the same town that Randolph come from"



The Battle of the Atlantic

By Representative Carl Vinson

DRAWING BY LIEUTENANT ROLF KLEP, U. S. N. R.

The chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee tells the story of our Atlantic submarine war, with a sideswipe at the rumor boys

FIVE simple truths must be understood before the malicious and mischievous confusion over the submarine situation in the Atlantic can be cleared away.

First: There is no trick way of fighting submarines. We know that with the proper type of ships and planes, adequately equipped, and with them only, can submarines be destroyed.

Second: The instruments of war known to be effective in dealing with submarines—the planes, blimps and specialized boats—are just now becoming available in large quantities. They will be fitted with the latest equipment—equipment which probably can be considered "secret weapons;" not miraculous gadgets, but advanced mechanical devices which improve the efficacy of antisubmarine fighting many times over.

From now on, we can reasonably expect improvement in the situation, until all ships will be as comparatively safe as those in convoys.

Third: There has been nothing wrong with the Navy's technique of antisubmarine warfare. The losses we have suffered have been, primarily, because of the lack of tools to carry on an unexpected five-ocean war.

Fourth: Mistakes have been made, and more mistakes are to be expected. We have not, however, made the mistake of doing nothing, and in view of the fact that our allies have made available to us all antisubmarine information in their possession, we can profit from their experiences, now that we have the tools.

Fifth: No box score consisting of only two columns, namely, submarine sinkings and merchant ship sinkings, can tell the whole story. There must be at least one more column showing how many ships reach their destinations safely.

The Navy and the Congress have been rather violently criticized for our Atlantic losses, but much of the criticism stems from the multitude of rumors and the misinformation now current in public and private discussion of the problem. I shall try to set forth concisely and honestly what the situation has been and, so far as national security will permit, what we have done about it. I feel I can interpret the dilemma to the layman because I am myself a layman, but my convictions and knowl-



fortified by my associations with the y, as a member of the House Naval irs Committee for the last twenty- years and as chairman for the past en.

ith these five major points as back- nd, let's look at the whole business. Navy has not been able to follow a ly, uniform course of expansion. In of war its expansion is rapid. In of peace, we make every effort to ce it to minimum size. This has the history of the United States y for many years. It amounts al- to a cycle, and our strength at the reak of any war seems to be a ques- of just what part of the cycle we en.

ter the first World War, there was a period during which it did not ap- that we should be called upon to and we took advantage of that to reduce the size of our Navy. the passage of time, however, it be- evident that a permanent peace had been reached and, although it was t all clear who our enemies might ually be, steps were taken toward aintenance of a Navy of sufficient gth to wage war in one ocean. e size of our Navy was the result number of naval treaties, all of are common knowledge, but we ot see fit to build up to treaty gth when that strength was agreed by the parties to the treaties. until 1934 did the Congress finally authorize the so-called "Treaty Navy."

Then, although treaty strength was authorized, it was not achieved simply because funds were not appropriated, and actually, Treaty Navy strength will not be reached until some time this year. The result of all this, which is probably the chief reason for our difficulties in the Atlantic, was that we were confronted with the necessity of fighting a five-ocean war with a one-ocean Navy.

Obviously, the disposition of our forces throughout the world was bound to leave weak spots. One of these spots was the Atlantic, partly because of our commitments in escorting convoys carrying Lend-Lease supplies to friendly nations in Europe, and partly because we had to maintain much of our strength in the Pacific.

These decisions were made with full realization of the fact that Germany was the potential enemy, and that if she became involved in war, her major effort at sea would manifest itself in submarine operation.

A Naval Dilemma

We knew that she had expanded her submarine facilities enormously, that the major part of her naval effort had been devoted to submarine training and that she had not forgotten the know-how of submarine operations which had proved so potent during the first World War.

As the possibility of war developed into a probability, steps were taken to strengthen the Atlantic Squadron. Capital ships, aircraft carriers and cruisers were shifted from the Pacific for employment as heavy escorts. All the first World War destroyers which had been decommissioned were placed in service, and most of them were sent to the Atlantic. Thus by the fall of 1941, with the destroyers of the Pacific Fleet as a backlog and with our shipyards and factories working up to speed in the production of small craft, planes, guns, special equipment and armament, our position in the Atlantic was fairly strong.

In the meantime, however, conditions in the Pacific began boiling up, and in that area an entirely different problem was presented. To oppose the Japanese fleet of battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers and destroyers, similar ships were required, and to carry on attrition attacks in Japanese waters, we needed large numbers of long-range submarines.

To meet the problems of the Atlantic, our fleet units in the Pacific had been reduced to a minimum for defense against the Japanese menace, and their return to the Pacific was vital. Also during this period, pending the actual outbreak of war in the Atlantic, fifty World War I destroyers were turned over to the British in exchange for bases in the Atlantic and Caribbean areas.

The foregoing may be summarized about as follows: If Germany alone commenced war on us immediately, we could divert strength from the Pacific and use the entire output of our factories in the Atlantic theater. If Japan alone brought about war in the Pacific we could bolster the Pacific Fleet from the fairly sizable Atlantic Fleet with reasonable prospects of success, building up our strength in that theater as new ships and aircraft became available. Germany and Japan knew that we were not ready for war in both oceans.

Sub-Chaser Expansion

In May, 1938, Congress had appropriated funds for the construction of five experimental submarine chasers. In July, 1940, the construction of 48 more of these ships was ordered, and the Navy began acquiring and converting yachts and other craft for antisubmarine work, patrol duty, net tending, mine laying and sweeping, and the other duties connected with the prosecution of war against submarines. In January, 1941, the construction of 164 more submarine chasers was begun, shipyards to build them were placed in commission, and the existing programs for the manufacture of their engines and special equipment were augmented. Again in November, 1941, the construction of 250 submarine chasers was commenced.

Unfortunately a great majority of

these ships were not in service on December 7, 1941. Why we didn't have these essential items when we needed them is a laborious story, now history. Some of us tried, even during the peaceful '20s, to get things moving, but the fact remains: We were caught woefully short. Moreover, the shift of units which had been used in North Atlantic convoys required their replacement in turn by ships which were suitable for coastal defense and, as the war progressed, aircraft losses in the Pacific had to be replaced by squadrons which had been earmarked for antisubmarine operations in the Atlantic. In addition to the demands for our escort ships, we were faced with the necessity of supplying large quantities of fuel and supplies to our large fighting forces at sea and to our advanced bases, as well as to our allies. This consideration reduced even further the number of tankers and cargo ships available for the supply of civilian needs along the Atlantic seaboard.

All these decisions were, of course, made with the idea of ending the war as soon as possible and necessarily involved accepting disadvantages in certain theaters where action was not likely to be decisive. If we had tried to be strong everywhere we should probably have succeeded in only being weak everywhere.

Lacking enough of the planes or vessels best suited to combat the submarine menace, the Navy did the only thing possible. It extemporized antisubmarine protection on a large scale. This involved taking over pleasure craft and small boats as rapidly as possible and sending them out with makeshift armament and only partly trained crews. Merchant ships were armed as rapidly as possible. Civil aviation patrol was established under the Army and put into operation as soon as the planes could be equipped with pilots reasonably well instructed and trained in the elements of antisubmarine warfare.

Small Boats Versus Subs

All these measures were worth something, but were at best only a stopgap, as the heavy shipping losses in the Atlantic show so well. In spite of these losses, there are a surprisingly large number of people who do not appreciate the fact that until very recently the conflict has been about on a par with a horde of citizens armed with sticks and stones and pitchforks taking on a mechanized army. Many of these same people moreover, in the best of faith, insist that, with enough small boats—some even advocate craft not over 25 feet in length—we can drive the enemy submarines from our home waters.

So far as the Navy is concerned, the useful employment of small craft has been established beyond all doubt. They can be used for observation purposes, for rescuing survivors and for patrol, but they are not capable of standing up in actual combat against a submarine. The Navy has used them in so far as they are useful, but their efficiency is far less than most people—including some of the Navy's most searching critics—have been able to realize or to admit.

In this connection, the construction and the characteristics of a modern German submarine become pertinent. Submarines are not easy to sink. In the last war, we claimed somewhere between 500 and 600 certain and probable sinkings of German subs. Later we found the Germans had only 140 altogether and that we actually had destroyed sixteen.

As might be expected, the German submarine has been greatly improved since the first World War. The sturdy construction of the present-day U-boat permits it to descend safely to depths of more than 500 feet and to withstand with impunity the effects of depth charges which would have destroyed its 1918 prototype. The plating of the modern German submarine is much thicker than that of an ordinary merchantman, which in turn is much heavier than that of a destroyer or an antisubmarine patrol boat.

To destroy a modern submarine by means of depth charges, the charge must be exploded either in contact with the submarine's hull or in close proximity thereto. To insure rupture of the submarine's hull, a depth charge containing 100 pounds of TNT should be exploded at a distance of less than fifteen feet from the skin of the submarine.

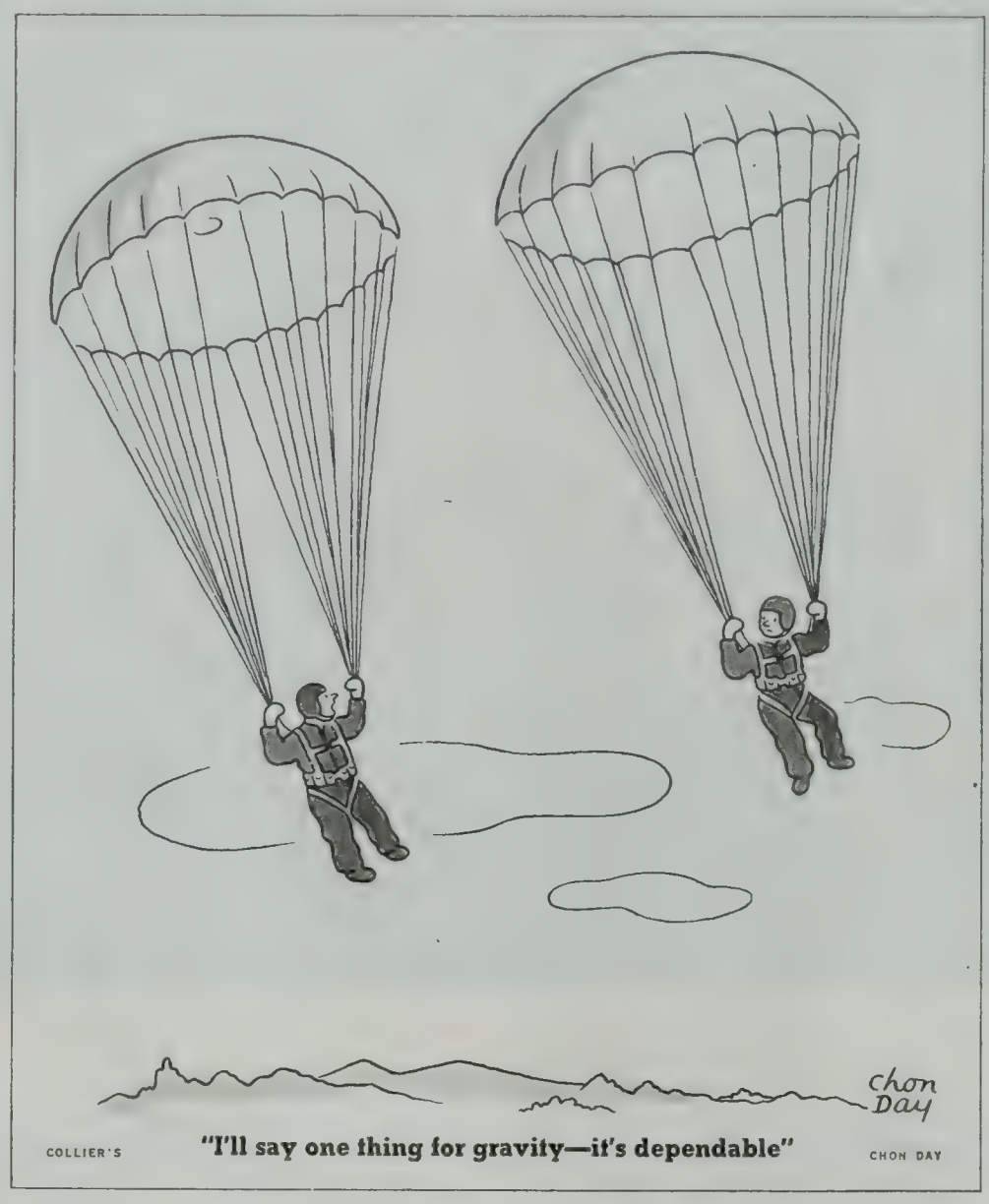
On the surface, the submarine presents a small and surprisingly tough target for gunfire. Its round exterior and the thick plating of the pressure hull make its hull practically immune from penetration by machine-gun bullets and other small-caliber projectiles.

Damage to the upper part of the pressure hull of a submarine, or other damage which prevents submerging, robs the submarine of its cloak of invisibility, which it could otherwise assume in about thirty seconds by making a quick dive. If such damage is incurred by the submarine far from its base and in an area frequented by hostile air and surface ships of combatant types, the eventual destruction of the submarine is highly probable. But a submarine confined to the surface by some minor damage is not an entirely defenseless object that can be approached with impunity by any air or surface craft. So long as the submarine retains its ability to use its guns and torpedoes, it is a formidable fighting machine which may engage armed merchantmen, submarine chasers, the smaller types of escort vessels and aircraft.

The gun battery of the German submarine consists of one or two guns of 3½ inches or larger caliber, effective against unarmored ships at ranges up to five miles, two machine guns, effective against exposed personnel, against aircraft and against wooden hulls and thin plating of smaller boats. The German torpedoes, of which twelve or more are carried by each submarine, can be fired when the submarine is either on the surface or submerged to periscope depth; or they can be fired on sound bearings with the submarine submerged to depths in excess of one hundred feet. One or, at most, two torpedo hits are usually sufficient to sink a large merchant vessel.

Submarines are equipped with very efficient underwater sound devices which permit them to keep an accurate track of the position of attacking destroyers or submarine chasers. With this information, a skillful submarine commander can very frequently dodge a depth-charge attack. Such evasive tactics are facilitated by the high maneuverability and the small turning circle of the submarine.

When proceeding on the surface, the submarine has a sustained speed of about 18 knots and can increase this speed in an emergency to 20 knots or more. Submerged, the submarine has a maximum speed of about 9 knots, which, however, it can maintain for only about one or two hours, due to rapid exhaustion of storage batteries. By spending part of the time resting on the bottom, the submerged endurance may be increased to as much as sixty hours. The submarine carries sufficient fuel to travel about 14,000 sea miles, and food and supplies for a cruise of about two months' duration.



COLLIER'S "I'll say one thing for gravity—it's dependable" CHON DAY

Not Many U-Boats Sunk

There are two primary weapons which have proved effective against the submarine—the specially built and equipped antisubmarine vessel and the airplane with special equipment. The special equipment (much of it recently invented) consists of intricate and complicated devices which require skill to build and training to operate. Even when so equipped, the antisubmarine vessels and aircraft find the submarine a difficult and elusive enemy because of its rugged construction, speed, armament, and invisibility when submerged. Because of our exaggeration in the last war we have been ultraconservative about figuring how many subs we have sunk this time, but we know we haven't got many.

These special ships and aircraft are of small value without the technique and skill to operate them successfully. The British developed this skill and technique during the first two years of this war. It has been freely placed at the disposal of our Navy, and specially equipped British ships and trained crews have been and are being utilized by us.

Our routing officers and special antisubmarine sections, under the centralized control of the Navy Department, are now set up in important coastal cities. The Army has placed under the operational command of the Navy a number of its air squadrons, and they have had success in operations against submarines.

It was realized from the start of the war that the only effective answer to this problem was a system of coastwise convoys similar to the ocean convoys which have proved so successful since their inception in 1941. To operate such convoys, however, large numbers of specially equipped escort vessels were needed. These were not available at the beginning of the war and they have only recently become available in sufficient quantities to permit the institution of coastwise convoys, which, it is now generally known, have been inaugurated along the Atlantic seaboard and in the Caribbean.

Convoy System Our Best Weapon

They have worked well and have forced the enemy subs to shift to other waters where the hunting is not quite so good. Some have moved to the hump of South America, where ship traffic is comparatively sparse. The submarine menace can never be eliminated as long as the enemy can place submarines along our coasts, but it can be ameliorated, and eventually, when every merchant ship is adequately escorted, this will have been accomplished. We are on the right road, but the end is not yet in sight.

The statistical picture of submarine operations in the first World War shows that, in four years' time, although the total number of submarines in the German navy was never in excess of 140, about 6,000 merchant ships were sunk. Germany is believed to have more submarines now than at any time during the first World War, but we can derive some satisfaction from the fact that, thanks to the adoption of the convoy system, which proved so effective during the latter part of the first World War, the present rate of sinkings falls below the figure of the last war. Although the submarine is a very serious menace, antisubmarine operations are becoming more and more effective.

So there you have it. But lest there be any lingering doubt as to my own position in the matter, a doubt that would perhaps cause this statement of the situation to be read with the feeling that I am prejudiced in favor of the Navy, I say this: I am indeed a Navy supporter. I by no means regard the Navy as infallible, but after having been a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee for many years, I am convinced that there are no more devoted public servants than the men who wear our naval uniform. I am also convinced of their fearlessness, their resourcefulness, and their ability to do their jobs. I invite you to share that confidence.

THE END

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

IN TOKYO, where he works for a news service with headquarters in this country, Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs receives a cablegram notifying him that he is to be replaced by another man—Martin McCleery.

In a blue funk (he has very little money), he goes to the American Club where he encounters Al Carpenter, of the Japanese Times-Advertiser. Al is accompanied by an attractive girl—Betty Gaspard. He introduces Nick to her; then, called to his office unexpectedly, turns her over to Nick—who does not object in the slightest!

Among those at the club is a noted news broadcaster—Gregory Ward Cogswell—whose headquarters are in Shanghai. Nick tells him he needs a job; Cogswell says that he will try to scare one up. But, at the moment, Cogswell has far more important matters on his mind. Leaving the club, he goes to the home of Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American Japanese. With Bunshiro, when Cogswell comes in, is Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles; also Ernst Sperling, a Nazi from Germany.

The four men exchange greetings; they chat of this and that. Then Yagi informs Cogswell that his government is experiencing difficulty in obtaining information on what is going on in the Philippines—notably at Corregidor and Cavite. Cogswell listens, asks a few questions—and finally offers to go to Manila and report on what is happening there! Yagi and Makita and Sperling are surprised—and delighted. . . .

That same evening, Cogswell goes to the Imperial Hotel. Seeing Betty and Nick at a table in the lobby, he joins them. Somewhat diffidently, Nick refers to some broadcasting he had once done in Honolulu. Cogswell needs someone to take over for him in Shanghai, while he is in Manila; but he merely tells Nick that he will "bear him in mind."

The following day, Cogswell and Makita have a secret interview with an official at police headquarters. The three men read Nicholas Griggs' life history (compiled by Japanese agents). Makita says that Griggs' letters have been read, his hotel room searched, and that nothing anti-Japanese has been found. "Last evening," the official says, "he spent with Miss Betty Gaspard from Shanghai. They quarreled violently."

"*Ah, sa,*" Cogswell says, smiling. And he is still smiling when, after leaving Yagi's home, he discovers that there is ample time to hire Nick Griggs, before he himself catches the plane for Shanghai.

II

FOR his first week in Shanghai, Nick hated to squander time in sleeping. At night, in his comfortable room at the Metropole Hotel, he leaped out of bed each time he heard angry street voices. He expected at least to witness one of the assassinations daily reported in the Shanghai press. But below his windows, where Foochow Road met Kiangse, he saw nothing but a cluster of ricksha pullers engaged in argument; or opposite him, the lighted cigarettes of sleepless Chinese clerks on the roof of the Municipal Council Building.

Seated now in the drawing room of Cogswell's suite at the Cathay Hotel, he did not exactly feel like an Old China Hand. But he failed to rise to look out the windows when convulsed noises rose from The Bund, eleven stories below. In this faultlessly ornamented chamber, he felt less like Cogswell's stand-in than his secretary: a degree above the White Russian bodyguard outside the door, two degrees above the masseur who was administering to Cogswell in a distant room.

And like a competent secretary, Nick had with him a methodical list of items to check with Cogswell this afternoon. He would not see him again. The broadcaster was leaving on the Asama Maru early the next morning. Nick was sorry to see him go. He wished there had been time or would be time to ask Cogswell more searching questions about a variety of personalities in Shanghai. Nick's function had been unmistakably defined: he was simply to supply Cogswell with news to broadcast from Manila. Nevertheless, like an intoxicated student, Nick wanted immediately to know the history of every taipan in the city. So far, he had merely met some of them and learned that taipan was Shanghai talk for big shot. Number One meant the boss, too.

HE HAD also learned that a hong was a business firm, a chop was a trademark, cumsha was the squeeze; and that, in the presence of Britons, it was bad form to start your first drink in silence. You said cheers or cheerio.

Aloud Nick said, "Mud in your eye." He hoped this mutiny might produce either Taipan Cogswell or the servants' Number One with a long cool drink. Only the parakeet in the lacquered cage by the window was responsive, squawking mildly and ruffling his gaudy tail feathers. Nick approached the bird and said unkindly, "Go jumpee in river." This time he looked out the window, at the congestion of cars and carts and rickshas on The Bund. The Japanese sentries on the Garden Bridge, only three blocks north, were holding up traffic today in search of the assassins of a Japanese member of the Municipal Council.

Japan, in its warrior's armor, was nearer to him than it had ever been. But here, in the International Settlement, swollen with Chinese refugees, wreathed by barbed-wire barricades, strident with music and violence, Tokyo itself seemed far more than a thousand miles away, decorous, prim and pastel.

If it hadn't been for Betty and her father, too, he told himself, he might have been half-drowned his first few days, paralyzed in the pulling, clanging undertow. But now that he had survived, he recognized the value of a fresh viewpoint. He was not yet immunized against the daily outrages in the city, the bombings, the shootings, the subtle humiliations, the dead paupers stretched across the sidewalks of the foreign concessions and the Chinese quarters.

Of course, Cogswell knew everyone and had been generous with introductions. He had taken Nick to meet virtually all the important American sources,



Nick was not yet immunized against the daily outrages, the bombings, the shootings, the dead paupers stretched across the sidewalks of the foreign concessions and the Chinese quarters

from the Consul General to the commander of the Marines. He had commended him to the useful Britons, the head of the Municipal Council, the press attaché, the chief of police. He had even introduced Nick to Bunshiro Yagi, whom Nick had never been able to see in Tokyo. Yagi was going to divide his time, temporarily, between Tokyo, Shanghai and Nanking.

Cogswell had said, dryly, "Most of the time, you'll learn precious little from Yagi, but he's a number one. When something the Japs do or say is too deuced bewildering, he can unravel it for you, if he will. Just don't ever quote him."

Cogswell had certainly introduced him to everyone except the woman that Shanghai linked to him. Before his boat had even left the Yellow Sea, Nick had heard about Madame Manis Vooren, the fabulous Indo-European, half Dutch, half Indonesian, born in Batavia, brought up in Amsterdam, signalized in Shanghai. Betty, traveling back to China on the same ship with him, had been more guarded than other shipmates in her description of Madame Vooren's beauty and more discreet about her legend. But in his week in Shanghai, Nick had learned the local definition of discretion: everybody gossiped; those who were discreet merely exercised no moral judgments.

When Cogswell's room boy ushered in Madame Vooren, Nick knew at once who she was, before she introduced herself. The gossips had paid her beauty an injustice; the loose tongues had merely discredited themselves. Nick floundered, just looking at her. The Dutch father had bestowed the blue eyes; the Javanese mother had darkened them, lengthened them and curved them up, ever so slightly, at the corners. Dutch blood accounted for her height, he thought; the Javanese strain had carved her bones fine and perhaps the two had combined to give her face that dreamy architecture.

He was accustomed to observing women like Madame Vooren behind footlights or reflected on movie screens. He was comforted that he was having dinner tonight with a normally pretty, normally saucy, girl named Betty Gaspard, instead of Madame Vooren. And he would have been less astonished to see one of Cogswell's blackwood chests upend itself than he was to hear Madame Vooren say, in a natural, chatty voice:

"Really, you shouldn't let Gregory keep you waiting this way. He'll impose upon you if you let him." She smiled, almost shyly. "I suppose I say this because I'm going to be kept waiting, myself."

"I don't mind it," he said quickly. "I know he's got a lot of things to do and I still have a lot of things to ask him."

HE FELT like fanning himself, he was so relieved to learn that she was real. She walks, she talks. He was even able to observe that her dress was gray, that she wore no gems and that her perfume was something very special.

She said, "Yes, he told me that you had a great deal of curiosity. He meant it well. At least, I take it well."

"Well, there are a lot of things I want to know," said Nick. "I was thinking to myself, before you came in, if Mr. Cogswell could only give me his estimates of key people here."

Madame Vooren took a brown, bruised gardenia from the shallow bowl on the table beside her and began to twist its stem between her fingers.

"Don't you think that most men judge other men in the light of their prejudices?" she said. "You have some prejudices, let us say, that I share, and I admire you for agreeing with me."

Without thought, Nick leaned to pick another gardenia from the bowl and twist its stem between his fingers. "Yes, only, say I also have some prejudices that you don't share. All right, you dislike me for them. So where do we stand?"

Madame Vooren tossed her flower back into the bowl. "The balance never seemed too important to me. I only meant that most men formed their estimates on their prejudices and that I could never be confident of such."

"Well, we certainly aren't talking about Mr. Cogswell," Nick said doubtfully.

"No," said Madame Vooren, "but we're making more sense than they are at the Shanghai Club bar right now."

COGSWELL'S servant entered with long drinks and a platter of hors d'oeuvres. Madame Vooren said, "Try the *krupak*. I taught the cook to make that."

Nick helped himself. "I hate to sound unappreciative," he said. "Only everything in Shanghai tastes like a birthday party, after Tokyo."

"I keep forgetting Gregory told me you'd just come over."

"I've been here a whole week."

"A whole week." She smiled. "And you've been to all the bars in Blood Alley and to Miss Ella's, of course, and Love's Lane, and you have the telephone numbers of a dozen pretty young White Russian girls named Olga and Tania and Sonya."

Nick grinned. "No. Jimmy James' Winter Garden, DD's, the Cathay Towers and the Argentina. And one pretty young girl, of course she's in business with a White Russian."

"That's better. I like that," said Madame Vooren. She hesitated before she said: "Don't be surprised if I guess who your girl is. In this kind of a community, everyone knows who's in business with whom. I think it must have been my sew-sew amah who told me that Claire Frolov had taken Henri Gaspard's daughter into her dress shop."

"Okay, I won't be surprised," said Nick. "Only she isn't exactly my girl. At any rate, she doesn't know it yet. And if you know Betty, well, you know she's a pretty independent girl."

"I knew her father best," said Madame Vooren. "I don't often go to places popular with the young girls. Perhaps that's foolish of me."

And perhaps it's love, Nick thought. He had been told that Madame Vooren was in her middle thirties. Betty said she must be nearly forty. He guessed now that there was at least twenty-five years difference between her age and Cogswell's.

Madame Vooren said, "You mentioned the Argentina. They've reopened their gaming rooms, I'm told."

"The sew-sew amah again?" Nick asked.

She laughed. "Roulette entertains me, almost any form of gambling, as a matter of fact. One evening, not too distant, you must dine with me and then escort me to the Argentina. And you must persuade Henri's daughter to join us."

"Any time," Nick said enthusiastically. He had a feeling that you got a date with Madame Vooren through protocol.

"Perhaps—" she began and halted at the entrance of a deeply tanned, stiff-spined man, complete with monocle. Nick said to himself, ach-to-Louie, do they all look alike, or isn't this one of the Nazis I used to see around Tokyo? Then he heard the newcomer's name: Ernst Sperling.

The German sat himself on the sofa, a fraction too close to Madame Vooren, who began, almost imperceptibly, to edge away from him.

(Continued on page 44)



KEEPING THE FOOT IN FOOTBALL

By Steve Owen as told to Arthur Daley

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY MONAHAN

Proficiency in the one- and three-point department is no accident. Ask the famous New York Giants coach who sees to it that everyone on his team, from the water boy up, can kick well



Giants' practice. (Kicking l. to r.) Hutchinson, Shaffer, Chickerneo, Trocolor, Marefos, Cuff. (Holding) Cantor, Hapes, Lieberum, Owen, Principe, Soar

THE blackboard in the Polo Grounds clubhouse carries the order, "Practice at 10 A. M." Nobody on the New York Football Giants obeys it except myself. After all, I am the one who scribbled it on the board and I'm the coach.

When I get to the dressing room at 9:30 every morning the place is deserted. Lest you get the impression that I have a group of insubordinate athletes working for me, I had better hasten to add that at 9:30 daily the entire squad is already out on the field practicing.

Our formal sessions last from 10 A. M. until noon, but the boys toss in an extra hour of their own before the official drill gets under way. They twirl a few passes and do a little punting. Essentially, however, that extra sixty minutes is devoted to placement kicking.

It is no accident that the Giants boot field goal after field goal during the season and rarely, if ever, miss that vital point after touchdown; and it is no accident that the National Football League has emphasized the foot in football. We work at it as few college teams do.

Once last year I watched a top-ranking college squad warm up before a game. As the boys raced off the field to the dressing room for last-minute instructions, one lad paused as he neared the goal posts and called to a couple of his mates. One centered the ball and the other held it. The pseudo kicker tried a halfhearted placement, which slithered off the side of his foot; then he too dashed for the dressing room.

That one feeble gesture was the extent of the placement-kicking practice. I was not the slightest bit surprised at what happened in the game itself. His team lost, 7 to 6.

Before all of our battles we have two or three centers, each with his battery of placement kickers. They start in at the 2-yard line to rehearse the point after touchdown. That perfected, they back up to the 15 and keep moving back, five yards at a time, until our booters are hammering away from midfield. Not until then are we satisfied.

Placement kicking is no hit-or-miss business with us. It is a fine art which pays rich dividends all season long. Disregarding the fact that we average 90 per cent of our tries for the point after touchdown, and concentrating for the moment only on our field-goal efforts, I can give you a few statistics which reveal the extent of the league's proficiency in the 3-point department during the last campaign.

In 55 games, there were 27 players who booted 47 field goals out of 118 attempts. The season before, it was 43 out of 93. Many of these field-goal tries, it should be remembered, were from near midfield. Unlike the collegians, who demand virtual point-blank range, we fire away from as far back as the center stripe, since the professional system calls for a placement instead of a punt any time we are inside the 50. Otherwise, the average would be appreciably higher.

I admit that we have a slight advantage over the collegians because we have the goal posts on the goal line instead of ten yards back. But even if we had to go those ten extra yards, we still would be field-goal conscious.

The casual fan who watches a game has not the slightest realization of what goes into placement kicking. He sees a Ward Cuff, a Clark Hinkle or a Jack Manders swing his right leg in an arc, and he follows the flight of the ball over the crossbar and says to the fur coat beside him, "Nice kick! Having fun, honey?"

Since I've mentioned Cuff, I might just as well tell you something about him and how he became one of the top placement kickers in the sport. When he reported at our training camp for his "freshman" year in pro ball in 1937, all we knew about him was that he had been a great blocker for Marquette and that he had won the intercollegiate javelin-throwing championship.

The javelin throwing was not going to

be of any help to us. So we forgot about it. We did discover that he never had done any kicking in college. We usually forgot about that, too. Every man at that initial practice has to try some placements, whether he knows anything about them or not.

One look at Cuff's right leg in action and I shouted "Eureka!" to my assistant Bo Molenda. Cuff had tremendous leg drive and an excellent sense of balance. I was not too certain about the third necessary qualification but that was speedily discovered when we scrimmaged. Mr. Cuff has nothing but ice water in his veins. Nothing rattles him. He looked like a perfect prospect.

For three solid weeks we took Ward in hand and drilled him an extra thirty minutes every day in the art of placement kicking. The first time he ever attempted a field goal in his career was against the Eastern All-Stars at the Polo Grounds. Cuff calmly split the posts from the 42-yard line. The second time he tried it, he slammed one through from the 43. It might be pertinent to mention that we took the game by the margin of those field goals, 6 to 0.

If you want an even more vivid illustration of placement-kicking ability, take the case of Jack Manders of the Chicago Bears. They called him "Automatic Jack" during his playing days and with good reason. He never had kicked during his college days at Minnesota, but Coach George Halas put him to work in a hurry as soon as he turned professional.

In his first seven years with the Bears, Manders made 264 points after touchdown out of 282 attempts in league and nonleague play. At one stage he booted 79 extra points before he finally missed one. Since he made some four dozen field goals in addition, his scoring value cannot be underestimated.

A Matter of Distance

Now, a placement for the conversion after touchdown and a field goal are essentially the same. Only the distance is different, although repeated penalties on the try for the extra point once pushed us back until Cuff had to tack on the extra point from the 25-yard line. Ordinarily, though, they are identical.

The average fan thinks a kicker will boot the ball harder in an attempt from the 40 than he will from up near the goal line. We try to have them go all out with their leg drive, regardless of the distance. If a ball has a tendency to waver or curve, a powerful drive will send it between the uprights before the curve breaks.

In finding his groove, the kicker has to discover whether he kicks more accurately with the laces in front of the ball or in back of the ball. He has to experiment to see whether he does better with the pigskin tilted forward, backward or up straight. Having done that by the trial-and-error method, he then has to have a holder who will place the oval on the ground properly.

The holder is the forgotten hero of placement kicking. Rarely is he mentioned, since the kicker gets all the credit. Yet in my opinion the holder is responsible for 75 per cent of kicking success. The best holder I ever saw was Ed Danowski. As he made ready for the play, he'd always grin back at the kicker and say confidently, "Easy does it, my lad." And off the ball would rocket over the bar.

The holder's main requisite is flexible hands. He has to set down the ball within half a second after he receives it from the center. That means he has to have the laces facing the proper way and the ball tilted correctly, all in less time than it would take you to snap your fingers.

The Giants even have this holding maneuver worked out to the nth degree. Most collegians kneel on their left leg with their right leg braced. We reverse it and I'll tell you why:

By kneeling on the right leg, the holder can rest his arm on his left thigh and give the center a steadier target. Furthermore, the kicker knows that the ball will be placed an exact two inches in front of the holder's left shoe. This gives the kicker himself a steadier target.

The kicker has measured his distance so that he takes just one step. As his right leg swings in a smooth arc, his left toe is even with the ball. A good placement kicker never should know whether or not his shot has split the posts. He should have his eyes glued to the spot where the ball was.

On the Giants, we always have the holder stick out one, two or three fingers after the ball has left the ground, and the kicker has to tell him how many fingers he sees. That tends to impress on him the necessity of keeping his eyes down.

Two years ago almost 60,000 fans saw Lee Artoe of the Chicago Bears kick a field goal against the Giants. I saw it, too, and almost swallowed my eating tobacco in the process. Young Mr. Artoe (with accent on the toe) casually hammered home a 52-yard placement, one yard short of Glenn Presnell's league record. It might be added, in passing, that Artoe is so nearsighted he never saw the posts he was aiming for.

The leg drive that is generated by these kickers is tremendous. My brother Bill bore the evidence of this on his side for a week. It happened a good many years ago when Bill and I were the Giant tackles. We were playing Stapleton, a Staten Island club which then was in the league, and the Stapes had Ken Strong in their backfield.

In my opinion, Strong was one of the greatest placement kickers of all time. He loved to kick. Later on when he performed for the Giants, he'd practice placement kicking as long as he could get a center to pass the ball and someone to hold it. He never tired. The centers always tired first.

Well, in this particular game, Strong dropped back to try a placement. My brother Bill, a lot faster then than he is now, burst through the line of scrimmage and hurled himself in front of the ball. Ken's foot drove into it mightily and so did Bill. The ball and Bill met somewhere in midair a few feet off the ground. For one solid week, Bill's right side had the imprint of the stenciled lettering of the ball etched on it.

A few years later, Bill and Ken were involved in another field-goal incident. This time they were Giant teammates and were playing the Bears in Chicago. The gridiron was a sea of mud, there was no score, and the clock was running out in the fourth quarter.

On last down, Strong elected to try a field goal from the 20. I was anxiously pacing up and down the side lines when my eye was caught by the strange behavior of Joe Kopcha, Bear guard. He was in no position to rush the kicker because he was on both knees, and Brother Bill was in a perfect spot to take a shot at him. The ball snapped back, Bill left Kopcha alone, and Strong kicked the field goal.

"Why didn't you knock over that Joe Kopcha when you had him all set up?" I bellowed at Bill later.

My brother looked at me sheepishly. "I just couldn't, Steve," he answered. "Every time Ken went to kick, Joe just hollered, 'Please, God, don't let him make it!' After all, Steve, you don't expect me to hit a guy when he's praying."

An Artist at Center

One more thing I almost overlooked is the part the center plays in the maneuver. He has to shoot back a perfect pass into the holder's hands an exact foot and a half off the ground. Our captain Mel Hein is an artist at it.

But once we had a center even better than Mel for the placement try. I know some of you won't believe this but I vouch for it on my word of honor. When Chief Johnson, a big Indian from Haskell, was our reserve snapper-back, he had the pass for placements down to such an art that the ball always came back to the holder so that it was caught with the laces uppermost.

It is no wonder then that the Giants will always go for a field goal when we have men like that. My theory is that if we are behind by seven points we will kick field goals right up to the middle of the third quarter before taking the bigger gamble of a try for a touchdown. If we are tied or ahead, we'll kick them all afternoon.

Three years ago, some of you may recall, we were really giving the Bears a fine going over. We kicked one field goal, scored a touchdown and converted, kicked another field goal and still another. Then the Chicago Bears suddenly clicked with their passing and rang the bell for two quick touchdowns. Those field goals became lifesavers and we won, 16 to 13.

Field goals also became the springboard for our capture of the Eastern title again last season. The Giants led the Redskins going into the last quarter of the crucial game, 10 to 0, thanks to a touchdown by George Franck, a conversion by Cuff and a 23-yard field goal by Andy Marefos. Then the football gods frowned. Fumbles set up two Redskin touchdowns with only one conversion, and Washington was on its way to a 13-10 victory.

But the Giants fought back furiously from the next kickoff and rolled 50 yards up to the Redskin 30. Cuff carried the ball almost every time and was hit so hard on every occasion that I never expected him to arise again.

The Indomitable Ward Cuff

It was he who reached the 30, snowed under by an avalanche of Washington tacklers. I watched anxiously from the side lines as Ward staggered to his feet, dazed but undaunted. Leemans brought the team back into the huddle.

"Fellows," he said, " It's last down and we should try for a field goal, but Ward is too banged up to kick it."

Cuff, the indomitable one, grinned at him with a weary smile, "You put 'er down, Tuffy," he snapped, "and I'll kick 'er."

As calm as you please, Mr. Cuff—I said before that he had ice water in his veins—booted a 38-yarder to tie the score. And fifty-two seconds later, Franck, the greyhound, raced to a touchdown that meant both a 20-13 victory and the championship.

The Giants can be relied on to take hand-tailored placement specialists if we can get them, and if we can't we'll make them. I believe that most of my boys will eventually wind up as college coaches and I want them to learn all there is to know about placement booting.

So we have them all trying it every day. The backs place-kick from the field in front of the east goal posts at the Polo grounds, and the linemen kick back from the other side. All of them think that they are marvels at it—which is not too bad an idea at that.

In an easy exhibition game last year, we scored and Quarterback Leemans discovered to his dismay that he had no placement kicker on the field.

"Who can kick the extra point?" he asked.

There was an instant, deafening chorus of "I can."

Only one man never uttered a word. He was Frank "Icehouse" Cope, who speaks only once a week when he says "Thanks" on receipt of his salary check. So Tuffy peversely elected Icehouse to try for the extra point. He made it, of course.

Cope, you see, had been one of our daily drillers in the art of placement kicking.

THE END



"Give us a lot of air—we're starting on a long trip"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT



"Don't shove, Elmer, there's no shortage of War Bonds," smiled Elsie

"Well, seems like everybody in the city has to buy War Stamps and Bonds at the same time," rumbled Elmer, the bull, trying to push his way into line and stepping heavily on a woman's corns.

"Humpf, I guess it takes all kinds of people to win a war," said the woman tartly. And she jabbed Elmer sharply with her umbrella.

"Oh dear," sighed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Can't you be a little more careful, Elmer?"

"Somebody must have shoved me," bellowed Elmer. "I suppose *you* are always careful!"

"Goodness, yes," said Elsie. "I shudder to think what the Borden inspectors would say if I weren't. You know how many people rely on my pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* and all the fine things that are made from it."



"Bother your milk," grumbled Elmer. "I wish the government would freeze it."

"The government doesn't have to," chuckled Elsie. "Borden freezes both my milk and cream. The result is *Borden's Ice Cream*—the smoothest, most scrumptious ice cream anybody ever dipped a spoon into!"

"Is the $3.18 I saved from my allowance enough to buy a tank, mommy?" asked little Beulah, who had been having a hard time keeping quiet while the grownups were talking.

"W-e-l-l, I'm afraid it's not *quite* enough for a tank," Elsie explained. "But don't let that worry you. Armies need lots of little things just as much as they do tanks."

"What little things?" asked Beulah skeptically.

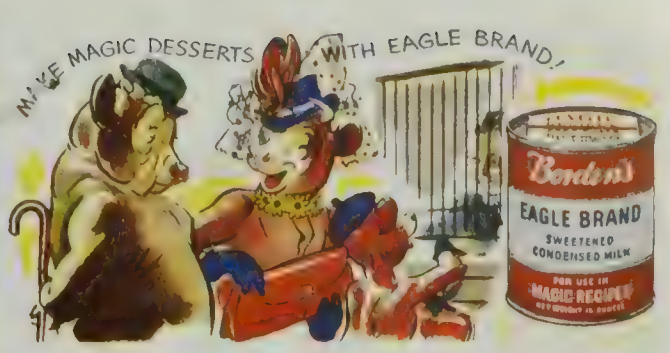
"Oh any number of little things," said Elsie. "For example, both our armies and our allies use carloads



of *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. And it makes simply marvelous creamed soups and mashed potatoes."

"Bah," snorted Elmer. "Our life is an open cookbook."

"I'm glad you reminded me, Elmer," Elsie laughed. "The minute we get home I promised to get out the cook book and show Beulah how to make a big box of candies and cookies to send to the soldiers. It won't take but a minute with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* because Eagle Brand is milk *plus* sugar."



"Don't try to sweet-talk me," roared Elmer. "I don't have to leave the house to discuss how wonderful *you* are. I like your crust!"

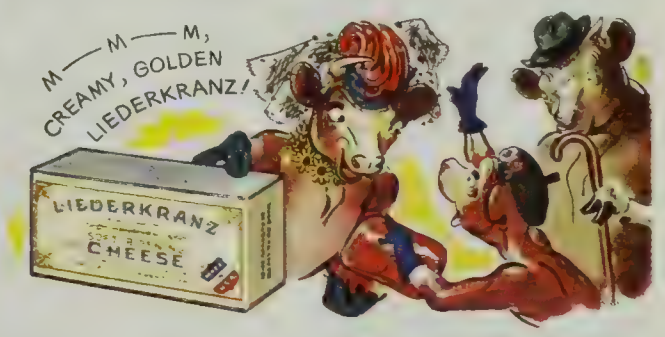
"Everybody likes a good crust," Elsie beamed brightly. "But the spicy, old-fashioned flavor of Borden's



None Such Mince Meat does more for a mince pie than the flakiest crust ever baked."

"That," Elmer sneered sarcastically, "was not the kind of a crust I meant."

"Then you must have been talking about the golden crust on creamy-centered *Borden's Liederkranz*," replied Elsie thoughtfully. "Liederkranz is the *one*



American cheese that's famous the world over. It's only one of a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, and, of course . . ."

"If you're coming to the good part, let *me* say it," broke in little Beulah excitedly. "I've been practicing all week!"

"Are you sure you know it perfectly, darling?" asked Elsie dubiously.

"Yes, mommy, honest I do," Beulah almost shouted, as she jumped up and down. "Just listen . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's* got *to be good!'*"



© Borden Company

The Ordeal of Big Mag Purdy

Continued from page 12

handy with the trawls, passable at separating shrimp from waste, and little enough trouble as a husband except for a stubborn determination to get drunk every time there was any money, and to stay drunk to the last cent. On the other hand, the Deacon was no good around the boat and trawls, but he didn't get drunk.

"I spent four days in Galveston, one time," Big Mag said. "Never seen such a town. Didn't find a soul that knew where the wind was. I wouldn't be caught dead there, let alone allow one of them monkeys break my boat up, hauling her out."

"But fourteen dollars!" Pete said. "Why, the danged old conversion ain't worth it."

"We'll pull over to the ways and haul out, first thing in the morning!" Big Mag yelled.

"I won't be gilled and gutted by Cap Snodgrass. I won't pay that old pirate four bits—"

"I'm doing the paying," Big Mag reminded him. "And you don't get a drink or smell until that leak's fixed and the bottom's painted. Now, stop arguing or I'll lam you over the head with a shark bat!"

The Deacon stood up and tipped his hat. "Good day, Mrs. Purdy," he said as he stepped off the boat.

"Wind's shifting to sou'-sou'west," Big Mag announced after supper. "Be good shrimping tomorrow over toward Matagorda. They'll run thick and big." She turned to Pete. "And we'd get 'em too, tons of 'em, if we had that Jersey Standard."

"Yeah, Mag, that's right," Pete said in a preoccupied voice. "Tons—with that Jersey Standard."

They went below, lowered pipe berths from the wall and went to bed.

WHEN Big Mag woke up, Pete was not in his bunk. She went on to deck to look about. The early summer sun was breaking the horizon but the river was too foggy to see. Big Mag filled her lungs to yell, stopped midway and rushed below.

Her suspicions were justified. The little drawer that Mag had fitted with her own hands was open. Her valuables —the boat's "papers," her wedding ring, an old cheap watch, and money when there was money, were kept in that drawer. Pete had left only eighteen dollars and fifty cents. Big Mag counted it three times, puzzled by the curious amount left behind by her deserting husband.

"Morning, Mrs. Purdy." The Deacon squatted before the main hatchway. "I seen Pete shoving along the Co-op wharf about midnight, looking like he was in a powerful hurry to get a drink or something. I figured you'd need some help, hauling out today, if you still want to haul out. So I thought I'd drop by."

Big Mag blinked while her mind tried to grasp the meaning of a trawl full of bad luck. Yes, she'd have to haul out, and paint the bottom, Pete or no Pete. Fourteen dollars for the haul out and four-fifty for paint. That explained the odd sum Pete had left.

"It's right kind of you to offer," Big Mag said.

"No kindness at all," the Deacon said. "I'm offering to deck hand on shares. Take out boat expenses, take a share for the boat, a share for you and a share for me."

Big Mag couldn't quibble. "You ain't much around a boat," she said, "but I reckon I got no choice." She handed him a pail and deck broom through the hatchway. "Scrub down the deck and tidy up the trawl, while I cook up some breakfast."

While they ate, Big Mag picked up the talk as though it had not been interrupted. "You ain't worth a third of the boat's business," she told the Deacon.

"Unless you and me could make some other arrangement," he suggested with a grin.

Big Mag looked at him through half-closed eyes. "P—hanh!"

The Deacon squirmed. "Mag," he said pleadingly, "you know I been sweet as honey on you for seven long years. You mighty near broke me up when you married Pete, with me begging you so hard and all. And even yet, I ain't give up hope. Pete's off, right now, drunk as a sea gull, I'll bet, a-spending of your money like it didn't take hard work to make it. And here I am, sober as a penguin and—"

"Deacon," Big Mag said softly, "if I had my shark bat handy, I'd part your hair right down the middle."

"Aw, Mag," the Deacon protested, "I mean you ought to get a divorce and let me marry you like I been wanting for seven long years."

"You setting there and talking to me and saying things like that when I know dad blame well it ain't me you're wanting. It's my boat. The Brazos Belle, the best shrimper on the river. That's what you want to marry."

"Naw, Mag, it's you—"

"I'm a mind to bust your face in only we got too much to do. Now get that bucket of hot water and put these dishes in it, while I go on deck."

It was noon before the boat was finally balanced on the skidways, blocked up and dragged up the bank. Repairing the leak was simple enough. The Deacon, poor mechanic though he was, found the pipe joint near the keel which had worked loose from the boat's vibration, but Big Mag, herself, wielded the Stillson wrench that closed the leak. Both of them spent the rest of the day applying poisoned copper compound to the bottom.

When they had finished, Big Mag stuck a paint-smeared hand into her romper-suit pocket and shoved some bills toward Cap Snodgrass. "Here's your fourteen dollars, you blasted old pirate," she said.

Cap Snodgrass accepted the money and the compliment. "When you want her down let me know, Mrs. Purdy," he said.

"I want her down at daylight in the morning," Big Mag said, "and I'm letting you know, now."

She climbed in the boat and picked up the pail and a bar of soap. She gave them to the Deacon and walked down the skidway until she was knee-deep in the water. "Douse me," she said.



"I want to open an account for him—will he have to sign anything?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

THE Deacon dashed water over her as she scrubbed. Then she made the Deacon wade in while she threw water on him. "Get clean," she ordered, "or you can't ride on my boat."

He scrubbed unenthusiastically. "Quick as I get in some dry clothes," Big Mag said, "you can come aboard and put on some of Pete's clothes till yours dry out. Now, just stand and dreen. I don't want you to pack a mess of drippings in the cabin. Took me a long time to learn Pete how to keep things tidy. That's because I didn't start him off right. You're going to start off right."

She disappeared into the cabin and presently emerged in a print cotton dress, shoes and stockings and an old straw sailor hat with bunches of cherries dripping from its crown.

"I laid out some britches and shirt for you," she said. "Hang your wet clothes on the port spreader. That'll be your side of the boat and mind you keep to it."

Then she started out to look for Pete.

It was hard enough walking on solid ground that didn't give under foot, but to walk through howling mobs pushing, shouting, drinking, was worse. In one bar after another, street after street, Big Mag knew herself to be a stranger in her home town. There was not a man she dared approach to ask the simple question: "Have you seen Pete?"

The women laughed, the men shouted and the nickel juke machines wailed. Big Mag's feet hurt from the pinch of unaccustomed shoe leather, and her brain ached from the noise and confusion. She was not one to undertake a job and quit; not Big Mag. But at midnight she felt defeated.

"Pete's so quiet the first couple days in his liquor," she told herself, "you couldn't find him in that school with a minny net." She found the Deacon snoring rhythmically in the portside berth. She lowered her own and crawled in. "Not with a minny net," she repeated. "He's so quiet in his liquor the first day or two."

THE wind had shifted east of south when she got up next morning. That indicated the shrimp would be close inshore.

"Just as well," Big Mag told the Deacon. "If that old engine stops I can drop anchor and wade ashore for help. We'd drift smack to Campeche Bay if we broke down offshore and I waited for you to get her going again."

Out in the Gulf with her trawl dragging and her boards dancing wide and free, Big Mag forgot her woes. She watched the gulls and pelicans and headed the Brazos Belle for the spots where the birds were finding food. She had to keep remembering that here was a half buried log that might rip her trawl; or in that lagoon the porpoises would ruin her trappings. Big Mag liked plenty of water under her when her trawl was down.

The day's catch was small though the Deacon had tried hard enough. He was just no good at leading the trawl tail around to the side of the boat for hoisting on deck. But Mr. Cheramie was nice and pleasant. "Mag, them is really platform shrimp," he told her. "But I'm going to pay you seventeen-fifty, same as if they was canners."

"You won't lose nothing on that deal," the Deacon put in shrewdly. "You ain't getting enough shrimp to ship to Galveston and these scissor-bills that buys local will pay you two bits a pound, no matter how little the shrimps is."

After deducting the cost of gas, oil and food, there was nearly fifty dollars left. Big Mag paid the Deacon his third and placed the rest in her catchall. "I'm tuckered out," she said. "Maybe it'll rain tomorrow and I can rest up."

But the next morning was clear, with a southerly breeze. Big Mag faced another day close inshore with no enthusiasm. However, the old converted automobile engine wouldn't start. Big Mag tinkered with it half-heartedly, but the best she could get was an occasional sputter.

"I figure," the Deacon said wisely, "that if you've got gas going in your cylinders and at the same time you get a spark, she's bound to start."

(Continued on page 28)



I'M LIGHTNESS—*A virtue, that's sure to convert you!*



I'M BODY—*Employed to make whiskey enjoyed!*



I'M RICHNESS—*I'm known, to give highballs a "tone"!*



I'M SMOOTHNESS—*My fame, is revealed by my name!*

The 5 Crowns Knock Toughness

EVERY "WITCH" WAY

Wherever old Toughness appears,
We sock him and pin back his ears,
And that's why folks favor
Our FINER "5"'s Flavor—
The best in our eighty-five years!

Just look at that bottle—called "HOST"—
Can you beat it for pouring a toast?
Its smartness suggests
That you're serving your guests
All the fineness fine blending can boast!





Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN



THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



⬅If you're getting this...

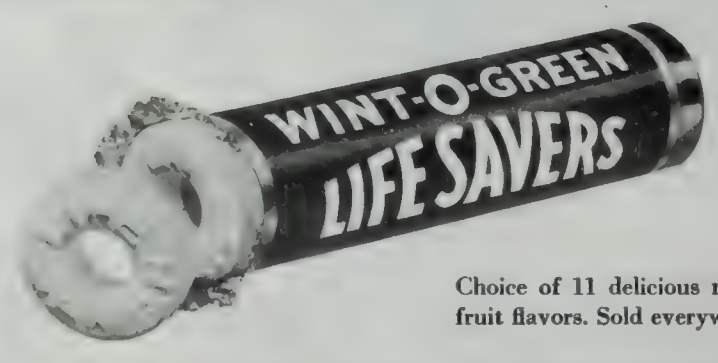
and things once were like this ➡





⬅TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.



Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

Big Mag stuck her head out of the hatch. Her face was smeared with oil and she held a lug wrench in her hand. "You go get a mechanic," she ordered.

Though the garage man couldn't say at once what was wrong with the engine or how long it would take to fix it, he did know that his time was worth a dollar and a half an hour, cash on the line. He had already used up fifteen minutes, or thirty-seven and a half cents' worth of time getting to the boat, and Big Mag could save money by making up her mind to pay or not.

"He's got you where the hair is short," the Deacon said.

"Get to work," Big Mag said.

FOUR hours later, when Big Mag had spent thirty dollars for wages and parts, the mechanic announced the engine would run, as indeed, he demonstrated. "You ought to have them valves ground and new rings put in," he advised. "And your intake manifold is about rusted through, and you got scale on your—"

"P—hanh!" Big Mag snorted and the mechanic fled.

The Deacon looked toward the sun and then inquiringly at Mag.

"Nope," she told him. "We couldn't catch enough to pay for the gas, now. We'll lay up till morning."

She dressed once more in her going-out clothes and spent the afternoon looking for Pete through the dives of the town. She returned at nightfall, tired and downhearted, scarcely noticing the supper the Deacon had cooked. As she crawled into her berth, she muttered just loud enough for the Deacon to hear, "A man can't just vanish off from the face of the earth. Not even a little bitty runt like Pete."

"A man can ride a bus to Galveston," the Deacon said. "For a dollar-thirty-one, he can. If a man liked Galveston so all-fired much."

Before he went to sleep, the Deacon heard a strange sound, one that he had never imagined possible. Big Mag was crying. Just like any other woman whose man had run off.

Big Mag was on deck, next morning, sniffing a southwest breeze and setting tackle aright when the Deacon woke up. "Twist her tail, down there!" she shouted. "We'll shove off to the gas pump. I ain't wetting my trawl east of the Bernard and we'll eat breakfast on the way down. But if we don't lay in a thousand pounds today, may I spend the rest of my life on a snapper boat!"

And lay them in, they did. More than a thousand pounds, and big ones too. Mr. Cheramie told them the price was up to eighteen dollars a hundred, and handed Big Mag a check for $202.50. It was a lot of money for one day's catch. Even after the expenses were paid and the Deacon had pocketed his share, there was still more than a hundred dollars left.

During the night, when the wind shifted to north of west and into a gale, Big Mag knew from experience it would blow for three days and that it would be another three or four before the seas calmed enough for small-boat trawling.

She and the Deacon spent the time patiently overhauling the tackle, scraping, painting and bringing the Brazos Belle to that shining tidiness for which the little shrimper was famous.

Late one afternoon, when they had done every chore possible, Big Mag issued an order. "Kick her over, while I cast off," she said. "We're going to gas up."

"We can't trawl tomorrow," the Deacon protested, but a snort from the skipper silenced him. He went below, turned the switch and pressed the starter. Nothing happened. He fiddled vainly for a moment and tried again.

"She won't spin," he called up. "Think maybe the battery's dead."

"I just bought that battery," Big Mag said. "Short it out with a screw driver and see if it's dead."

"Dead as a mackerel," the Deacon reported.

"Go get that mechanic!"

While Big Mag was paying the repair bill, she thought: Why should the Deacon sit with his money snug in his pockets and pay nothing? If she were married to the Deacon, all the money would go into that box. Of course, there would be repair bills because the Deacon couldn't fix anything; on the other hand, he wouldn't be drinking up any of the money and the box would fill faster than it could empty. Maybe, pretty soon, there would be enough to buy a real marine engine—secondhand, of course—maybe Pete's old sixteen-horse Jersey Standard!

"I was fixin' to go to Galveston to see if Pete was up there drunk," Big Mag told the Deacon. "But I reckon that generator burning out was a divine stroke of Providence. I changed my mind. I won't go running after no man alive. It ain't ladylike."

The Deacon grinned. "You mean you're fixing to divorce him?"

Pulling the Wool Over Their Eyes

"Manufacturers of lounging robes for men and boys protest WPB ruling against use of wool."—News item.

Oh, what a bleak and chilly fate—
To lounge in wool is out of date.
Perhaps the ban should not have been
Against the fibers that go in
The robes, but just the robes themselves.
Perchance, they should be on the shelves
Until the war is over, when
Men may have time to lounge again.

Our soldiers cannot take it easy,
So why should we be so damn' queasy?

MARGARET FISHBACK

"I mean, I'm fixing to find out a few things. Meantime, you're still living on the portside. If I make up my mind to divorce Pete and marry you, I'll let you know."

Big Mag deliberately ran past the promising drags close by to join the little fleet that worked out of Bay City, farther down the coast. The first Bay City shrimper she asked knew the answer to her question.

"Sure, I know that Jersey Standard. Nick Jurisich has got it in the Dream of Heaven. It might be for sale, because Nick don't hardly ever shrimp no more."

"It breaks a heap of valve stems, don't it?" Big Mag asked.

"Not no more. Not since Nick had them cups ground out and fit on top of them valve springs. Just like fresh from the factory. That Nick, he's a mechanic."

"Ask him if he wants to sell and how much."

BIG MAG trawled back to the Brazos. The catch was light, but there was a little money for the box and hope in her heart.

"Nick wants two-fifty for that engine," the Bay City shrimper reported.

"Reckon he won't take two hundred?" the Deacon asked.

"Na-ah! He already got a two-fifty offer, but the man wants it on payments. Nick wants cash on the line. He says the first two-fifty on the line takes it."

Big Mag set her jaw. Here was a deal a shrimper could get her shoulder under. "I'm the best shrimper this side of Morgan City," she told the Deacon, "and if I can't net two-fifty worth of shrimp before that other fellow, then I

ought to fish snappers the rest of my life."

The day's catch brought the box total to a little more than two hundred dollars. Another good day would more than buy the engine. If she got there first, of course, Big Mag thought. She was happily tired when she turned in, but she did not sleep at once. She had serious problems. There would be the cost of installation—a job like that couldn't be trusted to the Deacon. And that reminded her that he had more than a hundred dollars in his own one-way pockets. "Maybe now," she thought, "I might make him a promise to marry him and get that money." She knew she could wake him and give him her promise now. Then they could pull down the canal to Bay City that very night, and buy the Jersey Standard as soon as Nick Jurisich woke up.

But she restrained herself. "I'll sleep on it," Big Mag decided.

The wind was blowing squalls from the east when Big Mag woke up. She did not have to open her eyes to know there would be no shrimping that day. "I'll promise the Deacon," she thought, "and then we'll head for Bay City." She sat up and peered into the dimness.

THE Deacon's berth was empty. Big Mag leaped up and grabbed her money box. She sighed with relief to find her money safe. "Had me by the gills for a minute," she said.

Toward noon, the Deacon returned in a brand-new rig, from bright tan shoes to a stiff straw katy with a striped band. He smelled of perfume.

"Well, gut and gill me for market!" Big Mag boomed.

"Been buying a few clothes," the Deacon explained casually. "Figured might be getting married, first thing I know. Can't expect a man to get married in his working clothes."

Unquestionably, clothes like that had cost a netful of money. And perfume like that didn't come cheap. Big Mag knew that now their combined cash resources would not total the price of the engine.

"P—hanh!"

The Deacon backed away. "Mag, honey, I bought you a present. Perfumery. Paid four bits—" He proffered a small bottle.

"Get that smell off my boat," Big Mag yelled. "And get them fancy clothes off till the smell airs out of 'em."

Though the following day started well enough, Big Mag had lost her confidence. Maybe the man who wanted to buy Nick's engine had already raised the cash and made the deal. She lifted her chin. "I ain't licked until I know for certain," she told the Deacon. "Set your lines and drop the trawl overboard," she ordered.

Because the wind was from the south, the shrimp were close inshore. It made tricky going, but Big Mag knew all the tricks. Between hauls, she helped the Deacon separate the shrimp from the crabs and sardines, and steered the boat with an occasional kick at the wheel.

Toward noon, the old conversion began to miss. "Sounds like she ain't getting gas," the Deacon offered. "If you get gas in there and hit it with a spark, she'll—"

"Dry up," Big Mag said. "Take the wheel and steer for yonder buoy. Now mind the wind and drift and keep alive. I'm going below and make that engine run."

She was wrist deep in grease when the boat suddenly lurched, the stern lifted and the propeller raced.

"Lord, Mag, come look what happened!" the Deacon yelled. "I'll swear that thing riz right up out of the blue!"

Big Mag did not have to look to know. The Brazos Belle had struck the tree that had lain for years half buried in the sand. It was a good fifty yards to starboard of her course, but the Deacon had let the boat drift. For once in her life, Big Mag was speechless. She knew the trawl was lost and that it would take two or three days to get a new one from Galveston. It was more than the trawl she had lost: the chance to buy back Pete's old marine engine.

She and the Deacon began to unsnarl the lines and pull the floaters aboard, but Big Mag had lost her drive. At the wharf, Mr. Cheramie paid for only a hundred pounds of shrimp. "And you better order me a new trawl," Big Mag said tonelessly.

"Sure, Mag, I'll telephone up and it can come out on the night train. You can have it for tomorrow."

"Ain't no rush, now," Big Mag said.

Big Mag sat down. The deck was slippery with mashed shrimp, and her own clothes stuck clammily to her skin. She stared unseeingly at the water, too sunk in misery even to notice when Pete came aboard.

"I done bought her back," Pete said. " 'Nother fellow tried to buy it but I laid cash on the line. Two-fifty. I been working hard but I made the cash and laid it on the line. And listen, Mag, Nick has put cups on them valve springs and she don't pop the stems no more."

Big Mag lifted her head slowly. It was Pete, all right. He looked older and tireder but he was cold sober. "Are you gone crazy?" she demanded. "What you yapping about?"

"That Jersey Standard," Pete said. "I just bought her back. I got my net full of your gripes about that engine, so I found out Nick would sell her for two-fifty. Took money out of the box to join the union—fifty bucks, that was. Then I got a job at the chemical. Dollar four-bits every hour."

"Too much," Big Mag said, recovering. "You ain't worth it."

"I sort of loafed along, twelve- fourteen hours a day, getting time and a half for all over eight hours. I figured I had plenty time to get the money raked up, but some other fellow went after that engine, too, and I had to hump it. I worked twenty-two hours, day before yesterday."

"Too long to work," Big Mag boomed. "Crazy as a gull."

"I grabbed a bus for Bay City yesterday," Pete said, "put the cash on the line and unbolted the engine. She's setting loose on the Dream of Heaven, waiting to come aboard the Brazos Belle."

BIG MAG spotted the Deacon sitting on the Co-op wharf. "You're fired!" she shouted.

"I figured you didn't have no more sense," the Deacon said. "Quick as I seen that drunkard come aboard—"

"P—hanh!" Big Mag snorted, disposing of the Deacon.

"Let's shove off to Bay City, tonight," Pete said.

Big Mag smiled. "Pete, there's better'n two hundred in the box," she said dreamily. "Enough to buy you a drink or two, maybe."

"Not a drop or a smell till I get this conversion job out and that Jersey Standard in. My trawl is full of your griping."

Big Mag stood up. "You'll help scrub this boat down, first," she ordered. "Just because you been living around them company people ain't no sign you can live like them. Heathens! Saving their money so's they can jump out two-story windows and break their necks! I'll break your neck with my shark bat, if I catch you trying to live on a boat that ain't tidied up."

"But Mag, I just got here—"

"P—hanh!" snorted Big Mag.

THE END



WHAT EVERY PILOT KNOWS

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS



ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAF TENGGREN

"But I'm a night flier and, believe me, it's no joke to be sitting up at 20,000 feet, God knows where, and hear them chattering among themselves out on the wings"

EVERY pilot knows about the Gremlins and the Fifinellas and he knows too that these Little People are tougher to fight than either the Germans or the Japs. Hundreds of research workers in Britain are trying to discover why the Gremlins and the Fifinellas (girl Gremlins) declared war on the R.A.F. So far, a lot of theories have been advanced but no one has unearthed the real reason for their fiendish warfare. That is, no one but myself.

In common with the rest of the American correspondents in Britain, I too made a profound study of the problem. I have seen the Gremlins, talked to them, and I finally know why they hate the R.A.F. so. Perhaps one of these days, a Gremlin will be captured and, if he can be made to talk, you will have proof that I am right. I was there when the Gremlins first emerged to plague the R.A.F. The R.A.F. lads made one mistake—they laughed at the Gremlins, and the fact is that the Little People, above everything else, do not like to be laughed at.

Now there is a forest in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the middle of the forest there was what looked to be a huge stone cross.

It was not a cross at all. It was a gallows, and two hundred years ago when the Scottish laird who ruled over the Highlands had trouble with thieves or mischievous lads, or even, if he just happened to be in the humor, he would hang someone from the stone gallows and then bury him beside it. But he would bury him standing up, and, although others have different theories, it is my conviction that the spirits of the men and women who had been hanged there and then buried standing up became very tired.

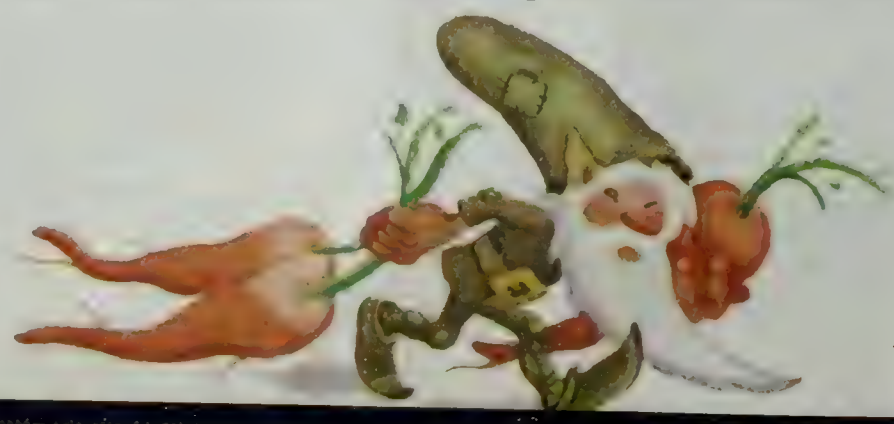
They just got tired of standing, so they deserted their weary, by now very unattractive bodies and emerged as Gremlins and Fifinellas. That is how they began, and every member of the R.A.F. today is very angry at that noble Scotch laird who was responsible for the whole thing.

It was a very peaceful forest, which always seemed to be echoing with faint melodies, coming fitfully as though sung by a casual but exquisite voice. These songs were not the songs of birds, for their songs are as careless as their wings, and birds do nothing but trill the scales —their songs have no melody. When a bird sings, the notes drop down into the forest the way a leaf drops from a tree—helter-skelter, turned over, tossed around by any vagrant breeze. I knew then that this was no ordinary forest and that Little People were around.

Then one day an airdrome was built close by the forest. Smiling lads in the blue of the R.A.F. came in Spitfires to their new home. Over and above the noise of the planes, you could hear another noise—the hum of a thousand small shrill voices—and there was something in the sound of their chorus that chilled you a bit. The Gremlins, who are inquisitive Little People, had come to look over their new neighbors.

They Laughed at My Tales

I told the lads then of the Gremlins, but they wouldn't believe me at first and laughed. They actually didn't even believe me when I told them that I'd heard the leprechauns of Gort na Cloca Mora, who guarded buried treasure, and that once in Ireland I'd not only seen but had talked to Angus Og the philosopher, who was six hundred years old. I told them how once, in a cave near Killarney I'd heard the harp played by the son of Trogain, whose music heals the sick and makes the sad heart merry, and in the north, I had actually heard the Five Guardians of Ulster, mightiest of warriors, singing their battle cries in the hills.



"To laugh at such things is not for grown men," I told these pilots. "Only children disbelieve in fairies and in the little creatures who live in the woods. No smart man would risk the anger of these people."

"A spot of whisky, old boy!" The young squadron leader slapped me on the back and winked. "You've been in the sun too long. Talk of Messerschmitts or Dorniers, or even"—he shuddered a little—"of Focke-Wulf 190s, but don't talk of Gremlins. There are no such things!"

The pilots continued to laugh and order more drinks. I walked out beyond the airdrome in the moonlight and I rested near a hummock of heather. I

Tens of thousands of big Studebaker Trucks move the men and supplies of war



ker builds Wright Cyclone Engines for the Boeing Fly-tress, America's invincible dreadnaught of the skies.

AT the debarkation points and on the supply lines—at the fighting fronts and on the rough terrain behind them—big, multiple-drive Studebaker trucks are writing brilliant new chapters of transport history every day of this war.

Tens of thousands of them are on the job. And these rugged war trucks are pouring out of the Studebaker factories in so steady a stream that tens of thousands more soon will be moving the men and supplies of war on the far flung fronts of the United Nations.

From builder of commercial trucks in peacetime to one of the largest makers of military trucks in wartime is a logical transition for America's oldest manufacturer of highway transportation. Once again, for the sixth time in a national emergency, Studebaker has answered the Government's call for the production of army transport on a large scale. And when decisive victory is achieved, finer, more economical Studebaker trucks and commercial cars than ever before will be available for civilian use.

Today, Studebaker's world-famous craftsmen are bringing a new and more significant meaning to the traditional Studebaker watchword—*always give more than you promise.* And the job they're doing makes us justifiably proud of our assignments in the arming of our Nation and its Allies.

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS ★

Studebaker's 90th Anniversary

1852 ★ 1942



SHOULD GIRLS BE TOLD?

PRETTY INNOCENT—these two. They think Mommy's swell to let them "experiment" in the kitchen. (Of course you're not telling them how glad you are to have them learn to cook!)

Should you keep mum, too, about the dental merits of Fleers Dubble Bubble Chewing Gum? You might explain how that huge big mass of *chewy* gum helps to clean—how a gum so tough and bulky will fold over and massage the gums. You could say that many dentists recommend Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum.

But should you? Why destroy the "glamour"? Young folks need no urging to indulge in Fleers Dubble Bubble. Millions of pennies are eagerly spent for Dubble Bubble by the kids themselves. *Because Fleers is made to please them.* It's a big mouthful of gum—tough and chewy—oh, so-o-o good! That's all any youngster needs to know!



"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.



Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the November *Journal of the American Dental Association* and *Oral Hygiene;* also in October *Dental Survey.*



FLEERS
DUBBLE BUBBLE
CHEWING GUM

A Pledge: Especially desirable features of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum are its bulk and "chewiness." Should wartime restrictions interfere, we pledge to suspend the manufacture of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

could tell by the rustling around me that I was not alone.

Then I heard a voice and although I couldn't see anyone I knew that it came from a Gremlin, and I knew too that the voice was talking to me. There are some of us who were born to understand the language of elves and leprechauns and Gremlins and luckily I am one of these.

"No garmsley ever culled a gorm," the petulant little voice said. "Gramsling too and not a gleer. We swear a miff-down on the prost nor swinked nor gleaved will stay us. Tell the pornis and the blearum and the feigenheimer moppet." Then the voice became solemn as it added ominously, "Whiffles also warb and we too dashed a rang and bong a luft."

In vain I cried to the voice, "It is not strophie or a mingus, and you mustn't—" but it was no use. My only answer was mocking laughter, and that faded and I knew now the grim truth. The Gremlins and the Fifinellas had declared war on the whole R.A.F. Anyone who believes can understand the Gremlins' words. Anyone who doesn't believe in the Little People will of course not have read this far anyway.

How Many Will Come Back?

The next day the Spitfires were ordered up on a sweep. It is always a nervous-making experience for me to see a squadron of twelve Spits take off and it is an experience you never get accustomed to, really. You keep wondering how many of them will come back. They all came back laughing at Flight Lieutenant Reggie Cronin.

"What happened to you, Reggie?" they asked. "Did you get the wind-up?"

They told how Reggie, leading his flight, had dived on a big fat Junkers 88 which is duck soup for a Spitter. He was on the tail of the Junkers with the sun behind him and then just as he got within range, the rest of the flight saw Reggie's Spitfire bank sharply to the left letting the Junkers escape.

Reggie was very thoughtful. "This sounds silly, I know, but believe me it happened. I was just going to press the button and let that Jerry have 800 bullets when someone yelled to me, 'Left rudder! Left rudder!' Well, without thinking I gave it left rudder and banked and then wondered why I'd done that. Then I heard a funny buzzing noise back of me and I looked back and, so help me, there was a little man not more than a foot high standing on the wing boring holes in the fuselage of my kite. Take a look. See the holes?"

Sure enough, there were at least a dozen holes clean through the fuselage down near where it joined the wings.

"They're just bullets holes from some Jerry kite you never saw," one of the pilots said.

They all laughed, but they didn't laugh the next day when Squadron Leader Cecil Burnett just managed to make his landfall. He told of how a Fifinella had poured salt water in his petrol tanks while he was over the Irish Sea. Everything went wrong after that and finally the group captain ordered the whole squadron to take a month's rest.

I left the airdrome and came back here to London. I see a lot of R.A.F. pilots in London, and one night, Wing Commander Malan, D.F.C., D.S.O., and Wing Commander Max Aitken, D.F.C., D.S.O., were in town and they had dinner with me. I think that Malan and Aitken are perhaps the two best pilots in the R.A.F. They call the former "Sailor" Malan because he was a sailor when he was a kid. He had been taken off operations for a spell to help our American pilots with their gunnery.

"Your kids are fine," he said moodily, "but the Fifinellas have raised hell with them. A squadron of your lads were over on the Dieppe show the other day. They did all right but they told their C.O. that they lost many a Jerry aircraft after getting it in their sights because just as they were about to open up, a Fifinella tickled them under the chin and made them laugh, so their aim was spoiled. The C.O. doesn't believe in Fifinellas, so he sent the lads to me to help them with their gunnery. Hell!" the Sailor exploded. "They don't need any help. I never saw better shots. But when a Fifinella gets in that cockpit with you, how can you be expected to aim one gun, let alone eight?"

"I can't understand people who don't believe in Gremlins or Fifinellas," Max Aitken said gloomily. "I can't even get my father to believe in them." (Max's father is Lord Beaverbrook.) "Of course, it isn't so bad for you guys who do day flying," he continued. "At least you can see them. But I'm a night flier



"I'm gradually forgetting the snappy routine I used to hand them"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

and, believe me, it's no joke to be sitting up at 20,000 feet, God knows where, and hear them chattering among themselves out on the wings. They chatter, chatter, chatter—and at night, of course, you can't see them. I tell you it's no fun being a night fighter any more. I'll say one good thing for them," he added gloomily, "they steal all our carrots, which is all right with me because I hate carrots, and we're supposed to eat them all the time to help our eyesight."

I saw Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas the next day and he wasn't very happy. The air chief marshal is C. in C. of Fighter Command, an ace in the last war and a great leader in this.

"I know," he said irritably, which isn't like him because we are old friends, "I know all about the Gremlins and the Fifinellas. Do you know they damn' near got Pete and Gussie the other day at Dieppe?"

He meant Wing Commander Peterson and Squadron Leader Augustus Daymond, two of the greatest pilots in Britain. They are both Americans with Squadron 71, one of the three Eagle squadrons. "In a raid like Dieppe with the sky full of Hun aircraft," he continued, "Pete and Gussie would figure to bag maybe three each. But what happened? Each got one, and then Gussie's petrol ran out. A Fifinella had drilled a hole in his petrol tank and Gussie had to bail out over the Channel. Luckily our rescue boats got him but he was in the water for three hours. And Pete, after getting one Dornier, suddenly found the glime on his carbine was gilly."

"You're talking Gremlin talk yourself," I said, startled.

"I'm sorry," Sir Sholto said. "I'm so worried about them, I get to talk like them. I mean, of course, Pete found his throttle was jammed and he just lost altitude and finally he had to jump out, too. Now the throttle of a Spit doesn't jam by itself, and Pete hadn't been shot at. It was obviously the work of a Gremlin."

"Well, I know you've tried everything," I said to him, "and nothing seems to work."

"Have you any suggestion?" he asked, without hope.

"Well," I said diffidently, "I do know one thing: I know that there is a large trout who lives in a pool in the Highlands not far from Dunbordin. They say this salmon is a thousand years old and so wise that he imparts his knowledge to anyone who bathes in the pool. He is wiser than Solomon, wiser than the famous salmon who lives in the pool of Glyn Cagny, the salmon who once answered the three questions that no one had ever answered. They call him The Old Trout of Moray. Now maybe this trout could . . ."

"I've caught lots of trout in my time but I never heard of a talking trout," he said doubtfully.

"You've heard of talking horses, haven't you?" I argued. "I knew a horse back in Brooklyn when I was a kid—"

"Your childhood may be interesting," Air Chief Marshal Douglas interrupted; "but it can wait until after the war. Go see The Old Trout!"

I went to Scotland and, to make a long story short, I found the pool, and lovely it was. It was in the neighborhood of the Dee basin, really in that section known as the Laigh of Moray. The pool was shaded by tall conifer trees. A doe came out of the scrub, looked at me without fear and then trotted away slowly. When a breeze came, it rustled the leaves and made a singing sound.

I slipped out of my clothes and waded into the pool, and the water was like whipped cream—so soft that you just wanted to sink into it. Nor was it cold, for the sun that filtered through the leaves of the trees splashed into the water of the pool and warmed it. I swam across the pool, then swam to the middle of it and floated there—just waiting.

Can't Keep Them from Laughing

It was a drowsy kind of day, and the sun and the water acted as soporifics, and I felt myself slipping into slumber. Then I heard what sounded at first like faint music but, listening harder, I found that I could distinguish words.

"I know why you're here." It was a soft voice like that of a very old man, so old that it didn't cackle like the voice of any ordinary old man. This voice was mellow, and age dripped from it. "I know why you're here," the voice repeated. "You want to know about the Gremlins—how to make them stop plaguing the R.A.F. Well, there's nothing I can do for you. The R.A.F. laughed at them, and the Gremlins don't like to be laughed at. You'll have to get the R.A.F. to stop laughing."

I held my breath to hear more but there was nothing more. I climbed out of the pool and stood on the bank. The ripples quieted and I looked down into the clear water. I saw a dark shape come close to the surface, there was a swish and whirl of water, and the largest trout I ever saw slithered just under the surface and then was gone.

I went back to London, feeling very discouraged because I knew then that there wasn't anything anyone could do about it. The Old Trout had confirmed my worst fears. You can't keep the R.A.F. kids from laughing any more than you can keep our American pilots from laughing. They grin when they fight; that's why they're so great. They laugh at death, knowing that they can be killed but they can't be beaten. And the madder the R.A.F. kids get, the more they laugh. If they ever really get mad at those Gremlins, I pity the Little People. The R.A.F. will laugh them right out of existence.

THE END

Witness Absent

Continued from page 17

with him. We ain't got his name. Some other girls danced with him and say he talked like a Southerner.

"We looked up all these people. Miss Cordy and Miss Redor grew up together and been roommates in college. This dead kid, Miss Cordy, was always the leader; she captained school teams and looked after other people. We looked up that Randolph. The guy comes from Georgia and is of good family. He come to New York and was introduced to Miss Redor. Well, she is in love with him. We looked up that Normel. He grew up in New York and knew them two girls from when they was children."

"There's your man, O'Malley," I asserted.

"What! Normel? How come?"

I was amused because I'd surprised him. "Normel himself told you he was in love with Miss Cordy but she had stopped caring for him because he wasn't in uniform. Normel tried to get into the Army and they wouldn't take him. You only have to look at the boy to know he's of a jealous disposition. The night of that dance Miss Cordy met some service man—most probably that sailor.

(Continued on page 34)



Every one of us, shoulder to shoulder—that's the way to Victory. We're stronger and wiser together. Let everything we do be part of the urge to win. Even the wear and care of our clothes...our shirts, for instance. Handle them with discretion, have them laundered properly—and wear *quality* for better and longer service. That's simple advice . . . but it's sound strategy for War Days.

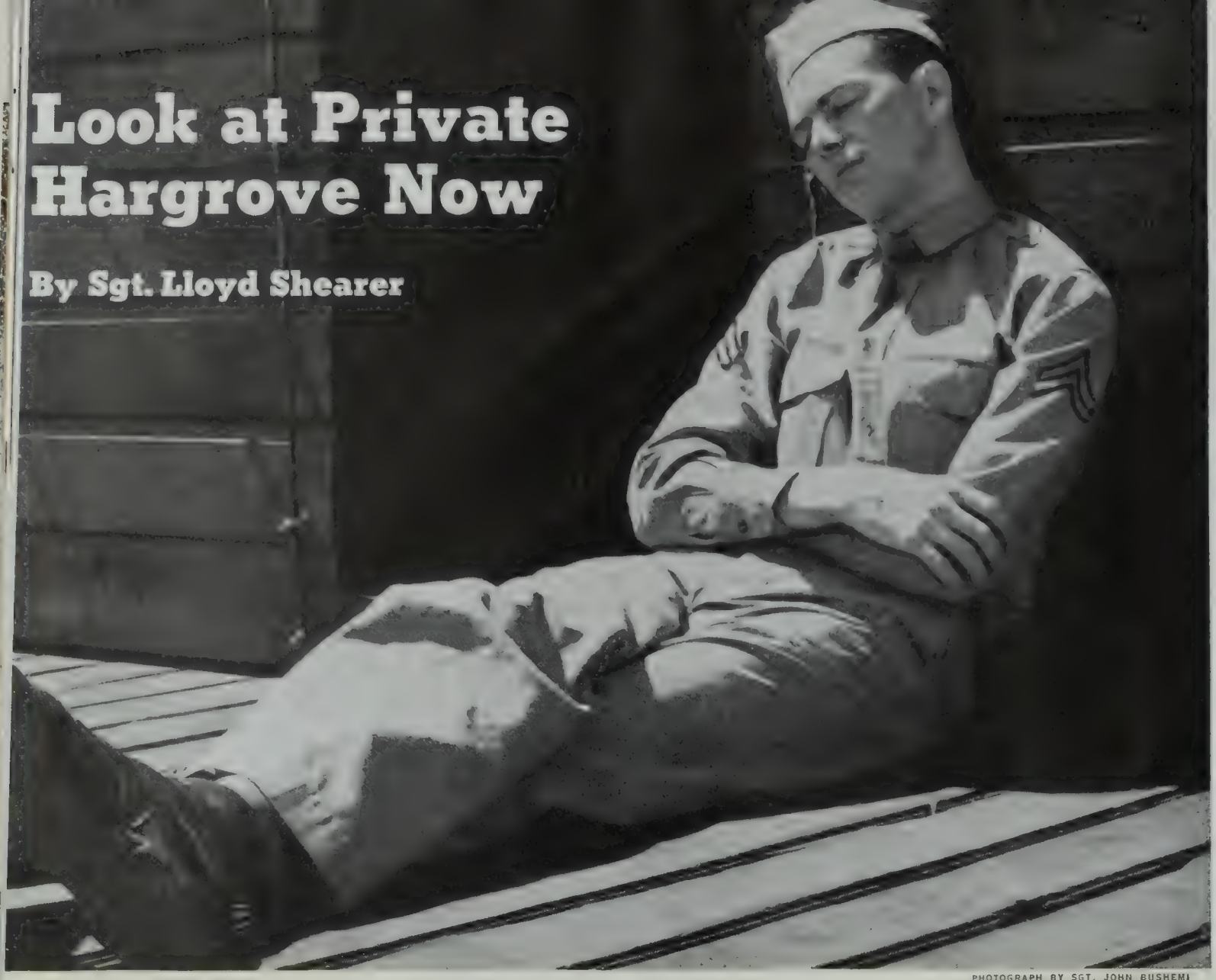


Manhattan
SHIRTS

SIZE-FIXT • MAN-FORMED • COLLAR-PERFECT • $2.50 UP

Look at Private Hargrove Now

By Sgt. Lloyd Shearer



PHOTOGRAPH BY SGT. JOHN BUSHEMI

Corporal Marion Hargrove, unanimously voted Fort Bragg's worst all-round selectee, in a typical fighting pose

WHEN Pvt. Marion Hargrove reported for duty at Fort Bragg on July 17, 1941, he had a taste of rum on his tongue and the grand capital of fifteen cents (borrowed from me) in his pocket. Today, Pvt. Hargrove (now a corporal) has run that fifteen cents up to some thousands of dollars, with more thousands in the offing. These dollars are his, not mine. This is not a bad piece of change for a twenty-two-year-old kid from Charlotte, North Carolina.

The source of Corporal Hargrove's new-found wealth is the autobiography of a selectee entitled, See Here, Private Hargrove, which is modestly referred to in literary advertisements as "the best humor to come out of World War II." The book ranked on the top shelf of everyone's best-seller list, has already sold 50,000 copies, has been reprinted by magazines, and has been purchased by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The good corporal, a former newspaperman on the Charlotte News, wakes up each morning and says: "I still don't believe it."

I room with the corporal, and as a matter of fact, I don't believe it myself. That Edward Thomas Marion Lawton Hargrove, the emaciated-looking six-foot, 150-pound scarecrow, should have more than two bucks on his person at any one time is a miracle beyond mortal man's imagination. For one year at Ft. Bragg, Hargrove did nothing which could even remotely be termed worthwhile, other than borrow money from his friends and unsuspecting rookies. Even now, when his pockets are bulging with currency, Hargrove automatically says: "How about a small loan of half a buck until payday?"

In addition to investing his recently acquired capital in War Bonds, the corporal now goes on book-buying sprees. He has a tall blond girl at Smith College who is majoring in English Literature, and day after day he sends her sets of Chaucer, Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott. He also purchases volumes of such juveniles as Pinocchio, the Tom Swift series, the Rover Boys, Helen's Babies and even Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. He reads these while drinking *Cuba libres*, an infirmity he cultivated in his rookie days.

While his star as an author has risen, Marion Hargrove as a soldier still occupies the same ranking he held at Ft. Bragg. In August, 1941, he was unanimously voted Bragg's worst all-round selectee. Despite a brilliant journalistic education at Charlotte's Central High School, Hargrove, it seems, did not know his left from his right. He saluted non-commissioned officers, tripped over himself during calisthenics, spent all his spare time vainly requesting furloughs and, in general, carried on like Abbott and Costello. His favorite job was sleeping and his favorite morale activity was writing to tall, skinny girls. He was editor of one section of the Fort Bragg Post, the local newspaper, at which job his officers estimated conservatively that he managed to do more than two hours' work in a little less than a week.

The Modest Newspaperman

When Maxwell Anderson, the eminent playwright and Pulitzer Prize winner, came to Fort Bragg last March on a private tour of duty, he ran into Hargrove, who modestly and immediately presented him with a carload of Charlotte News clippings.

When he returned to New York, Anderson took these columns to a lunch he was having with Bill Sloane, trade manager of Henry Holt and Company. He mentioned them casually, and Sloane, ever on the lookout for possible publishable material, asked to read them. When Sloane returned to his office he scattered the clippings on several nearby desks. Within a week three or four members of his staff came up and said, "Look, Bill, I've been reading a column by a soldier named Hargrove. We ought to tie these together into a book."

"Let's have a look," said Sloane, feigning ignorance of the whole business.

The columns were dumped on his desk, and he decided to publish the collection under the title, See Here, Private Hargrove. When the book was published, six persons nominated themselves as Hargrove's discoverers.

Hargrove was given an initial advance of $350, but never got a cent of it. The advance was collected by Mess Sergeant Maury Sher, who distributed it among the Hargrove creditors at Ft. Bragg.

"It was a sacrilege," says Hargrove. "I wrangled a 10-day furlough to come up to New York and sign a contract and not a penny did I get. Not a sou."

In the interim between signing a contract and the publication of the book, the lanky corporal was ordered to New York to work on Yank, the Army newspaper.

At lunchtime, he would steal off to the offices of Henry Holt and Company and plead for further advances.

For an entire week before See Here, Private Hargrove hit the public, the corporal could not sleep. He would wake me at 3 A. M. and say, "Suppose the critics say the book stinks?"

"Hargrove!" I would shout. "If you wake me once again about that lousy book of yours, I'll strangle you."

Hargrove is not one to be bullied. Night after night he would awaken me with his moanings, his nightmares, his love affairs, his fears, and his tribulations. Finally on July 23, 1942, the date of publication, I was permitted a peaceful night of slumber.

Subsequently the book went into five more printings, Hargrove received dinner invitations from people he had never before heard of, he appeared on half a dozen radio shows, the royalties from the book began mounting.

None of this, however, has gone to his head. Transferred to the 78th Division at Camp Butner, North Carolina, headed by his old Fort Bragg boss, Major General Edwin P. Parker Jr., he still gets bawled out by top sergeants. On the drill field he still looks like a beautiful example of locomotor ataxia, and people still say, "If you put that Marion Hargrove through a ringer, three fourths of him will come out *Cuba libre*." ★★★

(Continued from page 33) She couldn't leave the dance with him, so she made a date later. Then Normel went looking for her and didn't get home until daylight. What happened between? There's no doubt that he found her."

"Why, he could have done it."

The telephone rang. It was the precinct station.

"They got something out there," O'Malley announced to me.

We went to the station. They had a taxi driver there.

"Who's this guy?" O'Malley asked the precinct detectives.

"Well, he read in the newspaper, so then he came in here. He claims he took the murdered girl home."

"How'd he know it was her?"

"I didn't know it was her," the taximan said, "but that was the address she told me to take her to."

"Okay. Where was it you got her?"

"Times Square."

"Well, now, who was with her?"

"The girl was alone. It was just after midnight."

"When you got to her home you see anyone around there?"

"No."

"You see her go in?"

"No; I didn't wait to do that."

"Listen, guy! Nobody sees anyone without remembering some one thing about them. What else is there to it?"

"There ain't any more to it. She was a fare I picked up like anybody else and I paid no attention. She was carrying a newspaper."

I PHONED O'Malley next day. He wasn't at headquarters, so I tried the precinct station.

"He's here," they informed me.

On a big desk in front of him were spread out cigarette stubs, small bits of paper, empty match folders, all kinds of debris such as people drop in the streets.

"What's all this stuff?" I asked him.

"Why, in this kind of murder smart cops pick up everything around the dead person. Cops picked up these things."

"O'Malley, they're not important. They've got nothing to do with this murder."

"If I always knew what had to do with murders, they might make me commissioner. I figure this one this way: That kid was good at all games. Kids that captain school teams live up to the rules. Well, this kid broke a rule when she left that dance secretly. So she had a good reason—but she hadn't expected it; she'd fixed how to get to the dance and how to get home from it. So what changed her plans happened there at the dance. It's my idea it was the sailor. We can't get much about him. He come there alone and he didn't know anybody."

"You're nuts on that sailor!"

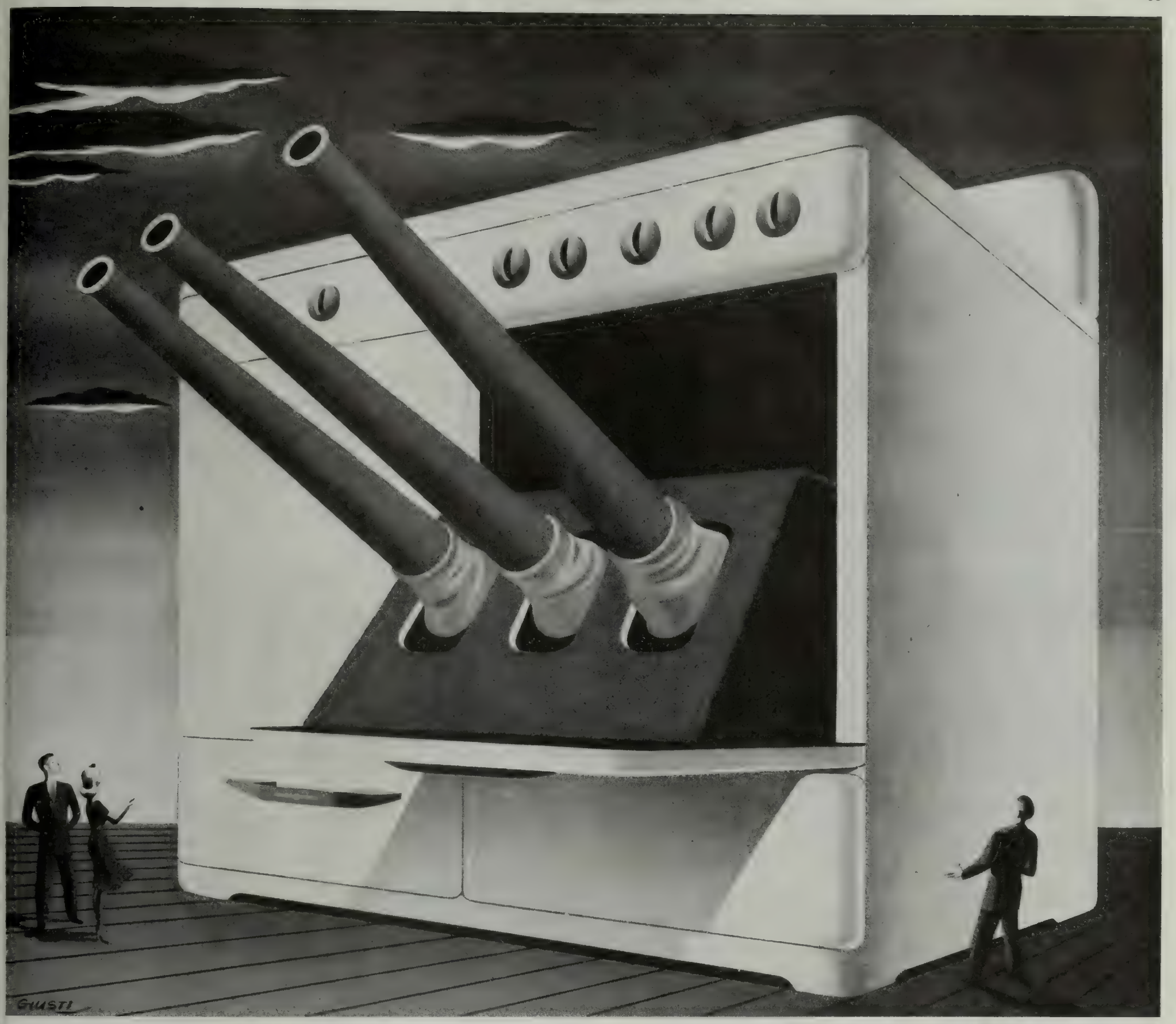
I watched the newspapers. Their statements were guarded but every day there was more about Normel. I felt rather triumphant because they plainly suspected him, but when I saw O'Malley he said nothing was happening. The third day it was different.

"Say," he told me, "we got that sailor's name."

"Where is he?"

"There don't anybody but the Navy know that."

The next day he phoned me. He was at the precinct station and I was almost too late. A police car was just leaving and we broke all the speed laws and passed all the lights getting to the 125th Street railroad station. Police cars were all around and cops in plain clothes were on the station platform, and the Twentieth Century Limited, which had left Grand Central Station ten minutes before, was just pulling in. While we waited on the platform, detectives went through all the cars. Then



Battleship Turrets...baked like a Cake...with Gas!

You, and 85,000,000 Americans, know the speed Gas gives to cooking . . .
But think what it means when whole battleship turrets are cooked at one time in Gas ovens as big as a 5-room house!

You know the economy of Gas . . .
But think of the millions of dollars it's saving the country in heat-treating metal for tanks, guns, planes, ships!

You know how much easier Gas heat is to control . . .
But think of steel for shells heated to such a fine point it is forced through molding holes like spaghetti dough!

You know the greater dependability of Gas . . .
But think what it means today when every minute counts . . . when furnaces must not grow cold . . . when uninterrupted production is necessary for Victory!



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TO THE WOMEN: Gas saves time, money and food in every cooking operation. It assures a supply of hot water, economically, instantly. And it helps conserve food safely in silent Gas refrigerators! But remember the importance of Gas for war production. Use what you need—use it wisely—don't waste it!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

GAS THE WONDER FUEL FOR COOKING . . .
NOW SPEEDS WAR PRODUCTION

two of them got out of the club car, bringing Randolph between them.

"Was it Randolph?" I asked O'Malley.

"Right—but that isn't his true name."

We went back to headquarters and I waited around to find out the end of it. O'Malley came out to me.

"Here's the business," he told me. "This Randolph's real name is Steeder. The guy comes from Georgia and it turns out he's a black sheep. Last winter him and a couple of friends of his from the same town in Georgia was down in Miami. Well, they went to the races and lost all their money. At the race track they'd met a couple of guys that turned out to be stick-ups. When they all had no money, them two other guys proposed to do a bank holdup. Resort places was booming and they held up a bank and got eighty thousand dollars.

"Right away they split up and Randolph come to New York. He'd never done a crime before and he claims he meant never to do another one. He figured to use his good looks and his dough to get married to a girl who had money. Him and Normel got acquainted in a hotel lobby, and Randolph give Normel a story and Normel introduced him to Miss Redor and Miss Cordy. Well, Miss Redor got in love with him. What made this into murder was he got in love with her, too."

"He couldn't have married that kind of girl," I objected, "without revealing his background."

"He meant to elope with her. Say, Randolph come of good Southern family. He claimed all his people was dead. Miss Cordy was smart and she never liked Randolph. She tried to break up the business. Then they went to that dance. Miss Cordy was dancing with a sailor when Randolph and Miss Redor got there. The sailor's name is George Nodel. He comes from the same town in Georgia that Randolph come from. Well, the sailor seen Randolph. We can't prove just what happened after that, but we'll prove it all later, and we know how it had to be."

"How?"

"Them two heist guys that helped hold up the bank down in Florida had police records, so they got caught. They told how three guys from Georgia had helped in the holdup. Southern cops got two of them Georgia guys; they didn't get Randolph. Just lately the four of 'em got tried down in Florida and they all got convicted. The day of that dance this sailor, George Nodel, bought his home-town newspaper. Because they was home-town boys the paper told about the trial down in Florida—how one guy wasn't caught yet.

"THEN the sailor went to the dance. He seen Randolph come in with Miss Redor and he'd known Randolph since they was kids. A guy doesn't usually talk against someone from his home town, but the sailor said something. I figure he said, 'Tell your friend to stay away from that guy.' Miss Cordy wanted to know more about it. She got away from the dance and met the sailor somewhere. We know now the sailor had to be back at the Navy Yard by midnight and his ship sailed soon after. By that time Miss Cordy had got out of him all she wanted to know."

"I see."

"Sure. Well, Randolph had seen the sailor and knew the guy recognized him. He didn't know what the sailor had told Miss Cordy but he had to find out. When Miss Cordy come home Randolph was hiding in one of them basement entrances. He come out and spoke to her just as she was going into the house. Miss Cordy wasn't afraid of anybody; she came down the steps again to talk with him. She told him she knew all about him and meant to tell the police. That Randolph has got a quick temper. He was in love with Miss Redor and he had a prison sentence ahead of him and he learned the sailor hadn't said anything to the authorities. Well, he knocked the girl off."

"Remarkable!" I said. "How did you learn this?"

"Why, when the taxi guy picked Miss Cordy up at Times Square she was carrying a newspaper. Among the things the cops had picked up, we had a small piece of newspaper. We know now that Randolph grabbed the paper away from Miss Cordy and a piece got tore off. Newspaper guys told us it wasn't any New York newspaper. There's a place in Times Square where they sell out-of-town newspapers, and Miss Cordy had bought it there. On one side of our piece of newspaper it told about a wedding, and the other side was an ad of a store that sold hardware.

"We wired hardware wholesalers all over the country to find in what town somebody named Netterby had a hardware store. One of 'em wired back a town down in Georgia. Now it begun to mean something that the sailor had a Southern accent. We called up cops in that town and asked if there'd been that wedding. They said there had and sent us a copy of the newspaper."

"CLEVER work!" I exclaimed.

"Just routine. They found out for us what guys from that town had gone into the Navy and only one of 'em could have been in New York that night; so that give us the sailor's name. Well, I looked over the newspaper. Four guys down in Florida had been convicted of robbery. Then I thought about Randolph. He come from the South and was kind of like the description of the one guy they hadn't got yet. We could have got cops from the South to see if he was the holdup, but we was looking for a murderer. It couldn't be the sailor; we'd found out he was back on his ship before the taxi driver picked Miss Cordy up at Times Square!"

"So what?"

"Why, you said yourself whoever killed the girl must have been waiting for her to come home. Between when she got out of the cab and got up to her door there couldn't be much time—maybe only a minute. Right there at the Cordy house the street ain't very dark. The killer must have seen the taxi driver and he couldn't be sure the taxi driver hadn't maybe looked back and saw him."

"That's true."

"Sure. Randolph was living at an uptown hotel. A guy that does a first murder is always very nervous after. I got that taxi driver and had him and a couple of cops stand outside the hotel. When Randolph come out, the taxi guy looked at him and nodded his head like he was identifying him. If Randolph wasn't the killer, he wouldn't be bothered; no New York taxi driver could finger him for the Florida holdup.

"Three times I had the taxi guy go there with different cops; then Randolph could stand no more of it. We could have took him at Grand Central when he was starting to get away, but we'd get more reaction if we let him feel safe first; so we took him at 125th Street. When we got him to headquarters, inside was the taxi guy nodding his head toward him. Then Randolph went all to pieces and told us the whole of it."

"You'll get recognition for this, O'Malley."

"Say! I'll make you a bet on it. The sailor that solved this for us is somewhere on the Atlantic and don't even know a murder happened; my bet is he'll get some kind of promotion sooner than I will."

THE END



"NIX ON THE SILVER, SLIM! WE'RE BIG SHOTS"

That's the very best of judgment! For *Toastmaster* toasters are prizes, these days. We won't be making any more for a while. We've war work to do . . . and glad we are to do it, for the duration!

Meanwhile, if you *have* one of these grand automatic toasters, use it, every day. *Toastmaster* toast is a priority food on America's home-front nutrition program. It's not merely delicious—it's bread in its most digestible form—popped up, perfect every time, by the patriotic toaster that *saves* bread, by never burning it.

You *may* find an appliance dealer with a *Toastmaster* toaster that he's been holding out for a discriminating buyer like you. Look around! At least, you can buy another War Bond and tag it "*Toastmaster* toaster." That's something to look *forward* to!



SIMPLE CARE—FOR YEARS OF WEAR

There's nothing like *Toastmaster** quality to insure lasting performance. But even *our* toasters last longer if well treated. Remove crumbs frequently. Don't gouge around inside with a fork—you might damage the heating elements. And remember that all but our latest models require occasional oiling. For repairs, see your dealer.

TOASTMASTER *toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. Copyright 1942, McGraw Electric Co., manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters and Toastmaster Products.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Detroit Strains at the Federal Leash

Continued from page 16

But governments (federal and local) had been fighting themselves and each other for six months over what and where houses for war production workers should be. In the meantime, there had been race riots, bureaucratic squabbles, demonstrations by outraged property owners who wanted to know who was going to indemnify them for property evaluation losses if their neighborhoods were invaded by assembly-line hands—and particularly Negroes.

There were political jitters and threatened court actions by individuals and groups who feared for America's future if workers were to be colonized in towns of their own with worker governments. But no houses came of it.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

ORDER EARLY THIS YEAR

Transportation is slow; the mails are heavy. And we anticipate an avalanche of orders.

To avoid disappointment for yourself and your friends, be sure to send us your own subscription and your gift subscriptions early, very early, this Christmas. Today is none too soon.

Special Christmas prices are announced early this year: two one-year subscriptions to Collier's are only $5.00. (Your own may be included.) Additional gift subscriptions $2.50 each. Single subscription $3.00.

But please order now. You'll be doing everybody, especially yourself, an important favor. And Uncle Sam will appreciate it too.

COLLIER'S . . . Springfield, Ohio

Six government agencies have surveyed Detroit with houses for the workers in mind. They are the National Resources Planning Board, the Federal Public Housing Administration, the National Housing Authority, the United States Army, the WPA and the War Production Board. None conferred with the others.

None reported to any central authority. Each assured you that the others were fantastic, impractical, wasteful, uneconomic and, in general, screwy. And to add to the chaos, the city of Detroit's Housing Commission, the Mayor's Advisory Committee of the Homes Registration Bureau and several other local agencies became inextricably snarled up in the thousand and one personal and group interests, all of which arrived inevitably at the ever-present question of prices and profits. And still there were no houses! And every train, bus and jaloppy unloaded more migrant workers upon Detroit's streets—looking for jobs (easy) and homes (nonexistent.)

So in came the QMC with its plans for houses for its own and their families. A notably ill-starred housing project known as Herman Gardens had been selected as just the spot for quartermasters. It had been begun long before Pearl Harbor and abandoned beneath the weight of graft, bribery and corruption that made it a political morass. One of the original contractors had committed suicide and two politicians were in jail because of the skulduggery that prevailed in Herman Gardens.

The QMC unrolled its blueprints and laid down its specifications, and all went nicely until the WPB man, shoving them aside, said quietly; "Gentlemen, being soldiers, you doubtless know that there's a war on." They did. "And being quartermasters, you unquestionably have heard of scarce materials—copper for example." They had.

Then the WPB man, who had been at his desk only eighteen of the past twenty-four hours, said: "Well, gentlemen, these specifications call for copper screening throughout these houses, and copper piping and copper gutters. Maybe you can get them but not through this office. Good day, gentlemen."

Bottleneck in Washington

The gentlemen left in less than a good humor. We had to leave Detroit and therefore are unable to tell you how far the QMC houses in Herman Gardens have progressed and whether they are being equipped with copper screening, piping and gutters. As we've said, we offer you the incident merely to show you another of the reasons why Detroit, which is producing war material at the dollar rate of $13,600,000 a day, is not pleasing Washington where ineptitude, bureaucracy, red tape and politics are making it almost impossible for the converted automotive industry to function to its capacity. Currently the automotive industry in Detroit is producing $4,956,000,000 in war material in 1942. Mr. Donald M. Nelson said on July 10th that, "When peak rates of production are reached under present plans, this industry will be producing war goods at the rate of approximately twelve billion dollars a year, representing about one sixtieth of the entire war production effort of the United States."

There will have to be several changes in plan and personnel in Washington before Mr. Nelson's prophecy is reality. At a recent meeting of several motorcar company presidents and their production engineers, it was worked out that with Detroit's present equipment and methods the automotive industry was from eleven to thirty per cent shy of its capabilities. When Washington gets that good, Detroit will probably be making Mr. Nelson's figures sound less fantastic. We talked to automotive engineers who had just returned from Washington with tables to show that the capital's war machine was exactly 1.06 per cent efficient and was losing ground rapidly. But we shall not add to the already unprecedented crop of bewilderment and futility by rattling around with man-hour losses, the labor-economist's most tiresome and inconclusive of smug-uglies. Detroit, like Washington, talks of production only in terms of dollars. To speak or write in terms of tanks, aircraft, guns and shells would, they assure you, be revealing valuable military information to the enemy. Even if the enemy does not know how many of these destroyers Detroit is producing he must be pretty well pleased by her labor, racial, housing and production squabbles.

However, let's give the housing situa-

IN STEP!

Armed Forces . . . Production Forces . . . they're marching in step, for America's victory-to-be. And Freeman Shoes are *keeping* step with both. Smart military models for all the Services, 1943 styles for civilians . . . we make them all. We make them as we have *always* made shoes . . . with care and skill, and with honest pride in the Freeman reputation for putting *value* before price.

"Officers' Call"



Civilians too are partial to Freeman "Militaries" —strap or lace, tan or black, and very smart!

"Priority Rating"

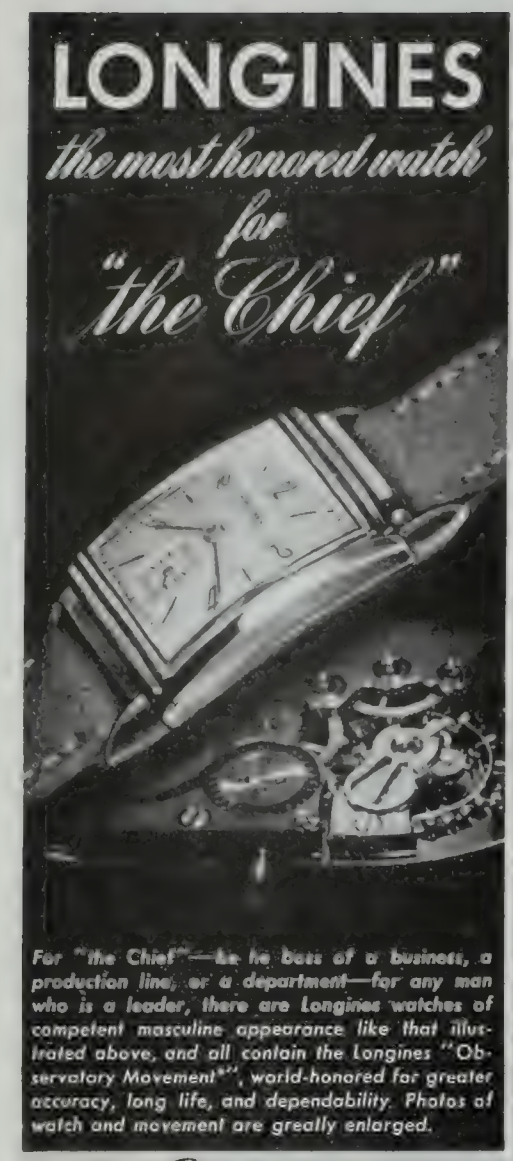


Many will choose this cobble-sewn Master Fitter moccasin — but Freeman offers you *all* the good styles.

For Dealer's Name Write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wis.
Makers of Bootmaker Guild Shoes with Cradle Heel Tred
Freeman Master Fitters, Freeman Fine Shoes
"Worn With Pride By Millions"

FREEMAN

FREEMAN SHOES $6.95*
MASTER FITTERS $8.75*
BOOTMAKER GUILD $11.50*
*Most Styles



For "the Chief"—be he boss of a business, a production line, or a department—for any man who is a leader, there are Longines watches of competent masculine appearance like that illustrated above, and all contain the Longines "Observatory Movement", world-honored for greater accuracy, long life, and dependability. Photos of watch and movement are greatly enlarged.*

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Because of necessarily restricted production, not all jewelers can show the watches illustrated here. But every Longines contains a watch-works made with incredible precision and accuracy which Longines has proudly named "The Observatory Movement".*

For excellence and elegance Longines watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. Longines jewelers also show a companion watch, the Wittnauer, outstanding for value in the moderate price field. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New York, Montreal, Geneva.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

tion a few more paragraphs. Somewhat optimistically the WPB calculates that Detroit will reach the peak of its productivity some time in the spring of 1943. But the WPB calculates that when the peak is reached in the spring, Detroit will be 101,000 workers short of her needs. To meet this requirement the WPB has sent out 650,000 postcards to the women of Michigan, seeking thereby to recruit 80,000 female workers. There is little reason to believe that they won't be recruited although more complications will attend. Male members of the unions regard the woman worker with less than flaming enthusiasm. She is a war emergency worker, not a careerist. She admits that her ambition is still the natural feminine one—marriage. She confesses that she will gladly turn her job over to a man after the war. Therefore, she is not panting for union membership, being more or less satisfied to hold down a temporary job which is paying her more than she ever received before, more than she is likely to see in postwar days. But when she does go in for union membership she is quite likely to become a firebrand, all of her emotions going into the cause.

Invasion of Job Hunters

From the South and agricultural Midwest, job seekers, lured by high wages, are invading Detroit by hundreds daily. Regularly scheduled trains are arriving in two and more sections. Bus lines have every available carrier in operation and are begging the government for more.

At Union Station they'll tell you that incoming passengers are twenty per cent more numerous than they were a month ago. Departures are almost negligible in comparison. It is not too difficult to pick out the arriving job seekers in the railroad stations. Most of them stand around, surrounded by wives and children, until taken in hand by Travelers' Aid workers or steered by railroad officials and other helpful citizens. And they come in trailers. How many arrive daily nobody is at all sure. If the job of placing them in employment were the work of any one agency—says the United States Employment Service—there might be some order established.

If we had the space we'd tell the whole tale, sorry as it is. But belatedly, the government has started to begin to erect 2,500 dwelling units near Ford's colossal Willow Run plant. Therein about 15,000 workers and their families will be sheltered. The United States Employment Service estimates that room will have to be found for 99,000 in the whole Detroit area. But even the Willow Run units will not be ready for occupancy before cold weather. Desperately, Detroit is talking about setting aside its zoning laws, parking workers wherever there are vacant houses even in such better residential districts as Arden Park where numerous houses, built expansively by prosperous executives during the boom of the late 1920s, stand idle, their owners having moved to less expensive quarters.

But until these housing units are completed, until zoning laws are set aside, until existing unoccupied residences are converted into rooming houses and dormitories, the situation is going to continue nasty. In the meantime Detroit is thinking of converting vacant stores, warehouses and even armories into temporary dormitories. Even this expedient will find many workers living in one-room shacks, in trailers, in tents, when winter weather arrives. Health authorities are shaking their heads dolorously. Sanitation experts give you to understand that "the worst" wouldn't surprise them. Many of Detroit's doctors are in uniform. There are settlements in the area which are doctorless—or will be if medical men continue to heed the Army's call for more doctors. The immediate outlook could not possibly be called cheerful.

In Detroit, Washington is represented in every war agency except—of all completely necessary agencies—the War Labor Board. It is a baffling mystery why there is not a regional WLB office, manned by tough, experienced arbitrators who (1) aren't politicians or appeasers, (2) haven't got their eyes focused on greater jobs or power, (3) are inflexible in their belief that the aims of labor are as important as the objectives of management — neither more nor less, and (4) haven't any thought short of or further than winning the war. Had there been such a branch of the WLB, equipped with final-word authority, there would not have been seven hundred strikes.

Just a minute. Here's another. In one of the plants a kid making about seventy-five dollars a week bought a fur coat for his girl. Nobody seems to know just what happened but three weeks later his girl got sore at him, threw the coat in his face. He had already paid two hundred dollars on it and took it back to the furrier demanding that his money be refunded, that the furrier take back the coat. The furrier wouldn't. There was a brawl. The furrier's workers got into it, struck. The kid went back to his shop, got bawled out by his foreman to whom the furrier had protested. Another brawl. The kid was fired. Out with him walked fifty fellow workers. And if there is any sense to that incident we haven't been able to locate it.



"I've tried that. If you tune it lower they climb right in the seat with you"

COLLIER'S GEORGE PRICE

Workers' Problems Unsolved

The UAW complains bitterly that whereas management can afford the time and expense of taking its problems to Washington where it is at once granted audience with top-drawer officials, the workers cannot. And even if the worker were in a position to run to the WLB in Washington with all his troubles, there is still the War Labor Board's overcrowded docket to consider.

Moreover, the WLB contends with considerable justification that the overwhelming majority of these seven hundred disputes should be settled forthwith by labor-management groups within the industry. But labor relations between most executive offices and the shops are seldom as cordial and intelligent as they are at, say, the Packard Company. Packard's workers will tell you with considerable pride that there have been almost no strikes or interferences in their plants. Last October two Negro workers were transferred from civilian to war jobs. The white men with whom they were to labor threatened to quit rather than work with them. The transfer was delayed while management, labor and government wrangled. Finally, five months later, it was decided that the Negroes should take the war jobs and that any white worker who didn't like it could get out and stay out. That settled that.

But the fight between management and labor is more or less constant even when there are no strikes. In the UAW-CIO headquarters you talk to presidents of local unions who tell you of hoarded materials, of scarce materials used in the manufacture of civilian motorcar parts, of "phony publicity stunts about war production progress which the workers know to be untrue," of unwarranted, punitive layoffs, of "company stool pigeons who are *agents provocateurs*," of management's insistence that the workers produce faster and faster although the units they are producing are piling up in the yards near by, unmoved by the government. This, the workers say, is pure profit greed on the part of management. For all of Detroit's labor trouble and the failure of the automotive industry to produce war materials to capacity, labor blames management.

In reply management offers you copies of the CIO News wherein workers are warned to resist management's efforts to increase production. One of these is the Lansing Edition for January 16th, and the other the same for January 9th. One motorcar manufacturer blames the UAW as an organization, insisting that it has lost control of its members and that the UAW's officers "having lived by the sword must perish by the sword." Another magnate tells us that the chief trouble is that the worker has yet to realize that this is a war of survival.

"Thus far," said he, "the worker sees in this war nothing but prosperity—profits, high wages."

We told him that workers made the same charge against management.

"The worker is wrong," said he.

One doesn't get far in that direction.

It quickly becomes clear that only the government, through courageous men armed with authority, can cope with all this. Yonder a whole shop is idle because six men refused to report for work at seven A. M. A hundred other men, sympathizing with the six, struck when they were fired. Farther upstate, six union committeemen having had an argument with the plant superintendent threw him out of the building. We mean *threw him out*. The superintendent called the police. The whole shop quit work. Some time ago, the management of a steel products plant ordered its men to speed up a nonwar job before the order freezing such products should become operative. The men refused, walking out.

Strike Over Nothing

And there was a twenty-two-day strike growing out of the transfer of five men to a department they didn't want to work in. Once a most important war production plant was idle for a week because a stupid superintendent barked, "Shut up and go back to work" when one of his men stopped to tell him that the government ought to do something about the high cost of living. And once a fading executive who had been getting $38,000 a year was offered by a generous corporation to the government as a dollar-a-year man. He was quite flattered until he was told that the company would not pay him the difference between his government salary (one dollar) and what he had been getting. Outraged he went down to the workers during their lunch hour and asked them what they thought of such a filthy trick. The workers laughed at first. Then they began to wonder why this particular fathead should ever have got $38,000—and struck for a week.

Before regaling you with a few more samples of how not to win wars, we warn you that about three months ago the War Production Board sent a few sincere investigators out from Washington to look into the simple matter of plant labor relations. They "polled" eighty-eight scenes of war production, touring them attended by joint committees of management and labor. They returned to Washington and wrote a report that labor relations in Detroit were quite healthy, in fact, okay. Whether they had heard of the seven hundred strikes, the housing tragedy and the race discrimination we can't say. But somebody was being kidded.

As they prowled the plants, they couldn't have run into screwball incidents like this: A group of welders insisted upon smoking while at work. The shop superintendent explained why he could not grant permission. While at work, the welder wears a mask to protect his face from burns and his eyes from blindness. He also wears gloves to protect his hands. Moreover, it's a job which one must concentrate on, not discharge nonchalantly. And obviously, even a welder could not smoke with a mask and heavy asbestos gloves on. Of course, he could remove them, quit working and smoke. But that wouldn't be conducive to production. So the welders were told that they might not smoke. Whereat a group of the younger welders took off their gear, retired to the yard and lit up. They were fired. Twenty other welders, who hadn't wanted particularly to smoke anyway, removed their gloves and masks and quit in sympathy. That tied up the whole operation for five days before the UAW forced the lads back to their jobs.

And they couldn't have talked to Mr. Walter L. Fry, chief of Fry Products, Inc. Even then Mr. Fry was warming up to the writing of a burning telegram to President Roosevelt. In thirteen hundred words, Mr. Fry notified Mr. Roosevelt that in his (Mr. Fry's) opinion, labor conditions in Detroit were very, very deplorable. This was his answer to the President's quip at one of his press conferences when asked what was to be done about evil labor-management relations in Detroit. "Why doesn't someone tell me these things?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

Well, they're all there for anybody to behold. Two women workers on canvas military equipment became painfully embroiled in Mr. Fry's plant. One of the ladies was a member of the union. The other one wasn't. The latter was turning out canvas barracks bags much too fast to suit the former. The union lady bade the nonunion lady to slow down and not "spoil the job." The nonunion lady told the other to mind her own business. Thereupon, the union lady bade the other again to slow down, adding that if she didn't and was looking for trouble, she'd get her head "smashed in."

The committee investigating labor relations missed a lot of bad news. All we've given here is but a hint. We have a whole bagful of dolorous stuff. But we shall quit with two quotations from war workers we talked to. One was a woman.

"I took my husband's job," said she, "when he enlisted in the Marines. The law says that for the same work, women should get the same wage as men. I completed my training three months ago. My foreman has complimented me on my work. But my husband got $1.25 an hour. I get eighty cents."

The other was a representative of management.

"Sure, relations are lousy. But that's government business. We motorcar manufacturers are out of business."

Remedy for the Government

The cure for all this is simple—provided that common sense is still a simple virtue. The investigator doesn't have to write the prescription. He has merely to put it together ingredient by ingredient as he gets them from all factions. And all factions would gladly gulp it down.

Government must establish in Detroit a small agency of tough, courageous, experienced men who are objective, with no political ambitions and to whom the winning of the war is more important than job holding and personal prestige They must be clothed with complete authority and be empowered to inflict penalties. They should have jurisdiction over labor disputes, have their own representatives in each plant, stop race discrimination regardless of where it starts—among the workers or in the employment offices.

Government should build or requisition housing for workers, disregarding Detroit's zoning laws, the objections of property owners and the dreams of real-estate developers. Rental supervision should be just, but hard-boiled.

Government should put an end to the parade of investigators, committees of inquiry and individuals trooping out of Washington to Detroit, confusing issues, ignoring existing agencies, exploiting ambitious bureau and department heads.

Government should drastically reduce the number of its employees, civilian and military, already in Detroit, thus reducing confusion and, to a certain extent, the housing shortage.

Labor and management must be made to realize that their personal fears and ambitions are of little consequence as far as winning the war is concerned.

THE END

Step in the Right Direction...

STEP ALONG WITH JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

...ISN'T IT TIME you tried something really *different?* Try Johnnie Walker... the richest, roundest, smoothest Scotch that ever came over from Scotland. Try it today!



CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • *Sole Importer*



In the Balance

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

WHEN Joe Porrino discovered that he was booked to play Dawson City, Indiana, he broke out in a cold sweat. It was ten years since he had left Harry and Dolores there, and he had never heard a word of either of them. Not that he had expected to see Harry Clark's name in Variety again, or anywhere else, for that matter, except in an obituary column. Clark and Porrino, after the accident in Dawson City, had become Porrino and Walters; now he had a dope named Russell with him.

There was no reason to be jittery about it, he told himself, as the train rattled westward across Ohio. No one had ever tried to prove that it had not been an accident. No one had even looked suspicious, except possibly Dolores. It had been a strange switch box, and he had pulled the wrong lever, that was all. It was unfortunate that it had happened just when Harry was balanced at the very top of the swaying tower of tables, balanced on a chair with two of its legs thrust into the necks of two bottles and the other two suspended in the air. The orchestra was drumming in that wildly increased tempo of the finale; the light cue was for the blare of illumination in which the breath-taking climax was reached, the moment for which a tense audience had been waiting, twisting their handkerchiefs, gripping their seats, gnawing their lips.

There he goes! Harry should have leaped lightly from the apex, landed like a cat, to take his bows.

There he goes! That time, the audience had not been disappointed. That time, all their expected, deliberately built-up fears and apprehensions had been justified and fulfilled. The moment of complete blackness, the strangled cry from Harry's lips, the crash in which the thud of a human body landing on the stage gave a new, horrible note to the symphony of sounds. . . .

IT HAD never entered Joe Porrino's head that Dolores would leave the show and stay behind in Dawson City with Harry. At best, Harry would be a cripple for the rest of his life. Joe had thought, when his fingers froze on the lever, that everything was settled. Dolores had liked them both. With Harry out of the way, she'd be his girl, in no time. When he saw her face, as they were carrying Harry out, he knew that he had been wrong. He knew, too, that the healthy thing for him to do was to go on with the show as fast as he could. Clark and Porrino. He got Walters away from a rollerskating act, and it was Porrino and Walters.

Now it was simply Porrino. He looked contemptuously at his assistant, riding backward in the train.

"Where do we play, tonight?" Russell asked, again.

"Some dump called Dawson City."

He wondered if anyone in the audience tonight would remember. Ten years was a long time. He'd like to know whether Harry was dead or not. Well, there was one thing sure, if Harry had lived and Dolores had stuck with him, they wouldn't be in Dawson City, now. Dolores was not the girl to spend ten years in a one-night stand.

He smiled at the thought, and the dope, Russell, said, "You feel bad?"

"No," said Joe. "What should I feel bad for?"

"Stomach, maybe," said Russell, mildly. "You looked kind of white about the gills, that was all."

Joe glared at him. "My stomach's okay."

It was his stomach, though, that showed the first signs of jitters, when he walked through the stage door of the theater. It did a complete flip-flop, because he remembered everything so well. He snapped at Russell, getting the props in order, snapped at the orchestra leader as he explained his score. Finally, he went into his dressing room and lay down on the couch. He didn't want to be disturbed for anything, he gave orders. He didn't want anything to eat. He wanted to be let alone until it was time to go on. Nine-thirty, that was.

When he went on stage, the applause almost deafened him. He smiled and bowed and hoped that the theater manager was hearing it. The Great Porrino. It was like a shot in the arm, and by the time he raised both hands to stop it, he was feeling wonderful. He nodded to Russell.

It was one of those nights, that was all. They liked everything that he did. They sat with their mouth open, like an aquarium of petrified fish, and the intensity of their suspense could be measured by the vehemence of their response.

"Going over big," Russell said, as he brought out the tables for the last turn, the act which Harry Clark had perfected.

"Not bad," Joe agreed.

He had their attention from his first movement, and as the trembling tower grew taller, as he mounted higher and higher, building as he went, letting the whole perilous edifice sway, pulling it back to stability at will, the theater was completely silent. He sneezed, and the audience held its breath while the frail structure beneath him tipped sidewise. He sneezed again, and drew the piled framework back to safety. The audience breathed audibly; he looked down at them and winked, and he saw Dolores, in the third row.

For a split second, his muscles tensed; then he relaxed. The resemblance was startling, but the young woman in the third row was no vaudeville-hoofer. Dolores had been a disturbingly pretty kid, but this one was a lady. Dolores could turn cartwheels until an audience gasped, but this girl, with her dark hair wound in shining braids about her head, and her black velvet dinner gown, had class. Picture Dolores sitting so quietly between that dignified old bozo in evening clothes and the high-hat old dame with the diamonds, thought Joe. He winked straight at her, and her dark eyes did not change their expression. Joe knew the breed. Dawson City's Society, with a capital S.

Russell said, "Hup!" and Joe caught the first bottle. He caught the second one and juggled them, stepping absently backward to the very edge of the topmost table, while the audience sat tense and silent. Russell tossed the fragile gilt chair upward, and Joe leaned over to reach it, the bottles still in the air above his head. Chair, first bottle under his arm, second bottle. He heard the intake of their breaths, as they realized what he was going to do. The orchestra was warming, rolling like the beginning of a tidal wave. Joe set the chair legs in the bottles, sat down in the chair. He glanced toward the left wings where Russell stood before the light board, waiting.

Harry Clark—only of course it could not be Harry Clark—was standing beside him. Joe rubbed his eyes, and the audience quivered at the gesture. Harry—only of course it could not be Harry—was looking up at him, his eyes like a cat's eyes in the reflected glare of the footlights. The bosom of his evening shirt was dazzlingly white. He lifted his hand and a stone flashed from a ring on his finger, a rim of white cuff shone like polished marble. He was reaching past Russell, reaching toward the switchboard. . . .

I've got to jump, now, thought Joe, wildly, but the lights went out before his frozen muscles could respond. He was numb, paralyzed, balanced high in an impenetrable blackness. The orchestra thundered. A woman screamed in the audience, and Joe Porrino felt himself fall, let himself fall, as helpless, as blind as Harry Clark must have been, ten years before.

OUT front, the show was still going on. Backstage a group of people talked in whispers. The Great Porrino's body had been taken away; Russell stood beside the mayor of Dawson City. A little apart from the others, the president of the Dawson City Bank patted the cold hand of the mayor's wife.

"He must've been feeling sick all day," Russell said. "I thought it was his stomach. He wouldn't eat no dinner. Just lay in his dressing room until time to go on."

The mayor's handsome face was sad. "Poor fellow," he murmured.

"It was just like he went blind, all at once," said Russell. "Like as if the lights went off."

"Perhaps he thought they did," said the mayor's wife, softly.

The mayor looked at her. "Why, Dolores!" he said. "Why do you say that?" He shook his head. "Poor Joe," he added gently.

The orchestra thundered. A woman screamed in the audience, and Joe Porrino felt himself fall

TEAMWORK FOR VICTORY

YOU know how sometimes a team of five men, or nine men, or eleven men, gets inspired—how everything clicks and it can beat any team in the world?

Well, the same thing has happened to a team of more than 700 separate railroads, large and small.

For twenty years these railroads have been training for any transportation job that might come along—laying heavier rail, speeding up trains, getting more work out of every freight car. They've been rehearsing "new plays" which make the most of teamwork—not only teamwork among railroads, but also teamwork among railroads and the shippers and travelers who use them. And now, when the test has come, this railroad team is playing the kind of ball that coaches dream about.

Since long before Pearl Harbor, the railroads have taken on one "impossible" assignment after another as shortages of ships and rubber have placed abnormal loads upon them. And they are keeping all this added traffic moving with the smooth efficiency of an experienced and thoroughly trained team.

Railroads and shippers alike have a right to be proud of the job they have done. It's a great example of unity—of what American industry can accomplish by teamwork for victory.





TIME OF CHANGE

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Above all things, Turck Howlett did not want his son, Bill, to suffer at a woman's hands what he himself had once suffered

SHE sat with the small crowd on the short row of bleachers built by the American Legion post, looking out upon a playing field which was Donovan's cow pasture during the winter. The power company had donated floodlights which sent a strange glow through summer's twilight and outlined the boys crouched at their positions. One boy's voice came in from the far backfield like a high-thrown ball: "Breeze it by him, Pete!"

She watched Turck Howlett closely, and had been watching him all through the game—Turck who stood on the side lines, his brown jaws lifting and closing on a chew of gum. This had been Turck's town many years before, from which he had departed to become a baseball player and to which he now returned, with a son old enough to be on the high-school team. As soon as he had returned he had somehow taken on the job of coaching these youngsters. She thought; He's thirty-two and his boy Bill is thirteen. And how well he understood boys; it gave them a tremendous pride to have a professional instructing them.

The batter knocked a flat drive straight into the hands of the home-town shortstop who wheeled and cut off a runner at third, thus ending the game. The crowd applauded and rose. Caroline McCormack left the bleachers, intending to circle them and so reach Water Street; but she stopped, watching Turck move to the pitcher and put an arm on the boy's shoulder. She saw Turck smiling, she saw him talking. Then his son Bill came over from first base and the two of them, father and son, started walking across the field. Caroline drew a sharp breath and suddenly moved into the field, toward them.

Caroline drew a sharp breath and suddenly moved into the field. She didn't look at Turck. She said to Bill, "That was a nice game, Bill"

Bill saw her first. Bill grinned and his eyes warmed and he said, "Hello."

She didn't look at Turck. She said to Bill, "That was a nice game, Bill."

He was like his father in the shortness of his talk. He said, "Good game." Turck looked at Caroline. She held his eyes and she observed his sharp, direct interest struggle against his reserve. Then he smiled and the three of them walked to the street and went along it toward the heart of town.

Bill said, "Pete pitched good."

"He pitched good," agreed Turck Howlett. "But pitchin' alone didn't do it."

"What did it, Pop?"

"You were all workin' together smooth," said Turck. He wanted to drive something home, Caroline saw, but he was careful about it. His voice was dry and brisk. "You were all together. That's teamwork." They reached Pennoyer, which was the town's main street, and came abreast the Crystal. Turck said, "You hungry?"

"Sure," said Bill. "A hamburger."

"A glass of milk," said Turck, and grinned. Then he looked at Caroline and a shadow of reserve or of uncertainty came to his eyes. She was about to swing away when he opened the screen door and said, "Maybe we ought to celebrate," and took them inside to a booth. "Two milks—tall ones," he said to the waitress.

"Three tall ones," added Caroline. "I can remember away back," she said to Turck. "You played ball in high school. Where'd you go then?"

"A lot of semipro outfits in the South. Then I was with the Sacramento club. Then went to the Yankees for seven seasons. Then out."

Bill disliked the way it ended, and instantly added, "Pop pitched his arm out."

"We have had a lot of fun, Bill and I," said Turck. "We went into the Everglades one winter for a month. Another fall we packed into the Maine backwoods for moose. Bill can talk fair Spanish. That's from the time we spent in Cuba. We have seen a lot of country."

THEY had their milk. Turck rolled a cigarette and lighted it and Caroline saw that he felt good because of the game and his son's part in the game. He was very close to his son, which was what had freshened her interest in him since his return to this town; for her older recollection of him had been of a silent boy, never joining the high-school crowd. His father, she remembered in a flashback of memory, had been a laborer in her father's mill.

A pair of soldiers came in and sat up to the counter. Turck looked at them, and she noticed his expression of ease smooth out and disappear, and wondered about it. Bill said, "Guys from the air base at Portland."

"How'd you know?" asked Turck.

"That insignia on their shoulders. Wish I could ask them about bombers."

"Soldiers don't talk much about business in these times, chum."

"Awful lot of soldiers around," said Bill. He finished his milk, staring at his glass. Turck's mouth was straight and he looked back to the soldiers with a close, guarded expression in his eyes. He said, "Guess that's all," and rose, and went to the counter to pay his bill. He joined Caroline and Bill on the sidewalk. Caroline looked down at Bill a

(Continued on page 49)





This war year, *YOU'RE* elected!

THIS year, you're elected to pool your car, to double up, to share the family bus with the neighbors.

And this year you're also elected to help guard one of Uncle Sam's biggest assets . . . his 35 million motor cars.

In fact, your government wants you to consider your car as necessary to our total war effort as tanks or assembly lines. A car should be serviced and cared for as carefully as a big bomber, and for the same reasons. Bumper-to-bumper overhauls will help. Frequent lubrication will help. Regular check-ups and prompt repairs are needed to keep that car of yours in perfect condition.

For more than 25 years, Quaker State has been an active leader in developing greater protection, and insuring greater cleanliness for your motor. Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil was designed by Quaker State engineers to prevent oxidation, and the harmful results of oxidation . . . sludge, varnish and corrosion. It gives you the "Pennsylvania Plus" . . . the big margin of superiority Nature gave to Pennsylvania grade crude oil. In addition, it gives you the added "plus" of Quaker State's own advanced refining methods, Quaker State's own engineering skill. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



STABILIZED QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL



Yes, SKINLESS *frankfurters are in the army now!* And the packers who make tender, juicy SKINLESS frankfurters are working their heads off to keep abreast of Uncle Sam's orders.

You'll be happy to know your fighting men get first call. However, there will be SKINLESS frankfurters for everyone. So—if your store is out of them today, chances are a new supply will be on hand tomorrow.

With your kind cooperation, the packers who make SKINLESS frankfurters will fill Uncle Sam's orders, and will then supply the ever increasing demands of home markets. We just thought you'd like to know the facts.

Skinless
TRADE MARK
FRANKFURTERS & WIENERS

THE VISKING CORPORATION • 6733 WEST 65th STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
"VISKING" is the registered trade mark of The Visking Corporation

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 22

"I thought you were in Washington by now," she said.

"Washington finally decided to refuse me a visa," said Sperling. "So I will be stationed in Tokyo."

"That should be interesting," Madame Vooren said mildly. "And Madame Sperling, she is well, I trust?"

"Ah, yes," said Sperling. "We came over here to buy furnishings because everybody knows one is unable to get anything durable in Japan. Everything is *sufu*—*ersatz*. Also, then I learn that Mr. Cogswell is leaving today, no? Tomorrow? I wished to say how-goes-it? and until-we-meet-again."

Madame Vooren turned to Nick. "Mr. Sperling is also a journalist," she said. She sounded a little uneasy. "He has known Gregory many years."

You could tell that Sperling was no exile, Nick thought; not that that made any difference to him. The last time he had been in Cogswell's apartments, the American vice-consul and Kearsley, the British embassy press attaché, had been there. One more little Nazi more or less just rounded out the picture, and Cogswell wouldn't be where he was if he hadn't an international acquaintance.

Sperling was saying, "You are still at the Grosvenor Gardens? You will allow me to call upon you there, not so?"

"Madame Sperling and you," she answered.

Sperling took off his monocle. As he polished it, he said, "Naturally." He stuck the glass back. "Also, since you feel so kindly toward my wife, perhaps you would guide her in the selection of our furnishings."

"Really," said Madame Vooren. "I think you shouldn't place too much confidence in my taste."

Sperling became animated: "Every time I have seen you, you have worn a different costume and each time you have been more stupendous."

Madame Vooren said: "I was not thinking of my taste in merchandise. I was thinking that you forget my Dutch blood."

"I remember your Indonesian ancestry."

"Quite so, and that deprives me of my Aryan status—" she mimicked his voice—"not so?"

"Manis," he said, "you know how little genuine attention we pay to these useful racist theories." He laughed. "God in Heaven, in the Reich itself the marshal says: 'I decide who is a Jew and who is not.' Now, you do not expect me to believe that the widow of an East Indies Nationalist has any sympathy with the Dutch."

"I do not like any conquerors," she said distinctly; and Nick felt like advising the German: Why don't you give yourself up?

COGSWELL, walking in, bright and fresh in a creamy Saïgon linen suit, was gracefully apologetic. He kissed Madame Vooren's hand, promised Sperling no more than ten minutes' more delay, and conducted Nick Griggs out of the room and into his study to consult the typewritten list. He was exactly an hour and a half late for this final conference.

"Is it all right to use your telephone in here?" said Nick.

"Certainly." Cogswell nodded without looking up; he was already making marginal notes on Nick's document.

Nick put through a call to the Metropole and waited contentedly while the operator rang the Gaspards' suite on the same floor as his own room. Henri Gaspard answered, in his gentle, tired voice.

"What a pity you did not call several minutes earlier," he told Nick. "Betty was here and is gone, to carry out some small commission for Miss Frolov. She asked me to tell you that she would meet you at DD's, upstairs, at seven and a quarter. You understand?"

"I'll be there," said Nick. "We'll see you later."

"That is agreed," said Henri.

AFTER Nick rang off, Henri called the desk to request that no further calls be put through and rang for the room boy to take away the tray on which he had been served the poor collection of foods his diet permitted. Only six months ago he had learned he was a diabetic. He had not reconciled himself to this discovery, which he kept a secret from everyone except Betty and the physician who had made the diagnosis. He was as furtive in the use of his insulin needle as if it had contained morphine.

He now had time for a nap before he must leave for the broadcasting studio. It was still a severe nervous strain for him to make a radio speech, whether it lasted five minutes or fifteen. Until a year ago, he had never made a public address, either before an audience or over the air. At first, anticipation of a speech had exhausted him, its delivery had left him nervous for days. It was slowly becoming less of a hardship, and although his hands no longer perspired as he faced the microphone, he still thought it had been easier to meet machine-gun fire or to dive into a shell hole under artillery bombardment at Verdun in 1916.

His poor health, his fatigue, and his demands on himself made him touchy. He had been born into a vigorous, middle-class family of merchants and professional men who thought themselves liberal when they had merely been easygoing; cultivated because their education was French. Henri had been militant only once before in his life, when he was an infantry lieutenant in World War I. Now he had been called again, but it would have been simpler for him to put on a uniform; easier to hold a trench than to be an unemployed Shanghai banker, at war with lifelong friends. Some of them had even been regimental comrades in that other war.

This afternoon he had spent preparing the text of tonight's broadcast. He had sent it to the studio on Race Course Road so that his associates might make alterations if they thought it necessary; otherwise there would be only a few last-minute news items to be added. He was aware that these news paragraphs, usually devoted to events within France, or to the De Gaullist activities elsewhere in the world, were hungrily absorbed by the news-starved Frenchmen in Indo-China. A secret station in Hanoi regularly reported on reception. Seamen from *Messageries Maritimes* ships told of the little groups that gathered for the broadcasts at the risk of arrest.

He dozed off as he tried to picture the life his Saïgon friends must be enduring since Japan had overrun Indo-China in collaboration with the Vichy regime. A sharp ringing woke him; automatically he reached for the alarm clock on the chair beside the couch. The ringing persisted; it was the telephone, and he noted the time. He could not have been asleep more than ten minutes.

Irritated at the violation of his instructions, he seized the receiver. Before he could say a word, the operator said beseechingly: "I told them I must

not disturb you. They insisted. They are two French naval officers—"

A French voice interrupted: "This is Lieutenant Baudoin. Commander Dufour and I must see you at once."

"I am not prepared to receive any one," Henri said stiffly. The names were strange to him and did not coincide with those of the officers of the François Garnier, the gunboat that lay off the French Bund.

"It is urgent that we see you," the lieutenant said.

"Truly?" said Henri. "Could we not make an appointment for tomorrow?"

"I assure you it is too pressing to wait," said the lieutenant. "Allow us to come to your rooms at once."

"In that case—" Henri hesitated. "Come."

He had his tie knotted and his jacket on before the men knocked at the door.

The commander said, "You will pardon us, M. Gaspard. You may be certain we did not wish to intrude upon you, but it was necessary." He was older than Henri, well set up in his white uniform, with a brushlike mustache beneath his veined nose.

The youthful lieutenant said nothing. He looked about the suite as if to assure himself no one else was present.

"I am not accustomed these days to receive visits from officers of the French navy," Henri said formally. "I am at your service."

"We are from the destroyer Bordeaux," the commander said. "I will speak frankly, and, I hope, briefly. Your work in opposition to the French government has brought us here. . . ."

"I do not oppose the true government of France," Henri said. "I oppose collaboration with the Nazis."

"You misunderstood me," said the commander. "Your activities are not only widely known, they are admired in quarters you may not have suspected."

The lieutenant nodded.

"They are not admired in the quarters controlled by the directors of the *Banque Franco-Chinoise*," Henri said bitterly.

The commander said earnestly, "Like yourself, I was a young officer twenty-five years ago, though we of the navy had not the honor to defend Verdun."

"I had not even the honor to serve then," said the lieutenant. "I was only old enough to play at sinking submarines in the surf at Toulon. But last year, I was old enough to suffer as you did."

THE commander said, "You do not know us, M. Gaspard. That is our disadvantage. But in any case, we do not come to you for help for us personally. We come for France. To be short, there are officers in our navy who have become so embittered against the British that they would willingly serve the Germans."

Henri said, "Do not all officers who serve Vichy serve Berlin?"

The lieutenant said, "Some of them, unfortunately, do not see it that clearly."

"The important thing," said the commander, slowly, "is that some officers of the French navy are in full agreement with you. We two are. That is why we have come to you now. You are in a position to give great assistance, if you will."

Henri knocked the ashes from his cigarette. The lieutenant too casually looked out over the neighboring roofs.

"Am I to assume that you have come to discuss our work for a free France?" Henri said. "In that case, I suggest you consult Pierre Delangle. He is the acknowledged head of the Free French here."

"That coal merchant!" the lieutenant said.

Henri said frigidly, "M. Delangle is General de Gaulle's accredited representative."

"Ah, but you misunderstand," the commander said. "Let me explain. Lieutenant Baudoin and I, we admire M. Delangle. It is some of our fellow officers who are still victims of early prejudices."

The lieutenant opened his mouth and slowly closed it without uttering a word.

The commander said, "This is our mission: There is constant argument among the officers of our ship over the attitude we shall take toward orders from Darlan. We ask you to come to the ship with us—it will take but five minutes from the hotel—to discuss the problem frankly with those who still fail to agree with us."

"Again I must ask why do you not approach M. Delangle with this unusual suggestion?" said Henri.

"Because, in all frankness, he exerts no influence with our fellow officers," the commander said. "Your reputation with them, on the contrary, is of the best. You are one of the true heroes of 1916. How many men are alive today who won the *Medaille Militaire* before Verdun? Certainly I can think of no one but you in the East. The *Croix de Guerre?* Hundreds. The *Legion d'Honneur?* Scores. But to you these are merely supplements to your *Medaille*."

THE lieutenant said, "And M. Delangle lacks these awards."

The commander said, "The sacrifice you have made in adhering to your principles at the cost of your position in the banking world—that too has added to your luster."

Henri was aware that the lieutenant, who had risen and strolled to a window, was nevertheless studying him closely.

"Tonight, I am engaged," he said. "If you wish, you may come again tomorrow—say eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, and I will give you my answer."

The lieutenant quickly returned to his chair.

The commander said, "M. Gaspard, tomorrow will be too late. By eleven tomorrow morning the Bordeaux will be en route to the south. It is my hope that all her officers will leave here determined to resist orders we dread: to turn our ship over to the *Boche*."

The lieutenant said, "You were our only hope."

The commander said, "Could you not spare us an hour? I give you my pledge to bring you back in an hour."

It was not impossible, Henri thought, that the officers were describing a genuine predicament. Only a routine mind today would reject the improbable as the impossible. In truth, he was not due at the broadcasting station for another hour and one half. He rose. Assume they were cheats; in any case, in this species of covert struggle, one was constantly exposed to men who might betray you.

"It is agreed," he said. "In two minutes I shall be ready to go with you."

"Excellent," the commander exclaimed.

In the bathroom, Henri put his needle in his pocket, together with a small supply of insulin.

Tin Lui Chong, the number one boy—commander of all the room boys in the hotel—came out from behind his desk beside the elevators as the officers and Henri stepped into the lobby. He was a tall Honanese, with an unusually high, beaky nose. On the basis of a few thin clues, Henri suspected Tin of being a Chungking agent. In any case, he trusted him; he was an admirable number one boy. He said to Tin, in a louder voice than he usually employed: "If I have not returned in one hour, telephone my daughter at this number." He

SMOKING LESS—or SMOKING *MORE**?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

Here it is—fast.

Reported by eminent doctors—in medical journals. Their own findings that:

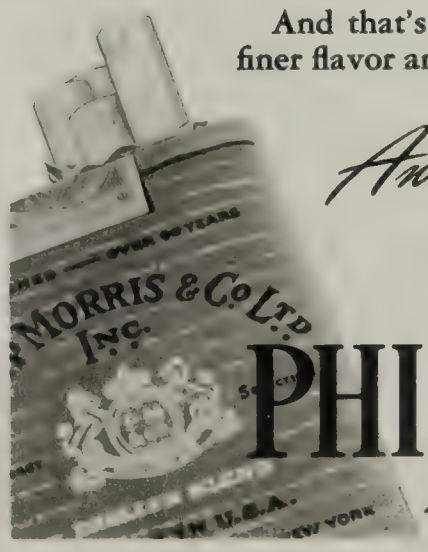
When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

Actual men and women smokers, mind you—not laboratory "analysis". *Proof* that PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to your nose and throat.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But, man! What solid proof they're *better* . . . *safer* . . . to smoke!

And that's in addition to their finer quality—the finer flavor and aroma of superb tobaccos. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!



CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette



"I'm a Little Restless Tonight, Son...."

I KNOW you're asleep. . . . And I won't waken you. . . . Just thought I'd slip in and see how you were.

Of course, you don't know it, but I stand here at the foot of your bed lots of nights. Been doing it ever since you were a little tyke—ten years now.

Somehow it seems much longer than that. I suppose it's because I've been planning ahead for you.

You know, a few months ago I got an awful scare. Guess I was almost as scared as I was a few years ago—that time you were so sick that we thought you were going to be taken away from us.

WAR! When its meaning really sank in—in terms of YOU—my blood ran cold for a few minutes.

My first thought was to do something about *fighting* for you, Son. Figured I'd join up like I did in '17.

For a few moments I forgot about that piece of "souvenir shrapnel" in my left leg. You know—the reason I'm not so "nifty" getting those slow bounders when we play ball.

Yes, I'm "on the shelf" as far as that kind of action is concerned. But I'm *fighting,* Son. Your mother is, too.

We're buying War Bonds. We're buying them up to the limit—even sacrificing to buy *more* and *more* of them. That's why mother and I didn't take that long vacation trip we'd planned. And why we didn't have the spare cash to send you to camp this year.

We're lending our money for planes and gur and ships and tanks. We're buying bonds tha will buy the things our fighters need to pre serve our right to live as *we* choose and t plan for the future.

Then, Son, when the future is secure and w want to put some of our plans into *action*—th money we've loaned will come back—ready t make our dreams for *you* come true. And guess that's pretty important—at least you mother and I think so.

The way I look at it, a lot of fathers ar mothers ought to look at this business of bu ing War Bonds in the same way. If too mar of us let the matter slip, I hate to think of wh can happen. That's why I'm a little restle tonight, Son.



The joint Army-Navy Production Awa today's most coveted honor, has been c ferred upon Stewart-Warner Corporat —and "E" emblems awarded employee for unusual performance in war producti

You Can Help Win This "Home Front" Battle Too!

- America depends a great deal on a number of things that cannot be replaced—for the duration. Especially things of rubber, metal or other vital materials. But with a little care and caution, what you already have will see you through.
- Your refrigerator should be oiled regularly according to the maker's directions. Take care to keep it clean—the mechanism—the rubber seal around the door—particularly the finned condenser underneath. At any sign of trouble, call your refrigerator dealer. Early attention may avoid a big repair.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATIO

ALEMITE LUBRICATION • STEWART-WARNER INSTRUMENTS • STEWART DIE CASTINGS • BASSICK CASTERS • SOUTH WIND HEATERS • DUAL TEMP REFRIGERATORS • MAGIC DIAL RADIOS • SCOTCH MAID ELECTRIC RANGES

ONE OF THE FIRST—AND PROUD OF IT. Stewart-Warner employees were among the first groups, of over 7500 workers, to allot more than 10% of their total payroll to War Bond purchases—thus surpassing the goal set by victory-minded Americans.

vrote the number of DD's restaurant on a slip of paper and handed it to Tin. "If he is not there, you will find her, I am ure. Tell her I left here with Commander Dufour and Lieutenant Baudoin."

He turned to the commander: "That s correct; in one hour I shall be back?"

The commander nodded.

Tin followed the three men out to the urb. And after he closed the door of heir automobile, he signaled a coolie nd instructed him to trail the car.

The chauffeur drove down Foochow Road and turned right on The Bund. The silence within the car suddenly eemed choking.

The moment the car crossed Avenue Edouard VII into the French Concesion, Henri knew he had been ambushed. He looked at his companions, Commander Dufour on his right, Lieutenant Baudoin on his left: the same men with different faces.

He thought of telling them at once hat he knew. He thought of protesting. For one foolish second, he thought of houting. No, remain quiet, he told himself. A month earlier, at the insistence f his associates, he had moved from his comfortable home in the French Concession to the comparative safety of he International Settlement.

He had deliberately discarded that afety, he realized. Even the police patrolling the street were paid by Vichy. No, he would not cry out.

THE clock in the customhouse tower struck seven times. That meant it vas eight o'clock. The customs clock was lways one hour slow.

He had made another blunder, he ecognized. Tin would follow his order unctually. He would not notify Betty until the clock was almost ready to trike the hour again.

At precisely eight o'clock each eveing, DD's restaurant in the Concession vas officially transformed into a night lub. Dark curtains were drawn across he windows that, until now, had afforded a view of the green treetops on he Avenue Joffre. The air-cooling system was turned on. The waiters lighted he rosy little lamps on the tables fringng the dance floor and in the booths gainst the walls. The fiddler stepped ff the band stand, waved his bow and he band crashed into Yes, My Darling Daughter.

The White Russian girls who had been sitting at the bar left their leather tools to sit in the dining room with Britishers whose wives had been evacuated to Australia, with Americans whose vives had been sent back to the States, nd with Frenchmen whose wives did ot understand them. On the floor, the best dancers were slender Chinese youths in white silk suits and their partners: the daughters of wealthy Chinese, vith charming faces above their high collars, and charming legs visible hrough the slit skirts of their narrow dresses.

Betty Gaspard, sitting opposite Nick at a table in one of the booths, said:

"Even in this flattering light, you would look more attractive if you wiped some of the zakuska off your chin."

Nick scrubbed with his napkin. "I guess you just don't understand," he said sadly. "The way I admire Madame Vooren is—well, like admiring a statue. The Venus de Milo, for instance."

"I never admired the Venus de Milo," said Betty. "Too meaty."

Nick sighed. "Honestly, Betty, if you'd been there, you'd believe me. She actually behaved as though she was my mother." He added: "Although I'll bet she's not more than five years older."

"She hopes," said Betty.

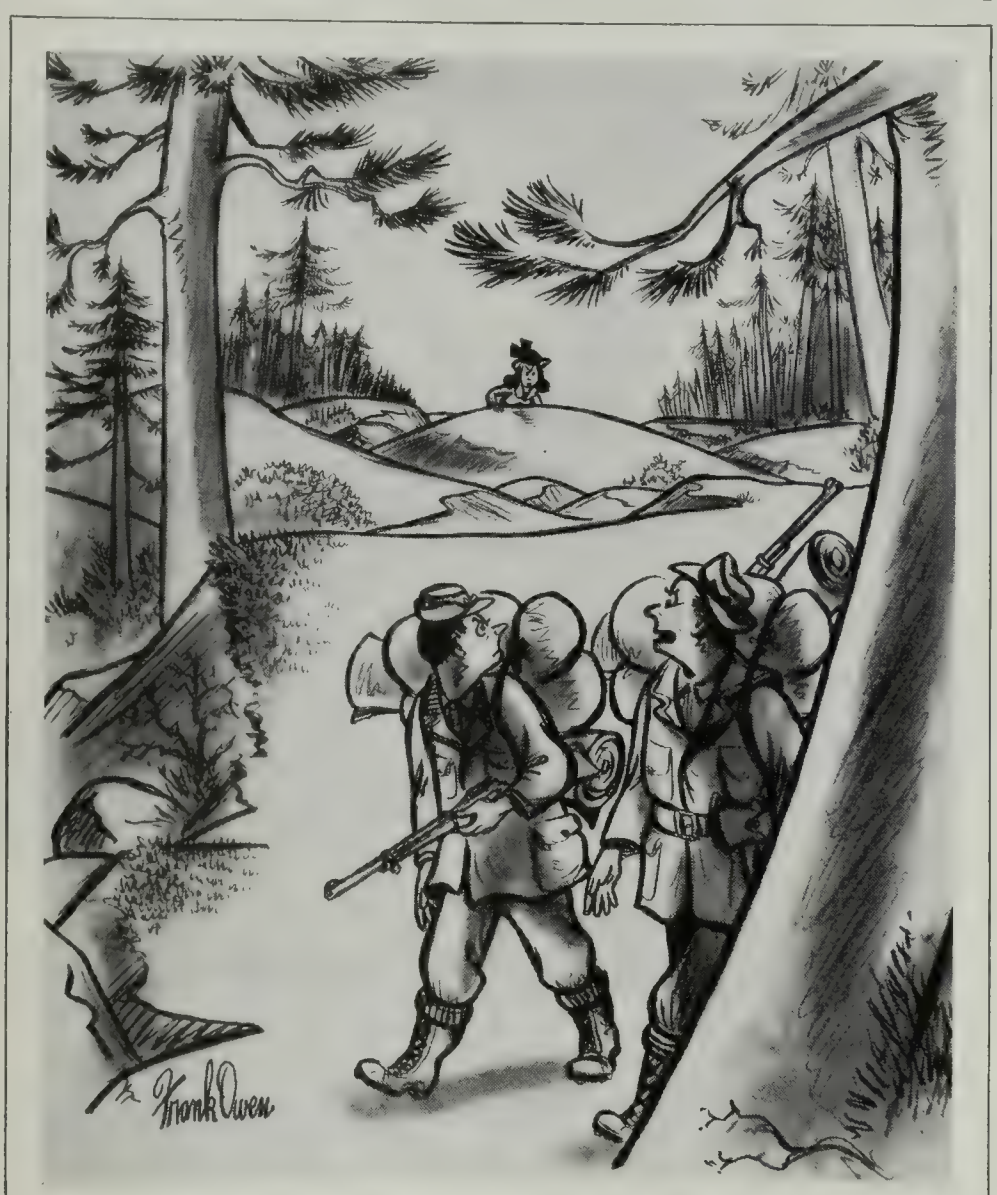
Suddenly she gave a sugary smile and held out her hand. Before Nick could grasp it, she was shaking the hand of a stranger, who, in Nick's opinion, had practically crept like a thief to their table. The stranger's name was Dixon. He had an English Public School accent, a Public School tie, and such a disarming manner that Nick himself invited him to sit down.

Dixon said, "I'm no end pleased to see you, Betty, before I take off."

"Another holiday," said Betty. "I think you're a fraud. I think you just pretend to be in the grain business."

"No, no. I'm leaving. I've turned over everything in my godowns to my compradore. Bales of sesame seeds and white peas and walnut wheat flour—everything, you know. Let him stew around with these infernal Japs."

Betty turned to Nick. "His compradore's his Chinese partner. His godowns are bursting warehouses. I can't make any sense out of the rest of what he's saying because Mr. Dixon is the man who's said firmly, every time we had a scare: 'There'll always be a Shanghai.' "



COLLIER'S **"As soon as she's convinced I've really gone hunting, she always finds her way back to civilization!"** FRANK OWEN

"HANGED if I didn't," said Dixon. "And hanged if I haven't changed my mind. I talk piffle sometimes, Betty. Not now. I'm going down to Singapore and see what they think I'm not too old for. I was a very ordinarily good soldier in the last war, you know. I should still be good for some tiresome desk job in the army, or wherever they'll have me."

"Oh, but you're going to join up, that's different," Betty said.

"Rot!" he said. "There's nothing else for me to do. I'm not going to sham about it. The Japs are going to take over everything in all our godowns. You see the idea. They'll get no end of oil and gold and cotton and rice. My little bags of cereals won't count that much." He measured off a chunky finger tip.

"Well, then you think they'll take over the Settlement?" Nick said.

"They're already taking over all the valuables in it," Dixon said. "They pretend they've traced the ownership of everything they want to Chungking. It's the end."

Betty said, "Why, I can't understand you. We've had these scares since I don't know when and, my God, we know it's going to happen sometime. All the same, why are you suddenly convinced it's now."

DIXON crushed out his cigarette. "Who is to stop Japan? Ask Kearsley, you know, the British attaché—" he looked over his shoulder—"over there at my table. You just ask him why the British garrison was withdrawn. You're an American, I take it. You'll be standing on The Bund, waving goodby to your Marines any day now, I dare say."

"I don't know," said Nick. "But say, who else could give me some facts and figures on all this? Just what the Japs are doing? The value of the goods they could seize?"

"Hanged if I know," said Dixon. "I'll tell you, though, drop into my office tomorrow and I'll try to use my bean in the meantime." He fiddled in his wallet for a card. He brushed his mustache against Betty's forehead. "Cheerio," he said, and rejoined the press attaché.

"Worried?" Nick asked Betty.

"Of course not. Why I don't even quite believe him!"

"You don't?" Nick said. "He sounded pretty convincing to me. He's giving up his business. I guess it wouldn't hurt me to dig up a really good story on this whole situation to send to Cogswell during my first couple of weeks here."

"Tell me," said Betty. "If there's any truth to all this, why wouldn't Cogswell already know about it?" She paused. "Another thing, suppose he does and suppose that isn't the kind of a story he wants to send out."

Nick said, "Betty, I love you, admire you and respect you. All right, I admire and respect you. Only you really are loopy about Cogswell. You don't like him so you don't trust him so you don't like him. Give me one logical reason."

"I can't. I admit there's no logic in it. All the same, I do not like him and I do not trust him."

"A woman's intuition," Nick said sorrowfully. "It's a good thing you never applied for night rewrite and tried to work with intuition instead of facts. Look at me. Maybe Dixon has something. I don't accept his mere statement. I'm going to check and recheck it and I won't type the first 'I' until I've got the facts."

"The day will arrive," she said serenely, "when you'll see my intuition is right."

"And wave goodby to the Marines at the same time," he said, exasperated.

The Number One waiter bent over Betty, whispering; and then she said: "Oh, excuse me, Nick. Someone wants me on the phone."

While no one was looking, he thrust a menu in his pocket, to add to his collection. Then he looked at his watch, and called for the check. The band was playing Yes, My Darling Daughter for the third time.

He did not see Kearsley, the British press attaché, making his way to the booth until he was standing beside him.

Kearsley said, in an agitated voice, "Didn't I just see Betty Gaspard here with you?"

"Sit down," said Nick. "She'll be back. Just called to the telephone."

The attaché kept one hand thrust into his trousers pocket and through the thin cloth you could see his fingers moving, as though he were jiggling coins. "I just had a telephone call from my office," he said. He sat down and began to play nervously with the stem of the water goblet before him. "You don't happen to know if Betty's been in touch with her father in the past half-hour?" he asked.

"No, she wasn't. Maybe that's him on the phone now."

KEARSLEY rose. Betty was coming toward the table, stumbling a little and looking sick. Nick moved out to meet her. He took both her wrists in his hands and held her steady.

"We must go at once," she said. "We must go to the broadcasting station right away. It was Tin, from the hotel, you know. He said Father went out an hour ago with two French naval officers. He said Father told him to notify me if he had not come back in one hour. Tin said one of his boys from the hotel saw Father taken aboard the destroyer Bordeaux." Her chin began to tremble. "We must go."

Nick said, "Sure. Let's be on our way. We'll probably find him at the station."

"I'll go along," said the attaché. He followed them down the stairs. At the doorway, he cleared his throat: "If your father does not appear at the station, Betty, keep your chin up," he said.

Betty stood still.

She said, almost angrily, "Why did you suddenly decide to come with us? What is it you know that you are not telling me?"

The attaché said, "My office told me just now that a civilian answering your father's description was taken on board the destroyer Bordeaux shortly after eight o'clock this evening." He hesitated. "The destroyer suddenly weighed anchor at 8:25. That was more than half an hour ago. She must be well on the way to sea by now."

Nick said, "And the civilian did not return?"

The attaché shook his head. "No," he said.

(To be continued next week)

The sun is the source of all energy...the energy of sunshine is crystallized in Dextrose sugar.



The Fruits of the Good American Earth are *Rich in Dextrose Sugar*

WE, who in a world of hunger are blessed with bountiful harvest, should this year be deeply and humbly thankful.

We, who must be strong, can build our strength upon the produce of our own farms.

For instance, in our native fruits, vegetables and grain, we have an abundant supply of the natural sugar, DEXTROSE, which is food energy in its purest form—energy vital to toiling, fighting Americans. Dextrose is the sugar the body uses *directly* for energy. Doctors recommend Dextrose in the feeding of newborns and infants—it requires no digestion.

This same Dextrose, refined to a pure, white, crystalline sugar, is widely used by food manufacturers as an ingredient in many of America's finest foods. Look for the words "Enriched with Dextrose" on the labels of the foods you buy. Where you find Dextrose in food products you generally find improved flavor, better texture and enhanced food value. The manufacturer is utilizing America's own food resources to give you a better product—*and at no added cost to you!*

★ *Dextrose is an ALL-American sugar, derived from American corn, refined in American factories, distributed by American companies.*

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO

One of the Producers of Pure Dextrose Sugar

17 Battery Place • New York, N. Y.

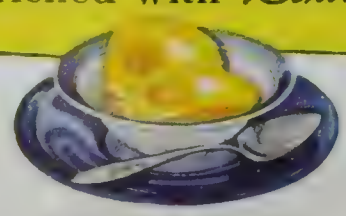
Keep the *Energy* of sunshine in your diet...Demand foods "Enriched with *Dextrose*"



Dextrose sugar helps make candy a delicious food.



Dextrose adds food energy to canned citrus fruit juices.



Dextrose protects the flavor and texture of canned fruits.



Dextrose improves the flavor and texture of ice cream.



Better sweet buns and rolls are made with Dextrose.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Time of Change

Continued from page 42

moment. She said, "It was a nice game, Bill. Tomorrow night I'm having a party for some folks your age. Supper's at six-thirty. I wish you could come."

Bill looked at his father, and Caroline knew that Turck wanted to refuse it. But he looked at Bill. "Sound like a good idea?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"Tell the lady, then."

"I'll come," said Bill. "Thank you very much."

Caroline turned away.

Turck Howlett rolled a fresh cigarette, half faced toward her as she went down Pennoyer toward the bridge that led over the creek to the big white house which had been the town's only mansion for forty years. He lighted the cigarette and drew a heavy breath of smoke, watching her go; and turned back to Bill. The two of them walked up Pennoyer.

Caroline found her father in the living room playing solitaire. He said, "Where you been?"

"Watching the ball game."

"Watching a ball game alone is no fun," he said, and looked at her hopefully.

She came before him, smiling down; she ran a hand lightly across his head. "No man along," she said, and moved over the room. McCormack leaned back from his game, studying her with affection, with criticism and doubt. She was twenty-nine and there hadn't been a man since Charley Boice, five years back; that had soured her and sometimes he thought she hated men.

"Turck Howlett," she said, "must have made money when he was with the Yankees. Yet here he is firing in the mill. What did he do with all of his money?"

"Live high—spend high. Probably loafed through the winters. Hunting, hotel bills, traveling. Women."

"Probably no women. He had his experience with one of them. He hates them, I think."

"You ought to get together and swap stories."

The quick, black flare of her momentary reaction made him extremely uncomfortable. He said, "Who was the woman?"

"You knew her. He married Iris Dawson—both very young. They went away from here, remember? She left him a long time ago."

"Nice boy he's got."

"Yes," said Caroline. "He's giving Bill a wonderful training, except in one thing. Bill will grow up knowing nothing of women, because Turck wants it that way, so Bill won't be hurt as he was hurt. But that's not the way to keep from being hurt."

"What's the way?" said her father. "You tell me."

"To know them so well that when they hurt you, you can hurt them worse."

"Get out of here," said her father. "I can smell sulphur all over the place."

TURCK lighted the lamp and freshened the fire in the kitchen stove, which he had left burning for hot water. He said, "Shower for you, chum."

Bill took the shower; and later in the bedroom he gave Bill a quick massage on his throwing arm and put him in bed. He sat a moment on the bed, smoking a cigarette. "Good game," he said. "You covered first base well."

"Pop," said Bill, "you in the draft?"

"Yeah. But that's all right. I don't go because I've got a dependent. You're the dependent."

"If you went would you be an officer?"

"Folks start at the bottom unless they've got training. So I'd start at the bottom. That's the way it goes in everything."

"You ought to be a captain—if you went."

"We're talking the same way a dog chases its tail. Just for nothing." He hit Bill softly on the chest and took the lamp out of the bedroom into the kitchen. He poured some water and coffee into the pot and set it on the stove and he idled into the front room. Bill's gun and his gun stood together in a rack by the door and a pair of light fish rods were racked above them. He picked Bill's mitt from the floor and laid it on the table; he stood a moment before the snowshoes he and Bill had used in Maine. Looking back, it had been a lot of fun; when Bill was a man he could remember everything, and some day would think of his father who had tried to make boyhood right for him. That was the only kind of memory that lasted.

He went on out to the porch and sat on the steps, facing a soft summer wind that blew fragrance out of the foothills and out of the high Cascades beyond. Lights sparkled through windows along the street and farther away, across the town, auto headlights played around the bend of Monitor grade. He searched for his pipe and for his tobacco and then he thought of Bill's talk about the Army and he stopped the motion of his arms and was wholly still, seeking the real meaning in his son's mind. Maybe Bill was worried about it; maybe Bill had seen the wish on his face when the two soldiers had come into the Crystal.

Everything had been fine until the war began, but now the unrest was on him—although he really had not known why until those two soldiers showed up. Then he recognized the feeling in him. It was a kind of an ache, the same kind of ache he sometimes had when he thought of no longer being with the team back east.

He had got letters lately from some of the crowd, and he had read about others in the paper. Bookie was taking Navy air training at Pensacola, George Melotte had gone with the Coast Guard, Heinie Ulrich was a corporal at Fort Benning. Old Ben McGuffrie, a reserve officer, now carried a captain's bars and was stationed somewhere beyond the Atlantic.

Turck recalled a dozen or more of them, all good tough men who had joined another team for the duration. They understood how it was, and so did he; for it was something he had been telling Bill ever since the boy was big enough to listen: No man was born to stand aside and play a lone part, and no man was meant to refuse his obligations.

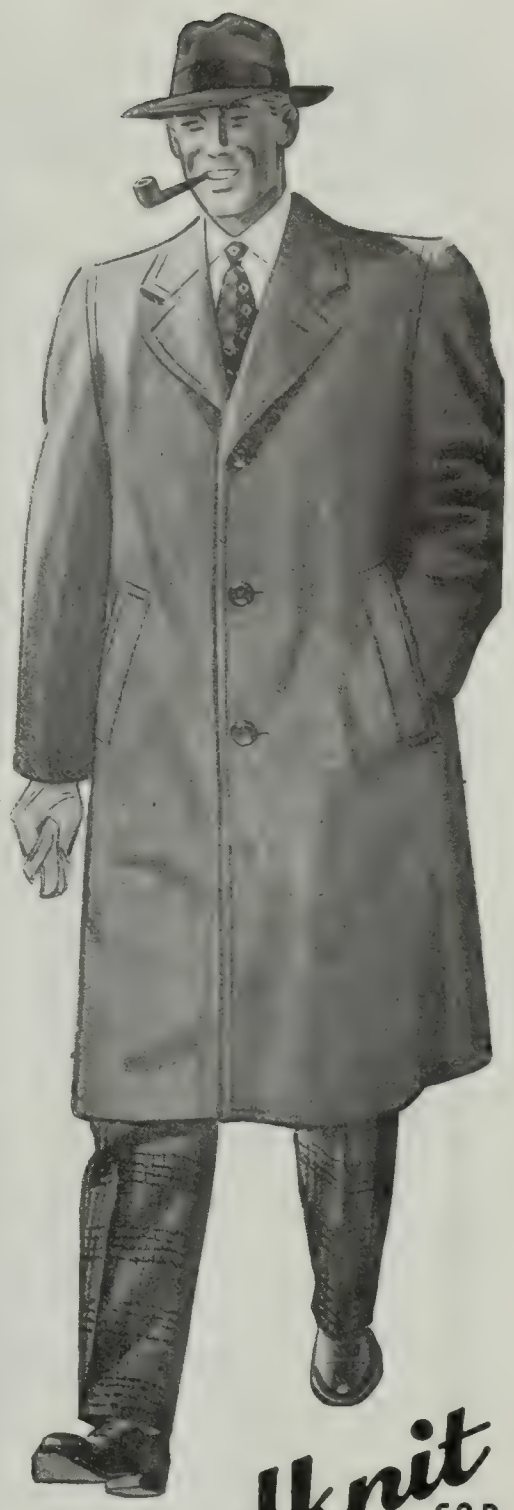
But he had Bill and he couldn't go. He sat still, his big hands clamped together, taking a beating from his conscience and from his loyalty. He said to himself, "I'll have to keep from letting Bill see how I feel."

HE ROSE at six and cooked breakfast for himself and Bill; he packed himself a lunch and swept the floor while Bill did the dishes. This was summertime but Bill was a little weak in mathematics, so Turck said, "Better put in a couple hours on that algebra. Then you've got the whole day free. Ought to be some fish under the White Bridge. Give it a whirl."

He was at the mill by a quarter of seven, replacing the night fireman, and worked through the day with his mind slowly turning from one thought to another. He ate his lunch and he blew the one-o'clock whistle. He checked the stokers and the gauges and he made his rounds with the oil can and the grease bucket; but all this time one thought kept sliding into his head, which was the thought of Caroline McCormack. Maybe it wasn't a thought so much as a feeling—a feeling that caught him by surprise because of a goodness it left behind, breaking him out of his set habits, leaving him with a hope that he would see her again and hear her again; and then



COLLIER'S "The musicians' union makes us hire him" REAMER KELLER



Tweedknit FOR YEAR-ROUND OUTERCOAT COMFORT

Tweedknit authentically reproduces the rich colors, interesting patterns, and superb texture of hand-loomed fabrics. It's a ruggedly handsome cloth with the luxury look of imported tweeds. And it will stand you in good stead for many a fall, winter, and spring! At Tweedknit's thrifty price, it's one of America's great values! Now made for women and misses, too.

AT BETTER STORES 32.50

Tweedknit

Gravenette Processed

S. WEITZ & CO., INC.

2882 DETROIT AVE. • CLEVELAND, OHIO

NEW YORK SHOWROOMS • 200 FIFTH AVE.

"I'M CERTAINLY SURPRISED YOU TURNED UP TODAY FOR YOUR FITTING..YOUR HEAD WAS SO STUFFED-UP YESTERDAY."

"YES! BUT I USED MISTOL*"



*MISTOL DROPS
WITH EPHEDRINE

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A HEAD COLD

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Copr. 1942, Stanco Inc.

MYERS'S
VICTORY
COCKTAIL

THREE SHORTS AND A LONG

That's the way to make the new *"V for Victory Cocktail"*.

- Juice of one lime
- Half teaspoon of sugar
- A drop of bitters
- A full jigger of Myers's Rum. Mixed with plenty of ice.

For that wealth of flavour...

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

For new free Rum Recipe Book write
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. CL-10, 57 Laight St., New York

all this led to the memory of Bill's mother who had left them, just laughing her way scornfully out of something she never had cared for and disappearing forever. When he remembered her everything else went bad and the thought of Caroline McCormack lost its goodness.

He was on the catwalk above the boilers when Bill came in near quitting time. Bill had a scratch on his cheek and his hat was pushed back on his head and he had his hands in his pockets. Turck looked down — feeling funny about Bill and mighty glad to see him, as he always was. Bill caught sight of him and lifted four fingers and made a gesture indicating the size of the fish; and pretty soon Turck came down and, when the swing shift fireman came in, he started home with Bill.

"Four cutthroat," said Bill.

"We'll have 'em for supper."

Bill walked a dozen yards in silence before saying, "There's that party."

"Hell," said Turck, "I forgot." They went all the way to the house before he spoke again. He stopped on the porch, looking at the sky, watching the way the clouds drifted. "Good weather tomorrow. We'll hike into the hills." Then he said, "You want to go to the party?"

"Sure," said Bill, looking away.

"I'll light the stove," said Turck. "You need a shower. Your good suit pressed? Better shine up your shoes. You can use my red-gray tie."

He stood on the porch, smoking his pipe and waiting. When Bill came out he took a good look at the boy. He said, "Not a bad job," and was pleased. Bill was five feet four and lanky from growing and would be better than a six-footer. Health showed in him like a glow. His eyes were dark gray and Turck knew that he was excited about the party; the pains he had taken with his clothes was the giveaway. They went down the street together, feeling the last burning flash of sundown against them.

"Wish you could go along," said Bill.

"Think I'll drop in at Bradford's and play rummy. Ain't done it for a long time."

When they got to Bradford's he paused, then said, "I'll just walk across the bridge with you." When they got to the little bridge he stopped again. "I'll probably drift back this way around nine or so and walk home with you. Go on. It's six-thirty and a man shouldn't be late."

He watched Bill's face. Bill was still excited and he went toward the McCormack house at a walk faster than his usual walk, as though he liked what he was doing. Turck thought: He's got a walk like mine. But he had one hard jolt of fear as he saw Bill go, and one dark flash of insight upon that day when Bill, a grown man, would walk away for good. He turned back across the bridge and strolled down the street toward Bradford's. The sun had dropped and the air was clear and warm and rich with the smell of summer.

HE WENT into Bradford's and sat up to the counter for a meal. He was a careful man these days with his money, saving it for a stake that would enable him to take Bill to some other part of the country they'd never seen. Maybe this time it would be Alaska. But this was a night out and so he ate and didn't begrudge the cost, and he moved over to a table and got in a game of rummy with four loggers in from Camp Six; and around eight o'clock he had a bottle of beer and a Swiss cheese sandwich, and kept on playing.

He was a man who liked to be with other men and it had been a long time since he'd done this; even so the evening presently got long on him and he began looking at his watch, waiting for



"Alfred didn't hit any Jap planes in the battle today, but he thinks he frightened one of them quite badly"

COLLIER'S F. HUMPREVILLE

nine o'clock to come. He sat back in his chair, losing interest in the game; and he began to think again of Bill walking away from him. Bill was thirteen now. In three or four years more he would be on his way to college somewhere—and that was really the end of it. That's all he had left, these three or four years. He finished his hand and got up and left Bradford's.

THE party was all over and everybody had gone home except Bill and Myra LeTuck who was in his room at school, and Caroline McCormack. Bill remembered what Pop had said about being useful and took some of the punch glasses into the kitchen, and found Caroline McCormack coming behind him. "Bill," she said, "maybe you'd like to take Myra home."

"Pop figured to come and meet me."

"Take Myra and come back," she said, and watched his eyes show change. He liked the idea, but he was thinking of his father.

"All right," he said. "Tell Pop to wait for me." He looked at her. "A man like Pop needs somebody to talk to."

"He's got you, Bill."

"Maybe," said Bill carefully, "he ought to have somebody around his own age. He wants to join the Army, but there's me, and so he can't go."

"Did he say so?"

"No," said Bill, "Pop doesn't say much."

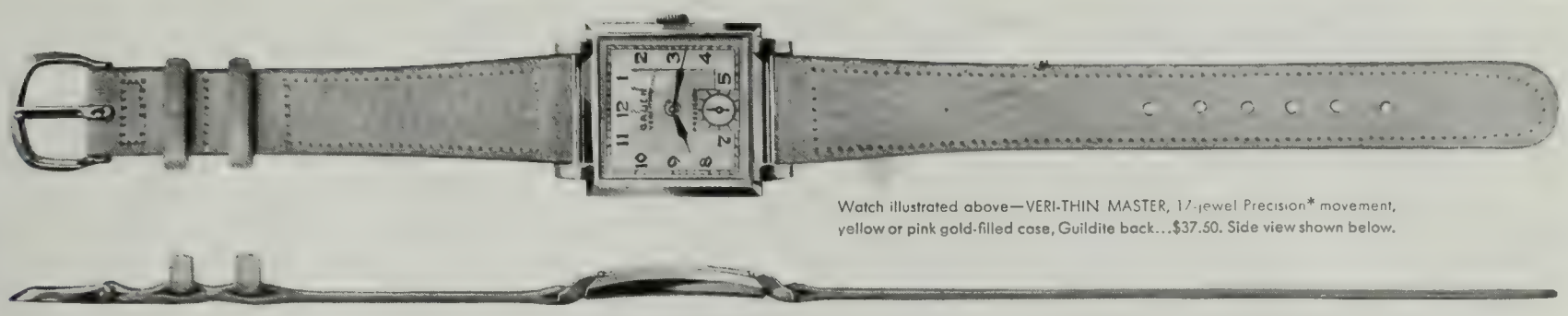
"Bill," she said, "would you want him to go?"

He looked away from her and she saw the trouble in his own mind—his loyalty struggling with the pride he had



"Even with our 'speed-up' program this course will take a little time. Perhaps you'd better come in and sit down, Mr. Saunders"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



Watch illustrated above—VERI-THIN MASTER, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case, Guildite back...$37.50. Side view shown below.

Something everyone should know before he buys a wristwatch...

● When you buy a Gruen Veri-Thin you buy a thinner watch—elegantly slim and streamlined—yet remarkably accurate, remarkably dependable.

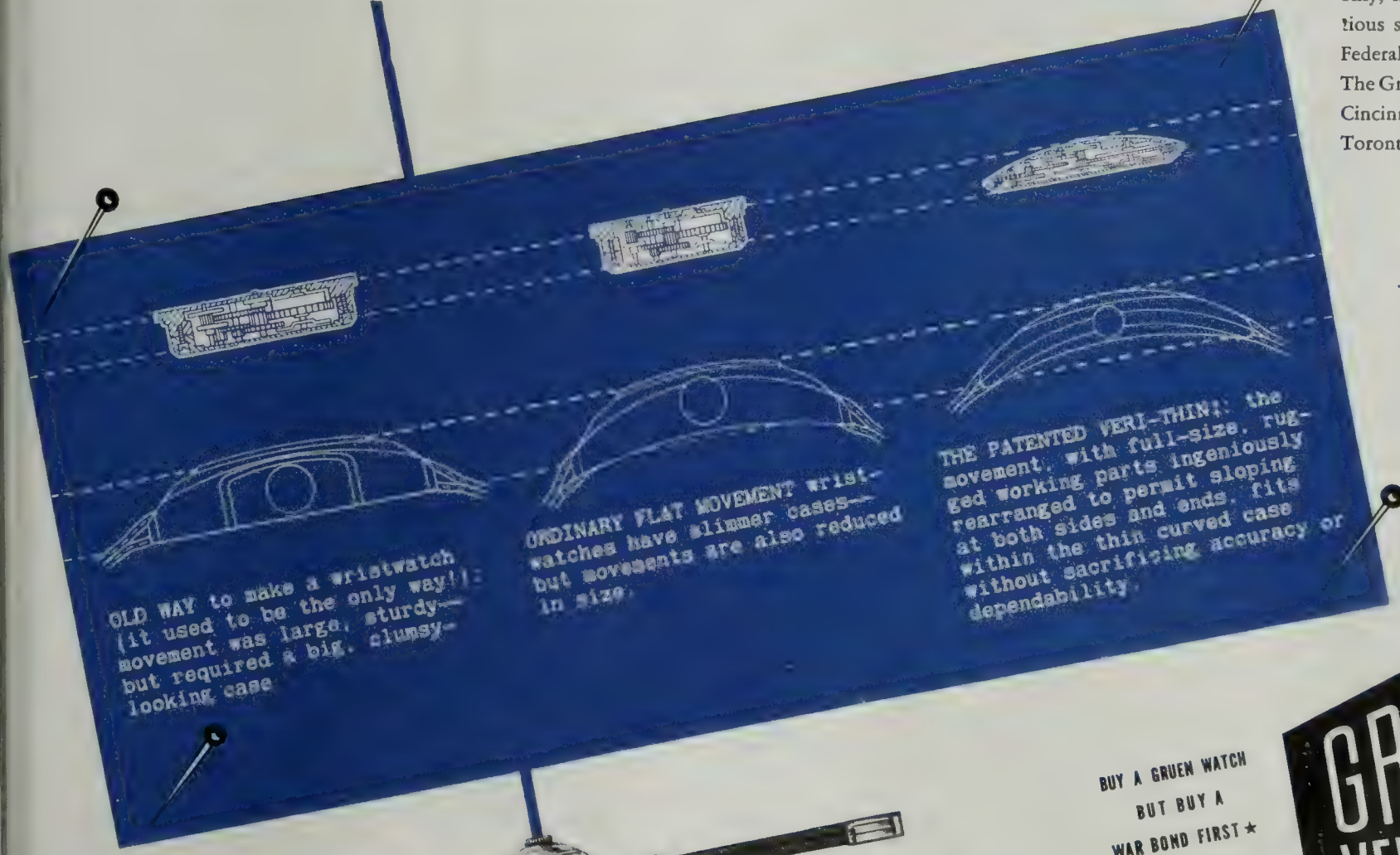
No other watch gives you the patented Veri-Thin movement, fitted to the slope of the case so working parts need sacrifice not one jot of sturdiness. And yet, for all its practical virtues, Gruen Veri-Thin is so distinguished in design America's ten leading fashion experts have acclaimed it "America's smartest watch!"

Let your Gruen jeweler show you the exquisite new Veri-Thin models. You can actually own one for as little as $29.75. Shouldn't you like to wear one on your wrist — starting today?

Gruen watches, at Gruen Jewelers only, from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones to $4,000. Prices include Federal Tax. Write for free folder "T." The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. In Canada, Toronto, Ontario.

★

Gruen continues to manufacture only such quantities of watches as will not interfere with our aid to our Government in the War program.



Watch illustrated above — VERI-THIN LARKSPUR, 15 jewels, yellow or pink gold-filled case, Guildite back...$33.75. Side view shown below.

BUY A GRUEN WATCH
BUT BUY A
WAR BOND FIRST ★

GRUEN
VERI-THIN
IT'S NOT A VERI-THIN UNLESS IT'S A GRUEN

FROM ONLY...$29.75

‡REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE. PATENTED U. S. PATENT NO. 2194452, CANADIAN PATENT NO. 389616.
COPYRIGHT 1939 BY THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY.

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

*PRECISION IS THE TRADEMARK OF THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY, REGISTERED IN THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE IN 1906 AND USED CONTINUOUSLY SINCE 1893.

★ GRUEN...MAKERS OF THE PRECISION* WATCH...AND PRECISION INSTRUMENTS FOR WAR ★

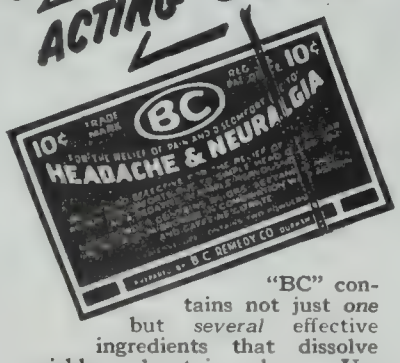
OUR TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
Lined with Brybro Rayon
VARIOUS COLORS, FABRICS & LININGS
FOR MEN, BOYS & JUVENILES
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO



RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"



"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

in his father; the need of his father against his little-boy wish to have his father always playing the right part. "He'd be a swell soldier," said Bill. "He wouldn't be a private very long."

"Take Myra home, Bill."

She followed those two out of the door and stood on the porch, watching them move along the little lane climbing the ridge west of town; there was someone else coming up from the bridge and in a moment Turck came before the porch steps, standing in the doorway's thrown-out beam of light. He dropped his cigarette and she saw how anger turned his face cold and pushed his lips together; this was the way, she imagined, he faced another man in a fight—all the kindness gone out of him. He said, "What the hell did you do that for?"

"Why, Turck," she murmured, "you're jealous."

"Maybe," he said very slowly. "Or maybe I don't want him to start with women until he's older. That misery comes soon enough."

"But it will come. Some day he'll marry—and then he's gone from you, and what's left for you then?"

"There'll be plenty to remember," he said. "I can live on that. That I had a boy and watched him grow up." He came to the porch and he stood before her and above her, rolling a cigarette to have something for his hands to do. "I won't hold him when it is time for him to go, but until then let him grow up boy style with no girls burning out his soul."

"I've never seen a father and a son closer than you two, Turck."

"My desire," he said, "is to let him have the fun of being young, which I never had. This world is changin' and no man knows what it will be like ahead of us, nor knows how to prepare himself for it. So the best that can be done is to show Bill how to do things with his hands, to figure things out, to be reliant wherever he may be, to land on his feet anywhere, whether the world turns into a howling wilderness or stays as it is. Just the common things that make a man steady and not afraid—which is what the schools forgot to teach a long time ago."

"You're bitter about women and therefore you don't want him to know about them. That is the wrong way, Turck. The more he knows about them, the less they'll hurt him. That's why I wanted him to walk home with Myra. I was only supplying the same kind of practical information you want him to have."

"Maybe," he said. But he stood disbelieving before her and she knew he judged her and all other women by the one woman who had cut his feelings into ribbons and had left him.

"TURCK," she said, "you are making two mistakes. You have put all your life in Bill and when he goes away you'll have no life left. And you are bitter about women. That's bad for you. You can't forever live alone."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but when you mix into my business you've got to expect to get hurt. Where's Charley Boice now? Did he walk out, or did you walk out?" He threw away his cigarette and looked keenly at her. "This is what you deserve for interfering." He reached forward and seized her by the arms, not knowing how the bite of his big hands pained her; he stepped against her and his kiss hit her like a blow, full on the lips, and stayed until she pulled herself free.

He said in a different voice, "I figured it was something you had decided you'd never let a man do to you again. So I did it, to show you. Still, I'm sorry."

"Bill's coming," she said in a short, breathless voice.

Bill came up the walk, whistling and dragging his feet. He stood at the bottom of the steps, watching these two. He murmured, "Hello, Pop. Been waiting long?"

"Not long," said Turck and left the porch. He walked beside Bill, his hands coming to his cigarette pack merely as a habit. He heard Bill call back as an afterthought, "Nice party and thank you." They crossed the bridge and walked through town and down Mill Row.

"Nice party," said Bill.

"Fine," said Turck. "Better turn in. We'll hike up the Camp Two road tomorrow."

He sat on the steps after Bill had gone to bed, and he thought of Caroline McCormack and there was a nettle-stinging sharpness all through him, so that the exact memory of the kiss came back, and the shaped hardness and softness of her body against him; and he recalled how long it had been since he had permitted himself to think of a woman in that way—the fragrance and the grace and the goodness of a woman. It was like wind rushing into places long damp and dark.

THEY hiked through the morning's gold-warm sunlight, the odor of trampled-down fern springing around them. Far away and higher the Cascade slopes showed the sharp spires of fir against the sky's blue; and the creek ran with them as they climbed. They tried their luck from pool to pool and at noon they had four small ones. Bill rustled up a fire while Turck cleaned the trout and laid them in the pan; he took some sliced bacon out of his haversack and laid it with the fish, and diced an onion over the bacon. He let Bill do the frying; he sat back, watching how Bill did it, not saying anything, but pleased that the boy had learned so well.

He ate his part of the luncheon and washed the tin plates and the pan and stowed them away. He lay on the grass and his mind marched toward one thing that had been a shadow, an impulse, a half-decision for six hours. "Bill," he said, "you like Caroline McCormack?"

"Nice," said Bill. He sat cross-legged, looking across the creek, looking upward at the sky. He had his eyes nearly closed and he was going away from Turck into an unreachable boy's dreaming. He said in an idle afterthought, "That Myra's all right, too," and suddenly looked at his father, as though he might have said something wrong.

"Fine," said Turck.

They crossed a hogback ridge and came slowly homeward through stump land, and blackberry patches, down old skid roads and through the mottle shade of locust and fir and oak. They reached home and Turck started up the stove. But he was feeling odd and he had no liking for the house; so he said, "Let's go to the Crystal," and they strolled to town and ate, and came back through the sundown hour. Bill got out the ball and they stood on Mill Lane and played catch until darkness came in; and after that, they sat on the porch. Bill had his arms drooped over his legs and he was once again moving out and away, beyond Turck's reach; and it seemed to Turck, who knew Bill so well, that his son was lonely. It was a thing he had never thought of before.

"Bill," said Turck, "we have had a lot of fun."

"Yeah," said Bill.

"Can't always be fun. Time comes when things get tougher. Or change. Sometimes a man gets on the short end of the score."

"What's up, Pop?"

Turck rose from the steps. "I'm going to take a walk. Be back soon."

He walked idly on, but he knew then where he was going. He turned into Pennoyer and moved through town. When he crossed the bridge he paused a moment, facing the McCormack house. Somebody sat on the porch, deep in the shadows, and as he stood still he was aware of his own life changing, and he recognized the ending of one golden time for himself and for Bill. He had thought perhaps that all this could go on forever; but in that he had been mistaken.

When he got to the porch he saw Caroline; and he came up the steps and watched her rise.

"Caroline," he said, "last night you came over the field just as we did. Why did you do that?"

"I wanted you to see me."

"You know," he said, "I think Bill's lonely."

"We're all lonely, aren't we?"

"Yes," he said, "I guess that's part of it." He came directly before her and looked down. "I think I know you, and I think you know me. I hope I'm not wrong." He was very slow with his motions; her own arms came up to prompt him and when he kissed her he knew he



"Stop, John! Why can't you fall for your secretary like other husbands do?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE



hadn't been wrong. It was as he had thought it would be when he had noticed her come across the field. She had moved directly, deliberately; and so now had he.

She stepped back, laughing gently, hurriedly, but holding to him. She watched him with a strange shape to her lips, as though half ready to cry even in her laughter. "Turck," she said, "I'll watch Bill while you're gone. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "I've got to go. You see how it is, don't you?"

"I know," she said. But she was watching him with a shadowed expression, with depth and wonder and longing, so that he knew what was in her heart.

He said, "I wouldn't have come here just for that, Caroline. I wouldn't have come at all if I could have stayed way."

He saw her smile come on, full and shining. She said, "Let's go tell Bill."

HE HELD his answer quite a while. Then he said, "There's just been the two of us for thirteen years. If you don't mind a whole lot I'd like to go back alone and tell him. That's the last time we'll leave you out of anything."

She nodded and came to the edge of the steps with him. When he had gotten halfway to the street she called after him, soft and quick—with something in her voice needing him: "After you've told him, come back."

When he got to the end of Mill Lane he stopped and had a moment of hardness, trying to find a way of putting it to Bill. He went into the house, through the darkness; he lighted a lamp and found Bill in bed, still awake. Turck sat on the edge of the bed.

"Bill," he said, "you mind if I marry Caroline?"

He watched Bill's eyes go full open and then half close; he watched a funny grin come over Bill's face. "That's all right, Pop."

"Be a change, like I said."

"Gives a fellow a funny feeling," said Bill. "Kind of make things better."

Turck said, "She'll take care of you, Bill. I've got to join the Army. I've got to take my turn at pitchin'."

"Yeah," said Bill, "I know. You'll be a captain pretty quick, Pop."

Why, thought Turck, he thinks that's where I ought to be, and the strangeness of it made him cool and sad. But then he saw why it was: He meant a sort of thing to Bill, and he had to keep on being that sort of thing.

"Then it's settled," he said. "I think I'll walk back there for a little while."

"Sure," said Bill, and reached out and took his father's hand. Bill's face was brown from summer and his hair stuck up on his head and his hand was warm and moist; he had a lot in him but he was still a boy dreaming, feeling more than he understood. Turck stood up and for a moment he faced the one brutal fear of all this; the old days were done. When he came back, in a year or two years, the last of that boyhood would have passed by. It was more than that: Maybe he wouldn't come back—a man had to look at that, too. Maybe this was the end of it all, this very moment when Bill and he looked at each other and smiled.

He watched Bill and he brought all the power of his mind into the full seeing of the picture his son made, wanting it bitten into him so that it would never go. It brought its terrible sadness, and its hard wonder; and then Turck thought: That's the way it's always got to be. Growing up and growing old. We've had the best of it and he'll remember me for what I meant to him, and that's a fine thing, and I can remember, too.

"Be back in a little while, Son," Turck said.

"That's all right, Pop. Tomorrow maybe we better fix up the front room. She won't like the way it is now."

"Sure," said Turck, and left the house, going down toward Pennoyer. He found himself walking rapidly, begrudging the time lost.

THE END

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



Sign Posts TO CAR CONSERVATION

One simple, easy way to save gas, and conserve on spark plugs and repair expense, is to do these two things *regularly*—

1 Have your spark plugs cleaned and adjusted every 4,000 miles by the AC Method.

2 Replace badly worn plugs promptly.

The service station in your neighborhood which displays the familiar AC sign is equipped to give this conservation service.

Look for this Sign →





AC PRODUCES FOR VICTORY
Machine guns, aircraft spark plugs, standard spark plugs, oil filters, and many other products are being supplied to our armed forces.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation*



ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

"Can the Russians ever forget the ruins of Kiev, the burning of Smolensk, the disfigurement of Novgorod?"

I HEARD RUSSIA SIGHING

By Irina Skariatina

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

A famous Russian novelist returns to her country as a correspondent for Collier's. Everywhere the people wonder longingly about the second front. But it doesn't take their minds off their main purpose . . . destroying the enemy



IT MUST be half past two in the morning. There is a pounding on the door, and a familiar unwelcome voice shouts something about a plane.

"All right, all right! I suppose it is not leaving again. Please go away," I cry indignantly, pulling the blanket over by head and muttering into my pillow.

For five nights, this same exasperating procedure has been going on with no variations. Regularly at half past two, long before the crack of dawn, Hassan, the night man of my Teheran hotel, pounds on my door and duly informs me that: No, I am not to get up, as my plane is not leaving this morning at four but the day after—perhaps. No persuasive words on my part to let me sleep quietly through the night, or little gifts of local currency known as *rials* and *tomans* have the slightest effect on his stern routine.

But this time, for a change, I hear something different: Yes, I am to get up immediately, as fast as I can. My plane is leaving in half an hour.

Wildly I dash out of bed and sprinkle over myself a few drops of the cold water that trickles slowly out of an ancient faucet, throw on some clothes, grab suitcases and rush downstairs to the waiting car.

"You are late! You will never make it!" the driver says severely. "It is nearly four now, and the plane leaves at half past. It won't wait for you."

"Hate the enemy and love Russia with all your heart and soul." The army and navy, civilians, even children, all feel and speak alike

"Nearly four!" I gasp.

I gaze reproachfully at the retreating back of Hassan as he nimbly vanishes into the hotel. For once, he forgot to wake me up at the prescribed hour, on the one and only morning when the plane suddenly decided to leave.

Off we go at breakneck speed through the streets of Teheran, that are completely deserted save for occasional groups of little gray donkeys heavily burdened with their usual load of vegetables and fruit.

The Vastness of Russia

At the airport, in the dark, I can barely discern the outline of the plane I am to travel on. But despite all the rush and hurry, time passes, and when dawn breaks we finally take off.

Leaving Teheran, one of the few open doors into the Soviet Union, and flying at high altitude over the mountains to the Caspian Sea, one soon enters an entirely new world—a world of great open spaces, of deserts and steppes that stretch seemingly without end toward the dim line of the horizon.

It is here that one begins to realize the immensity of Russia. Over the golden sands of Baku, over the blue waters of the Caspian Sea and the Bay of Karabugaz, over the steppes and plains, one flies for hours, now and then catching a fleeting glimpse of the Volga or the Ural River, of Kirghiz encampments and occasional strips of cultivated land.

"Just look at the vastness of your land!" exclaims a foreigner seated next to a young Red Army officer, both facing me. "Why, with all this territory back of the Volga to the Ural Mountains and Siberia, which is a continent in itself, you would still be one of the largest countries in the world."

"What do you mean by that?" demands the Russian, flushing angrily. "Do you imagine for one instant that we ever admit the possibility of parting with one strip of European Russia for any length of time? Don't worry. We'll soon stamp out and destroy Hitler and his hordes even without any help from the outside if necessary."

"To be sure we will," agrees an older man, also a Russian, sitting next to me. "But right now, assistance from our allies would be most timely and welcome. After all, we are bearing the brunt of an intolerable burden on our shoulders, for not only Germany but all of occupied Europe is fighting us. Our native land is torn and trampled and wounded in many places, and the blood is flowing, flowing. Now if only the second front were to start!"

He breaks off, sighs deeply and silence falls once more. I stare out of the little window at the world below me and think that never, never will any foe be able to capture for long and hold those endless miles of Russian soil. I get up and join the Iranian ambassador and his daughter, who are sitting in the front seats.

But at last we reach Kuibyshev, the Samara of prerevolutionary days. I had seen it many times, as a girl, when

(Continued on page 61)

The Black Market

y Marjorie Worthington

LUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

ney were hungry and frightened, these eople of Toulon, but still shrewd and firm, twitting the enemy with a ruthlessness d cruel cunning that surpassed his own

MADAME NIPPERTE now ran the bar alone; the bar-tabac on the Quai Cronstadt where a side street cuts in. It was a modest bar of the people, t elegant like the big Café de la Rade, and yet it had bles outside on the terrace and as good a view of the rt as anybody could wish. She ran it alone now, be- use her husband, the tall handsome ex-prizefighter, is a prisoner somewhere up north. She hadn't heard m him since the day he left with a contingent from ulon, for what they then called "the front." A return- g buddy gave her the news that he had been captured d was now in a concentration camp.

"He was always one for getting himself in trouble!" adame Nipperte grumbled. "However, he is probably joying himself on the fat of the land, while I have to all the work here for a few years, perhaps, and starve the bargain. But he will return. Mark my words. hen he is tired of it up north, he will be back here de- anding bouillabaisse and rum."

She kept talking this way for several months and en she ceased even to mention her husband's name. e acted as if he had deserted her for some wench up rth. He had always threatened it, and now she seemed believe he had carried out his threat. When someone ggested that the barbed wire of a concentration camp s what was holding him, she snorted. Did he not come m Marseille originally? He would have a knife on m somewhere . . . and he would nip any wires as fast they put him behind them. He stayed away because was tired of her, and of the little bar-tabac where he d to do some work occasionally behind the counter.

No one took her seriously. She was a grumbler, but smart woman and a hard worker, and she loved her sband. It was obvious she was ashamed to show how e really felt. She didn't want anyone to think she was ft, like the women she knew in the street behind the fé—the crooked, winding, incredibly filthy street where cent and God-respecting Toulonese lived with their milies, ate, fought, slept, loved, washed and said pray- s before plaster saints.

Those women, whom she sometimes visited, wept d sniffled and were ashamed to show themselves be- use their eyes were swollen. Some of them had sons the navy, some of them had husbands "up north," too. ney were not sure exactly what had happened to their easant, sunny world, but they could recognize disaster nen it overtook them. There was very little food to be ught or stolen in the fish market, or in the stalls on the urs Lafayette. There was no butter or fat or oil of y kind; the coffee did not even color the water in the t; and as for the bread that used to come out of the kers' ovens hot and long and crisp—one might as well ck up the refuse in the running gutters and eat it, the ste and quality was like that.

What had happened was not only to be seen in the nched faces of the dirty little children on the street; en the birds in the dark windows looked thin. Some them disappeared from the cages and no neighbors re indelicate enough to ask questions.

Madame Nipperte rose early mornings, from habit. six o'clock she was stirring behind the curtained-off rtition that was the kitchen and entrance to her living arters. At a quarter past the hour she was in the tiled- or café, her eyes puffy with sleep, her wide, high- eekboned face with the small pudgy nose, the broad outh, the shrewd dark eyes, set in a sullen expression.

Once upon a time, Madame Nipperte had been a ung woman, a typical Toulonaise, with small waist,

imi sat down beside the German and accepted a garette from him. The Greek was back in his cor- r with a morning newspaper shielding his face



swaying hips, thick heavy mane of hair, and a manner at the same time arrogant and yielding. But that was before she married the ex-prizefighter from Marseille and purchased, with her dot and his savings, the little café on the Quai Cronstadt. Since then she had coarsened and thickened, and she was no longer anybody's beauty.

Now, as she faced the day, mop in hand, to clean up from the business of the night before, there was discouragement in the slope of her shoulders. No one was around to see her and she could drop theatrics. She was a worried woman—a tired, disappointed person, shocked to her soul by the turn of events.

Swoosh . . . she bent over and squeezed the mop and then she flung it in a corner. Someone was approaching the café along the quai. The footsteps were familiar.

"*Tiens!*" she muttered, "it is you. The coffee is about ready."

A flashy little man in a black derby, a brown suit and pointed, buttoned shoes, came between the tables of the terrace. His skin was swarthy, his nose broken, and over his caked lips he flaunted a magnificent long black mustache with turned-up ends. He was Tony Papalous, owner of a once-busy little coral fleet with crews of divers. He was known to the Nipperte and their other clients as the Dirty Greek. This was meant as no disparagement . . . it was more like a joke. He was Madame Nipperte's most intimate friend and when she called him the Dirty Greek he always grinned and seemed to like it.

COFFEE was steaming in a big metal contraption behind the bar. Madame turned off a cock and ignored it. After an interval she dove behind the curtains and came back with a small brown porcelain drip pot. She poured from this into a thick glass on the counter. She hesitated, and poured another glassful for herself. Then, reaching under the bar, she brought up a bottle of rum. It was almost empty. She gazed at it sadly, shrugged her shoulders, and poured a little into the Greek's glass, then she put the bottle back. She put three lumps of sugar in her own glass and drank it scalding hot.

Then she folded her plump arms and said, "What have you brought me?"

He grinned, showing a gold tooth. Then slowly he opened his jacket. From under an armpit he withdrew a package, compressed and not so small as it first seemed.

"A fine piece of beefsteak, for your dinner," he said.

Her eyes brightened for a second as she took it and weighed it in her hands. But she merely grunted her thanks and looked expectant.

The Greek frowned. "It is growing harder and harder," he said. "But this afternoon Marie Jesus will bring you a case of cigarettes, and also some Corsican wine—a barrel of the white."

"Merci!" Madame Nipperte looked cheered. "That is something. I can do business with those. More coffee?"

The Greek accepted and reached in a basket for a soft crescent roll. He chewed silently, and then picked his teeth with a flourish. "I don't know," he said, "whether I can make many more voyages. It is getting very hard. There is only one boat left I can use—there is no fuel for the others. And three of my men have deserted. They have children and can't take the risk."

Madame Nipperte frowned. "And you . . . what will you do then?"

"One always finds a way to get along. And I am very smart." He flashed his gold tooth. But she noticed that already he looked a little seedy. A Greek like that had to be prosperous, she thought . . . or else . . .

There was a thin shadow in the doorway and a young man came in.

The Greek sat down in a corner and picked up last night's newspaper, while Madame Nipperte disappeared behind the curtain with the young man. There was the sound of a bottle knocking against a glass, then they reappeared.

"Bon jour, Toto," the Greek said.

"'Jour." The young man, in a sleeveless sweater and a pair of trousers too tight for him, saluted and then slumped down in a chair at the Greek's table.

Madame Nipperte shuffled over with a cup of coffee-and-milk and put it before the young man.

"How was it in Marseille?" the Greek asked.

The young man looked over his shoulder. Then he said, "What do you expect? All that comes in goes north as fast as possible, to Germany. Everything—not a banana escapes. There is nothing doing there . . ."

"It is only you who are doing nothing," Madame Nipperte put in. "My brother-in-law's cousin has made a fortune already in the black market. But he is smart, that one."

The young man ignored her remarks. "Have you seen Mimi this morning?" he asked.

"That slut!" Madame Nipperte shook with scorn. "She is upstairs in her flat, sleeping still, I suppose. The German was with her again last night."

TOTO'S chair scraped the floor, his fingers wound around the thick cup as if he would crush it. Madame Nipperte leaned over his shoulder. "He is good to her," she said. "He gives her things. What do you expect of a girl like that? She was used to the American before he went away. He spoiled her for such good-for-nothings as you who could only make a girl miserable. You can't even carry out an errand for me . . ."

Toto looked at her with hatred. "You and your errands that would send a man to prison or to his death, for your ten francs."

"And a drink of alcohol," Madame said quickly. "Where else would you be paid so well for your worthless time? You are a young man—you did not even fight. Now you complain!" She left them and went out on the terrace and began arranging chairs around the marble-topped tables.

There was sunlight on Toulon harbor now. It was shining on the gray battleships of the French navy. Up above Madame Nipperte's café and all along the quai it made the windows glisten. It even made the tired caryatids on the Hôtel de Ville look whitewashed and fresh. None of the awnings were down yet. Everything was open-faced. And still, to Madame Nipperte, there was something sinister even in the white, sunny stillness. It was not as it had been, not as she had known the old quai. As she shaded her eyes, she saw only a sad-looking gendarme, and two men whom she recognized as members of the German secret police. She spat at their backs and returned to the zinc bar and picked up her knitting.

There were few customers. Toto and the Greek were playing a game of cards. The morning hours passed slowly. At eleven o'clock the girl Mimi drifted in for coffee and a crescent. Her shoulder-length dark hair was tousled, last night's make-up was still on her face—the long beaded eyelashes, the lipstick that made a gash in the pale olive of her skin. She had reason to be proud of her figure, slender, small-waisted, high-breasted. She wore a brief, tight black skirt and a pink silk blouse with a deep opening in front. She was stockingless and her high-heeled slippers were open-toed.

As she entered, the young man, Toto, threw down his cards, muttered something to the Greek, and went out. Mimi, hands on her hips, watched him leave. Then she shrugged her shoulders and sat down at Papalous' table. Madame Nipperte came with a cup brimful of chicory and hot milk. Some of it slopped on the table top.

"Well, wench?" she said.

Mimi put her hand down her blouse and drew out a five-franc note which she threw on the table. "Take out for my coffee," she said, proudly.

Madame Nipperte picked the note up, grunted and stuck it in the pocket of her black apron. "I will credit this to your account," she said. "He's not very generous, is he, your Gestapo?"

The girl brushed her long hair back over her ears with both hands. "Why do you pick on me?" she demanded hotly. "It isn't his fault he is German and sent here among us. He is no different underneath from us . . . except that his manners are better . . . and he is educated . . ."

Madame Nipperte went behind the curtain for a few minutes. When she returned she was carrying a sack made of black oilcloth, the kind used by the women for marketing. "You two—" she called to the Greek and the girl, "watch the place for me. I won't be long. If anybody wants to talk to me, tell them to wait. And don't sell any rum. There is only white wine and beer for sale. But there will be no customers. Business is gone for good. I only keep open to accommodate my friends." With this thrust, she scuffed out of the café.

The flower vender before the church at the entrance to the market place held out a bouquet of carnations to her as she passed, but she ignored them. She bought a few leeks and some other greens for soup. She gossiped without much spirit, and then departed, her sack swinging limply against her hips.

Before returning to her café, however she passed into the dirty street that ran crazily behind it and entered one of the narrow houses. At the third floor rear she knocked and pushed open a door.

IN THE littered, overcrowded room, a woman was sewing at a machine. She looked up and smiled with pleasure. In a corner was a wheel chair in which sat an old woman whose hand made a futile effort to raise itself at Madame Nipperte's entrance.

"Hello," Madame said to the sewing machine and the wheel chair. "How goes it?"

"Not bad." The woman at the sewing machine rose. "Sit down," she said.

"I only dropped by," Madame Nipperte said. "How is the youngster this morning?"

The woman walked to a curtain and parted it. A little boy lay in bed, sleeping. "I don't know," the woman said frowning. "He seems to have no strength at all."

Madame Nipperte stared at the child coldly. Then she walked back to the littered room. "Here," she said, taking a package from her oilcloth sack. "A piece of good beefsteak. Cook it for the *gosse*. He needs red blood."

The dressmaker stammered her thanks. Then she said, "Have you heard anything?"

"No."

The other's voice lowered in tone. "They say there are over thirty thousand men in Marseille ready to take the port if only the English come with help. They say . . ."

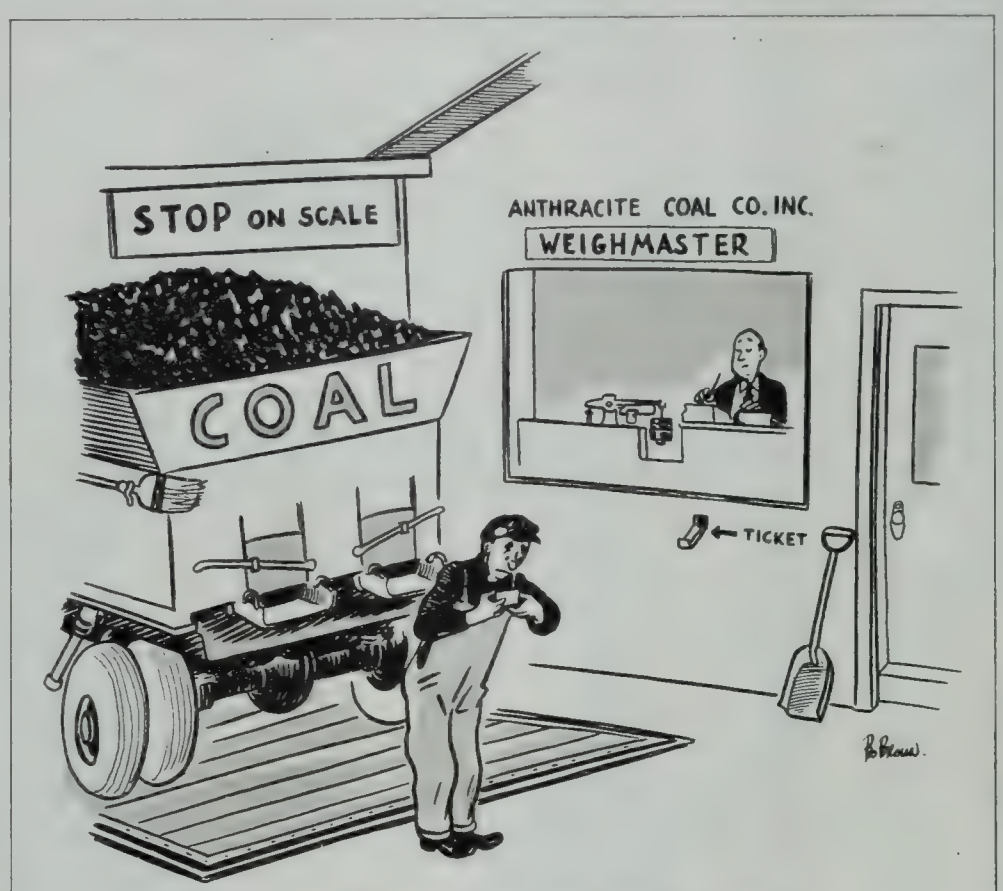
The old woman in the wheel chair murmured suddenly, "They will be punished. . . ."

"She means the Germans," the dressmaker explained. "She is sure God will punish Hitler for his crimes."

"They will be punished . . ." the old voice repeated.

"Tell her to hold her tongue," Madame Nipperte said, roughly, and then she left.

SHE was a little flustered with mixed emotions when she reached her bar tabac; that is how she explained to herself the fact that the newcomer, seated at the table farthest from the Greek looked so much to her like a certain Leon Juhamel. He was an anemic type dressed in a suit of proletarian blue overalls. He was clean-shaven, and Juhamel, leader of the party for which she and her husband had voted these many years, had had a beard. And yet she had the queer feeling she knew the stranger. In the back room there had hung a poster for a while, and there around election times there had been pictures in the newspapers. But Ju



"You are modest and sincere and quiet to a fault—but may be thrown into a rage if the loyalty of a friend is doubted—this load weighs 6,284 pounds!"

Save Tin - Help Win!
BUY SHAVE CREAM in GLASS JARS

No Empty Tube Required

Everyone knows that metal, particularly tin, is scarce. Despite this critical shortage, our Government has been extremely generous in permitting even a limited use of metal tubes for shave cream. But Mennen believes that the men at home will gladly accept shave cream in glass jars if they know that they will be helping our Government overcome the metal shortage. Voluntarily, Mennen is conserving metal by putting its same high quality shave cream in convenient glass jars. A limited supply of tubes is still available, but you can "Save Tin and Help Win"—buy Mennen Shave Cream in glass jars. No empty tube required.

THE CHOICE OF SKIN SPECIALISTS — A recent survey revealed that more Dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. The personal preference of these eminent members of the medical profession is proof of the superior quality of Mennen Shave Products.



BRUSHLESS—It's a Cream, not a Grease

LATHER SHAVE—Two kinds: Plain and Menthol-iced (extra cool)



WHAT! *not a drop spilled?*

THE ink stays inside Carter's new Dip-Well in defiance of gravity. The secret is Carter's new unit with a tiny automatic patent pump and a quick starting reservoir pen that writes pages with one dipping. And this complete Dip-Well assembly—Reservoir Pen, ink, pump unit, plus a second bottle of ink costs less than a dollar.



Carter's famous Inks are *Quick-Drying . . . Quick-Starting . . . Smooth-Flowing Fountain Pen Inks* of *Unusual Depth* and *Brilliance of Color*—won't fade—won't strain the eyes.

SINCE 1858 Carter's has furnished the finest inks at the lowest prices. Once more, Carter's initiates a significant contribution to pen and ink writing . . . This time it's the remarkable Dip-Well.



Carter's New Ovals are sweeping the nation . . . 15¢

Here are Carter's new smartly streamlined "Ovals"—wide-mouthed for convenient use.

Available in a full range of luscious colors—either permanent or washable—they're the finest for all makes of fountain pens—only 15¢ for a full 2½ ounces.

For value and smartness, too, there's nothing like Carter's 10¢ Cubes—Midnight Blue-Black, Blue and Black, in Washable Blue and Black, and the popular "Sunset" colors.



American Blue for American Writing

Here's the ink that all America is going for in a big way—brilliant deep-toned in tune with today—it's the finest fountain pen ink you can buy. Try it—chances are you'll make it your favorite.

CARTER'S INK

Finest for Fountain Pens

hamel had had a beard . . . and Juhamel was now . . .

As she made her entrance Mimi was standing behind the bar talking to two sailors. Madame tossed her sack into the kitchen and pushed Mimi away from the bar. She picked up two glasses and began to wash them. "Have you money to pay?" she asked.

The two sailors began searching their pockets. "Never mind," Madame Nipperte said. "I know you will find nothing. Next time patronize the German bar on the Boulevard Strasbourg. They will make you drunk gladly, I suppose, for nothing."

When the sailors had left she turned and said, in a civil conversational tone to Mimi, "When is he coming here, your German?"

"He promised to join me for an *apéritif* around noon. He is treating me to lunch, then we are to spend the day together—a sort of holiday. . . ."

Mimi seemed pleased that Madame had spoken to her as if she were a person, for a change. Her conscience was troubled because of the German and because she had treated Toto badly. But he was making no money and only ran errands for Madame Nipperte and others. He could find no steady job.

When the German tourists began coming, they needed girls to show them around . . . and they were generous, and polite, and not at all the beasts they were supposed to be. At least, no more than most men were to girls like herself. Still . . . she knew Madame had a right to treat her as if she were dirt. Oh, if only there were some way of getting away from Toulon. It was so dreary now, and bitter . . .

Madame Nipperte sat talking to the stranger in his corner, and now they got up and went behind the curtain and began talking in low voices. Mimi decided to go upstairs and freshen her appearance. Today at least she could look forward to a little pleasure. . . .

Behind the curtain Madame Nipperte and the stranger ate from bowls of soup that had been simmering on the back of the stove. There was bread, too, and some goat's cheese.

WHEN he had finished eating, the stranger wiped his mouth with the gesture of a man used to a mustache.

"Well?" Madame Nipperte asked.

He drew from a pocket a soiled card. She took it. It was one of the commercial cards her husband had had made when they opened the café, fifteen years ago. "He gave this to you?"

The stranger nodded.

"Where is he?"

The stranger looked away. "He should have been here with me. We got away together. But they caught him. He insisted on stopping in a public square as soon as we hit the first town in Provence . . . to play a game of *boules!* He was picked up."

"The fool," Madame said. She put the soup bowls in the sink. Her eyes were moist. "And you?" she asked.

"I must get to Marseille," he said.

"You must be anxious for Dachau," Madame Nipperte said.

"I have come this far without being recognized."

"But only this far. I recognized you at once, even without the beard. The Dirty Greek knew you, too. He had an appointment in Sanary, but you see he is still out there. He is curious."

"Is he to be trusted?"

"Yes. He is our friend. He owns boats . . . coral boats with a crew of divers. He used to be busy mending docks and things as well as searching for coral. He was once very rich. But now, of course, everyone is poor. Oh . . . I see what you are thinking. Perhaps. I may ask him, but it is crazy."

She parted the curtain and beckoned to Tony Papalous. As he came forward eagerly, she felt sorry for him. This was something one couldn't refuse. Juhamel was important. There was no profit in it, and probably death or a concentration camp if one were caught. Well, Marius had been caught. Why should others be free?

She went to serve some customers who were standing at the bar, and let the Greek and the stranger talk it over together in the alcove. She kept an eye on the door to the quai. What if the German should come early for his rendezvous with Mimi?

Toto came in and she sent him, too, behind the curtain. She stuck her head in for a second and gave a quick instruction. Toto would take the stranger to her friend, the dressmaker, in the street behind . . . and he was to remain there for the time being . . . until something could be arranged. She returned to her position at the bar.

TOTO and the stranger came out together and had started toward the door, and Madame was smiling . . . but the smile froze on her face.

In the doorway they were blocked by someone. Mimi's German, of course, twenty minutes early for his rendezvous. He was tall and broad and blond and immaculately dressed in white-flannel trousers and a blue jacket, a ridiculously small beret on his large head. He stepped aside, as if contact with the two who were leaving would soil his spotless sports costume. But as Toto and the stranger went out, the expression on his usually bland face became peculiar. He frowned and stood watching them in the doorway, until they had turned the corner.

Then he entered, said good morning, and sat down at a table. Madame Nipperte brought him a glass of beer, without sweetening it. He lit a pipe and sat smoking it, thoughtfully.

The café began to fill slowly . . . a few sailors, some shopkeepers on their way home to lunch, a couple of bus drivers. They drank their sour white wine, but there was not much of the usual badinage.

Soon Mimi drifted in, her hair combed, and new make-up on. She slid into the seat beside the German. She accepted a cigarette from him. They didn't say much to each other. The Greek was back in his corner with a morning newspaper shielding his face. By twelve-thirty the sailors and the rest had gone.

"Well," Madame Nipperte said, resting her elbows on the counter, and exhibiting a rare tendency to make conversation. "It is a beautiful day." Nobody agreed or disagreed with her.

"A fine day for a promenade," she insisted, looking directly at Mimi. Then she sighed. "I wish I could get away. Some people have all the luck."

"Where would you go?" Mimi asked. "I have never known you to leave the quai even when you had the chance."

"Just the same," Madame said, slowly, "Tony Papalous is taking a stranger over to the Isles of Porquerolles this afternoon. . . . I haven't been there for years. It would make a beautiful excursion."

The Greek lowered his newspaper.

"The Isles of Porquerolles?" the German asked. "And, please, what are they?"

"What!" Madame thundered. "You have been in Toulon several weeks, and you have not heard of the Golden Isles? They are little gems of beauty . . . they are the jewels of our coast . . . they . . . they are very picturesque." She reached under the counter and arranged the poor little stock of Maryland cigarettes. When she came up, her face was red from the exertion. She said, innocently, "Perhaps if you have made no other plans for this afternoon the Greek

would be glad to let you go along. You could make magnificent photographs with your camera, Monsieur Franz."

The Greek let his newspaper drop. He was staring at Madame Nipperte, his mouth open.

The German said something to Mimi, who seemed at first reluctant, then apparently she agreed, because the German said, "What time is the expedition to start?"

"Two o'clock, I believe. Is that right, Tony?"

"Very well." The German rose and Mimi followed him. "We will have some lunch and return at two."

When they had gone, the Greek approached the counter, gesticulating wildly. Madame stopped him. "You will do as I tell you," she insisted. "You will hurry now and get Toto and the stranger and set out with them in your boat. When Mimi and her friend come back I will tell them you couldn't wait, but that you will pick them up at Cap Brun, which they can reach by train. And then . . . listen closely . . . do you want me to shout?" She leaned over the counter and whispered in the Greek's ear. He shook his head several times, but she placed her hand firmly on his shoulder.

"We are not playing *boules* these days," Madame Nipperte said. "The German recognized Juhamel. He will not let him get away. Do you want our friend to be caught and sent to Dachau to be executed in their pretty manner? He is one of our hopes, maybe what we are waiting for, those of us in Marseille. You are afraid of your dirty hide, are you? Since when have we been afraid of a little trick or two? Go get them and do as I said."

BOMB STEER

WITH no navigator to guide him on this particular night flight, a student bombardier from Midland Field, Texas, recently and conscientiously scared the daylights—and literally the night lights—out of the residents of a small town near the Gulf Coast Air Force Training Center.

Ground targets are customarily in the form of a huge cross, and this bombardier, peering down through the dark, saw a cross all right, and let go. The center of the cross in this case was the exact intersection of two main streets and the practice bomb (five pounds of powder, 95 pounds of sand) crashed very accurately into the macadam near a corner filling station. No damage was done, but the town blacked out immediately—and has been blacked out ever since.

BY MIDNIGHT, the harbor front of Toulon was dark and deserted. Madame Nipperte had drawn her steel shutters, and not a gleam passed from the bar-tabac. She was seated at the counter behind the cashbox, a ledger open before her and a pen and ink close at hand.

Suddenly she heard a noise and looked up. There were steps outside on the terrace. She rose swiftly, listened for a moment, and then opened the door. She locked it again behind the two who came in.

"Well?" she demanded.

Toto was supporting the girl who was wrapped in a seaman's jacket. She was shivering. Her long hair was dank and moist on her pale cheeks. She sank into a chair and kept on shivering.

Madame went behind the bar and got out the bottle of rum. She poured out what was left of it, with a regretful sigh, and carried the glass to the girl who drank it at one swallow. Madame Nipperte and Toto exchanged glances. He nodded his head solemnly.

The young man began talking, but Mimi on whom the straight rum took quick effect, interrupted him.

"You spoiled our holiday," she sobbed. "It was to have been a beautiful day. He was going to buy me a bracelet and a new coat. You . . . and your promenade to Porquerolles!" She glared at Madame Nipperte, and then, as Toto put out his hand to soothe her, she shrank away from him.

"I should have known when the Dirty Greek didn't wait for us and we had to meet him at Cap Brun. Why couldn't he wait, when he said two o'clock? We were here on time. And then when we got to Cap Brun we had to wait for him. I could see the coral boat at anchor off shore. And it was a long time before two little rowboats came from it to us . . . Toto and the Greek in one—the one they insisted Franz be taken off in. I went alone in the other with Tony's diver. And then, when we were half over, Toto called out that they were going to show Franz the grottoes under the sea . . . so he could take photographs. I waited for them on the coral boat a long time.

"And then they came back . . . Toto and the Greek . . . and they told me Franz had changed his mind and had gone back to Toulon by tram. Why did they expect me to believe such a lie?"

BEFORE they could speak, she went on, hysterically:

"When the stranger came out of the hold and I saw he had been hidden there all the time, I suspected things, I tell you. I demanded to be taken ashore so I could find Franz. But they turned the boat around and set off straight for Marseille. It was rough and cold all the way. And when they left with the stranger, they made me stay on board, with nothing to eat—not even a hot drink. And when they returned without the stranger, we started off again . . . on the long cold ride back here . . . and I was wet and cold . . . and not even a hot supper for me. . . ." She was crying now with self-pity. Then suddenly she stopped crying.

With her characteristic gesture, she brushed the hair back over her ears. "You killed him . . . in the grottoes under Cap Brun . . . where he will be caught in the rocks under the sea. My nice kind friend . . . you did that to him. I hate you all for it . . . I will betray you . . ."

Toto raised his hand and slapped the girl's face. She drew back, frightened and surprised, and stared at him.

"Have you forgotten," Madame Nipperte spoke at last, "the corpse that was found in the canal last month, with the note attached to the dagger . . . 'This way traitors die!' "

The girl grew suddenly limp and Toto put his arm around her.

"And the Greek?" Madame asked.

Toto answered, "He dropped us at the canal. Then he turned around and went away. He says he will be back in a month or two . . . perhaps."

Madame sighed. "Well," she said, "it is getting late."

She gave Toto a drink of cheap brandy, and said to the girl, roughly but not unkindly, "It is better to forget things easily. Good night."

When they were gone, she washed up the glasses and mopped the table.

"Just the same," she said to herself, "they might have brought me back some lard or butter from Marseille, while they were there."

She turned out the light in the bar-tabac.

THE END





"If his furlough lasts much longer, pretty soon even ENO won't help him!"

Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

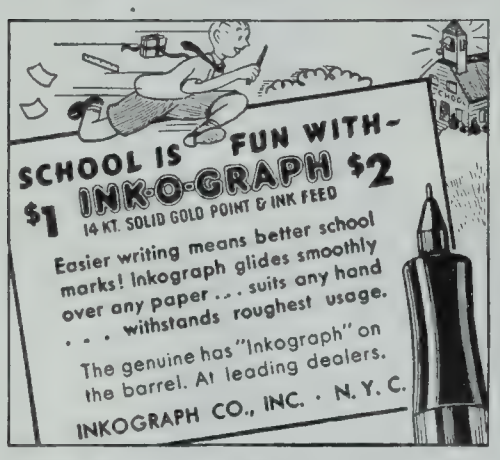
Whenever You Eat, Drink or Smoke Too Much . . . *Take*



ENO

The Effervescent Saline THAT TASTES SO GOOD

HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP



Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

Convoy to Murmansk

Continued from page 13

"Yeah," he said. "There's a flight of planes."

They appeared out of the clouds, about fifteen Stukas in V formation. I made a dive for the general alarm signal in the wheelhouse to get the crew to battle stations, but too late. Three planes attacked us simultaneously, one aft, one starboard and one astern, and all missed us.

You can see those bomb bays open. You can figure how and where the bombs are going to fall, just like a fly ball on a baseball diamond. Then a stick of bombs exploded right against the starboard side below the water line. We were heeled over by a geyser of water and shaken violently, breaking the dishes in the crew's messroom.

Anchorage at Murmansk

The captain had reached the bridge by that time. He decided to beach the ship to save the cargo. We changed our course for the nearest shore line, but shortly afterward the engineer reported to the bridge that the worst of the holes had been plugged and the pumps were holding the water down. So we rejoined the convoy and continued to Murmansk.

It is about nine miles from the seacoast up the inlet to Murmansk and, to make bombing less effective, the ships are staggered singly up both sides of the waterway while awaiting space at the docks for discharging. Our anchorage turned out to be about four miles from the city.

The pilot told us that there were no successful air raids on Murmansk, due to the fact that the city was surrounded by airfields, and at the approach of enemy planes from any direction Russian fighters would get in the air and drive them off. That was good news. We were pretty sick of the treatment we had been receiving and badly in need of rest. But the very next day we were bombed by a lone Heinie right within sight of one of the Russian airfields, and during the twenty days we lay at the docks in Murmansk the city underwent 87 air raids, and the docks were bombed time and time again.

After we had been at the dock about six days, I had a chance to go ashore. For money I took along a carton of cigarettes, which I later traded at the rate of 40 rubles (or $8) for each package.

The Russians have a little coarse tobacco which they roll either in toilet paper or newspaper to make cigarettes. Pipes cannot be bought. Toilet articles and cosmetics were nonexistent. No soap, no yeast, nor supplies of any kind could be obtained for the ship except small quantities of local salted fish.

The streets were overrun with ragged urchins who all possessed enormous rolls of bills and lay in wait for the seamen, buying their cigarettes and reselling them at a profit. The authorities knew about it, but, having no cigarettes and willing to use any source of supply, they winked at the practice and we used the money to buy souvenirs.

Everyone lives in community houses and eats in community kitchens in Murmansk.

There are no night clubs. The two or three picture shows were terrible. Aside from a seamen's club, there was no entertainment of any kind that we could see. Here there were a few Russian girls to dance with the soldiers and sailors, but the officials do not encourage the girls to mingle freely, and discourage them from making outside social contacts. There was no attempt at friendliness on the part of the Russian people. Their attitude toward us was simply one of tolerance.

Murmansk had been bombed a number of times, and everywhere there were ruined buildings and homes, bomb craters in the streets and along the railroad right of way.

I had just reached the center of the city, which lay about two and a half miles from the docks, when the air-raid signals sounded in a loud, frightening, high-pitched scream, and I made my way to a shelter in the cellar of an unfinished brick building. There were forty or fifty people huddled in the shelter, waiting quietly for the all-clear.

After about an hour, during which there was no activity in the air, I concluded that the Heinies had been intercepted and driven off, so, though the all-clear had not sounded, I left the shelter and proceeded to the Artica Hotel.

Heavy plate-glass windows reaching from the floor to the ceiling extended across the rear end of the hotel veranda. The sun was streaming in and people lounged about enjoying the beautiful day. We had made ourselves solidly comfortable when suddenly the antiaircraft batteries started firing, and we could tell by the burst of shells that the activity was right overhead.

Our first thought was to get to a shelter, but before we could move, a bomb exploded at the rear of the hotel, making a direct hit on the air-raid shelter which housed employees, killing everyone in it.

One wing of the hotel was hit, caving in part of it. A bomb landed in front of the hotel, killing many people, who evidently were headed for the shelter. The community kitchen across the street suffered a direct hit, and bodies were still being carried out the next day.

We decided to leave the hotel immediately and return to the comparative safety of the ship. However, soldiers were in the streets by this time and, as the all-clear had not sounded, would let no one move about. We passed by to the veranda, and as the civilian corps and Red Cross workers were already carrying the injured from the damaged wing we helped clear up as well as we could.

About half an hour later several flights of German bombers again came over, dropping about 15,000 incendiaries over the city. The wooden structures instantly became a raging inferno. During the ensuing confusion we got back to the ship as fast as we could and found it alongside the dock, undamaged. On board we found the officers playing poker below deck. They had watched the bombing from their battle stations.

Outside of Murmansk a group of survivors from various convoys were quartered in an abandoned soldiers' camp. The barracks were infested with vermin and extremely filthy, and not even the most crude sanitary facilities were available. Any personal cleanliness had to be attempted in the creek which ran near by.

The men were fed very poorly, their food consisting of meager rations of black bread, cabbage soup, mush, very poor coffee and some tea. Supplies were requisitioned from the ships in considerable quantities for the survivors. Yet the survivors we embarked on leaving Murmansk some three weeks later claimed they had not received any of the supplies and were a decidedly hungry lot when they came aboard. They practically ate us out of provisions by the time we got to a North Atlantic port, where we reprovisioned.

After having the dock to which w were moored knocked down, a shi astern of us sunk by bombing, and Russian mine sweeper adjacent to u annihilated when bombs hit her depth charge rack, we finally got rid of ou cargo, took on sand ballast and we again sent to anchor in the inlet.

We finally sailed under convoy order and as the weather was mostly ove cast we had only one minor air attac which did no apparent damage. Due t weather conditions we were running d dead reckoning, as observations of cele tial bodies had been few and far be tween. The night before we were t make a landfall, the general alar sounded at 9:05 P. M. I made for th bridge to get my orders, and the sigh that confronted me I will never forget.

Ships were going down all around u There was a high wind and a heavy se running. The temperature of the se water was about 35 degrees, in which man could expect to live only abou thirty minutes. Visibility was terribl about five hundred yards. Terrific co cussions shook our ship from stem stern. Ships were being blown clear ou of the water by the explosions, ofte breaking into two or three pieces. Ve sels were traveling in all directions order to avoid collision with the stricke ships. Oil from the shattered tanks vessels covered the water in every dire tion. Men were swimming, covered wi oil, frantically crying for help which n one could give them.

There was a violent explosion und our stern. Our submarine gun, whi was loaded and ready to fire, went o with the force of the explosion and w irreparably damaged. The gun cre were all thrown off the gun platform a heap, some of them injured. We g ready to abandon ship.

The ensign standing next to me turn and remarked quietly, "It's awfully ni to have gone down with you!"

Port Without Further Incident

After sounding the bilges we fou that, while we were taking water, w were not in a desperate condition. W put on full steam and got clear aw from the remainder of the ships, and f seven hours we proceeded in the fog i soundings only. Finally we caught o casional glimpses of the coast a landed without further incident.

On arrival we found that several ve sels had gone down in about ten mi utes during the last action. In additio two other ships limped in beside us, se ously damaged. I do not know to th day what it was we ran into that tim Personally, I think it was a mine fie laid by German submarines precedi us, or it may have been a wolf pack submarines.

After taking on oil, it was up to us bring the ship home for repairs. W realized that if we got caught in healthy North Atlantic blow we pro ably would lose her, but that was chance we had to take. The next day joined a large convoy of merchant shi and escort vessels, one of which sank sub the second day out.

Finally we reached our home po without further incident, with the c ception that, while waiting there Quarantine, we were struck by lightni which tore the jack staff down and da aged the windlass.

We're home again, experienced co voy seamen this time, but we don't wa to stick around. It was a great fight a we're ready and anxious to go out aga

THE END

I Heard Russia Sighing

Continued from page 54

y parents would take me down the olga on one of those famous cruises om Gorki (Nizhnii Novgorod, then) to strakhan and back.

The Iranian ambassador kindly offers e the use of a second car that had me to meet him at the airport, and it I arrive in state at the American nbassy.

Outwardly, Kuibyshev has not anged much since those days when we ould get off the steamer and drive ound town in a droshky for a couple hours on a sight-seeing tour, rattling er the cobblestones, bumping into les and ruts, swallowing clouds of ist, making fun of everything and yfully returning to the boat that emed a haven of comfort after the scomfort of the town.

The same old Grand Hotel is open for isiness, the same old cobblestones ave the side streets, and the same fa- iliar sight of dray horses pulling their ads meets the eye. But the main reets have been repaved and several ew apartment houses have been



COLLIER'S "Going my way?" AL ROSS

ected, as well as an immense theater here nowadays the beautiful incom- arable Moscow Ballet dances.

"If only there had not been this ter- ble war, you never would have recog- ized Kuibyshev," one of its inhabitants marks mournfully. "According to the ans, the old town would have been re- uilt entirely on modern lines. Besides, s an electric power center it would have valed Dnepropetrovsk.

Down by the River

To a Russian heart, there is nothing earer than the sight of the Volga and, s soon as I could, I hurried to the wa- r front. A large steamer was passing, aybe the same one I had traveled on ng ago, though now, instead of being ow white, it was painted, like every- ing else, khaki color. Tugs chugged ong, followed by caravans of barges den with sweet-smelling wood from e great northern forests. Full passen- er boats crossed from one shore to the ther, and little fishing smacks dotted e gray-blue water.

Day after day, I'd return to the same ot and sit on a bench gazing out at the olga. Often some passer-by would join e and presently we would be deep in nversation. But no matter what we arted talking about, we invariably nded up with the war, and always I eard that same sigh, followed by the wistful words, "If only they'd open the second front!" It is like a sad theme song that one hears everywhere in Kuibyshev, on the train, in Moscow.

The old man at the hotel desk on my floor who has charge of the keys keeps a daily record of the bombings of Germany and the occupied countries. He listens to the news as it comes over the radio back of his desk and, carefully adjusting his glasses, jots down on a slip of paper the number of bombings of Berlin, Stuttgart and Bucharest. At my request, slowly and impressively he reads me the glad news as though he had taken part in the bombings himself. But when he has finished, invariably he sighs, pushes back his spectacles and says, half to himself, "Oh, if only there was a second front now! How quickly we would beat them!"

He does not ask me any more if there will be a second front; he merely wishes it were there. And as I talk to people in all walks of life, I realize from what they tell me that a great change has come over them. At first, they believed ardently that any day the second front would start.

"Every morning I'd wake up thinking: Well, surely it has begun," says an elderly woman with several sons in the war. "Then I'd hear the radio, and my heart would sink. No second front today."

Some speak about it wistfully, some timidly, some sorrowfully, some impatiently and angrily. Yes, at first they believed it would be there any day. Then they began to wonder about it, then disappointment set in, then doubt and even disbelief. Now they shrug their shoulders and hope it will materialize after all. In that question of all-importance to them, they have run the gamut of emotion and those two words "second front" will undoubtedly live in their minds forever.

Russia in wartime is not like any of the Russias I have previously known so well: Prerevolutionary, revolutionary and of the periods of the first and second five-year plans. This is a new Russia, again fiercely patriotic, bending every effort to destroy the enemy and united in an overpowering hatred of Hitler and all that he stands for. But side by side with that fierce hatred of those who have invaded the land and defiled and besmirched it and made its enslaved people suffer untold misery from the Baltic to the Black Sea—side by side with that hatred, there lives a boundless love for Russia.

The well-known writer Ilya Ehrenburg said recently in one of his flamingly patriotic articles: "When one is in a deep shaft, one realizes the value of air. When one's mother is ill, one feels acutely the strength of one's love for her. So it is in these grim days when the enemy threatens Russia. We have only one thought—the defense of our country. We love her loudly and triumphantly as a great nation, and we love her simply with all our souls as we love our family, our home. We love her virtues and her defects, her glory and her sufferings."

Thus Ehrenburg sums up the feeling of all Russians today. An ardent patriot, he is in close contact with the army constantly at the front, receiving hundreds of letters from soldiers who admire him for his burning speeches and articles written with a pen dipped now in bitter hatred for the enemy, now in boundless love for his native land.

"Can we ever forget the ruins of Kiev, the burning of Smolensk, the disfigurement of Novgorod?" he cries. "And now our hatred is again at white heat. If you have been fighting for your golden harvests and for the orchards where the trees are heavy with fruit, and if you pause for a minute to listen, you will hear how fast beats the heart of angered Russia."

Hatred for the Germans

A young woman in the khaki uniform of a *partizanka* (guerrilla fighter) tells me fiercely, "I hate the Germans with every breath of my body. They have taken my husband from me, broken up my life, destroyed my home. What have I to live for except my hatred of those who have made me suffer so? I live for revenge. That's why I am a *partizanka*. At least I can do something to help destroy the enemy and be of some use to my country!"

At these last words, her bright, hard eyes soften. Everything has been taken away from her but she still has that brave look that has sprung to life everywhere. Frail old women who have lost sons and grandsons at the front offer their services to "help win the war." Everywhere women are volunteering and, though not allowed to join the ranks of the Red Army, they work in other capacities as guerrilla fighters, engineers, drivers of locomotives, parachutists, telephone operators in the field, as range finders, doctors, nurses, as well as in factories and on farms.

"Hate the enemy and love Russia with all your heart and soul! Protect her, shield her, fight for her, work for her, give your life for her!"

That is what I hear. The army and navy, the civilian population—even children—all think and feel and speak alike. And it is not by any means a standardized expression of regimented thought; nothing could be farther from the truth. It is real. It is genuine. It lives. It is the very essence of their existence. Patriotism burns like a flaming torch over Russia.

The church is with the nation in this titanic fight. From pulpits I have heard thundering words of condemnation against the enemy, and ardent, loving prayers for the safety and victory of the motherland.

Hatred and love—those are the two elemental forces in Russia today, the forces that will eventually defeat the enemy and win the war and unite the whole nation in an ensuing period of reconstruction and peace.

THE END

Will your Scalp stand the FINGERNAIL TEST?

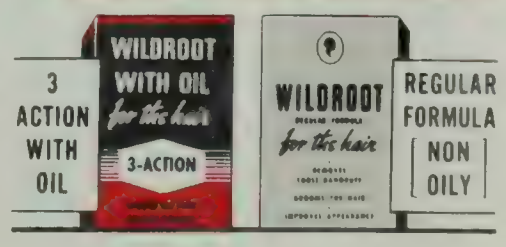


1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. Is loose ugly dandruff spoiling the good looks of your hair? Don't let it! Use Wildroot-*with-Oil*. The famous Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms without grease . . .



2. YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS if you get a bottle of Wildroot-*with-Oil* today! Its safe, powerful 3-Action grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get a bottle today at your nearest drug counter. Available in four popular sizes. Also in Regular Formula (non-oily). Professional applications at your barber.

WILDROOT





In Action for America

ON A 65,000-MILE FRON

A wartime fleet of Greyhound buses today serves more than 65,000 miles of highway routes—*miles lined with the grandest scenery* that ever gladdened the eyes of a nation fighting for life.

Scenery—in wartime? Emphatically! Eye-filling, soul-satisfying scenery! Rugged cliffs made of smelters and stacks . . . white cataracts from the spillways of power dams . . . man-made canyons of iron ore . . . mountains of new-harvested grain . . . harbors bustling with ships . . . clouds of planes in V-formation. Most thrilling of all are the endless ranks of fighting men pouring into military centers, by highway, from every city, town and farm community of America.

The highways have never worked so hard or so effectively as they now work to guard the nation's life. Doing their share of this job, Greyhound buses today carry a half more passengers than ever before . . . the great majority of these people are in unif in war production or in other essential occupa

To do the job more efficiently, buses have elimi all services not strictly essential . . . all "spec "limiteds," and sightseeing services are out fo duration. Operating speed is sharply reduced to form with the rubber-saving program of O. 1

Every American who travels can help Greyh better serve America ***now, this winter***—by avo trips at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's by confining necessary trips to the mid-week

You've been fine about accepting wartime inconveniences with a smile. Please keep it u to help keep motor buses in action for Ame



Active SERVICE

Greyhound brings selectees to examination centers, speeds troop movements, takes men in uniform on furloughs, carries war workers to jobs.

A POUND OF RUBBER GOES:

this far by private auto

this far by Motor Bus

Active SAVING

Normally, buses carry each passenger 3⅓ times as far as private autos, per pound of rubber—



GREYHOUN



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

I've heard women scream but I never heard such eerie shrieks as Bessie let out at the sight of Laura

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

The Story Thus Far:

LAURA HUNT and Shelby Carpenter—who are engaged—meet for a cocktail. They have a drink and a brief talk; after which, they part—it being Laura's intention (so she says) to dine with Waldo Lydecker, a noted newspaper columnist.

The following morning, Bessie Clark, Laura's maid, finds her in her apartment—dead. Someone had killed her with a shotgun. . . . Questioned, the taxi driver who had driven her away from Carpenter testifies that, as soon as he had turned a corner, the girl told him to take her to the Grand Central Station!

It is Lydecker who tells the story, which he knows better than any of the other principals. . . . Mark McPherson, a well-known official of the New York Police Department, is assigned to the job of finding the murderer. Working quietly, he learns that the victim had no known enemies; he learns that neither Lydecker nor Carpenter (both possible suspects) has a good alibi. He learns, furthermore, that Carpenter is the beneficiary of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar clause in an annuity that the unfortunate girl had carried!

Laura is cremated. A short time later, Mark pays a visit to Laura's apartment. There, he encounters a girl—a beautiful girl with dark skin and dark hair: *Laura Hunt!*

In a daze, Mark tells her that she is supposed to be dead. Then he gets her story—she says that she had gone to Connecticut; that she had read no newspapers while there; that her radio had been out of order.

And the victim? According to Laura, that girl was Diane Redfern, an attractive model, to whom she had loaned her apartment.

With the visit to Laura's apartment the narrative has been turned over to Mark. He now goes on with the story. . . .

III

"LISTEN!" Laura said.

We heard the sound of rain and the crackling of wood in the fireplace and foghorns on the East River.

"We're in the midst of Manhattan and this is our private world," she said.

I liked it. I didn't want the rain to stop or the sun to rise. For once in my life I had quit being restless.

It was hard for me to start asking her questions. She seemed tired.

"Did Shelby Carpenter know this girl?" I said.

She answered instantly: "Why, yes, of course. She modeled for several of the accounts in our office. All of us knew Diane."

She yawned.

"You're tired, aren't you?"

"Would you mind very much if I tried to get some sleep? In the morning . . . later, I mean, I'll answer all the questions you want to ask."

I phoned the office and told them to send a man to watch her front door.

"Is that necessary?" she said.

"Someone tried to murder you before. I'm not going to take any chances."

"How thoughtful of you! Detectives are all right, I suppose, when they're on your side."

"Look here, Miss Hunt, will you promise me something?"

"You know me much too well to call me Miss Hunt, Mark."

My heart beat like the drum in a Harlem dance band.

"Laura," I said; she smiled at me. "You'll promise, Laura, not to leave this house until I give you permission. Or answer the phone."

"Who'd ring if everybody thinks I'm dead?"

"Promise me, just in case."

She sighed. "All right," she said. "I won't answer. And can't I phone anyone either?"

"No," I said.

"But people would be glad to know I'm alive. There are people I ought to tell right away."

"Look here, you're the one living person who can help solve this crime. Laura Hunt must find the person who tried to murder Laura Hunt. Are you game?"

She offered her hand.

The sucker took it and believed her.

IT WAS almost six when I checked in at the club. I decided that I'd need a clear head for the day's work and left a call for eight.

When the desk clerk called, I jumped as if a bomb had gone off under my bed. Exhausted, my head aching, I bathed, dressed, went down to the office, wrote out my report on the typewriter, sealed and filed all copies. Then I went in to see Deputy Commissioner Preble.

Every morning I had gone into his office to report on the Laura Hunt case and every day he had said the same thing.

"Stick to the case a little longer, my boy, and maybe you'll find that murder's big enough for your talents."

His cheeks were like purple plums. I wanted to squash them with my fists. We represented opposing interests, I being one of the commissioner's inside men, and more active than anyone in the department on the progressive angle. Deputy Commissioner Preble was his party's front. Now that they were out of power, his was strictly an appeasement job.

As I walked into his office, he gave me the usual razzberry. Before I could say a word he started: "Do you know what this case is costing the department? I've had a memo sent to your office. You'd better step on it or I'll have to assign someone to the case who knows how to handle homicide."

"You might have thought of that in the beginning," I said, because I wasn't going to let him know that I hadn't been on to his tactics. He had been

VITAMINS
AT A PRICE
EVERYONE CAN AFFORD



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

OVER 10 WEEKS' SUPPLY $1

Now your daily vitamins cost less than your newspaper . . . less than two sticks of gum or a couple of cigarettes. Yes, GROVE'S Vitamins cost less than 1½c a day when purchased in the large size. An amazing low price! And just one GROVE'S Capsule gives your daily protective requirements of *all three*—essential vitamins A and D *plus* famous B_1 . . . necessary vitamins to help maintain your body resistance, strong bones, sound teeth, healthy appetite, steady nerves, vigor, vitality. Don't risk a deficiency of these three all-important vitamins, A and D *plus* vital B_1. Play safe. Start taking GROVE'S Vitamins today!



GROVE'S Vitamins
DISTRIBUTED BY MAKERS OF GROVE'S "BROMO QUININE"

waiting all along to show me up by letting me work until I'd hit a dead end and then handing the case to one of his favorites.

"What have you to say? Another of those minute-and-a-half reports, huh?"

"You needn't worry about our not getting Laura Hunt's murderer," I said. "That part of the case is completed."

"What do you mean? You've got him?"

He looked disappointed.

"Laura Hunt isn't dead."

His eyes popped like golf balls.

"She's in her apartment now. I had Ryan on guard until eight this morning, then Behrens came on. No one knows of this yet."

He pointed to his head. "Perhaps I ought to get in touch with Bellevue, McPherson. Psychopathic Ward."

I told him briefly what had happened. Although the heat wave was over and there was a chill in the air, he fanned himself with both hands.

"Who murdered the other girl?"

"I don't know yet."

"What does Miss Hunt say about it?"

"I've reported everything that she told me."

"Do you think she knows anything she hasn't told you?"

I said, "Miss Hunt was suffering from shock after she heard that her friend had been killed. She wasn't able to talk a lot."

He snorted. "Is she pretty, McPherson?"

I said, "I'm going to question her this morning. I also intend to surprise several people who think she is dead. It would be better if this were kept out of the newspapers until I've had time to work out my plans."

It was strictly front-page even for the Times, and a coast-to-coast hook-up on the news broadcasts. I could tell by his face that he was working out an angle that would immortalize the name of Preble.

He said, "This changes the case, you know. There is no *corpus delicti*. We'll have to investigate the death of the other girl. I'm wondering, McPherson . . ."

"I wondered, too," I said. "You'll find it all in my report. A sealed copy has been sent to the commissioner's office and you'll find yours on your secretary's desk. And I don't want to be relieved. You assigned me to the case in the beginning and I'm sticking until it's finished." I shouted and pounded on the desk, knowing that a man is most easily intimidated by his own methods. "And if one word of this gets into the papers before I've given the green light, there'll be hell to pay around here on Monday when the commissioner gets back."

I TOLD only one other person about Laura's return. That was Jake Mooney. Jake is a tall, sad-faced Yankee from Providence, known among the boys as the Rhode Island Clam. Once a reporter wrote, "Mooney maintained a clamlike silence," and it got Jake so angry that he's lived up to the name ever since. By the time I came out of Preble's office, Jake had got a list of the photographers for whom Diane Redfern posed.

"Go and see these fellows," I said. "Get what you can on her. Look over her room. Don't tell anyone she's dead."

He nodded.

"I want all the papers and letters you find in her room. And be sure to ask the landlady what kind of men she knew. She might have picked up some boy friends who played with sawed-off shotguns."

The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Treadwell. She wanted me to come to her house right away.

"There's something I ought to tell you, Mr. McPherson. I'd intended going back to the country today, there was nothing more I could do for poor Laura, was there? My lawyers are going to take care of her things. But now something has happened. . . ."

"All right, I'll be there, Mrs. Treadwell," I said.

As I drove up Park Avenue, I decided to keep Mrs. Treadwell waiting while I saw Laura. She had promised to stay in the apartment and keep away from the telephone, and I knew there was no fresh food in the house. I drove around to Third Avenue, bought milk, cream, butter, eggs and bread.

Behrens was on guard at the door. His eyes bulged at the sight of the groceries, but he evidently thought I'd set up housekeeping.

I had the key in my pocket. But before I entered, I called a warning.

She came out of the kitchen. "I'm glad you didn't ring the bell," she said. "Since you told me about the murder . . ." she shuddered and looked at the spot where the body had fallen. "I'm afraid of every stray sound.

"I'm sure you're the only detective in the world who'd think of *that*," she said when I gave her the groceries. "Have you eaten breakfast?"

"Now that you've reminded me, no," I said.

It seemed natural for me to be carrying in the groceries and lounging in the kitchen while she cooked. I had thought of that kind of girl, with all those swell clothes and a servant to wait on her, as holding herself above housework. But not Laura.

"Should we be elegant and carry it to the other room or folksy and eat in the kitchen?"

"Until I was a grown man, I never ate in anything but a kitchen."

"Then it's the kitchen," she said. "There's no place like home."

While we were eating I told her that I had informed the deputy commissioner of her return.

"Was he startled?"

"He threatened to commit me to the Psychopathic Ward. And then," I looked straight into her eyes, "he asked if I thought you knew anything about that other girl's death."

"And what did you say?"

"Listen," I said, "there are going to be a lot of questions asked and you'll probably have to tell a lot more than you'd like about your private life. The more honest you are, the easier it will be for you in the end. I hope you don't mind my telling you this."

"Don't you trust me?"

I said, "It's my job to suspect everyone."

SHE looked at me over her coffee cup. "Just what do you suspect me of?" she asked.

I tried to be impersonal: "Why did you lie to Shelby about going to Waldo Lydecker's for dinner on Friday night?"

"So that's what's bothering you?"

"You lied, Miss Hunt."

"Oh, I'm Miss Hunt to you now, Mister McPherson."

"Quit sparring," I said. "Why did you lie?"

"I'm afraid if I told you the truth, you might not understand."

"Okay," I said. "I'm dumb. I'm a detective. I don't speak English."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, but . . ." she drew the knife along the checks in the red and white tablecloth "it's hardly the sort of thing that one finds on a police blotter. Blotter, isn't that what you call it?"

"Go on," I said.

"You see," she said, "I've been a single woman for such a long time."

"It's as clear as mud," I said.

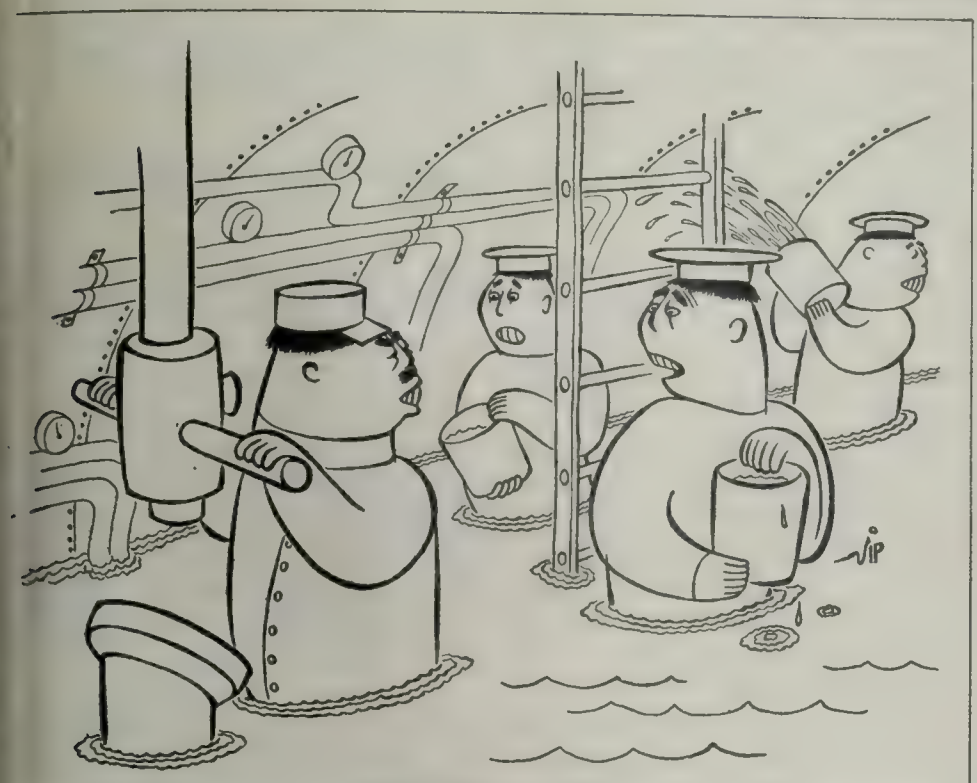
"Men have bachelor dinners," she said. "They get drunk. They go out for a last binge with chorus girls. That, I guess, is what freedom means to them. So they've got to make a splurge before they get married."

I laughed. "Poor Waldo. I bet he



"This green is somewhat different. The object is to stay out of the holes"

COLLIER'S LOUIS JAMME



"Bail where, sir?"

ouldn't care very much to be com-ared with a chorus girl."

She shook her head. "Freedom eant something quite different to me, lark. Maybe you'll understand. It eant owning myself, possessing all my lly and useless routines, being the sole istress of my habits. Do I make nse?"

"Is that why you kept putting off the edding?"

She said, "Get me a cigarette, will ou? They're in the living room."

I got her the cigarettes and lit my pe.

She went on talking: "Freedom eant my privacy. It's not that I want lead any sort of double life, it's sim-ly that I resent intrusion. Perhaps be-ause Mamma always used to ask where was going and what time I'd be home nd always made me feel guilty if I anged my mind. I love doing things npulsively and I resent it to a point here my spine stiffens and I get goose-esh if people ask where and what and hy." She was like a child, crying to be nderstood.

"On Friday I had a date with Waldo r a sort of bachelor dinner before I ft for Wilton. It was to be my last ght in town before my wedding. . . ."

"Didn't Shelby resent it?"

"Naturally. Wouldn't you?" She ughed and showed the tip of her ngue between her lips. "Waldo re-nted Shelby. But I couldn't help it. I ever flirted or urged them on. And I'm nd of Waldo, he's a fussy old maid ut he's been kind to me, very kind. esides, we've been friends for years. helby just had to make the best of it. e're civilized people, we don't try to ange each other."

"And Shelby, I suppose, had habits at weren't hundred per cent with ou?"

She ignored the question. "On Friday fully intended to dine with Waldo and ke the ten o'clock train. But in the fternoon I changed my mind."

"Why?"

"Why?" she mocked. "That's pre-sely why I didn't tell him. Because e'd ask why."

I got angry. "You can have your rejudices if you like and I don't care you want to make your habits sacred, ut this is a murder case. Please tell e exactly why you changed your mind bout having dinner at Waldo's."

"I had a headache."

"I know. That's what you told him."

She walked over to the couch and t down. I followed. Suddenly she touched my arm with her hand and looked up into my eyes so sweetly that I smiled. We both laughed and the trifles became less important.

She said, "So help me, Mark, I've told you the truth. I felt so wretched after lunch on Friday, I just couldn't face Waldo's chatter, and I couldn't sit through dinner with Shelby either because he'd have been too pleased at my breaking the date with Waldo. I just had to get away from everybody."

"Why?"

"What a persistent man you are."

She shivered. The day was cold. Rain beat against the window. The sky was the color of lead.

"Should I make you a fire?"

"Don't bother." Her voice was cold too.

I got logs out of the cabinet under the bookshelves and built her a fire. She sat at the end of the couch, her knees tucked up, her arms hugging her body. She seemed defenseless.

"There," I said. "You'll be warm soon."

"Please, please, Mark, believe me. There was no more to it than that. You're not just a detective who sees nothing but surface actions. You're a sensitive man, you react to nuances. So please try to understand, please."

THE attack was well-aimed. A man is no stronger than his vanity. If I doubted her, I'd show myself to be nothing more than a crude detective.

"All right," I said, "we'll skip it now. Maybe you saw a ghost at lunch. Maybe your girl friend said something that reminded you of something else. Everybody gets temperamental once in a while."

She slipped off the couch and ran toward me, her hands extended. "You're a darling, really. I knew last night that I'd never have to be afraid of you."

I took her hands. They were soft to touch, but strong underneath. Sucker, I said to myself and decided to do something about it then and there. My self-respect was involved. I was a detective, a servant of the people, a representative of law and order.

I went to the liquor cabinet. "Ever seen this before?"

It was the bottle with the Three Horses on the label.

She answered without the slightest hesitation, "Of course; it's been in the house for weeks."

"This isn't the brand you usually buy, is it? Did you get this from Mosconi's, too?"

She answered in one long unpunctuated sentence: "No no I picked it up one night we were out of Bourbon I had company for dinner and stopped on the way home from the office it was on Lexington or maybe Third Avenue I don't remember."

She lied like a goon. I had checked with Mosconi and discovered that on Friday night, between seven and eight, Shelby Carpenter had stopped at the store, bought the bottle of Three Horses, and, instead of charging it to Miss Hunt's account, had paid cash.

"WHAT took you so long, Mr. McPherson? You should have come earlier. Maybe it's too late now, maybe he's gone forever."

In a pink bed, wearing a pink jacket with fur on the sleeves, lay Mrs. Susan Treadwell. I sat like the doctor on a straight chair.

"Shelby?"

She nodded. Her pink massaged skin looked dry and old, her eyes were swollen and the black stuff had matted under her lashes. The Pomeranian dog lay on the pink silk comfort, whimpering.

"He's gone?" I asked. "Where?"

"How do I know?" She looked at a diamond wrist watch. "He's been gone since six-thirty this morning."

I was not upset. One of our men had been following Shelby since I'd checked with Mosconi on the Bourbon bottle.

"You were awake when he left? You heard him go? Did he sneak out?"

"I loaned him my car," she sniffled.

"Do you think he was trying to escape the law, Mrs. Treadwell?"

She blew her nose and dabbled at her eyes again. "Oh, I knew it was weak of me, Mr. McPherson. But you know Shelby, he has a way with him. He asks you for something and you can't resist him; and then you hate yourself for giving in. He said it was a matter of life and death, and if I ever discovered the reason, I'd always be grateful."

I let her cry for a few minutes before I asked, "Do you believe that he committed the murder . . . the murder of your niece, Mrs. Treadwell?"

"No! No! I don't, Mr. McPherson. He just hasn't got the stomach. Criminals go after what they want, but Shelby's just a big kid. He's always being sorry for something. My poor, poor Laura."

I said nothing about Laura's return.

"You don't like Shelby very much, do you, Mrs. Treadwell?"

"He's a darling boy," she said, "but not for Laura. Laura couldn't afford him."

"Oh," I said.

She was afraid I had got the wrong impression and added quickly, "Not that he's a gigolo. Shelby comes from a wonderful family. But in some ways a gigolo's cheaper. You know where you are. With a man like Shelby you can't slip the money under the table."

I decided that it was lucky that most of my cases had not involved women. Their logic confused me.

"She was always doing the most absurd things about his pride. Like the cigarette case. That was typical. And then he had to go and lose it."

By this time I'd lost the scent.

"She couldn't afford it, of course, she had to charge it on my account and pay me back by the month. A solid gold cigarette case, he had to have it, she said, so he'd feel equal to the men he lunched with at the club and the clients in their business. Does it make sense to you, Mr. McPherson?"

"No," I said honestly, "it doesn't."

"But it's just like Laura."

I could have agreed to that, too, but I controlled myself.

"And he lost it?" I asked, leading her back to the trail.

"Um-hum. In April, before she'd

What a difference, when you smoke the

Imperial

the pipe that contains



YES, THERE'S REAL HONEY in Imperial. Good enough to eat! Dear to the hearts of smokers everywhere because it entirely *eliminates "breaking-in"!*



HERE'S HOW THE HONEY IS SPRAYED IN the pipes. It coats walls of pipe-bowl *permanently.* It mingles with tobacco and forms a beautifully-cured "cake." A sweet, satisfying smoke, mild and smooth, no *matter what tobacco you use.*

$1.50

and for $1, there's the standard YELLO-BOLE also sprayed with real honey



These $1 Yello-Bole Pipes, also treated with Honey, smoke sweet, without breaking-in, and stay sweet and *mild.*

© 1942, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

COVER THOSE BARE FLOORS NOW!



Bare floors? . . . Not for Today's homes! Lovely patterns like Pabco No. 9200 bring the American standard of comfort, healthfulness and beauty at low cost!

PABCO
Stainless Sheen
FLOOR COVERINGS

BRING SO MUCH!

Wall-to-wall smoothness that stays spick and span with the least of care! Floor-insulation that helps to keep rooms cozy and reduce heating costs! Colorful patterns that beautify the entire room! *Plus* the advantages of "Stainless Sheen". . . the Pabco wonder-surface that cleans with a swish of a damp cloth, and that wears and *wears!*

COSTS SO LITTLE!



You can afford to cover every floor now . . . upstairs, downstairs, all around the house! See your dealer's wide array of Pabco heavyweight "Stainless Sheen" Floor Coverings and Pabco Guaranty Rugs Today! For free booklet of redecoration ideas, write Dept. Z, nearest Pabco office!

THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES, INC.
New York · Chicago · San Francisco
Pabco plants are producing many materials necessary to the war effort. Makers, also, of Pabco Soil-Sealed Linoleum.

even finished paying for it. Can you imagine?" Suddenly, for no reason that I could understand, she took an atomizer from the bed table and sprayed herself with perfume. Then she made up her lips and combed her hair. "I thought of the cigarette case as soon as he'd gone off with the keys to my car. Did I feel like a sucker?"

"I understand that," I said.

Her smile was a clue to the business with the perfume and lipstick. I was a man; she had to get around me.

"You're not going to blame me for giving him the car? Really, I didn't think of it at the time. He has a way with him, you know."

"You shouldn't have given it to him if you felt that way," said the stern detective.

She fell for it.

"It was weak, Mr. McPherson. I know how weak I was to have done it. I should have been more suspicious, I know I should, especially after that phone call."

"What phone call, Mrs. Treadwell?"

It was only by careful questioning that I got the story straight. If I told it her way, there would be no end to this chapter. The phone had wakened her at half past five that morning. She lifted the receiver in time to hear Shelby, on the upstairs extension, talking to the night clerk at the Hotel Framingham. The clerk apologized for disturbing him at this hour but said that someone wanted to get in touch with him on a life and death matter. That person was waiting on another wire. Should the clerk give that party Mr. Carpenter's number?

"I'll call back in ten minutes," Shelby had said. "Tell them to call you again."

He had dressed and tiptoed down the stairs.

"He was going out to phone," Mrs. Treadwell said. "He was afraid I'd listen on the extension."

AT TWENTY minutes past six she had heard him coming up the stairs. He had knocked at her bedroom door, apologized for waking her and asked for the use of the car.

"Does that make me an accessory or something, Mr. McPherson?" Tears rolled down her cheeks.

I phoned the office and asked if there had been any reports from the man who had been following Shelby Carpenter. Nothing had been heard since he went on duty at midnight, and the man who was to have relieved him at eight in the morning was still waiting.

As I put down the phone, the dog began to bark. Shelby walked in.

"Good morning," he went straight to the bed. "I'm glad you rested, darling. It was cruel of me to disturb you at that mad hour. But you don't show it at all. You're divine this morning." He kissed her forehead and then turned to welcome me.

"Where've you been?" she asked.

"Can't you guess, darling?"

He petted the dog. I sat back and watched. There was something familiar and unreal about Shelby. I was always uncomfortable when he was in the room, and always struggling to remember where I had seen him. The memory was like a dream, unsubstantial and baffling.

"I can't imagine where anyone would go at that wild hour, darling. You had me quite alarmed."

If Shelby guessed that the lady's alarm had caused her to summon the police, he was too tactful to mention it.

"I went up to Laura's place," he said. "I made a sentimental journey. This was to have been our wedding day, you know."

"Oh, I'd forgotten," Mrs. Treadwell caught his hand. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, comfortable and sure of himself.

"I couldn't sleep. And when that absurd phone call woke us, Auntie Sue, I was too upset to stay in my room. I felt such a longing for Laura, I wanted to be close to something she had loved. There was the garden. She'd cared for it herself, Mr. McPherson, with her own hands. It was lovely in the gray morning light."

"I don't know whether I quite believe you," Mrs. Treadwell said. "What's your opinion, Mr. McPherson?"

"You're embarrassing him, darling. Remember, he's a detective," Shelby said as if she had been talking about leprosy in front of a leper.

"Why couldn't you take that telephone call in the house?" asked Mrs. Treadwell. "Did you think I'd stoop so low as to listen on the extension?"

"If you hadn't been listening on the extension, you'd not have known that I had to go out to a phone booth," he said, laughing.

"Why were you afraid to have me hear?"

Shelby offered me a cigarette. He carried the pack in his pocket without a case.

"Was it a girl?" asked Mrs. Treadwell.

"I don't know. He . . . she . . . whoever it was . . . refused to leave a number. I called the Framingham three times but they hadn't called back." He blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Then, smiling at me, he said, "A yellow cab followed me all the way to the cottage and back. On these country roads at that hour your man couldn't very well hide himself. Don't be angry with the poor chap because I spotted him."

"He kept you covered. That was all he was told to do. Whether you knew or not makes no difference." I got up. "I'm going to be up at Miss Hunt's apartment at three o'clock. I want you to meet me there, Carpenter."

"Is it necessary? I rather dislike going up there today of all days. You know, we were to have been married . . ."

"Consider it a sentimental journey," I said.

Mrs. Treadwell barely noticed when I left. She was busy with her face.

At the office I learned that Shelby's sentimental journey had added a three-hour taxi bill to the cost of the Laura Hunt case. Nothing had been discovered. Shelby had not even entered the house but had stood in the garden in the rain and blown his nose vigorously. He might also, it was hinted, have been crying.

MOONEY was waiting in my office with his report on Diane Redfern. She had not been seen since Friday. The landlady remembered because Diane had paid her room rent that day. She had come from work at five o'clock, stopped in the landlady's basement flat to hand her the money, gone to her room on the fourth floor, bathed, changed her clothes and gone out again. The landlady had seen her hail a cab at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street. She remembered because she considered taxis a sinful extravagance for girls like Diane.

The girl might have come in late on Friday night and gone out again on Saturday morning, but the landlady had not seen her. There were still boarders to be questioned, but the landlady had not known where they worked, and Mooney would have to go back at six o'clock to check with them.

"Did the landlady seem surprised that Diane hadn't been seen since Friday?"

"She says it don't matter to her whether the boarders use their rooms or not as long as they pay the rent. The girls that stay in places like that are often out all night."

"But it's five days," I said. "Was there nobody to bother about her disappearance?"

"You know how it is with those kind of girls, Mac. Here today, gone tomorrow. Who cares?"

"Hasn't she any friends? Didn't anyone come to see her or telephone?"

"There were some phone calls. Tuesday and Wednesday. I checked. Photographers calling her to come and work."

"Nothing personal?"

"There might have been a couple other calls, but no messages. The landlady don't remember what she didn't write down on the pad."

I had known girls like that around New York. No home, no friends, no much money. Diane had been a beauty but beauties are a dime a dozen on both sides of Fifth Avenue between Eighth Street and Ninety-sixth. Mooney's re-



"I always keep cotton stuffed in my ears in case one explodes"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

New Vicks Inhaler Makes Nose Feel Clearer In Seconds



When your nose stuffs up from a cold, get greater breathing comfort—quick—with the new handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes the nose feel clearer in seconds. And you can use it as often as needed!

VICKS INHALER

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort. **VICKS VAPORUB**

MAKE YOUR GRAVY *with* **GRAVY MASTER** HE'LL LIKE IT



EVERY BOTTLE TELLS HOW 15¢

WANTED:
Before Christmas
100 Men—Women!



YOU can earn a substantial sum for Christmas shopping, War Stamps or extra spending money in spare time. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine. For full details, *write now!*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-66
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOW can I earn extra money in spare time?

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

State .....

port gave facts and figures, showed an estimate of Diane's earnings according to figures provided by the Models' Guild. She could have supported a husband and kids on the money she earned when she worked, but the work was unsteady. And according to Mooney's rough estimate, the clothes in her closet had cost plenty. Twenty pairs of shoes. There were no bills as there had been in Laura's desk, for Diane came from the lower classes—she paid cash.

The sum of it all was a shabby and shiftless life. Fancy perfume bottles, Kewpie dolls and toy animals were all she brought home from expensive dinners and suppers in night spots. The letters from her family, plain working people who lived in Paterson, New Jersey, were written in night-school English and told about layoffs and money troubles.

Her name had been Jennie Swobodo.

Mooney had taken nothing from the room but the letters. He'd had a special lock put on the door and threatened the landlady with the clink if she opened her face.

He gave me a duplicate key. "You might want to look in yourself. I'll be back there at six to talk to the other tenants."

I had no time then to look into the life of Jennie Swobodo, alias Diane Redfern. But when I got up to Laura's apartment, I asked if there hadn't been any pocketbooks or clothes left there by the murdered model.

Laura said, "Yes, if Bessie had examined the clothes in the closet, she'd have found Diane's dress. And her purse was in my dresser drawer. She had put everything away neatly."

There was a dresser drawer filled with purses. Among them was the black silk bag that Diane had carried. There was eighteen dollars in it, the key to her room, lipstick, eyeshadow, powder, a little phial of perfume and a straw cigarette case with a broken clasp.

Laura watched quietly while I examined Diane's belongings. When I went back to the living room, she followed me like a child. She had changed into a tan dress and brown, high-heeled slippers that set off her wonderful ankles. Her earrings were little gold bells.

"I've sent for Bessie."

"How thoughtful you are."

I FELT like a hypocrite. My reason for sending for Bessie had been purely selfish. I wanted to observe her reaction to Laura's return.

When I explained, Laura said, "But you don't suspect poor old Bessie?"

"I just want to see how a non-suspect takes it."

"As a basis for comparison?"

"Maybe."

"Then there's someone you do suspect?"

I said, "There are several lies which will have to be explained."

When she moved, the gold bells tinkled. Her face was like a mask.

"Mind a pipe?"

The bells tinkled again. I struck a match. It scraped like an emery wheel. I thought of Laura's lie and hated her because she was making a fool of herself for Shelby Carpenter. And trying to make a fool of me. I was glad when the doorbell rang. I told Laura to wait in the bedroom for my signal.

Bessie knew at once that something had happened. She looked around the room, she stared at the place where the body had fallen, she studied each ornament and every piece of furniture. I saw it with a housekeeper's eyes then, noticed that the newspaper had been folded carelessly and left on the big table, that Laura's lunch tray with an empty plate and coffee cup remained on the coffee table beside the couch, that a book lay open, that the fire burned behind the screen, and red-tipped cigarette stubs filled the ashtrays.

"Sit down," I told her. "Something's happened."

"What?"

"Sit down."

"I can take it standing."

"Someone has come to stay here," I said, and went to the bedroom door.

Laura came out.

I've heard women scream when their husbands beat them and mothers sobbing over dead and injured children, but I never heard such eerie shrieks as Bessie let out at the sight of Laura. She dropped her pocketbook. She crossed herself. Then, very slowly, she backed toward a chair and sat down.

"Do you see what I see, Mr. McPherson?"

"It's all right, Bessie. She's alive."

Bessie called upon her patron saint Elizabeth to witness the miracle.

"Bessie, calm yourself. I'm all right; I just went to the country. Someone else was murdered."

IT WAS easier to believe in miracles. Bessie insisted upon telling Laura that she had herself found the body, that she had identified it as Laura Hunt's, that it had worn Laura's best negligee and silver mules. And she was just as positive about her uncle's sister-in-law's cousin who had met her dead sweetheart in an orchard in County Galway.

None of our arguments convinced her until Laura said, "Well, what are we going to have for dinner, Bessie?"

"Goodness, I never thought I'd be hearing you ask that no more, Miss Laura."

"I'm asking, Bessie. How about a steak and French fries and apple pie, Bessie?"

Bessie brightened. "Would a ghost be asking for French fries and apple pie? Who was it got murdered, Miss Laura?"

"Miss Redfern, you remember . . . the girl who . . ."

"It's no more than she deserved," said Bessie and went into the kitchen to change into her work clothes.

I told her to shop for dinner in stores where they did not know her as the servant of a murder victim, and warned her against mentioning the miracle of Laura's return.

"Evidently Bessie disapproved of Diane. Why?" I asked Laura when we were alone again.

"Bessie's opinionated," she said. "There was no particular reason."

"No?"

"No," said Laura firmly.

The doorbell rang again.

"Stay here this time," I whispered. "We'll try another kind of surprise."

She waited, sitting stiffly at the edge of the couch. I opened the door. I had expected to see Shelby but it was Waldo Lydecker who walked in.

Self-centered people see only what they want to see. Astigmatism might have been his excuse for his failure to notice her at first, but I think it was covetousness. His gaze was so concentrated upon the antique glass vase that the rest of the room might have been sky or desert.

"Your office told me I'd find you here, McPherson. I've talked to my lawyer and he advises me to take my vase and let the woman sue."

He had to pass the sofa on the way to the mantel. Laura turned her head, the gold bells tinkled. Waldo paused as if he had heard some ghostly warning Then, like a man afraid of his imagination and determined to show himself above fear, he stretched his hands toward the shining globe. Laura turned to see how I was taking it. Her gold bells struck such a sharp note that Waldo whirled on his heels and faced her.

(To be continued next week)



Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of

MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER



Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N.Y.

BLADE RATIONING NO WORRY IF YOU OWN THIS



DURHAM SHAVE KIT

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—over twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ times more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triples life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or T-type safety razor. *Specify type wanted.* Both use the same famous Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and comb.

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

Blond Blitz

Continued from page 14

the depths and conquered. The depths in this case was Detroit, where the family landed after Betty was born in Battle Creek. There was the usual separation in the family, and the mother was left with the two girls, Mabel and Betty. Six months in the year, Mother worked in a motor factory, putting tacks in upholstery. Betty started making money when she was five.

"We'd go around to beer joints, sing a few songs and take up a collection," says Betty. "I was the cute one. I'd rub the domes of the baldheaded dopes hoping they'd come across with a buck."

By the time she was ten she was singing with bands and evading the law. Since most of the dates were one-nighters in little towns outside of Detroit, she managed to get away with it.

She was trying to go to school at the same time and did manage to get as far as the first year of high school, but it soon got too much for her. Singing with bands at night (five bucks a throw when the local manager didn't gyp you out of it) and going to school next day was too much, so she gave up school. That was a wrench, because she was basketball crazy and had captained the best team in school. It was an outfit of runts, and everybody wondered how they could beat bigger teams.

"I got 'em in the dressing room and told 'em I'd bat their ears down if we lost," says Betty.

She was getting something of a reputation with the bands despite the fact that she was one of the homeliest dames in the Middle West. She had a scar on her face a quarter of an inch wide from the nose to the chin, the result of a swimming accident.

"A kid pushed me off a pier and I hung up on a nail instead of hitting the water. You can still see it a little bit when the lights hit me. It cured itself."

About this time she and three fellows from a band decided to conquer New York. They started out in a car with a bag of sandwiches, a vacuum bottle full of coffee and a lot of ambition. After three months they were on the rocks. They hadn't got near a job and their money was gone. Betty went into a music publishing firm as a last resort.

"Kid," said the manager, "you can't sing; you look like hell; why don't you go home?"

"I'm so hungry I could hardly get up these stairs," cried Betty tearfully. "How'm I going to walk to Detroit?"

Back Home and Broke

The manager gave her bus fare, put her on the bus and said goodby and no questions asked. Betty came home licked. A boy friend took her out New Year's Eve to a dive in Detroit and she was sitting there hating the world when the master of ceremonies, an old friend, said, "We got a great little singer here, Betty Hutton. Come up, Betty. Give her a great big hand, folks," and Betty came up, raging.

"I was so mad at everything, I just grabbed the microphone and yanked it around and bellowed into it. I wanted to yank it out and throw it at somebody."

Well, after getting her brains beat out in New York, the turning point came right in Detroit because Vincent Lopez was there and liked the act and hired her. She was fifteen at the time, and on the way back to New York he was asking her what she thought of his orchestra.

"From top to bottom," said Betty, "corn!"

"You mean it's no good?" cried Lopez, hurt.

"If you made it up into a cheese, your own mother wouldn't let it in the house," said Betty.

They started revamping the band and reports have it that the girl did practically all the selecting of new men. When it opened at Billy Rose's Casa Mañana, old Lopez fans didn't recognize the band, but the jitterbugs did. Although they couldn't afford to eat the strange and expensive Rose meals, they paid a buck ten to sit in the balcony and whistle. Betty was a sensation. For the finale of the act, she hefted Lou Holtz onto her shoulders and toted him off. For the encore she swung on the giant stage curtain and sailed off to the wings.

She knocked herself out three times a night and got up at seven in the morning to dash over to Astoria, Long Island, to make movie shorts. When there was a minute to spare, Lopez, who was also her manager, booked her for club dates.

"I'm getting $65 a week for *everything*," says Betty. "I'm living with Mom in a walk-up dump over on 11th Avenue and walking to work. My name's up there in lights and everybody is having a great time but me. Finally the band is booked into the Paramount Theater for big dough and I say, 'Listen!' "

"Listen, what?" says Lopez.

"Am I giving the whole party! Next week I get $175 or I kick a hole in the bass drum!"

This started a trend of circumstances that led to a lawsuit in which Miss Hutton broke the contract with Mr. Lopez. When the lawsuit was in the news, she was out of work.

"A no-good dame," the word went around Broadway. "Can't trust her."

After being out of work for fourteen weeks, she was desperate. Her money was gone, she sensed that there was a silent boycott against her. She went into the largest theatrical agency in New York and asked to see the president.

"Just have a seat," said the secretary.

"Have a seat, my eye!" yelled Betty. She rushed to the door leading to the private offices and bellowed into the corridor:

"HEY, YOU BUMS! If I don't get a job right away, I blow the joint UP!"

She had a job next week and has been working since. Her first show appearance was in the revue Two for the Show, which was a gentle affair with the exception of Hutton. She rattled the box-seat gentry loose from their teeth and had a wonderful time. She also saved opening night when a ballet was left leaderless by the disappearance of the male star, a Latin gentleman. The orchestra kept vamping the entrance music, the ballet wandered around in a daze. Betty caught on first.

"The guy's ripped his pants!" she cried, and then went on herself and did the solo dance. It wasn't much of a dance and her movements didn't end with the music, but it kept the show alive.

All this time she was keeping her mother and sister, fighting agents and lawyers, and working with the zeal of an escaped turbine. She finally changed her sister's name to Marian Hutton, taught her the original Hutton routines and got her a job singing with Glenn Miller, where she still is. Betty appeared with bands, got stage engagements, went on one-nighters.

A Worth-while Gamble

She decided that Hollywood was her real chance and plunged on it. She bought a slick-looking roadster, dolled up in expensive clothes and played the game. She was in hock up to her ears but is getting out of it and thinks the gamble was worth while. Her mother has married again and Betty has bought a house in Hollywood for them. When her sister Marian had her baby, Betty looked after them all. She will give her right leg to anybody who is loyal to her and will cut the right leg off anybody who isn't. Her blond hair is generally in ringlets and is a platinum job, which she swears is real. To anybody who doubts that, she says merely:

"All right, get fresh; maybe it's *your* hair."

She can't cook; she can't sew; and she never intends to learn. Up till the present time her life has been all career. She still isn't too sure she's made the grade, but she hopes she has. She's sick of the struggle. When she got run down lately and the doctors began to work on her, they came up with a tremendous discovery; they found she had never had a childhood.

"Pretty soon they'll discover I'm white," says Betty, "and *then* what a celebration!"

She talks in shouts and exclamations; her vocabulary is not always of the purest. When she was playing basketball, her teacher would listen to her exhorting her lagging teammates and scream: "Betty Thornburg, you come right here!" This is our way of saying that her real name is Thornburg.

She is one of the best-liked girls in show business. She helps her pals; takes kicks at her enemies; and can answer truthfully to the description Blond Blitz. Paramount considers her a great find and plans are being made for her. Lately when she was in New York appearing with the stage show that surrounded the opening night for Holiday Inn, it was suggested that she might like to stop for a personal appearance in Detroit on her way back to the coast.

"Not that town," she said quickly. "They know me out there. The last time I was home I went out to the Bowery night club in Hamtramck and am there minding my own business when this Charley Carlisle, the m. c. yells, 'Why, there's our own Betty Hutton. Come up here, Betty, and let the folks see you.' I went up and there were a couple of old high-school friends of mine sitting at the ringside tables and they looked up at me sourly and said, 'Hello, punk.' "

THE END

VARIABLE SLOGAN

ONE of the slogans posted on the walls throughout the Administration Building at Randolph Field, Texas, reads:

The Difficult We Do Immediately—
The Impossible Takes a Little Longer.

Men in the Public Relations office have their own paraphraseology for the message. Alongside it, someone has placed a card reading:

Why Be Difficult?
It's Just as Easy to be Impossible.



To Save Fuel—Keep Warm with BALSAM-WOOL Attic Insulation

Fuel is precious. Save it—without discomfort—without chills. For with Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation you can be both patriotic and comfortable. Fuel savings are assured by an all-inclusive Money-Back Guarantee offered by the world's oldest and largest manufacturer of sealed blanket insulation . . . Application is easy, cost is low, and you can pay by the month. Act now and get up to 20% fuel savings this year and for all the years to come. See your *lumber dealer* about Double Value Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation—or mail the coupon for complete facts.

Wood Conversion Company, Dept. 199-10
First National Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Gentlemen:
Please send me complete information about Balsam-Wool Guaranteed Attic Insulation.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

ADS PULL--PRINTED ON PENNY POSTCARDS

Thousands of CARDMASTERS now in use prove you can sell goods and services with simple messages on penny post cards. Uncle Sam supplies paper and transportation. You do the printing. Low in cost—fast, too. Your idea of today delivered to prospects tomorrow. Not a toy but an ad-printing machine built to last many years. Guaranteed. Sold direct from factory. Costs only few dollars. Write for **FREE** book of profit-making ideas for your business and plans for advertising by mail.



CARDMASTER CO., 4546 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

SAVE STEPS IN St. Louis
STOP AT HOTEL Lennox
DOWNTOWN ON YOUR DOORSTEP
ALL ROOMS NOISE-PROOFED • RATES FROM $3.00

Buy U. S. War Bonds



OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York

Any Week

Continued from page 4

The Binder, the fifth as The Clincher. Then they order "One for the road" and oddly enough the grimness of the news from the South Pacific, from Russia, from the Near, Middle and Far East fades and both parties feel like a newspaper headline writer who is about to make a major United Nations victory of the sinking of a small Japanese transport.

YOU may be suspecting that we've been poking about in Washington for a few days. While we were there we met a friend who has been there about two months on a nice interesting war job which he is expected to discharge according to the rules and regulations of the War, Navy and State departments, all of which are quite different, and with due consideration for the political preferences of important senators and representatives. Thus he has plenty of time to loaf in, knowing by this time that if he pleases any one of these influences all the others will get sore and write him indignant letters in official double-talk. But he has an idea. He suggests that somebody employ a few skywriters to fill the skies above the capital with: "Remember—we're fighting in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia too."

AND Miss Jeanne T. Flannery, one of the four secretaries to one of the twenty-one bosses of one of our now countless war agencies in Washington, notified her particular boss that the government had towed an excursion boat up from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, had anchored it at the foot of Main Avenue in the Potomac River, and had converted it into seventy-five offices for the OPA. "That's progress," replied he. "At last we're throwing those guys into the river."

OUR latest intelligences from Pendroy, Montana, are reassuring. Mr. David Patterson reports that "out here on the Montana plains, fifty miles from the nearest metropolis, one hears the women telling one another that they're glad we now have an air base in Great Falls to give us ranchers some protection from air raids." All that Montana needs now is someone with wings enough to bomb it. And very distantly related to that is the thought that popped up in the mind of a brand-new Army lieutenant who was at the moment experiencing his first visit to Washington, D. C. In his presence, there had been considerable discussion of where our Armed Forces should launch their first grand offensive with a resulting maximum of discomfort to the enemy. "Nobody's asked me," said the lieutenant. "But if anybody wants to know, I'd say we ought to start right here."

IN OUR own foggy way, we've frequently thought that it would be just dandy if we, who wear civilian clothes, were as devout in what we like to call our war effort as our Armed Forces are. We got that way after reading a letter from a friend who, although a capable bombardier, eager to be up and at the enemy, is one of the 2,800 Air Forces officers who are doing clerical work in Dayton, Ohio. It is the sort of work which thousands of capable clerks would be glad to take $2,500 a year for doing. The vast majority of the Air Forces officers now doing it could be used in combat duty. Why they aren't is so simple that even we understand. Civilian clerks are under Civil Service. Civil Service clerks quit clerking at four-thirty in the afternoon. This means that if Civil Service clerks were employed at the Dayton base, which supplies most of, if not all the equipment for the Air Forces, and does virtually all the buying, and is overwhelmed by the task of pushing plane production and dispatching planes, the work would never get done. So our friend, good bombardier, is clerking twelve, fourteen and sometimes eighteen hours out of twenty-four. He's a trifle fed up. Anybody blaming him will please raise his hand. . . .

W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

extra power will permit additional carrying tonnage, which means more money.

Although they have been laid aside to make way for war orders, plans for such craft are in the vaults at several of the aircraft manufacturing plants. About all that can be said about them is that the ships will take the general trend of low-wing monoplanes, similar to the Douglas airliner. Their interiors will be chiefly designed to accommodate freight cargoes, although there will be several seats for passenger accommodations.

For several years, trimotored Fords and Fokkers have been flying regular schedules in Central and South America, carrying heavy loads in and out of small jungle fields.

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE C. KENNEY, one-time chief of the Army's Wright Field and one of the Air Forces' authorities on new U. S. aircraft and production systems, offers this philosophy on when the war will end. "When the day comes," he says, "that we can stick five planes up there to replace every one that our enemies knock down—we will win."

HIGH above the mountainous terrain of Colorado, a big four-engined bomber roared through the starless skies. Its pilot was H. F. (Hal) Blackburn, former stratoliner captain. A student copilot, navigator and radio operator comprised its crew. This was a check flight to see how well the new men could work as a team. Blackburn was the instructor.

"Okay, fellows, here's your problem," he said into the mike of the interphone system. "Altitude is 29,600 feet somewhere over Colorado. What's our exact position?"

Radio operator and navigator, earphones clamped to their heads, exchanged a few quick glances and settled down in earnest over their respective tables to get the solution. Seconds later, they were all smiles.

Blackburn was pleased. Smart students he had. He snapped on the mike to compliment them. There was some interference but he thought he could make it out quite clearly—Brooklyn and the Cards were battling it out in a night game at St. Louis.

"Cut it, you buzzards!" he yelled. "Get to work!" . . .

D. J. I.



"Take care of Mom, and don't spot my Arrow Ties!"

• You can always include Arrow Ties among a man's favorite possessions. And why not? Arrow Ties help dress a man up. The patterns are rich and fresh-looking. The special lining helps make perfect knots, resists wrinkles. And the prices are only $1, $1.50, $2, and $2.50. See the new ones at your Arrow dealer's.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS ★ *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

"Tae pairsonality... in our friendships ...an' our Scotch"

For distinctiveness of quality and taste . . . hosts everywhere have confidence in Teacher's.

"It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

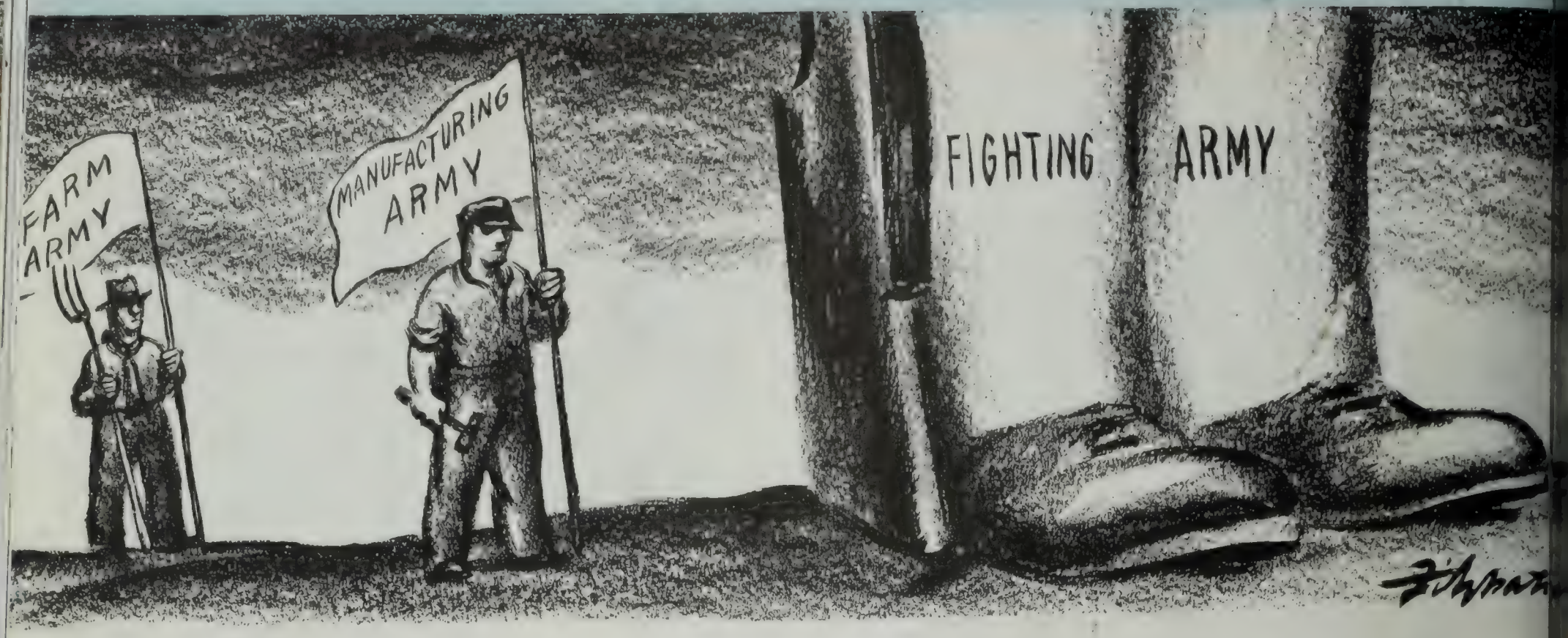
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



DO WE NEED 10,000,000 FIGHTERS NOW?

THE Army," an observant soldier friend of ours proudly said the other day, "is always totalitarian. It always wants to take everything in sight, simply to be on the safe side."

It begins to look as if the Army has been getting too much—not of everything, but of our available manpower—for us to stay on the safe side as regards winning the war with reasonable speed and efficiency.

There is no argument about the proposition that we ought to arm and train as many men as will be necessary to lick what somebody called our two and one-half enemies—Germany, Japan and Italy—and that we should not waste time about it.

But how fast do we have to build up the Army of 10,000,000 to 13,000,000 men of which General Lewis B. Hershey of Selective Service talks so copiously? Even more to the point: How fast can we build up this Army and keep our war plants producing the necessary war materials and our farms producing the necessary food for the Army and the rest of us?

We now have an Army of 4,000,000-plus, and a Navy and Air Forces which are growing fast in both personnel and matériel. The draft is hauling men into the Army at a terrific clip, with little regard for the war plants' imperative needs of skilled supervisors and trained workers, or for the farmers' needs of farm labor.

As one result, food rationing is coming on us apace; has already begun with various meats.

As another, more and more war-plant managements are complaining that they cannot keep skilled workers and supervisors because of the draft boards' indiscriminate and, in some cases, arrogant demands.

"Recently, for instance," says President Harvey N. Davis of the Stevens Institute of Technology, "a small company working overtime on parts and accessories for fighting airplanes lost its assistant production manager to the draft. When last heard from, he was a private building barracks at a cantonment.

Plainly, the only winners in this transaction were Hirohito, Hitler and Mussolini.

In our anxiety to build up a huge fighting force almost overnight, we seem to be losing sight of the fact that this force must be backed by millions of producers of fighting gear of all kinds, and by millions of farmers capable of feeding the fighters and the civilian population, plus the beneficiaries of our Lend-Lease food shipments to other lands.

Lopsided development of this three-ply war machine is bound to have dangerous effects. Keep it up long enough and let it go far enough, and those effects can be fatal to our hopes of winning the war. Britain found that out earlie in the war. Britain drafted more men than th home front, with the best will in the worl could equip or feed. Presently, Britain foun itself forced to return a lot of soldiers to indus try and the farms.

At this writing, we are on the way towar finding ourselves some day with a giganti Army that (1) has no place to go, (2) has nc enough ships to go in, (3) is short on vital wa supplies and equipment, and (4) is gettin hungry while civilians get hungrier.

Chairman Paul V. McNutt of the Manpowe Allocation Board had better be given mor power; the draft boards' indiscriminate zea had better be curbed somehow; and both c these things had better be done in a hurry. A things look to us, there is no time to lose in pu ting into practice the principle recently lai down by Secretary of War Stimson himself:

> The Army is greatly in need of men of specialize training, particularly in physics, chemistry, eng neering and medicine. We are equally intereste in having adequate numbers of men of such trai ing available to war-production industries ar civilian-research agencies of the government.

In short, the home front needs help, and th home front can't wait much longer for that hel

BLUENOSES IN WARTIME

THE drys are trying to lure us or trick us back into federal prohibition, using the war as an argument; and we get considerable kick out of remembering just what it is that they want to sell us once more.

They want to sell us a general contempt for all laws, good or bad. They want to bring back the bootlegger—who was often a fine and accommodating fellow personally, but who operated against a background of such crime and violence, such robbery, mayhem and murder, as have never cursed this country before or since our thirteen years of federal prohibition. The bootlegger is already doing pretty well again, because of soaring liquor taxes, but his criminal background is not nearly what it used to be. Give him time!

The drys want to sell us another consignment of hypocrisy in Congress and on the federal bench; of corruption of state and city officials; of dry agents of such slimy character as to make Doctor Paul Josef Goebbels look like a gentleman by comparison; of drinking by children; of uninspected, untaxed, unbonded and frequently poisonous liquor.

This dry resurgence was to be expected, of course. Bluenoses always bloom in wartime. Probably that is because a lot of people who are not profiting from the customary war boo get frightened and yearn blindly for some so of reform, even as savages make sacrifices assorted gods of storm, flood, pestilence, and on. Some of those who are profiting from th war boom, of course, want to go to the oth extreme. So whenever we are at war, we ha these agitations for impossible reforms—ev reforms which, like prohibition, have alrea been proved impossible.

It's to be hoped that the American peop will carefully preserve, for the duration, th present amused scorn for the drys' efforts sell them that old bill goods all over again.



THE FEARLESS WOMEN OF

Radioed from Moscow by IRINA SKA

That Extra Something!

. . . You can spot it every time



Skilled workers have "know how". So have the makers of Coca-Cola. That's why you find that extra something in ice-cold Coca-Cola. Almost anybody can make a soft drink, but nobody else can make Coca-Cola.

You sense a finished art in its making which gives Coca-Cola a special quality. Its unique taste comes from a blend of pure, wholesome essences — refreshment that can't be duplicated.

What other drink of any kind could give you this special plus . . . this unique taste and after-sense of refreshment? When you realize that nothing takes the place of ice-cold Coca-Cola, you have millions of other folks for company. It's the best-liked soft drink on Earth — because contentment comes when you connect with a Coke.

Wartime limits the supply of Coca-Cola. Those times when you cannot get it, remember: Coca-Cola, being first choice, sells out first. Ask for it each time. No matter how short the supply, the quality of Coca-Cola will not be changed in any respect.



Simple pleasures build up morale and peace of mind. That's one reason why the enjoyment of ice-cold Coca-Cola has new meaning in wartime.



Your job at home is to relax and keep fit for tomorrow's job. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will add refreshment to your relaxation. Now that the amount of Coca-Cola is less in wartime, see that your home has a supply on hand, wherever possible. You'll be glad you did.



Long, hard-working hours tire you out, slow up production. You need a brief re pause. So, when the schedule calls for tir out for a "breather", a moment for ice-c energy-giving Coca-Cola leads to better wo

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

I am with that tired soldier
As, hot and thirsty,
He trudges back to camp
From his first long march.
I help refresh him.

I am in the humming factory
With that man in overalls
Who, since early morning
Has been steadily working . . .
I help rest and refresh him.

I am with that mother
Who steals a few minutes
Before she starts the evening meal
To re-read her son's letter.
I add a little more pleasure
To her happiness.

In the camps with the men in service
You'll find me
In your homes, offices, factories, schools . . .
I'm just around the corner from you
Waiting to rest, refresh
And offer you the pleasure
Of a fine, distinctive flavor.
I'm the famous yellow package
With the red oval.



The biggest job of all is his.



Her battle is on the home front.



On the job full time these days.



HALF THE METAL IN EVERY SHIP, TANK AND GUN IS SCRAP. THROW *YOUR* SCRAP INTO THE FIGHT.

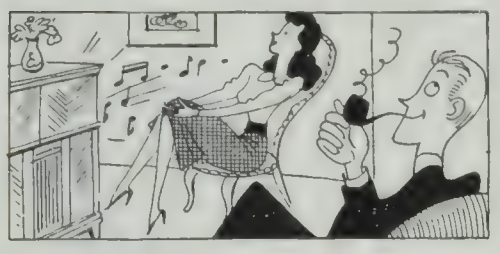


Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

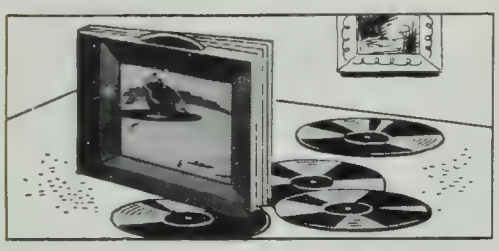
EVERY WEEK

AMERICA STAYS AT HOME AND LIKES IT WITH

VICTOR RECORDS



IT'S EASY to make staying at home glamorous when you choose the perfect music, on Victor Records, for every occasion. To make a festive event of the most informal gathering, there's nothing like the irresistible dance records by Victor's famous popular bands. Or you can enjoy relaxing, companionable evenings with your family, listening to your favorite recordings by the world's greatest artists, brilliantly performed on Victor Records.



A NEW SCHEHERAZADE

Take the magic carpet of music to the land of Arabian nights! Here are the wondrous tales of the Sultana Scheherazade, retold in the vibrantly beautiful Oriental music of Rimsky-Korsakov. Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra perform it for you with rare perception of its wit and charm and with all the melodic sweep and dramatic suspense that have made *Scheherazade* one of the world's best loved masterpieces. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-920 . . . . . $5.50*

GLADYS SWARTHOUT, possessor of one of the world's best loved voices, sings selected arias from famous French Operas. Accompanied by the Victor Symphony Orchestra, Wilfred Pelletier, conductor. Victor Musical Masterpiece M-925 . . . . . $2.50*

ALEXANDER KIPNIS, famous Russian-born basso, sings with great understanding, ten colorful Russian folk songs accompanied by Balalaika Orchestra conducted by Gleb Yellin. Victor Album M-917 . . . . . $4.25*

THE GAY AND ROLLICKING ESTUDIANTINA WALTZ, splendidly performed by the Boston "Pops" Orch., Arthur Fiedler, conductor. A favorite of all music lovers. 10-inch Victor Record No. 10-1024 . . . 75c*

"FAVORITE SONGS FROM FAMOUS MUSICALS"—a nostalgic bouquet of the best loved songs from twenty-five years of musical comedy. Beautifully sung by Dorothy Kirsten and Felix Knight with Victor "First Nighter" Orchestra and Chorus. Victor Smart Set Album P-133 . . . . . $2.50*

Let the world's greatest artists, on Victor Records, help you keep going with music.

**Prices shown are suggested list prices, exclusive of excise tax.*

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing E

ANY WEEK

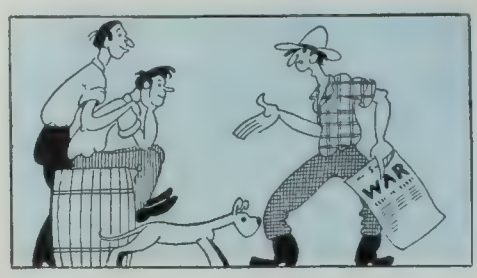
OUR correspondents have not done very well by us this week. Our mail is large and abusive as usual, but the letters lack snap. We've given the matter some thought, poking around for the reason. Perhaps you've all gone to Washington to be Army majors and are too baffled by the task of getting yourselves housed in a city which was overcrowded even before Pearl Harbor. We know something about the difficulty majors have in getting and keeping a roof over their heads in Washington, one of them having gone into the subject with us at some length. He's a bachelor, and his experience, although arduous, was relatively simple compared to what a familied major must expect. He lives in an upper-brackets boardinghouse presided over by a decayed gentlewoman of superior lineage, one of her immediate ancestors having been one of General Robert E. Lee's vast number of aides and staff officers. Secretly, we've always believed that General Lee, military genius that he was, would have been fighting yet, had his staff been smaller. This major told us that he found a room still warm from its late occupant, paid a month's rent in advance, assured the decayed gentlewoman that he was proud to be under her roof and stifled the urge to remark that her rates were somewhat piratical.

Moreover, he always pays the forthcoming month's rent two days in advance. He told us that he knows of several Army officers housed as he is who returned to their quarters only to



find a more generous and desperate newcomer occupying their rooms because they were one whole morning in rental arrears. We asked him why he did not protest the high rental he has to pay, saying that we understood that such things had been frozen in Washington. "Remember, please," said our major, who until last March was an insurance adjuster, "that I am now an officer and a gentleman. The Army does not approve of its officers suing landladies, especially decayed gentlewomen whose grandfathers were on Lee's staff. Understand, too, that if I did protest I might continue to be an officer but I'd cease to be a gentleman. And you just can't do that in Washington, where this war is being conducted along courteous and chivalrous lines."

AS WE'VE said with our usual shrewdness, this is a modern war. Several stories and incidents familiar enough in 1917 and 1918 have been lacking. But that's being taken care of. For example, we've just received notification from Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, that an ancient citizen from the Ouachita backlands wandered into town recently (his first venture outside the forest in twenty-five years) and learned without enthusiasm that the world was at war from pole to pole. "Good gracious!" sighed he, or in words to that effect. "Ain't nobody told them the Kaiser quit? Or have they just forgot what they were fighting about?" If this story came from anybody but the colonel we'd be inclined to question it.



AND now we have a letter from Mr. William M. Harris, Chairman of the Office Machinery and Equipment Procurement Committee of the War Production Board—you know, the OMEPCWPB. Mr. Harris takes to task a recent contributor to this column who is convinced that there are too many typewriters in the war effort and hopes that the government is unsuccessful in its quest for 600,000 used machines, the typewriter factories being busy making machine guns, or Chicago typewriters. Mr. Harris would like this correspondent to know that prewar quotas of typewriters per battleship have been cut in half and that there is now only one typewriter "for every 127 men on a battleship, which is veritably a complete floating city." This intolerable situation is due to the conversion of typewriter factories into war production plants. Failure of the drive for 600,000 typewriters, writes Mr. Harris, "can mean only two things: (1) Production of fewer guns and bomb sights, thus striking a foul blow at our fighting efficiency or (2) Requisitioning or drafting of typewriters, which is an awful commentary on the patriotism of Americans."

IN THIS clearly desperate situation, we suggest that Mr. Harris start requisitioning typewriters in Bismarck, North Dakota, and specifically in the office or home of a gentleman who signs himself Billy B. Damm. For a long time we've been getting a typewritten (single-spaced) weekly letter

(Continued on page 39)

Vol. 110, No. 19. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President, William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

NOVEMBER 7, 1

SHORT STORIES

SAX ROHMER
Serpent Wind. Bimbâshi comes to the rescue. Pa

JOHN FAULKNER
Good Neighbors. They mak easier. Pa

PAUL ERNST
Let the Girl Down Gently. Don't get tangled with a scre Pa

FREDERICK SKERRY
Halloween Assassin. A slight c murder—with angles. Pa

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Family Affair, by Oscar Schis Pa

SERIAL STORIES

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. The third of parts. Pa

VERA CASPARY
Ring Twice for Laura. The fou seven parts. Pa

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
African Danger Spot. Mozamb where Nazi agents menace the A supply line. Pa

RUTH CARSON
Walking on Wood. The new form for shoes. Pa

IRINA SKARIATINA
The Fearless Women of Russia. ines who back up the Red Arm Pa

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Nine Young Men. Get acqua with the crew of a bomber. Pa

DAN PARKER
Referee's Holiday. No holds b in total war. Pa

KYLE CRICHTON
Marjorie's Horse Comes In. No boots and saddle for Miss Reyn Pa

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
How Red is My Valley. The V coal miners, Britain's forgotten Pa

CARROLL VAN ARK
Women Rule a Cumberland T And do a better job than the Pa

COLIN MACKENZIE
Nothing Ever Happens to Me. ing on borrowed time. Pa

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

WING TALK. Pa

EDITORIALS. Pa

COVER VERNON GR

TUBELESS TIRE INVENTED BY B.F.Goodrich

Sensational rubber-saving development promises big after-war savings for commercial users

A ~~Typical~~ Great example of B. F. Goodrich development in truck tires

CLIMAXING a 50-year dream of tire engineers, The B. F. Goodrich Company announces an invention which eliminates the use of inner tubes in heavy vehicle tires.

Tested and Proved

The new B. F. Goodrich tubeless tire has been tested and proved both in the laboratory and on the highway and is now undergoing further impartial tests. While the amount of rubber saved by this new invention varies depending upon the size of the tire, the saving is approximately 7% to 17% of the rubber content of the casing, tube and flap combined.

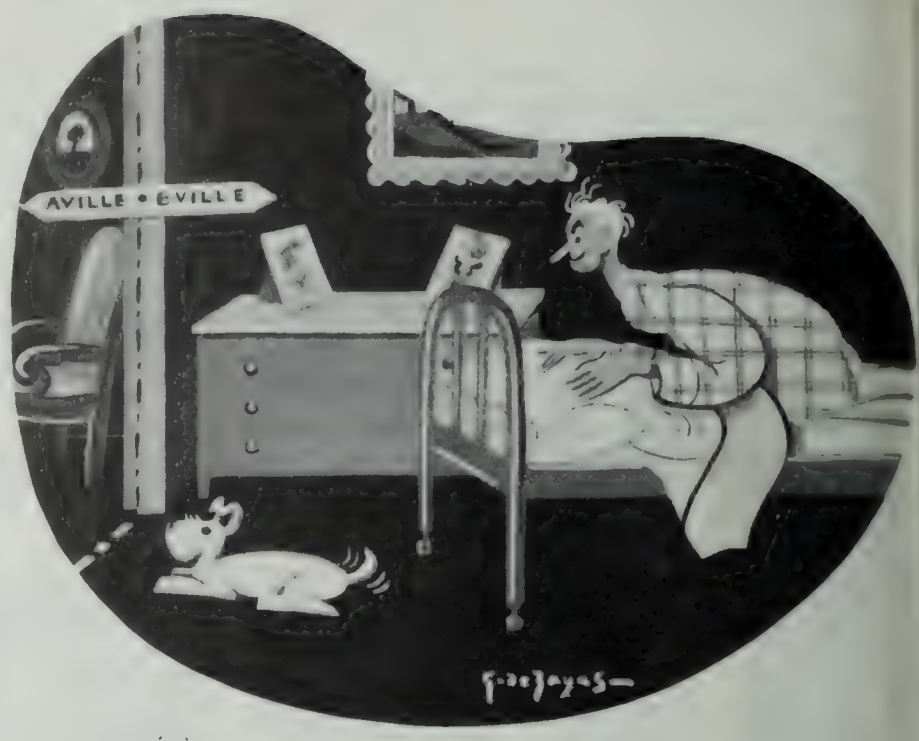
The Silvertown that doesn't need a tube has been made possible by a simple change in truck tire design plus a mechanical device the details of which are being kept secret in the interest of national defense. The tire is inflated just like any ordinary tire and tube—but instead of the air going into a tube, it goes directly into the tire and *stays there.*

If put into use during the war, the tubeless tire will be a major step in the conservation of America's precious rubber stockpile. That's good news to all of us. And it's good news to every truck and bus operator to know that after the war inner tubes may become a thing of the past!

Remember, the inner tube is the source of much tire trouble. Do away with the tube and you have eliminated the cause of many, many failures! And repairs can be made quickly because there is no tube to consider. Just think what this would mean in terms of lower costs, fewer delays, and simplified repairs! It's too early to make promises—but here is a hint of more good news to come later. In War or Peace, you can always look to B. F. Goodrich for leadership.







KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When a man lives in a house that is located on the boundary line separating two towns, he is usually considered, for purposes of taxation, to be a resident of the town in which his bedroom is situated.—*By W. H. Lumpkin, Center, Alabama.*

The first church for Negroes in the United States was established in 1787 in an old blacksmith shop at the corner of Sixth and Lombard streets in Philadelphia. Its founder was Richard Allen, a former slave, who in 1799 was ordained in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and became America's first colored clergyman.

When large European vineyards have a particularly fine crop, they sometimes produce one small cask of very special wine, made from individually selected grapes, which is sold at auction. One such wine is the famous German "Trockenbeeren Auslese," which has brought as much as $3,000 for the cask, which will fill only 400 bottles.

A recent study of women's figures revealed that, out of every thousand, 339 are average, meaning that they range proportionately from 110 to 144 pounds in weight and from five feet one inch to five feet four inches in height.

A lease for 20,881 years, held on a farm in the parish of Kirkhill, Scotland, covers a longer period than any similar contract in history. Drawn up in the early part of the 18th century, it was declared to be legal and valid by the highest Scottish court when the government attempted to confiscate the land after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745.

In early paintings, the nimbus or halo, encircling the heads of sacred and illustrious personages, was a symbol of power and authority, not sanctity, and certain colors were reserved for certain characters. For instance, gold was used for Jesus, red or white for angels, apostles and the Virgin Mary, purple for saints and sovereigns and black for Judas and Satan.

Mauna Kea, an extinct volcano in the Hawaiian Islands, starts from a great plain 18,000 feet below sea level and is built up from that as a single mountain, rising to almost 14,000 feet above the surface of the ocean. Hence it is frequently called the highest mountain in the world because it surpasses all others in distance between the true base and summit.

While most beds of scallops are usually found in water from 30 to 120 feet deep, one species, *Pseudoamussium neoceanicus,* living in the Pacific, was once brought up from a depth of 12,504 feet.—*By Montgomery Schuyler, Brooklyn, New York.*

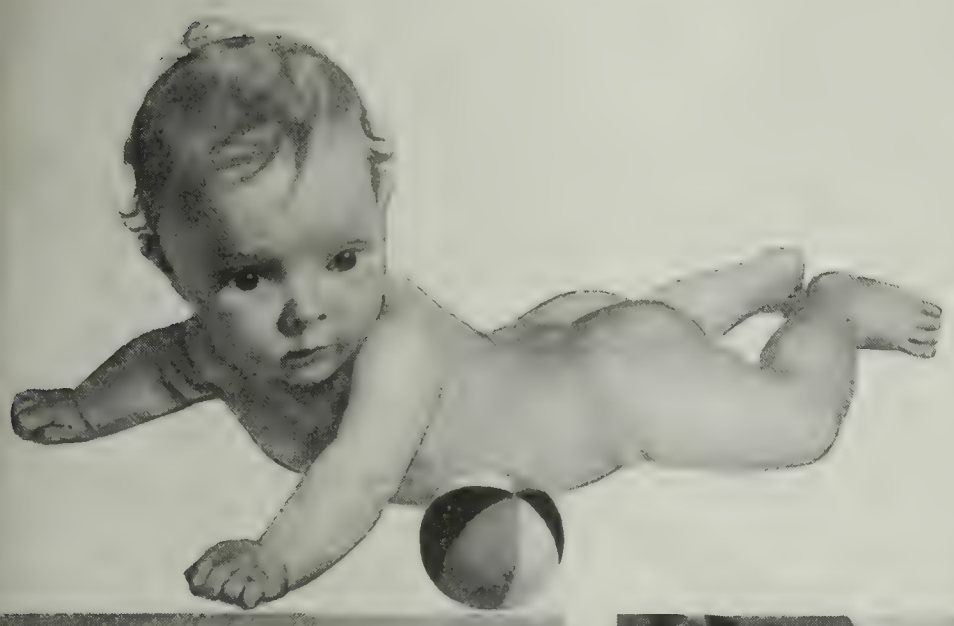
Sonorama, a new public exhibition in New York City, devoted exclusively to sound and hearing, has a unique feature in keeping with its general scheme. The hidden voice that describes each display cannot be heard by the visitor until he stands directly in front of it and listens through a small "magic trumpet" which is given to him at the door.

On the average, each American uses or causes to be used annually about 30 pounds of textiles, 250 pounds of paper, 600 pounds of steel, 2,000 pounds of food, 2,500 pounds of oil products and 7,500 pounds of coal.—*By Elvira Walton, New York, New York.*

In 1927 Leon Daudet, a French politician and man of letters, escaped from the Santé Prison in Paris by the simplest kind of ruse. A friend telephoned the governor of the prison that Daudet had been pardoned. Without thinking to confirm the statement, the governor immediately released Daudet, who then fled to Belgium.—*By Lottice Howell, Moundville, Alabama.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Life Insurance for the Family Man



MANY A MAN with a wife and children has asked:

How Can I Use Life Insurance Most Effectively for the Protection of My Family?

As your life insurance agent will tell you, most every family man should arrange his life insurance to provide *two-way* protection: 1. Insurance protection payable to his wife no matter when he dies. 2. *Extra insurance* protection for the first 15 or 20 years—until each child becomes self-supporting.

How family men in different circumstances can accomplish this *double* job is outlined below . . .



. IF YOU ALREADY HAVE adequate whole life surance for your wife, then a term policy for 5 or 20 years is an excellent method for provid- ng *extra* protection you may need during that eriod when your children are growing and unable o support themselves. In that way you get tem- orary protection at a low premium rate.

If you wish, you can arrange to have all or part f this extra insurance made payable to your wife n one sum, or it can be paid as a monthly income uring the period when the children are growing.



2. FOR FAMILY MEN WITHOUT ENOUGH whole life insurance, The Prudential has two policies that may fit your needs. The first is the "Family Income" policy. It combines whole life insurance with extra payments in the form of monthly income.

Suppose you take a "Family Income" policy with a permanent benefit of $5,000. If you die during the first 20 years, your wife will receive $50 a month until the end of the 20-year period . . . and then $5,000. If you die *after* 20 years, she will receive just the $5,000 permanent benefit.



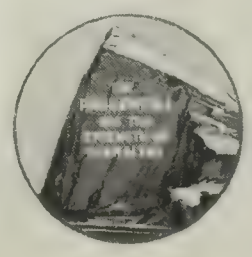
3. THE SECOND POLICY is called the "Modified Life 3-20." It combines permanent life insurance with an equal amount of temporary protection that runs for the first 20 years.

Suppose you take out a "Modified 3-20" policy with a permanent benefit of $5,000. If you die during the first 20 years, your wife will receive the $5,000 permanent benefit *plus* $5,000 temporary protection. This money can be paid either in cash or in the form of monthly income. If you die *after* 20 years, she will receive just $5,000.

The **PRUDENTIAL**

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



ARE WE HELPING YOU?

This is another in our series of advertisements—"What Every Man Should Know About Life Insurance." This series is intended to give you the kind of *practical* information on life insurance that will be of real benefit to you and your family.

We hope these advertisements will help you understand life insurance better and give you a deeper appreciation of your agent's services. Your comments will be warmly welcomed.



YOU CAN

TAKE THESE WITH YOU!

The MILITARY S-973

The MILITARY S-976

FLORSHEIM

SHOES... *Designed for Military Wear*

To our fighting men Florsheim quality means the best; to civilians it's the answer to our urgent need for conservation. From experience men know Florsheim Shoes last longer, save leather; they know they can wear them today—fight in them tomorrow. That's why we say, you *can* take them with you.

Most Styles $10.50 *and* $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. NAVY

WING TALK

High on the honor roll of our fighting fliers is Lt. Noel Gayler (above) holder of three Navy Crosses for his daring exploits against Jap planes and destroyers.

AS THE day of high-altitude fighting dawns for America's air warriors, Army Air Forces engineers disclose that they have licked one problem which has handicapped pilots and crewmen operating bombers and fighters "upstairs." That is the maintenance of a proper amount of oxygen when flying above 20,000 feet. The old type of "constant flow" oxygen equipment now in use has proved unsatisfactory, particularly in combat.

Not only is it wasteful but—far more important—it requires manual regulation. This can be very dangerous during a dogfight, when pilot and gunners are so busy they may forget to increase the amount of oxygen as the plane goes to higher altitudes. It is not only hazardous to bombing planes, but it can be fatal to single-place fighters, where the pilot, during an air battle, is busier than the proverbial one-armed paperhanger.

An automatic oxygen regulator has been perfected and is in production. which keeps a proper supply of the vital gas pouring out of the nosepieces and into the lungs of the airmen at all times. It is called the "demand" type and veritably supplies oxygen at the human body's demands.

The new development not only shuts off when not needed, it automatically increases the flow of oxygen as the plane rises. The fighter pilot or bomber crewman thus not only is relieved of one important worry during high-altitude fighting, but is freed of manual operation of his oxygen tank and can use his hands for other more vital purposes.

FROM an Air Forces officer just back from Panama comes the story of a fighter pilot forced down in the Central American jungles. He put his Airacobra down in an open spot in the wilderness one night and started to hoof it toward civilization.

As he struggled through the heavy undergrowth, all the tales of snakes and boa constrictors he had ever heard came to mind. After several miles it seemed that every sound must be the approach of a scaly, slithering monster.

Suddenly something squeezed him around the chest and tightened. A boa constrictor, he thought in panic, that would crush him to death. Fearfully, he reached up to touch it—and sighed with relief.

A branch had tripped the lever on the inflation cartridge of his Mae West life preserver and as the rubber vest filled with air it had tightened across his chest. Incidentally, R.A.F. fliers first named the inflatable life-preserver vest the Mae West because it "stuck out in the right places." Mae recently wrote the British Air Ministry an open letter, thanking them for "putting her in the dictionary."

MAYBE this will clear up any doubts you may have of what the designation Zero means with respect to Japanese warplanes. Zero is an abbreviation of 00, which simply represents the year in the Japanese calendar in which the plane was designed. The present crop of Jap fighters—as well as bombers and other craft—were designed in the 2600th year of the Nipponese dynasty, which was 1940.

All modern Nip planes, in fact, are Zeros, or rather Zero-Zeros, except a few 01s—designed in 2601—or 98s or 99s—designed in 2598 or 2599.

Besides the Zero bombers of various types, Zero observation and scout craft, there are actually several versions of Zero fighters. When American aviation engineers hear of some performance of the Zero fighters, they always want to know which one of the 2600-year fighting craft it is.

Was it a Mitsubishi navy fighter or an army type? Most of the Zeros are designed to land on a carrier, but there are variances. "Was it perhaps a Nakajima or Kawasaki fighter?" they ask.

Moreover, today, they want to know if the Zero in question is a new Zero.

(Continued on page 39)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

A solid trainload of oil speeding East over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Pinch hitting" for Tankers

to provide the East with Gas and Oil!

What the Railroads are doing to keep motor cars and oil-burners going

Before submarines struck, railroads hauled *less than 1 per cent* of the 1,500,000 barrels of oil and gasoline used daily by home owners and motorists of the East.

It was a tanker's job pure and simple. Petroleum came by water. But the war stopped that. So a call for help went out to the railroads.

Although carrying a tremendous war load, the railroads rallied promptly to the call. Soon solid trainloads of tank cars began to roll to the East.

In January 100,000 barrels a day went through . . . now it's over 800,000 a day . . . and soaring higher and higher. On the Pennsylvania Railroad alone, movement of petroleum products now represents one-sixth of its total freight car miles.

For the railroads, this is strictly a "pinch hitting" job. With Victory, Eastern oil will come by sea again. But meanwhile the railroads, to the limit of tank cars available, are keeping oil flowing, swiftly, economically.

". . . A truly amazing result, the accomplishment of which would not have been possible if it had not been for the whole hearted enterprise of both the oil companies and the railroads." HAROLD L. ICKES, *Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Co-ordinator*



How many gallons in a tank car? Over 8,000 gallons—or, at 15 miles to the gallon, about 120,000 miles of driving. A barrel contains 42 gallons. More than 65,000 of the nation's 112,000 tank cars are now wholly in service for Eastern states.



Enough oil for heat this winter? The Government estimates the daily petroleum supply for the East this winter will average about 1,050,000 barrels. About 80% will come by rail. Demand is estimated at 1,450,000 barrels. That's why strict economy to avoid "heatless" days is urged.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

INVEST IN UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



...*"better let us do the fixin' Mr. Potts!"*

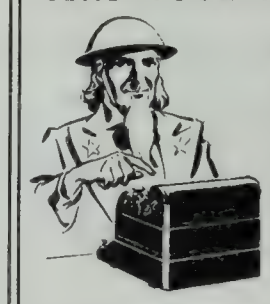


To a young man about to marry, the classic advice from *Punch* was the one word: "*DON'T*"!

We urge that same advice on all handy men around the house—or the office—whose trusty screwdrivers itch to open up a typewriter. Remember first that the modern typewriter, standard or portable, is a precision mechanism, beautifully adjusted. Remember second that if your well-meant efforts *do* wreck a typewriter today, you can't replace it for love or money! And third—our skilful specialists can repair your machines cheaper, better, faster.

Why take chances? Let *us* do the fixin', Mr. Potts—or Mr. Office Manager or Mrs. Citizen.

SEND YOUR TYPEWRITERS TO WAR!



Uncle Sam needs 600,000 more standard typewriters, made since Jan. 1, 1935. Sell all the L C Smiths you can possibly spare — to any L C Smith branch office—and help the war effort!

Smith-Corona

OFFICE PORTABLE

Typewriter Service

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE N Y



War production entrusted to us is precision work calling for craftsmanship of the highest order . . . skill won through many years of making America's finest office and portable typewriters.

LLIER'S
NATIONAL WEEKLY
NOVEMBER 7, 1942



She wore a white lace frock, with a sort of cowl, creating an effect similar to that of a mantilla; she appeared almost immortally ethereal

SERPENT WIND

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

Bimbâshi Barûk and the stainless lady

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK was passing the club shortly before midnight on his way to his Cairo headquarters when he decided to turn in there for a drink. He had the bar to himself except for young Cardew of H.Q. and a civilian whom he didn't know. In these circumstances it was unavoidable that he should overhear a conversation which had the most remarkable consequences. The behavior of Dick Cardew, who would have been Army middleweight champion if he had learned to curb his temper, was so wholly unpredictable that when, tersely excusing himself to his friend, and bidding the bimbâshi good night, he dashed out, he left the bimbâshi troubled in mind; so much so that he determined to follow. He liked Cardew and he sensed some trouble brewing.

There was a nearly full moon, and as he drove across the bridge Bimbâshi Barûk noted that the sky was a dirty blue. But he had come within sight of his destination before, proclaimed by a furious lashing of palm fronds, the hot wind ("Khamsîn" or "Serpent Wind") burst in all its fury.

He saw as he reached the gates of the villa that a number of cars were being driven away. Guests anxious to reach home hurried past in a darkness almost complete, and the wind howled like demoniac voices of a hundred devils.

Double glazed doors were draped and a lobby beyond was dimly lighted. An Egyptian servant greeted him.

"Is Captain Cardew here?" the bimbâshi asked rapidly in Arabic.

"Yes, sir. At least, I have not seen Yuzbâshi Cardew go."

The bimbâshi passed on. He did not know Mrs. Yardley Etherton well, although he had received an invitation to her buffet party now so hurriedly dispersing. Young and attractive wife of an elderly U. S. diplomat, she was one of those women who mean no harm but who manage to do a lot.

Of course, it was possible that Cardew had left unobserved by the servant. However, the bimbâshi determined to seek out Mrs. Yardley Etherton. He walked along a carpeted corridor.

As he passed a door ajar, that of an apparently unlighted room, Bimbâshi Barûk pulled up sharply. Above the wailing of the wind he had heard, coming from this room, another sound—a woman's scream, a babble of words, upon which ensued sudden silence.

Seized by an unpleasant premonition, he pushed the door open and looked into the room. As he had supposed, it was in darkness, but he groped for and found a switch so that a standard lamp became lighted. The room, furnished as a study, was empty. He crossed the room to a window. Light from the standard lamp, shining dimly out onto the terrace, showed him the figure of a man lying outstretched not more than three feet from where he stood. Blood poured from a deep head wound.

In the adjoining room, someone had started a gramophone, and they were dancing. . . .

These were the circumstances which led to the awakening of Commandant Hatton of the Cairo police. Hatton was formerly attached to the C.I.D.

"This is not my idea of clean, healthy fun," he remarked.

A clock struck two. Hatton, seated in the villa study, looked up from his notes. A big man, fresh-colored, with close-cut silver-gray hair and a small mustache resembling a midget currycomb, his light blue eyes had outlived a happy childhood.

"I am more than a little bothered, myself," Bimbâshi Barûk admitted. "We have sturdy lying to deal with."

Hatton nodded. "Yes," he said, "your notes convince me of that."

The facts embodied in Hatton's notes were bizarre and confusing. They were these:

THE man discovered by Bimbâshi Barûk, when dragged into the study had proved to be dead. Neither host nor hostess being discoverable (it was learned later that Yardley Etherton was away from Cairo), the bimbâshi had taken charge. A doctor was summoned, the police were notified, and guests still on the premises were asked to remain. The victim had a skull wound behind his right ear and a severe laceration of the jaw.

The doctor estimated the dead man, tall and of handsome presence, to have been about thirty-five. His few possessions gave no clue to his identity.

"We can reasonably suppose," said Hatton, "that he was a stranger to Cairo. Not because nobody has admitted to recognizing him, but because he wears a



borrowed dress suit with no label. Short of hotel valets—who generally have a few on hand—places where he might have borrowed it are limited."

Following a spell of silence.

"I think," said Bimbâshi Barûk, "that we may accept the evidence showing that Mrs. Yardley Etherton, finding her party dispersing, joined friends with whom she drove into Cairo."

"Yes. Her slogan is, 'Don't break up the party.'"

"It is not clear to me, though, of the four guests who remain, why one was detained."

"Adrienne Arlen?"

"Yes." Bimbâshi Barûk's eyes grew dreamy.

"First, her behavior when she viewed the body."

"H'm—perhaps. No sensitive woman enjoys looking at a bloodstained corpse."

"Then, you observed, no doubt, that she carries a handbag with initials in diamonds?"

"I had noted the fact." The bimbâshi's drooping eyelids were raised momentarily. "These initials, although she hides them rather cleverly, are J. F."

"Exactly. Either she has given a false name—"

"Or borrowed the bag."

There was a rap on the door.

"Come in," said Hatton.

The door opened and Cardew entered.

"SORRY if I seem to butt in, Hatton—but might I have a private chat with Major Barûk?"

"Certainly; by all means."

Hatton went out, quietly closing the door. Bimbâshi Barûk took the seat just vacated and began to fill his pipe. "Try the armchair, Cardew," he said. "It looks restful."

Cardew crossed to the chair but did not sit in it; he sat on one arm, facing the bimbâshi. Of no more than medium height, Richard Cardew was a man powerfully built; his dark brown hair grew in small, tight waves and his gray eyes had sometimes been described as dangerous. If his jaw was a shade too heavy, a shy smile betrayed a sensitive nature: only a fool could have doubted his spirit and integrity.

I could see them well enough, although it was getting black as pitch. I couldn't hear Jean's words, only a murmur, but I heard most of Bard's. Then he grabbed at Jean and I closed in nearer

"I want to get this thing clear if I can," he began steadily, "for I find the present situation intolerable. . . . When I gave my evidence, there was one small point which I withheld. You will understand when I explain."

Bimbâshi Barûk lighted his pipe. "Suppose you start from the club," he suggested. "I could not avoid overhearing your conversation, a fact which explains why I came out. I heard a man tell you that he had just come from one of Mrs. Etherton's affairs at Gezira and that Lady Avalon Westry was there. Go ahead from that point."

"I will," said Cardew grimly. "What you evidently didn't hear was his description of the behavior of the man with whom he had seen her. I was rather staggered."

"Why?"

"Well, you see Avalon had called me earlier in the evening to say that she felt rather under the weather and was going to turn in. I dashed out here in a pretty foul humor. I never cared a lot for Nan Etherton, but she and Val were at the same finishing school in France, and I suppose there's no real harm in the woman. When I arrived, there was every sign of a big storm blowing up, and the crowd was dismissing. I saw Peter Malmsey—Nan Etherton's tame boy friend—and he told me that Val was still here. Nan had joined the Farquharsons and had pushed over to Cairo. Peter was acting as deputy host."

"What did you do?"

"I went to look for Val."

"And did you find her?"

"Yes. Now, I told Hatton that she was talking to a man whom I couldn't see clearly, just outside this room."

"I remember."

"From the garden, I saw them come out. The breeze was rising and people were already dashing away. Well, she and the man went along the terrace toward the steps. I lost sight of them."

"This tallies with what you told Hatton. Which is the part you wish to correct?"

"Well, when the surgeon had finished and we were asked to view the body, I said that I didn't know the man. In a sense, this was true . . . but he is the man Val was talking to!"

Bimbâshi Barûk's expression grew grim. "I understand your former—reticence, Cardew. Avalon had already denied that she knew him."

Cardew dropped into the armchair and ran his fingers through tight waves of hair. "Exactly! That's the devil of it. What could I do then?"

"The more urgent question is, t are you going to do now? Have you it out with her?"

Cardew shook his head almost agely. "She is highly strung, as know, and at the moment on the v of hysteria. It is painfully clear Hatton, after a short interrogation, lowed everybody to go except Ava myself—and some woman I had n seen before. Peter Malmsey staye representative of the hostess. Sinc can't suspect Peter, what am I to inf

Peter Malmsey was one of t young men who are well connected something at a ministry; it was that nobody could suspect Peter.

"The simple fact is, Cardew, tha the eyes of criminal law no man's supported word is worth anything all. Hatton regards Miss Arlen's dence as unsatisfactory, and Ava told him she was hunting for her when I called on everyone to ret Unfortunately, she hunted alone. said you were looking for Avalon. you see, Cardew, no one saw you lo ing for her."

"But Avalon—"

"Leave Avalon to me," said the bi bâshi, quietly. "Just keep out of way."

"You are not going to tell her—"

"It is unnecessary that I should re to our conversation."

AVALON MARY WESTRY, o daughter of the Marquis of Derri ham, was tall, slight and delicately fe to have described her as a blonde wo have been coarse. She legitimat prompted the simile of a lily with l cool white skin and pale golden h Her eyes were calmly blue, and up certain men her presence acted l fumes of hashish, so keen was the des which she provoked.

This circumstance had caused her p ents no small concern, since more th one scandal had been narrowly averte When Dick Cardew came along (u like her other suitors, he was una tached, wealthy and in every w eligible), an early marriage was urg by Avalon's anxious mother.

Avalon, however, had proved dif cult; she declined to permit any a nouncement. But when Dick Carde left for Egypt, Avalon saw him off—a broke down hopelessly as the tra pulled out. Some months later, duri the time that she was employed in t Ministry of Supply, information reach her father concerning yet another sca dal about to bloom, and the histor

(Continued on page 27)



The partial occupation of Madagascar, described by Collier's Africa correspondent in a recent issue, has now been made complete. But our vital supply route to Russia and the Middle East is still in danger. For across from Madagascar lies Mozambique, and Allied ships continue to pass between the two—under the watchful eyes of Doktor Leopold Werz, the Nazi vice-consul

Ten months ago the cranes of Lourenço Marques were idle; today, ue to United Nations ipping, it is one of rica's busiest ports



EWING GALLO

AFRICAN DANGER SPOT

BY FRANK GERVASI
BY CABLE FROM JOHANNESBURG



The German vice-consul in Mozambique, Dr. Leopold Werz, bles Berlin daily about the vements of Allied ships

PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE Allied supply line from England and the United States to the battlefields of the Middle East, Russia and India, curves flatly around the Cape of Good Hope and passes through the relatively restricted waters of Mozambique Channel, between Madagascar and Portuguese East Africa. It is one of the safest supply routes connecting the factories of the United Nations with their war fronts and is really vulnerable only in those channel waters. At the most critical point in the battle to prevent the enemy from reaching the oil regions of Russia and Araby, we lost many ships in that channel. Just how many remains a military secret.

To protect this supply lane, the British seized Diégo-Suarez, and the Union of South Africa sent troops to help finish the job—that of occupying Madagascar and preventing the use of the island as an enemy base from which to harass United Nations shipping in the channel and possibly attempt actual invasion of the African continent. But Madagascar is only half the problem. The other half is Portuguese East Africa itself.

Neutral Portugal's East African colony is, in a certain sense, an enemy base on the African continent. From there, the enemy's spies and agents signal with impunity the movements of United Nations ships to Berlin, Rome and Tokyo. These Gestapo agents alienate Dutch and Greek seamen of United Nations ships in Lourenço Marques, the colony's capital. There, one of the ablest of Germany's many agents, whose job on the African continent is comparable to that which Von Papen held in the Balkans or Grobba in the Middle East, transmits to Berlin information he accumulates from United Nations territories. He provides Goebbels with ammunition for his propaganda warfare against South Africa—but that is probably the least harmful of his operations.

Were the problem reversed—were Portuguese East Africa surrounded by German colonies instead of by British dominions, colonies and territories—there is no doubt about how it would have been solved. The Germans would have just moved in. But the United Nations don't play that way. Portugal is neutral, and Portugal's neutrality in the United Nations' code must be respected. It does not matter that Herr Doktor Leopold Werz, nominally the German vice-consul in Lourenço Marques, actually is one of the slickest operatives of the Gestapo and violates the code daily.

A series of political and geographic circumstances combine to make Werz's job comparatively easy. In neutral territories, the advantages are all on the side of the Axis. All neutrals or pseudo-neutrals feel obliged to conform to their demands. Most of them have frontiers with Axis or Axis-dominated nations and fear invasion if they fail to conform.

Portugal is in a particularly bad spot, realizing that, at the slightest provocation, Spain, urged by Germany, would pounce upon her. Portuguese officers in Mozambique, fresh from home, told me they could not hold the Spaniards one week if a showdown came.

And if a showdown does come, Portugal's five-hundred-year-old empire, comprising territory which is twenty-five times the size of the motherland and including some of the richest colonies in Africa as well as strategically situated islands, would be at the mercy of the Axis, Britain or the United States—whoever got there first. Portugal's enormous and wealthy empire, which has survived longer than any other and which has escaped the imperial reshuffles of the past hundred and fifty years, thanks to the protection of the mighty British fleet, might become one of Africa's empires adrift.

Fear of losing her empire, the fundamental sympathy for Fascism inherent in her own corporativism and the secret belief that the United Nations will not win the war partially explains Portugal's tacit collaboration with the Axis. These circumstances explain more particularly how Dr. Werz is able to obtain any amount of funds he requires from Portuguese banks.

The Usual Nazi Technique

It is the old aspirin trick which the Nazis worked so effectively in the Balkans. Germany obliges Portugal to purchase German drugs, shoddy hardware and armaments (Germany recently offered to sell Portugal equipment for four armored divisions) and creates large balances of Portuguese money in Lisbon banks. Dr. Werz, way down in Lourenço Marques, can draw on these balances at will.

Portugal's pro-Fascism is not shared by the white population and, in the Mozambique colony, the natives don't count. The colony, whose economic welfare depends largely upon South Africa and Rhodesia, is overwhelmingly pro-British and pro-United Nations. The people even resent their homeland's tendency to use Mozambique as a dumping ground for jobless politicians. They call functionaries sent from Portugal, who grab off all the fat jobs and

(Continued on page 67)

WALKING ON WOOD

By Ruth Carson

THE girl in the picture is contemplating her wooden-soled shoes. All the shoes arou are wooden-soled, too. They aren't just They're a sensible, comfortable answer to a ne

A third of the sole leather in the country h allocated to the Army and Navy, cutting the us short. That's why the War Production Bo sued its ruling, limiting styles of shoes and colors to black, white, brown tan, Army rus Navy blue. Less variety means fewer shoes made; means also less temptation for you.

But the manufacturers didn't wait for the to make a ruling. Several months ago they work on substitutes for sole leather. Wooden are their answer to date. Thirty-some manu ers are using them, and they include some of t gest ones in the country, known for comfort a style. They have been selling them by the tho to contented customers.

These wooden soles are neither stiff nor cl They are hinged so that they bend with the foot hinge is a small, stout strip of sole leather, th take all the bending it will get. The sole is with half a dozen small rounds of leather, that be cut from scraps, and the heel is cushioned piece of the same. These prevent skidding an ter.

Wooden-soled shoes weigh within a cou ounces of your regulation shoes. The thick make your feet look smaller—something abou portions. They also keep your feet out of th protect them from hard pavements more tha slipper soles ever did. Properly cut, they giv good balance and steady support.

A woman who has worn them in the count several months, says they don't collect dirt and in the hinge, as you might expect. She swears are comfortable. Maybe they've got something

The WPB ruling that colors can't be combin uppers doesn't hold when they're on wooden So the great American favorites, spectator shoes and tan and white saddle oxfords, are sp Also there's no law against having colored Hence the red lacquer with black suède

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

The Fearless Women of Russia

By Irina Skariatina
RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

The Russian women are fighting stanchly to save their homes and families from the invader. Collier's correspondent tells you how they are sharing the suffering and heroism of war with their valiant men



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

Here one of the members of the medsanbat, Nurse Olga Ussova, is giving first aid to a wounded Russian soldier under fire in the Kharkov sector. She carried forty-three disabled men to safety

IN RIAZAN, as I was pacing up and down the platform waiting for my train to continue its journey to Moscow, a long heavy train that came all the way from Tashkent pulled into the station. I noticed to my surprise that a woman was at the controls of our engine. Still young, her weather-beaten face was extremely handsome with rather stern, clear-cut features and deep-set blue eyes. In a friendly way she bent down to answer my questions and several days later when she was off duty in Moscow I had the opportunity of again meeting her and talking to her. In the quiet of a small study, over glasses of weak tea and candy, we sat and she told me the story of her career.

"As you already know, my name is Valentina Shapovalova and I am thirty-six years old," she began in the measured, slightly singsong voice so typical of Russian women. "I was born in Vladivostok and grew up there. Later I came to Moscow and entered the Institute of Transport Engineers. Why? Because locomotives always fascinated me ever since I can remember. When I graduated I started working as 'assistant engineer of machinists,' as we call them. I did that for two years. Then, when I became a full-fledged engineer, I was entrusted with a heavy freight train on the Moscow-Rybnoe line. In the winter, what with storms and blizzards and snow, it was sometimes rather difficult—especially to fulfill the required technical speed. But I made out all right, and later was transferred to a more important line. During the war with Finland I went back and forth with my freight train to the front and because I was lucky and never had an accident I was awarded this insignia of Honorary Railroad Worker." She pointed to an emblem pinned on to her blouse.

"Now the one next to it," she continued, pointing to another insignia, "is the Badge of Honor which was given to me by the government for successfully transporting military materials and supplies under fire in this present war. Four times my train was bombed.

"What did I do in these cases? Oh, well, I had to decide for myself what was best. I had to depend entirely on my own judgment and make my decisions as best I could. Afraid? No, not for myself. I used to worry a lot more about the engine. I hated to think it might be hit; it was such a beautiful one, so powerful and strong. But I was lucky and they never got us.

(Continued on page 46)



A graduate of the river shipping school at Gorki, Zinaida Khussainova has been a bridge officer for two years



Civilians and the army must be fed. Nadya Angelina is shown driving a tractor harvesting wheat near Stalino

Kutzenova was one of the women locomotive engineers on the Moscow-Staraya Russa line until the Germans cut it



Lt. Polina Sedova, pilot of an ambulance plane, is replacing one of the men who is busy fighting Nazi bombers





Nine Young Men

By Corey Ford and Alastair Mac Bain

Nine names on a bulletin board and nine young men meet beneath the wing of the big ship that will be theirs from now on. They will live together, fly together, fight together. If it is necessary, they will die together. Here's how that miracle of co-ordination, a bomber crew, is born

SHE was born at 2 P. M. of a sweltering day on the flying line of a half-finished field somewhere in Florida. She weighed twenty tons, was green, and had a glass nose; and the blessed event took place under her own wing. Her name was Sweet-Adeline.

The unsuspecting godfather was a corporal named Wilton Furnish. He had been standing with eight other men at the time, in the shade of the big bomber's slanting wing; four enlisted men like himself, and four officers.

They had looked one another over in silence for a moment, and one of the officers had begun awkwardly, "I guess we're slated to be together. I'm Lieutenant Holland," and he introduced the other three officers: Lieutenant Bowen, copilot; Lieutenant Cleveland, navigator; Lieutenant Hennessy, bombardier. The enlisted men gave their names quickly: Sergeant Brock, radio; Corporal Sessoms, assistant radio; Sergeant Tilton, engineer; Private Levi, assistant engineer; Corporal Furnish, photo-gunner.

There was another stilted pause, and that was when Corporal Furnish's eye wandered to the bomber's gracefully sloping sides. "Isn't she beautiful? Look at those curves!" he exclaimed impulsively. "Like a girl I know back home."

"Who's that?" the others asked, faces relaxing in a grin.

"Adeline, her name is. She's streamlined and, boy!" Furnish rolled his eyes, "is she sweet to handle!"

Sweet-Adeline was born at that moment, amid the heat and glare and hurrying white sand.

Down on the line is the row of huge Flying Fortresses. Sweet-Adeline is sixth from the end, a great green dragonfly, the sunlight glancing off her unblinking glass eyes. Her ground crew is going over her now. From time to time they glance at the group of nine men standing in the oasis of shade under the wing and nod their heads significantly: "That's them." "First time they been together, isn't it?" "Won't be the last. . . ."

A Unique Relationship

For something bigger than Adeline is being born here, for all her twenty tons: a relationship closer than a family, stronger than a marriage, so unique that only a war could bring it about; a relationship of nine men who saw their names grouped together for the first time on the bulletin board an hour ago: "Office of the Squadron Commander. Subject: Combat Crews. To: All Concerned. The following crews have been assigned . . ."

These nine men have come from every section of the country, from every walk of life. They are the product of endless training hours aloft and on the ground, of the most patient sifting and seeding and elimination. They represent the ounce of priceless element that's left after grinding up an entire mountain. This is their final assembly line. From now on, they will live together and fly together and fight together and, maybe, die together. From now on, till the war ends, this is their ship. They're the only nine men in Adeline's life.

Second Lieutenant T. M. Hennessy of Boston, Massachusetts, weighs just under two hundred pounds, so they call him "Tiny." Played pro football a couple of years after he quit Boston U. He's the bombardier. "I'm the ball carrier on this club, see? I'm supposed to put it across for the score. The navigator's quarterback. He calls the signals, gets us down there inside the twenty-yard line and sets up the touchdown play. The pilot's the forward passer; he shoots me the ball when I'm ready. The copilot, he's sort of a roving center, takes charge on defense, tells everybody what to do when we're on the taking end. The rest of the crew, the gunners, they're the guards and tackles. Tail gunner's the safety man. In a scrap, everybody takes out his own man." Tiny pauses. "We work together. We're a team."

Tiny enlisted in the Air Forces when the war broke, put in for bombardier, and wouldn't change places with anybody else in the world. Got the best job in the ship, he'll tell you; everybody else

(Continued on page 57)

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Good Neighbors

By John Faulkner

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

You couldn't ask for a more obliging pair of desperadoes than the Fuller brothers. No real harm in those boys. Just a mite clannish and handy with their weapons

UNCLE PETE was really too old for the deputy marshal's job, and the young, hard-boiled prohibition agents resented him because he filled the place that could be given to some younger, more reckless man of their own caliber who would be of use to them in their still raids.

But Uncle Pete's friends were numerous, having been collected from the days when county political campaigning was done on horseback and a man left the county seat on his electioneering tour only to come back to town in time to vote. None of those friends were ever lost to Uncle Pete, and some of them were more than friends now. One of them was a United States senator. And Uncle Pete, though over the age limit for active duty, was still serving as a deputy marshal.

Uncle Pete was set in his ways. It was the well-earned prerogative of seventy-four years of just living and honest independence. He acknowledged none of the weaknesses of his accumulated years and forbade anyone else to mention them. Nor did he ask favors or deference to the indelible marks of time's passing that sat but lightly on his still-erect shoulders.

Through a tacit agreement between the marshal and the prohibition agents, Uncle Pete was never sent out on whisky raids, but was used chiefly to serve summonses and court papers. And also through unspoken agreement between Uncle Pete and his favorite taxi driver, Joe, his trips were always arranged so that he could sleep in his own bed each night.

It became sort of a game with the marshal to try to arrange Uncle Pete's papers so that he would be forced to spend a night away from home, but, somehow, Uncle Pete, tired out but triumphant, would turn up at home by bedtime. That was the only concession he made to old age. He liked his own bed.

When the government started buying up land for the huge reservations and reservoirs in northern Mississippi, the marshal thought the problem of Uncle Pete was settled for good. He put Uncle Pete to posting land.

"By George, I'll bet he has to sleep in a hotel tonight," said the marshal to his office deputy one morning. "I gave him a good two days' work before he left this morning."

"What have you got him doing?" said the office deputy.

"Posting that reservoir land," said the marshal. "I gave him everything north of the Delta Road."

"Why, he won't be back here for a week," said the office deputy.

Uncle Pete phoned the marshal at nine that night.

"Where are you?" said the marshal.

"I'm at home," said Uncle Pete.

"What did you come in for?" said the marshal.

"I finished," said Uncle Pete.

"Finished?" said the marshal. "Why, no one man could post all that land in one day!"

"I made Joe help me," said Uncle Pete.

"Who?" said the marshal.

"Joe. My driver."

"Well, I'll be gosh-darned!" said the marshal.

The next day, Uncle Pete's son stopped by the office at noon to take Uncle Pete to dinner. Uncle Pete greeted him with a bluff, "Hey."

"You 'bout ready to go to dinner?" asked the son.

(Continued on page 60)

Uncle Pete took the hand and peered into the prisoner's face. "Can't rightly say I remember you." "I'm Luke Jenkins," the prisoner said. "Remember? You took me to Atlanta seven year ago"



REFEREE'S HOLIDAY

By Dan Parker

Naval Aviation cadets are learning a new kind of football. The rules have been dumped overboard and the gridiron has become a battlefield where almost anything goes

ONE of the questions Naval Aviation cadets must answer when filling out the questionnaire they receive upon registering at a preflight training school is: Who do you consider has had the most influence on sports in this generation? A surprisingly large percentage of the 15,000 future fliers who have enrolled for the three months' course so far this year have answered Hitler or Hirohito. Nor were these answers flippant.

To appreciate how squarely they hit the nail on the head, you must be familiar with the revolutionary sports program now in full swing at four preflight schools opened by the Navy last spring on the campuses of St. Mary's College, California, and the universities of North Carolina, Georgia and Iowa. At these centers, under the supervision of 900 of the nation's outstanding coaches, carefully selected from 12,000 applicants, the American concept of sports is being rewritten to fit the exigencies of a war in which sportsmanship has become an empty word. The rule book has been chucked out of the window, the playing-fields-of-Eton legend laughed into oblivion, and the doctrine of sport for sport's sake outlawed for the duration.

Pearl Harbor was a costly and humiliating defeat, but the lesson it taught the Navy at the outset was well worth the price paid. The Japs will probably rue the day they elected to scrap the code and stab an old friend in the back, for it required something as nauseating as this foul blow to the average American's inborn sense of fair play to drive home to a peace-loving, sportsmanlike nation the folly of using anything short of all-out tactics in dealing with international hoodlums.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, this idea began to crystallize in the mind of Captain Arthur W. Radford, director of the Division of Aviation Training in the Bureau of Aeronautics. Himself a flier, Captain Radford knew that it took more than a knowledge of how to fly a plane to make a good combat pilot. He also realized that America, a peace-loving nation, was greatly handicapped in wartime because its young manhood had been brought up in a code of sportsmanship as foreign to that of a Jap as the fish-head-and-rice diet of Nippon is to the American palate. Japan had been preparing for this war since the peace treaty was signed after the last one, and there was nothing remotely resembling sportsmanship in the code in which its fighting men were schooled.

Summoning Lieutenant Commander Tom Hamilton, one of the Naval Academy's all-time sports heroes, Captain Radford outlined his own ideas and ordered him to call in the best minds in the sports world to help map out a program for Naval Aviation cadets. Lieutenant Commander Hamilton went to such athletic fountainheads as Major John Griffith, athletic commissioner of the Western Conference, and Big Bill Bingham, graduate manager of athletics at Harvard. They and others helped Hamilton to skeletonize the program and advised him on personnel.

The new idea was mentioned publicly for the first time at the annual convention of football coaches and physical educators at Detroit last December. Outlining the program in an address before the convention, Lieutenant Commander Hamilton called for volunteers. Almost two hundred responded on the spot. Not satisfied with volunteers, Hamilton sought out the best men in their field. All-America heroes were a dime a dozen when Tom's list was made up.

The first group, numbering 183, began a month of intensive training at the U. S. Naval Academy on March 23d. Among these were Harvey Harman, Rutgers football coach; Jim Crowley, Fordham's grid mentor; Ed Don George, the wrestler; Sam Barry of the University of Southern California; Larry Snyder, the Ohio State track coach; Bobby Grayson, whose name still resounds through Stanford's classic halls for his football achievements; Art Jones of the Pittsburgh Steelers pro football team; Jim "Sweet" Lalanne, North Carolina's star halfback; George Svendson of Minnesota football fame who went on to the Green Bay Packers; Choc Sportsman, who coached the famous running Rideout twins at North Texas State; Glen Killinger of Penn State and the New York Yankees, and enough other headline names to send a sports writer into a delicious swoon.

A College of Hard Knocks

Three more classes were sent through the same stiff regimen and by the end of May when the first two preflight schools were opened at North Carolina and Iowa universities, a well-trained staff of instructors was ready for the swarms of eaglets who fluttered into each training center at the rate of 242 every two weeks. The other two schools were opened early in June. By August, all four had reached their capacity of 1,850. Until the preflight schools were opened, the course of training for a Naval Aviation cadet had been nine months. Now it takes a year's time and $2,700 to convert each cadet into a finished pilot.

In the realistic three months' preflight course, the cadet learns that war is a ruthless business and that there's no "place" money in warfare. Teaching fair-minded young Americans how to kill or maim an opponent is as revolutionary as would be an attempt to convince a *magna cum laude* college graduate that the rules of arithmetic he had learned in grammar school are all wrong. It is no indictment of our way of living that the instructors have to break down a barrier of natural repugnance before they can make any headway with their course of lessons in One Hundred Easy Ways to Erase a Jap.

Lieutenant Ed Don George, one-time world's heavyweight wrestling champion, is the dean of this College of Hard Knocks at the University of North Carolina's preflight school. Lieutenant George, who has trained his first class and seen them go on to the advanced

(Continued on page 30)



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

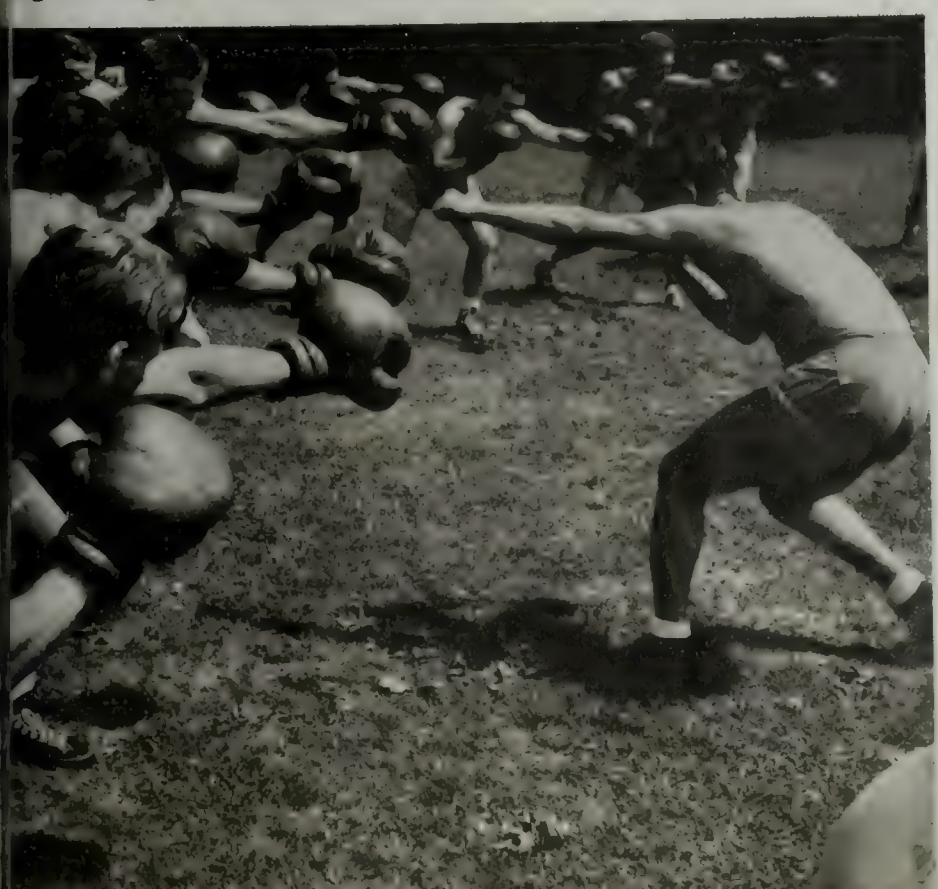
The instructor, Lt. Ed Don George, knife in hand, appeared hopelessly formidable. But the future aviator suddenly turned from the defensive to the offensive; applied a wristlock. The knife is falling to the ground

The roughest football game you ever saw pales into the insignificance of a game of jacks when compared to the game played at the University of North Carolina Preflight School. No time out is allowed except to bury the dead



The proficiency of these men in handling themselves in hand-to-hand combat might mean the difference between life and death for them. Here you see a group of healthy Naval Air cadets learning the fine points of catch-as-catch-can and mayhem—mostly mayhem. A clever, smaller man who knows a few of the tricks not in the book frequently can render his bigger opponent helpless. A gouge, a little pressure in the right spot and they will hear the German or Japanese for uncle

Everyone gets intense instruction in boxing. Here a class imitates the instructor's long left jab. Those who major in boxing must fight at least two three-round matches every week



Lt. Com. James Crowley, who coached famous Fordham teams, is in charge of the football program of the preflight school at North Carolina University. He is showing instructors how to enhance the block with neat, underhanded torture





MARJORIE'S HORSE COMES IN

By Kyle Crichton

Marjorie Reynolds, having recently suc ceeded in brushing the fodder of West erns off her garments, now promises t be the object of more attention than ha ever been accorded any movie-struck nag

FOR some obscure reason, adversity tends t sweeten Hollywood actresses. If kicked abou sufficiently they take on a seraphic air and be gin purring. No matter what evil cinematic speci mens they are playing, they are convinced that Fat will soon hit them over the head and dub them Cin derella. The latest Cinderella is Marjorie Reynolds the find of Holiday Inn.

"Let nobody ever again express disbelief in a Higher Power," say the cynics of Sunset Strip. "I Reynolds can do it, anybody can do anything."

Miss Reynolds belongs to that line of Hollywood child wonders who receive each new blow with an expression of ecstasy. One might imagine that an actress who had spent twenty years in the profession and had never reached a point farther north than leading lady in horse op'rys would be curdled by disappointment. Not at all. Miss Reynolds went gaily along, happy, ambitious and avowing that everybody in the business was wonderful. The leap from oblivion to being leading woman for Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in a picture by Irving Berlin seemed merely a bit of poetic justice.

"I'm just a lucky girl, that's all," says Miss Reynolds, in a slightly sententious voice, which indicates that she knew from the time she was three years old that this was bound to happen.

The Glass-Slipper Damsel

The whole Reynolds saga is a fantasy. When Mark Sandrich at Paramount began casting Holiday Inn, he found all available candidates either experiencing motherhood (Mary Martin) or trussed up with constabulary writs (Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth). After testing every lady in town with a full complement of limbs, Danny Dare, the dance director, remembered a girl who had been in the chorus at Paramount years ago. Her name was Moore, and he annoyed Central Casting with demands that they produce her. Central Casting replied testily that no such name had been on their list for months and hinted that she might have done away with herself in despair.

"You'll hear about this," cried Dare darkly, and was beating his head vainly when one Moe Sackin heard of his predicament and came running.

"Why," said Moe, breathlessly, "it is well known to all who follow the progress of the stars that Marjorie Moore is now Marjorie Reynolds, and as soon as we can get the smell of fodder out of her garments, she will be in your presence."

She clambered down from whatever nag was currently bearing her and dashed into Paramount, sprinkling herself fleetingly with perfume as she ran. Mr. Sandrich heard her read lines, Mr. Crosby, by now worn by the quest and caring very little in any event, nodded his solemn approval, and a call was put in for Mr. Astaire. Mr. Astaire looked at her with a weary and suspicious eye and gave indications that it would please him if she gave an exhibition of her dancing. She did a time step, which was all she remembered from her days at school, and then Mr. Astaire took her gingerly in his arms and started to whirl her about.

"Ow!" said Mr. Astaire at this juncture, for Miss Reynolds had committed *lèse-majesté* by stepping on his foot.

The four interested parties retired to reflect upon her possibilities and Miss *(Continued on page 76)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The girl was quite mad. She looked back at the road just in time to miss a head-on collision with a car full of soldiers. John was almost bounced out of his seat

LET THE GIRL DOWN GENTLY

By Paul Ernst

Shed no tears for John Hendricks, who lost his love. He had no choice in the matter, and liked it anyway

THERE was a hissing sound that matched the rhythm of the wheels. The middle-aged coupé slumped sideways like a leaking boat. John Hendricks stopped. A large, serious-faced young man with sandy hair and sober light brown eyes, he walked around the car and saw a lusty nailhead in his left front tire, a sight to make him feel less wrathful than outraged.

John had tended these tires with care, driving slowly and considerately, so that with nine thousand miles engraved upon them they still looked beautiful and new. He'd gauged them for proper pressure every week, inspected them daily for cuts and bruises; and lately guarded them with fine new locks installed on each separate wheel.

And what did all this get you? Punctures. That's what it got you. Now he was undone because some fool threw spikes around the streets.

Methodically, John pulled on canvas gloves. He jacked the car up to remove the crippled tire. Then he stared in utter disbelief at his key ring.

There were keys for ignition, dash compartment, gas cap lock, spare tire lock—and that was all.

There wasn't any wheel lock key. He couldn't get his flat tire off his car.

John considered. On the night he'd bought the new tire locks he'd hurried to meet Helen right on time and had forgotten to put the spare key on his spare ring. And that was the ring he had with him now.

"Damn!" John said. He looked around.

He was in Gracemoor, one of three New Jersey villages he drove through every day—most Sundays, too, like today—on his way from home in Burnick to the laboratory in Elizabeth. He was on the edge of town near a small white clapboard house that looked dwarfed by its own large lawn and mammoth trees.

John walked across the lawn beneath the trees and rang the bell.

After quite a while the door was opened and John looked down into vivid, wide blue eyes, and at faded, worn blue overalls. He judged at first the girl must be about fifteen, then saw she must be twenty-one or so; more than fifteen years were in those curves. Her smallness and her rather breathless way of gazing up at you made time miscalculations probable.

She said, "Oh! You're not him."

"Him?" repeated John involuntarily.

"You wouldn't know if I told you," said the small girl. She was very blond. "He's in the Army."

"Oh," said John politely.

"He's a sergeant. You're not a sergeant."

"No," said John, thrown somewhat off balance. "I'm a chemist."

"Well, don't feel bad. Someone has to mix the stuff they shoot."

"I don't feel bad! Chemists are quite as necessary as sergeants. What in the world makes you think I—"

John cleared his throat.

"I've had a puncture," he said austerely. "I came to ask if I might use your phone."

"All right," the girl said. "But why a phone? Why don't you just change the tire? Don't you know how?"

"Certainly I know how," John snapped. "It's the locks."

"Locks?" she said.

"On the wheels."

"Wheels?"

"To keep my tires from being stolen I lock 'em on the wheels," John explained patiently. "This morning I left without the key to those locks, so I can't take my punctured tire off. I want to phone a garage to send a car to take me home to get the key."

"To open the lock that Jack built," the girl finished, clapping her hands. John scaled his age guess down again.

"PLEASE, may I use your telephone?" he said.

"Oh, we can help you out," the girl said, with an unhampered look from very blue, wide eyes. "You don't need to hire anybody and spend all that money. On a Sunday and everything. I'll drive you home in our car. I think. Come out back."

"If I could just phone—"

"Oh, no. We wouldn't think of it."

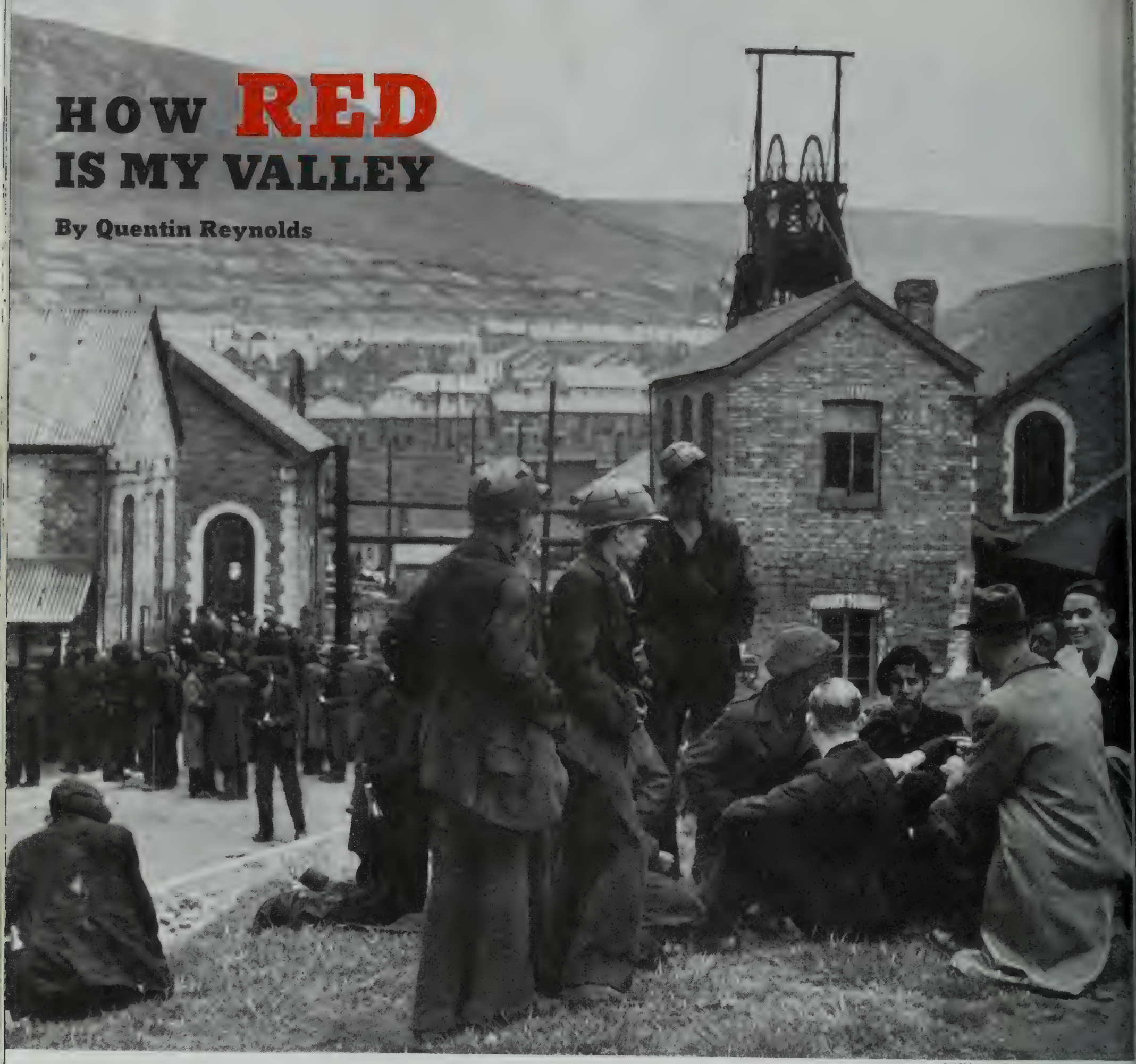
She took John's hand and led him out a back door whose screen bagged at the bottom like the seat of an old tweed suit.

"What's your name?"

(Continued on page 42)

HOW RED IS MY VALLEY

By Quentin Reynolds



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA

Here miners from Penygraig, Trealaw, Llwynypia and Cwmparc stop near the mine shaft to chat with friends who are employed in less grimy occupations

In Richard Llewellyn's once-green valley, Collier's correspondent meets the silent, thoughtful people who work Britain's mines —and who seem to have been left underground by Britain's economic system

WE ALL climbed out of the cage which had brought us up from nearly half a mile underground and we blinked in the hot sun pouring down on the valley. The miners were grinning, their teeth milk-white against the grimy coal-dust black of their faces. They stacked their helmets and their lamps and then went to the long wooden hut which stood close to the mine entrance. This was payday. They filed into the building at one end and came out the other with small blue slips—"pay dockets," they called them. These would be presented to the company cashier and exchanged for money.

"Had a good week?" I asked the first miner out, and he smiled bitterly.

"Have a look," he said, holding out his blue slip. "And that's for four days' work."

The slip read two pounds ten shillings, which is exactly ten dollars. The man behind him handed me his slip too, and that one read three pounds eight shillings ($13.70). As they filed out, each one entered into the spirit of it and handed me his slip. Some made bitter remarks; others grinned ruefully; some merely looked sullen. One grizzled Welshman, with the marks of fifty years' work underground on his lined face, said simply: "I got a daughter in a munitions factory who makes twice that." The largest amount on any of the slips I saw was five pounds eight shillings and sixpence ($21.85). The man who showed that was a "collier" who worked at the very front of the coal face. He was paid on the basis of the amount of coal he had "cut" during the week, and to earn that rather phenomenal sum, he had torn 41 tons of coal from the rock and slag and earth a half-mile below the surface of the valley. The average pay of a miner in South Wales is about three pounds ten shillings (fourteen dollars) a week.

This was the valley which Richard Llewellyn wrote about in his book How Green Was My Valley, and these were the men who walked through the pages of that extraordinarily fine book. I had met Captain Richard Llewellyn quite often in London, and one night I had asked him, half jokingly, "Richard, how green is your valley now?"

"Go and see for yourself," he said a little grimly. "See if I overpainted the picture. See how these men and women live—these people who are cutting coal; these people who are engaged in one of the most vital war industries."

And so I went to his valley to see for myself. It was only four hours by train to Cardiff from London, and a twenty-five-mile drive from there to the Big Rhondda and the Little Rhondda valleys, and to the township of Gilfach Goch which is in the Lost Valley. The Big Rhondda stretches about twenty miles, and I went through it and met the miners of Penygraig and Trealaw, and Tonypandy (the home of Tommy Farr, the fighter), and Llwynypia and Ystrad Gelli and Treorchy and Cwmparc and Pontypridd, where the valleys meet, and Tylerstown, where the great Jimmy

Vide came from. I met the people who wrk and sing and suffer and sometimes serve in the pages of Llewellyn's book, and after coming from the valley, it seems to me that Llewellyn was not writing fiction at all, but instead was writing a factual textbook. And the people of the valley all agreed with me.

The approach to the valley is pleasant. You drive through green country and the road is flanked by the now unused Glamorganshire Canal, built in 1798 and used for towing the coal out for more than a hundred years. You pass the gabled Castell Coch (The Red Castle) where once the great Welsh chieftain Ifor Bach (Little Ivor) held off the Normans. You pass over the River Taff, and looking down into it, you know you are now in the coal country. Then suddenly the valley opens before you.

The Slag-Crested Hills

Your first sight of the Rhondda is breath-taking, because you see it as a magnificent whole. Your eye instinctively seeks out beauty and rejects ugliness, and so at first you don't see the ugliness of it at all. Far below, you can see ten of the twenty-four townships that go to make up the South Wales mining community. You see row on row of slate-covered roofs covering the neat-looking miners' homes. You see chimneys and smoke pouring lazily from them and you hear the whirr of machinery as the cages are raised and lowered in the coal pits. You raise your eyes and there you see the green of the valley; the sides of the hills are green and soft. But each hill is crowned with a black, ugly crest. For years the slag (waste rock and earth), which comes out of the mines, has been carted to the hilltops and deposited there, and it takes on the color of the coal from which it is separated. But gradually the dead slag seems to creep down the hills, infecting the greenness of the valley, and each year the valley is less green and more black. And yet the men and women who live by the coal love the valley, and Welsh soldiers on leave will travel forty hours to spend a week end there.

And now let us get back to the pit entrance, where we left some six hundred miners blinking in the sudden, unaccustomed glare of a strong sun. I'd been underground with them that day, and had seen them work, grimly, silently, for the bottom of a coal mine is no place for idle conversation. Every time you open your mouth you inhale coal dust and rock dust, and the miners know that if you eat enough of this you will get the dreaded silicosis, that disease which changes your lungs from soft, living, moist, life-giving organs to dry, dead, fibrous leather, incapable of sustaining life. There is no cure for the miners' disease and even now hundreds die each year from it.

When the men had been paid, they trudged up the hill to their homes. About half of them live within a mile of the pit. Others take busses. These men were on a shift that began at seven in the morning and ended at 2:30 in the afternoon. The other shifts were 2:30 to 10:30 at night, and the third, which was the repair shift, worked from 10:30 until 6:30. Theoretically, the miners who were now finishing their shift had the whole afternoon before them. Actually it doesn't work out that way. Each miner is allowed one ton of coal a month by the mine owners for his home. For this he pays fourteen shillings ($2.80)—about a third the price paid by the general public. The coal is dumped on the sidewalk in front of his house, and he has to take it inside by hand. Then he has the job of washing his sidewalk, for there is no cleaner place in the world than the valley.

Then there is the garden to be taken care of. In the valley, land that will grow living vegetables is scarce and it is allotted to the miners. The cabbage, the lettuce and the potatoes are nursed tenderly, for the wage of a miner allows for the purchase of very few vegetables. The gardening done—the care of the individual plots, sometimes as small as ten feet long and six feet wide, can hardly be dignified by the term "farming"—now the miner can get out of his grimy clothes and wash the black from his face. This is not a rapid progress, for the coal dust gets under your nails and into your scalp; it seeps through your clothes and gets into the pores of your skin. Once clean, the miner may go over the weekly accounts with his wife. I have mentioned that the average pay is fourteen dollars. This is a fairly generous estimate. However, it does not mean that he can turn over fourteen dollars each week to his family. There are several compulsory deductions. His union dues are ten cents a week. He must pay income tax, Workmen's Institute fees, insurance, make a compulsory contribution to the Cardiff Hospital and, unless he lives close to the pit, pay bus fare out of that. The average "stoppage" or compulsory deductions will amount to about two dollars a week, which leaves him twelve dollars.

Now in Wales people are religious. In a township as small as little Tylerstown (population, 5,000), you will see five churches (the Welsh call them chapels), and these chapels are well patronized on Sundays at all three services, for the Welsh tell you, chuckling at the irreverence, that they are great "sermon tasters," and the more sonorous a preacher is, the more popular he is. And these men of the valley support their chapels and that takes about another twenty-five cents a week.

The Miners' Daily Bread

The miners are by no means a group of drunkards, but they want, and actually need, their pint of beer and their pack of cigarettes each night. They assemble at their local pubs and they talk and discuss the progress of the war, and have their pint and their cigarettes. The coal dust has made their lungs dry (and mine!), and they cannot smoke underground. A glass of beer and a pack of twenty cigarettes cost exactly three shillings (sixty cents). Instead of cigarettes, the miner may want smoking tobacco. Well, that costs forty cents an ounce. His one glass of beer and his smokes thus cost him for the six days (pubs are closed on Sundays) $3.60, nearly a third of his income. Beer and cigarettes are nearly three times as expensive in Britain as they are in America. Now, assuming that the beer and cigarettes are as necessary to him (and ten generations of miners have found them necessary) as his morning tea and his evening soup, a bit of arithmetic re-

The first thing a miner does when he comes out of the shaft into the sudden burst of sunlight is blink and light a precious cigarette. A pack of cigarettes costs fifty cents. Down below, half a mile in the earth, smoking is not allowed





He's only seventeen years old; has been working in the mines four years. But he's proud of his coal-blackened face. It is the mark of his trade. Though life wasn't too kind to his ancestors, who were miners, perhaps the future will not pass him by



Welsh children are amazingly healthy. Most of these boys will work in the pits and some of them will be incapacitated by silicosis before they are twenty-five



Our Mr. Reynolds (seated at end of table) attends a meeting of the Mi Union and hears an officer read off the names of injured mem



A shift knocks off at the Tonypandy mine. Tired and dirty, the men head for their slate-roofed homes. Though coal contaminates whatever it touches, Welsh housewives manage somehow to keep their houses immaculately clean

veals the fact that he has left just $8.15 to turn over to his wife. With that she must feed and clothe the family, and Welsh families in the valley are notoriously large. That is the economic picture of the Rhondda Valley, and it is hardly to be wondered that a great part of the valley is no longer green—but red. Since I visited the valley, the government has raised pay for underground workers to a minimum of $17 a week. But this increase does not even cover the increased cost of living.

The valley was strongly Communist long before Russia's great effort and the signing of the Anglo-Soviet treaty in June made Communism slightly fashionable in Britain. The miners are not the long-haired, loud-shouting "agitators" our daily press in America once loved to lampoon. Soberly, thoughtfully, they have been forced to reject the system which has molded the lives of themselves and their ancestors. Quite obviously, that system under which so many millions of workers in Britain find social happiness and reasonable economic security has never bothered to adapt itself to the miners of Wales. They have always been outside the economic borders of the system. They look appealingly toward any other system under which their profession might fit and be treated with dignity and decency.

There is a strong feeling of nationalism in South Wales and when they sing their anthem, "Land of My Fathers," written by two weavers in their own Pontypridd, their love for their land shows in the sincerity and earnestness of their voices. But there is great individual pride among the men of the valley, and lately many things have happened which have injured this pride. Women in the valley have always been housewives and nothing else. Being the wife of a miner was a full-time job. The miner was very definitely the head of his family. No women, for instance, were allowed in the pubs in the valley.

It is a bit different now since war factories opened at Cardiff, since Liverpool and Manchester combed the country for women factory workers. The growing daughters who ordinarily would have followed in the footsteps of their mothers and become the wives and the mothers of miners are now away working in the factories of Britain. They are discovering a new world in which a woman as an economic factor is on a par with a man; a world in which she is an individual and not merely an echo of her lord and master and the caterer to his daily wants. They discover that when they become skilled workers, they can command five (twenty dollars) and sometimes six pounds (twenty-four dollars) a week—wages never before made by male members of their family.

This puzzles the Welsh miner. He is a great craftsman, and he is a bit arrogant, and proud of his ability as a miner. The ordinary Welsh miner is virtually a mining engineer without diploma. It hurts their dignity when their twenty-year-old daughters and their young sons earn more than they can—for a miner doesn't have much but his pride and hi dignity.

There is another thing. He know that his is a very hazardous professio Ninety men died from the collapse c pit walls and roofs last year in the val ley. I went to a meeting of the loca chapter of the Miners' Union and hear the secretary read out the list of me injured during the past month. The were nasty injuries—fracture of bot hips, fracture of the skull, amputatio of a foot, the loss of an eye. Th miner meets old cronies at the Work men's Institute every night who can n longer speak because of the dread lun disease. I met several men in that ad vanced stage and they could barel whisper. I met men in Tylerstow lounging unhappily in the Institut (each township has such a social clu maintained by the miners), unable t work because of silicosis. And many o these were still under twenty-five.

The Welsh miner doesn't ask muc He loves the valley and is sad becaus his sons leave for greener valleys. H loves his Workmen's Institute where h sees the best plays performed by ama teur companies, where he sees movie regularly and where he hears the bes voices in the world raised in song. H loves his pint of beer and his smok and of a Sunday, he loves his chape But he wants just a little bit more tha that. He wants security and, althoug he wants his sons to follow his craft, h wants things made a little bit easier fo them. He is a patriot and the week was there he and the other 120,000 in habitants of the valley contributed fiv thousand dollars to a Warship Wee campaign—every penny given meant penny taken away from the household budget. He is a patriot and second t none in his hatred of Germany, but h sometimes wonders what his own coun try has ever done for him or ever wil do for him.

Sometimes he sits outside his hom and he looks up and sees the black re sentment of the slag tips crowning th hills, killing the green of the valley, an he sees the River Taff, slimy with th refuse that comes from the pits, and h sees his pitiful bit of land with the be draggled heads of vegetables never bor to live in this unhealthy soil—and th bitterness of the soil that is killed an the anger of the river that has died ente his heart and make him bitter too.

THE END

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

UCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

ne of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

"Wagon Load o' Tobacco." Painted from real life in the tobacco country by Paul Sample.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED"

You can't beat the breadeaters



Hitler's hordes have their shots-in-the-arm, their energizer their pep pills. Here in America we've got something bette

It's *bread!* Yes, sir, simple, good-tasting, modern bread—an plenty of it—made as only the American baking indust knows how. America is eating more bread these days—an here's why that spells bad news for America's enemie

Winning a war is a matter of energy. Energy calls f a good substantial diet. More meat, more potatoes. *An more bread.*

You won't find bread anywhere else in the world as good as th bread most American bakers are turning out today—good whi bread enriched with niacin, iron and Vitamin B_1, often called th "morale" vitamin, because it is essential for good nerves and healthy spiri and because it helps the body get all the benefit out of the carbohydrat which bread so abundantly supplies.

Bread is a "must" in every American fighting man's diet—in every workin man's lunch box.

More of it belongs in *your* meals, every one, from breakfast throug before-bed snacks.

MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B_1.

Bread is "standard equipment" in the diet of America's fighting men and the lunch boxes of American workmen.

Bread *is basic*

Serpent Wind

Continued from page 12

Vestry jaw" of the marquis (delicately herited by his daughter) became set two right-angle triangles. Her health emanded sun and a dry climate: Lady valon was sent out to her aunt in airo. She went gladly, for Dick Carew was there; but up to the time of e villa tragedy, no engagement had een reported. . . .

THE puff of khamsîn having extinguished itself with its own violence, a early full moon held her Isis mirror bove that land of Egypt in which the ncient gods were dying. Lady Avalon nd Bimbâshi Barûk leaned on a low one parapet looking down at the uddy Nile.

She wore a white lace frock, with a ort of cowl which she had drawn over er fair hair, creating an effect similar o that of a mantilla; she appeared almost immortally ethereal. From a boat omewhere upstream, borne upon a aint breeze came monotonous strains f a reed pipe.

"You see, Major"—Avalon's voice as low-pitched but peculiarly clear—I am one of those unfortunate people ho are always found out. I don't truly elieve I have ever done anything desperately bad, but whatever I do, right r wrong, it inevitably comes to light." She paused. "Now, when everything as coming right, this thing happens."

"You didn't expect Cardew to be here?"

"Oh, no!"

The bimbâshi studied Avalon's pure profile. "I am afraid," he said quietly, "that you will have to explain to him why you came. Or should you prefer to explain to me?"

He saw her biting her lip.

"Suppose I did explain to you," she replied, "would you consider it your duty to pass the explanation on to Mr. Hatton?"

"That would depend upon the explanation. You see, it is a serious offense to obstruct a police officer in the execution of his duty."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean that you told Hatton you had never seen the dead man before."

"Well?"

"Well, I was led to my discovery of the body by hearing you call out, 'Larry! Larry! What have you done?' Those, I think were your exact words."

Avalon leaned forward. "Oh, you heard that?"

"Distinctly."

"Does—Dick know?"

"That I overheard your words? Of course not. Why should I have told him?"

"I don't know; but he has been trying to cross-examine me all night, and I have clung like a limpet to Peter Malmsey. Oh, I don't know what to say!"

"Before you say anything, even to me—have you the slightest idea who committed the crime?"

"On my word of honor, not the slightest—unless it was a case of suicide. He said he would do it."

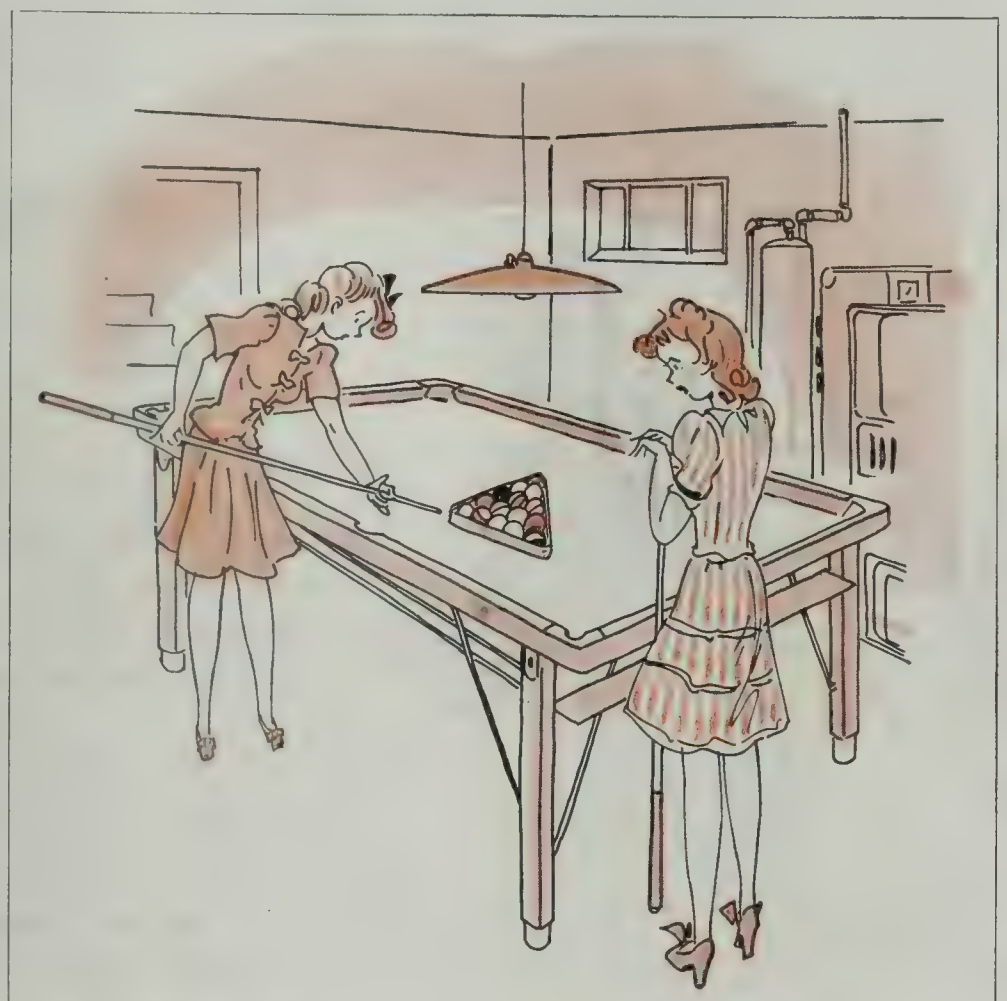
"His injuries are not consistent with such a theory. And now, Avalon: who was this man?"

THE story which Lady Avalon Westry told to Bimbâshi Barûk was so true to pattern, except in its catastrophe, that the bimbâshi quite easily could have concluded it without assistance from the girl. The dead man was Lawrence Bard, junior partner in a prominent firm of cotton brokers, Grantock, Ferez & Bard, of Manchester, London, Alexandria and Cairo. . . .

"You see, he caught me very young. I was a little fool. It seemed like real romance to me. I didn't think so afterward. He used to manage to get invited wherever I went and he swore he would shoot himself if I didn't marry him—although he had a wife already. But he said that she was grossly unfaithful and that he had evidence for a divorce."

"And for how long did this friendship last?"

"Oh, perhaps a year. Then I met Dick—and somehow the affair with Larry Bard suddenly seemed vulgar, sordid. I was given a job at the Ministry of Supply. He—Lawrence Bard—got an appointment there, too, and I simply couldn't make him understand that it was finished. He positively haunted me, and people began to talk. Of course, Father heard the story; he would. You see, it was really because of Larry Bard that I wouldn't agree to marry Dick. I felt he ought to know, but I hadn't the pluck to tell him."



"I wonder what our score is? We've been pushing this thing around for half an hour!" REAMER KELLER

Avalon's voice remained low and clear, but not entirely steady. "Take your time, my dear," said the bimbâshi. "It would be pleasant to sit down, but ruinous to your frock, I'm afraid."

"I am all right, Major. You are very kind. Because, really, I deserve no sympathy. As you know, I was packed out here to my aunt Elfie and I had quite determined to make a clean breast of it and leave the result to Dick. Unfortunately, in a way, Dick is like no other man I know; he is early Victorian in some respects, and I have just been putting off the evil moment. I have been a wretched coward—because, you see, I adore Dick, and I dare not think—"

She was silent for nearly a minute.

"Imagine my feelings when Larry Bard rang me up and said he had just arrived in Cairo! He wanted to come along, but I definitely refused to see him. He was so insistent, though, that I knew I should have to see him sooner or later; and I made up my mind it should be for the last time. Since I had, well, come to my senses, I had heard a lot of things about Lawrence that I ought to have known before. He lived like a millionaire and had already squandered a considerable fortune brought to him by his wife. There were worse rumors, too."

"AND so you put off Cardew and met Bard?"

"Yes. Nan Etherton had invited me but I hadn't meant to come. I thought I might safely see him here, among such a crowd, and meet no one who knew him. He had dashed up from Alexandria, where his firm has an office, and said he would have to borrow dress clothes. I called Nan, and she arranged to let us meet in the study as her husband was away; she gave me the key when I arrived."

"What time was that?"

"It must have been some time after eleven. He didn't phone me till about ten. I told him to come in by the garden gate down there—I described the way—and walk straight up to the house."

"You met him out here, then?"

"No. I waited on the terrace and let him in through a French window to the study. He told me that the divorce decree had gone through and seemed to think, as no obstacle remained, that I should fall into his arms. When I made him understand, finally, that everything between us was finished, he began to behave like a madman. I was so terrified that I ran out into the garden, and he followed me."

"Your last interview was in the garden?"

"Near the gate. It is at the end of this path. He made the most urgent appeals—said if I turned him down he was going to shoot himself. Then khamsîn broke like fury. I tore myself away and bolted up to the house. The French window was open, just as I had left it, and I slipped in. The key was in the door, which was locked. I opened it and looked out: Peter Malmsey was just passing by!"

"Did he see you?"

"No. But I jumped back and forgot to close the door. I decided to risk the dust, to go out onto the terrace and to run around to the main entrance. While I stood there, hesitating, I heard someone stumbling up toward me. He must have seen me, for he gasped—'Avalon!' I half stepped back; I was nearly suffocated. Then, I saw him."

"Where?"

"Just where he was found. He was—ghastly white, blood streaming down. Then, he fell."

"And you?"

"I screamed, and cried out before I could stop myself."

"And then?"

"I thought I heard someone coming in. I ran onto the terrace and right around the house. I tried to find my car, but someone had moved it. Then Hassan came out to bring everyone back—and I knew that Larry had been found."

"This is absolutely all you know about the matter?"

"Absolutely."

"You know nothing about Miss Arlen?"

"I never saw her in my life before the inquiry tonight."

Bimbâshi Barûk was satisfied.

"Keep out of Cardew's way for the present. Go and make your peace with Hatton. He will understand."

Bimbâshi Barûk watched the slender figure melt into shadow; then, he set to work, his task lightened by a clear moon. Without much difficulty he found the spot at which that final interview had taken place. He read there evidence of just such a scuffle as Avalon had described, for the wall here, mantled in bougainvillea, swept up to a height of six feet and had protected the soft sand from the wind.

WITH his eye he measured the distance to the gate; it was a half gate embowered in flowers; and, as he stared toward it, something focused his attention. Two large terra-cotta pots, from which cascaded floral vines, marked the end of a narrow bypath leading up to the house. A native gardener (as is the way of native gardeners) had left a spade, its haft upright, driven into soft soil just at the corner of this path, and some sudden blow had jerked it violently sideways. Touched by moonlight, the tilted edge of the blade glittered evilly. Closer inspection (he avoided contact with the implement) confirmed conjecture.

The blade was wet with blood.

A number of other indications enabled him to reconstruct the scene; and as he did so his expression grew grimly apprehensive. It is hard to believe a man one has liked and respected to be a liar; yet here, written in blood and sand, was circumstantial evidence pointing plainly to the culprit.

Cardew, on his own admission, had seen the pair going into the garden. When Avalon had run back to the house he had confronted Bard, struck him (that would explain the cut on his jaw) and Bard, falling onto the pointed corner of the blade, had sustained that deep head wound. Wounded, but still conscious, he had staggered back, and collapsed. So ran the bimbâshi's fa-

cile reasoning—when, magically, his expression changed. With infinite care, using a leaf and a corner of his pocket handkerchief, he took up from the sandy path a small, blue object. It was a beautifully carved scarab of lapis lazuli. . . .

His investigation had taken longer than he had realized, and when he returned to the study, Hatton was just hanging up the phone.

"I have seen Lady Avalon," he said shortly. "However, panic excuses her behavior, I suppose. Paul Ferez, one of the dead man's partners, happens to be in Cairo with his wife, and I have just established contact. He's on his way out here. Bard was in a financial jam. Ferez had a cable from England earlier tonight, and it seems that Bard has been swindling the government for over two years. You see his game? He knew he had come to the end of the rope and he got official consent to visit their Alexandria office with the idea, first of all, of getting out before the crash. Also, if he could compromise Lady Avalon, he reckoned by blackmail to get the necessary funds from her family to save himself. He was a good-looker of sorts, and he dramatized his personality. She wasn't the first to fall for him."

He paused, staring at the bimbâshi.

"But none of this makes the case any better for Cardew. Now that we have had the truth from Lady Avalon I suppose I might as well release Miss Arlen. Clearly she is not concerned."

Bimbâshi Barûk was staring into space, and when he spoke his voice sounded afar off:

"I should not dream of intruding Hatton, in the ordinary way; but this case involves the honor of a brother officer. Could you possibly allow me five minutes' private conversation with Miss Arlen before you let her go?"

ADRIENNE ARLEN was a slenderly graceful woman who might have been twenty-seven. Dark and perfectly groomed, she had gray-green eyes which lent beauty to a face otherwise no more than ordinarily pretty. She was engagingly *dégagé*. Over her white frock she wore a short ermine cape. She had a blue suède bag under her arm.

"My dear Miss Arlen," said the bimbâshi in his pleasant voice, "this interference in a matter which really doesn't concern me must seem impertinent. But I am wondering if you can help to clear up a small point?"

"I shall be happy to do so, Major Barûk." Her voice was low-pitched and oddly soothing.

"Thank you. In the first place, then, how long have you known Lady Avalon Westry?"

"I don't know her at all. I met her tonight for the first time. We decided at that very moment to change our dressmakers."

"Change your dressmakers?"

Miss Arlen laid her bag, face downward, on a chair and slipped the cape from her shoulders.

"Jane Watkin of Bruton Street sold me this gown as an exclusive model. She sold another, an exact replica, to Lady Avalon just before she left London."

Bimbâshi Barûk smiled. His mood had changed entirely—for swift enlightenment had come.

"Might I ask you to raise the hood?"

She did so, drawing the cowl over her hair. "Perhaps you don't realize what it means to two women to meet wearing identical gowns!"

"I appreciate its importance more keenly than you suppose. Jane Watkin of Bruton Street has made a pretty mess of things. By the way, Miss Arlen, do I understand that you came here alone?"

"Yes." She nodded. "I came quite late, too. You see, one day recently I met Nan Etherton (I used to know her before her marriage) and she asked me to come to her party. I don't think I should have done so, but during the evening I had a fit of the blues; so at last I found a cab and came along, hoping that company might cheer me up."

"What time was that—roughly?" the bimbâshi asked.

"Well, it must have been near midnight. The storm broke soon after I arrived. Nan had disappeared, and I didn't know a soul. I was just preparing to go, when—"

"You were caught up in the meshes of the law?" Bimbâshi Barûk suggested. "Yes, that was bad luck. But I am wondering"—he carefully placed something on a pad immediately under the lamp—"if this formed part of your white and blue ensemble."

Adrienne Arlen stepped forward, looked down at the lapis lazuli scarab, and turned so pale that the bimbâshi grew alarmed. He sprang forward, but she shook her head and recovered her remarkable composure.



"Don't be cross, Bert—it isn't very often he has company"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE SMITH

"Where—did you find it?"

"Is it yours?"

"No."

"It has evidently fallen out of a ring—and there are specks of blood on it. I am sincerely reluctant to pain you, but were you out in the garden tonight?"

"I have never left the house."

He challenged the gray-green eyes and knew that this was true.

"I found it near the spot where Lawrence Bard was attacked. Whoever struck him down wore a ring from which this scarab was knocked out by the violence of the blow." Adrienne Arlen sank slowly back into the chair from which she had stood up. "You see, Miss Arlen, I am in your hands, and so I can only ask you—do you recognize this scarab?"

ADRIENNE ARLEN avoided the searching gaze of Bimbâshi Barûk; she retained her composure with obvious difficulty, and when she answered, it was in a murmur.

"No—I don't."

He shook his head reprovingly. "I am sorry that you felt it necessary to reply in that way," he said gently "Are you *sure* you would not like to reconsider the matter?"

She extended her hands in a pathetic gesture. The last shreds of self-confidence were slipping from her. "How can I?" she whispered. "How can I?"

Less than ten minutes later Hassan announced Paul Ferez. Hatton opened the door of an adjoining room and watched Ferez closely as he gave formal evidence of identification. Then, all three returned and sat down.

"A great shock to you, Mr. Ferez?" Hatton suggested.

Ferez shook his head. Swarthy, thickset, he had a mass of wavy black hair, bright dark eyes and a sort of restless alertness.

"He was a bad lot," he replied simply. "This was sure to come. It was probably his heart. He had lived too rapidly."

"I agree," Hatton replied, "but in order to avoid misunderstandings, I think I should ask you a question, Mr. Ferez." He pulled aside a sheet of paper and uncovered a small object which lay under it. "Is this lapis lazuli scarab your property?"

PAUL FEREZ rested broad sunbrowned hands on the desk and looked down at the scarab. Bimbâshi Barûk looked at Paul Ferez's hands; and on the third finger of the left he saw a white circle, where a ring had habitually been worn. At which moment Ferez glanced up, and met the gaze of those accusing eyes; they were of the same blue as the scarab. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. One might almost have described his smile as one of relief.

"It is, sir. Where did you find it?"

"I found it at the spot where you attacked Bard," the bimbâshi replied. "It has some of his blood on it. Suppose you were to explain what occurred."

"I must warn you," Hatton interpolated, "that anything you say may be used in evidence."

"That's fair enough. I have been trying to make my mind up all the way along. I see that you gentlemen had already made it up for me. It's pretty simple, too. First, here and now, I want to make one thing clear. I had no intention of killing Bard. I'm not a killer. But in doing what I did I had gross provocation as I'm going to prove to you, quite frankly. I'm a Spanish-American by birth and maybe hot-tempered. You can judge for yourselves.

"I discovered some time back (this is a very painful revelation to make) that my wife had been having an affair with Lawrence Bard. Well—I got over it, but I brought her out here and I took charge of the Alexandria office. A few days back I had to come to Cairo on business, and while Jean—that's my wife—and I were at dinner tonight I had a message from our Alexandria manager, to say that Bard had arrived in Egypt. Maybe I jumped to conclusions it's quite likely I said too much. But w quarreled, and Jean went out. Soo after that came a cable—and I knev that Bard was a common crook."

The words of Paul Ferez had a rin of honesty which Bimbâshi Barûk di not fail to recognize.

"This was near midnight, but I knev where I could find my attorney—and knew I needed him. I was just drivin off from the Continental when anothe car passed . . . and Bard was in it!"

"'The fate of every man have w hung around his neck,'" murmured th bimbâshi. "So you followed?"

"Sure, I followed. I followed him right here. But he didn't come in at th front; he came in by a gate at the bot tom of the garden. Now, I know thi villa; I know Mrs. Etherton, and I know she and Jean used to be friends. Wha would any man have thought? That i was a rendezvous. Jean had come here too—come to meet Bard. Well, I lost his trail. I was scouting around the garden, wondering whether to go up to the house or not, when I saw him—and Jean was with him!"

"Where was this?" asked the bimbâshi.

"Near the point where he came in They didn't see me; I was ten paces away, but I could see them well enough although it was getting black as pitch I just watched and listened. I couldn't hear Jean's words, only a murmur, but I heard most of Bard's. Then he grabbed at Jean, and I closed in nearer. The storm broke. She wriggled free and ran. He turned to follow—and found himself face to face with me."

Paul Ferez stood up and began to pace the carpet.

"It was very dark by this time, but I could read his expression. He knew what was coming to him. I hit him, just once, left him lying there, and went out to my car. When I got back, I found I had broken my ring—and Jean wasn't home. She hasn't come home. Those are the facts, gentlemen, and I have nothing to add except to repeat that Bard's death was accidental. It was my fault, but not my intention."

AS FEREZ dropped back into an armchair, Bimbâshi Barûk and Hatton exchanged glances; and the bimbâshi went out.

"You have my sincere sympathy, Mr. Ferez," said Hatton. "I believe a charge of manslaughter may be reduced to one of assault and battery. I am all the more sorry for you because of the mistake you have made—"

"What mistake?"

"We have a lady here who has already made a statement regarding what occurred in the garden tonight. As we hope to keep her name out of the matter, should this be possible, excuse me if I don't introduce you. Come in B. B."

Bimbâshi Barûk opened the door and ushered Avalon into the dimly lighted study. She had the cowl of her white frock drawn over her fair hair; but as she entered Paul Ferez came to his feet like one electrified.

"This lady," explained Bimbâshi Barûk, "is she whom you saw with the late Lawrence Bard. With the hood raised, since she is probably of similar figure (and possibly wears a similar dress) even a woman's husband might be deceived—during khamsîn. I don't believe Mr. Hatton will wish to detain you tonight, although the facts must naturally be made the subject of further inquiry. You will probably find your wife at home when you return, and I should advise you, Mr. Ferez, for the present, to say nothing whatever to her about your movements this evening—and to ask her no questions about her own. . . ."

THE END

Six things a Service Man should do about his Life Insurance

IF YOU ARE NOW IN the armed forces, or are about to enter the service, we suggest that it may be wise for you to do one or more of the following . . .



1. Be sure that premiums on your life insurance are paid to date, or paid sufficiently in advance to allow for possible delay in arranging future payments...particularly if you intend to keep your life insurance in force through a Government allotment of pay, or through the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act.



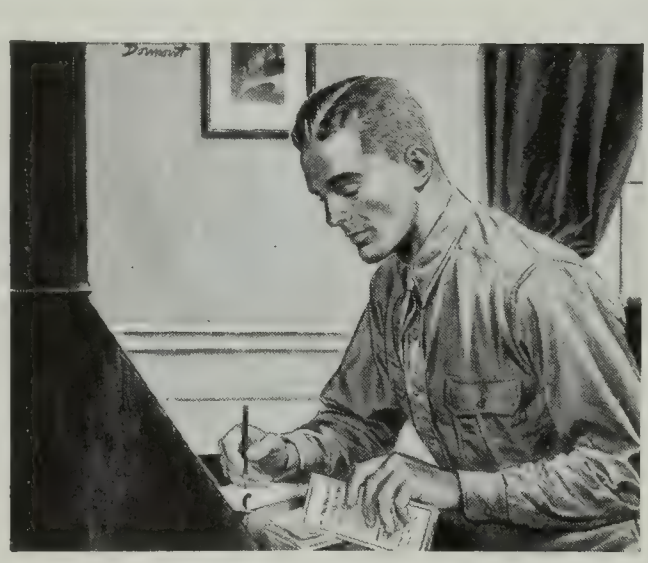
2. Make sure that the beneficiary designated in your policies is the person to whom you want the insurance proceeds paid. If no beneficiary has been designated, you should consider naming one to avoid the necessity of having an administrator appointed, involving expense and delay.



3. If your policy provides for the designation of a contingent beneficiary and one has not been named, it probably will be well to name one. Then, if the original beneficiary happens to die before you do, the proceeds will be payable to the contingent beneficiary without delay.



4. Give some thought to the manner in which the insurance money is to be paid to your beneficiary . . . in a lump sum, in a monthly income, or in other installments which can be arranged under your policy. Your agent will advise you as to the various forms of settlement available and how to take advantage of them.



5. Of course it would be unwise for you to take your policies with you. Since, however, you might need certain information about your insurance, it is a good idea to keep among your effects a paper listing your policy numbers, types of policies, amount of each policy, amount of premiums, premium-due dates, and the names and addresses of beneficiaries.



6. Leave your policies in a safe place, easily accessible to members of your family. Instruct the custodian of your policies to consult your agent or your Company if any questions arise. Your nearest Metropolitan agent will be glad to be of service in connection with your Metropolitan policies. Or write the War Service Insurance Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—
FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT,
OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

OPYRIGHT 1942—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 54 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Referee's Holiday

Continued from page 18

schools for their nine months' course in flying, marvels at the metamorphosis the boys underwent in three months. They came to him butterflies and left as hornets.

"It's a revelation to observe the gradual change that takes place in the kids during the twelve weeks they are with us," said Lieutenant George. "They come to us soft, overweight and timid, with a highly developed sense of sportsmanship and fair play. They recoil and cringe at the thought of resorting to tactics they've been taught to despise, but it gradually dawns on them that they are to deal with a ruthless enemy to whom no trick is too nefarious."

Lieutenant George made it clear that hand-to-hand combat technique is strictly a defensive measure. "We don't maintain it's a good offensive weapon," he said. "Planes and guns still win the battles. But we do feel that man-to-man fighting skill has real merit for defensive purposes, to be used from an adverse position, such as when a plane crew is grounded behind enemy lines or in the jungles. Then it can be a real asset in their fight for survival. We believe that one of the greatest benefits the cadet gets from this training is a feeling of utter confidence in his ability to protect himself, a state of mind that is of inestimable value in warfare."

Commander Gene Tunney, who recently touched off a powerful charge of TNT when he gave out an interview stating that he thought there was too much athletic boondoggling going on in the service and appealed for a "farewell to sports" for the duration, didn't find an enthusiastic public for his remarks in the preflight schools.

A Challenge to Gene Tunney

"So this is boondoggling!" gasped a cadet at the North Carolina school as he limped the last mile of his twenty-mile morning hike. "Gene should join us some day and boondoggle his own dogs over that rocky road to Dublin we've just negotiated. The war will be over before these blisters on my heels heal."

The gag at Chapel Hill—and there's more truth than wit to it—is that the Navy puts its cadets through the three months' preflight school course to find out whether they are indestructible. If they survive the three months of torture, fighting Japs four miles up in the clouds will seem a pleasant form of relaxation. It is said of the University of Georgia school boys that a typical Georgia chain gang, watching them driven like galley slaves through part of their day's routine, actually became gloomy out of compassion for them. Athletic boondoggling indeed, Commander Tunney!

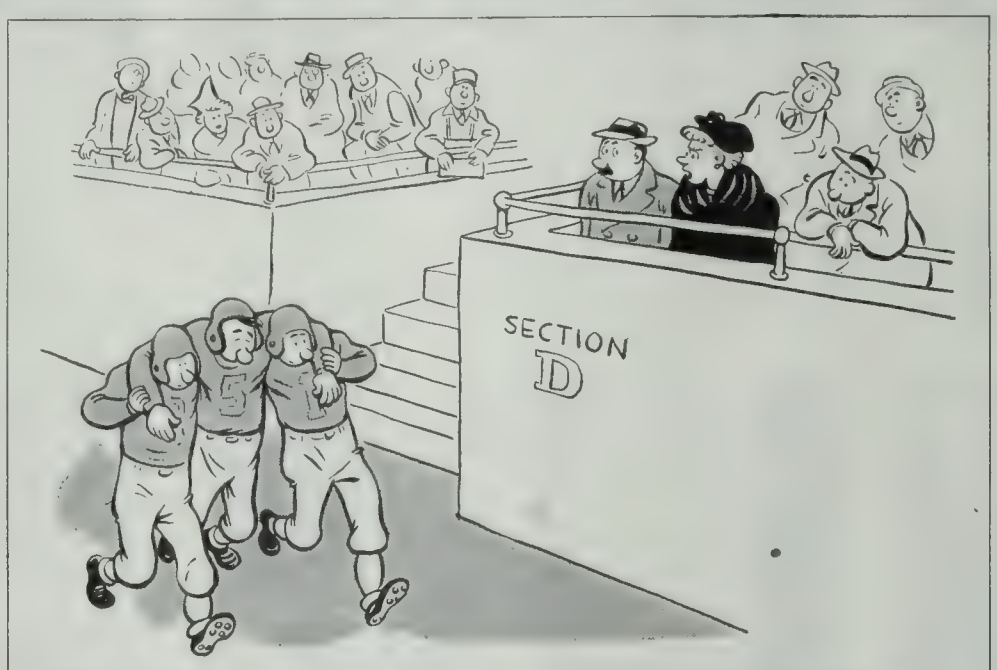
Out in Iowa City, Iowa, where the Middle Western preflight school is being conducted on the campus of the University of Iowa, Lieutenant Colonel Bernie Bierman, late football coach of Minnesota but now of the U. S. Marines, is drilling a tough football team for an even tougher schedule of twelve games with the country's outstanding college elevens. But neither the team nor the schedule is as tough as the football booklet which Lieutenant Colonel Bierman has had prepared.

Here's a mild paragraph which gives you a general idea: The Sea Hawk, the bird from which the name and symbol of the school were adapted is bloodthirsty, ruthless and terrible. It is one of the swiftest and most graceful birds that fly. No other bird over the North Atlantic is so fierce and strong in flight, so boldly assertive as the master of all seabird pirates. Iowa's Sea Hawks will strive to live up to their name.

Paging dear old Harvard!

Lieutenant Commander Jimmie Crowley, who used to dig up all those bruising coal miners for Fordham and whose teams have never been accused of effeminacy, has revised his ideas as to what constitutes rough football since he took over the cadets' eleven at Chapel Hill. When Bierman's Sea Hawks and Crowley's Cutthroats meet in the final game of their schedule on December 12th at Chapel Hill, the ensuing carnage should make the war itself look like a side issue by comparison.

Even when a fighting man travels by air he travels on his stomach. The great truth Napoleon discovered more than a century ago governs the culinary departments at the preflight schools. To make red-blooded he-men, a diet heavy in meat and calories is prescribed. If the ordinary man packs away about 1,500 calories a day, he fancies himself a blue-plate-special scoffer. The catamounts of the clouds stow away 5,000 per diem and don't give it either a second thought or a gusty burp. Meat is the backbone of each of the three daily meals.



"That reminds me, Hubert—what time did you get home this morning?"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

Anyone but a 'Way Down Easter, inured to steak and pork-chop breakfasts, would be surprised to sit down to the first meal of the day for the flying cadet. Yet, despite the radical change in diet for practically all the cadets, stomach trouble is scarcer than sissies in the preflight schools. The boys get so hard they probably could digest a meal of old shoes, smothered with railroad spikes; yea, even eat it with relish. Insomnia is a nonexistent ailment at the schools.

Strenuous Track Events

If the lads went around all day, alternating between wolfing juicy steaks and kicking classmates out of bounds, the monotony would probably irk them, if indeed there was anything left of them to be irked. Contrast and variety are provided by indulgence in athletic pursuits which are as free of violence as a convent, even though they call for great physical endurance.

The track and field events are run off without resort to tripping, giving the sly elbow or hamstringing. However, these sports are made to serve the purpose of preparation for emergencies that may arise in combat. There are races in which one cadet must carry another. Some day he may have to rescue a wounded comrade and make a quick getaway with him under fire, and the experience won't be new to him. Three-legged races serve a similar mission.

Swimming coaches who shudder at the mere sight of the breast stroke and call for their smelling salts when the vulgar sidestroke offends their sensitive eyes would probably faint in a body if they saw how swimming is taught at the preflight schools. Here there is no thought of style or form. The object is to teach $2,700 worth of flying cadet how to keep afloat if his plane is shot down and he finds himself dunked in the corned beef tank, without his water wings or lifesaving belt. Such handy tricks as how to undress under water and inflate one's trousers so they will keep him afloat are also taught.

The supreme test of a cadet's endurance is the obstacle course. At each of the preflight training schools, one of these courses, equipped with every device calculated to break a resolute young man's heart (not to mention his skull) has been laid out. The most publicized of the four courses is that at the University of Iowa school.

What has happened at this course since it was dedicated last June by Charley Beetham, the former national 800-meter champion, tells better than all the words in the dictionary possibly could, the story of the metamorphosis of the Naval Aviation cadet from butterfly to hornet, at the four muscle foundries.

The athletic director at the Iowa preflight school is Lieutenant Commander Larry Snyder, who was Beetham's track coach at Ohio State. While training for the national championships last June, Beetham thought it would be a nice gesture on his part to visit his old coach and see how he was coming along in his new post. Snyder, who had just completed the 580-yard obstacle course that was to test the endurance of the cadets, prevailed upon Beetham to give with everything he had in one turn around the figure-eight course, to set a standard at which the cadets could shoot. It didn't occur to Snyder, even as a vague possibility, that Beetham's mark of 2:53 would ever be equaled. He merely wanted to give his boys a high goal at which to shoot.

How Larry underrated the superman-making potentialities of the Spartan regimen his cadets underwent was proved to him sooner than he thought. Beetham's mark was hardly more enduring than if it had been written on the sands of the seashore.

After one month of training, two Sea Hawks broke Charley's record with marks of 2:52 and 2:51. Cadet Vincent Sarter, who set the 2:51 record, came back a week later and lowered it to 2:46.3. That was merely the beginning. For eight successive weeks, the record was broken once a week either by Cadet Clyde Barrow of New Bloomfield, Missouri, or Cadet Richard Wickersham of Milwaukee, in platoon competition. By August 1st, they had whittled it down to 2:26.5, a mark they held jointly. Then, for the first time, the two met in a race over the course. For twenty yards, they ran neck and neck. But at the second obstacle, Wickersham fell and dropped back to twelfth place. At the finish, however, he was second to Barrow, who had cracked the record once more, shaving it down to 2:23.6. Since this article went to press, it may have been broken again. And all this, mind you, by young men who aren't concentrating on breaking track records but are intent only upon getting as tough as boardinghouse beefsteak for those Axis hooligans.

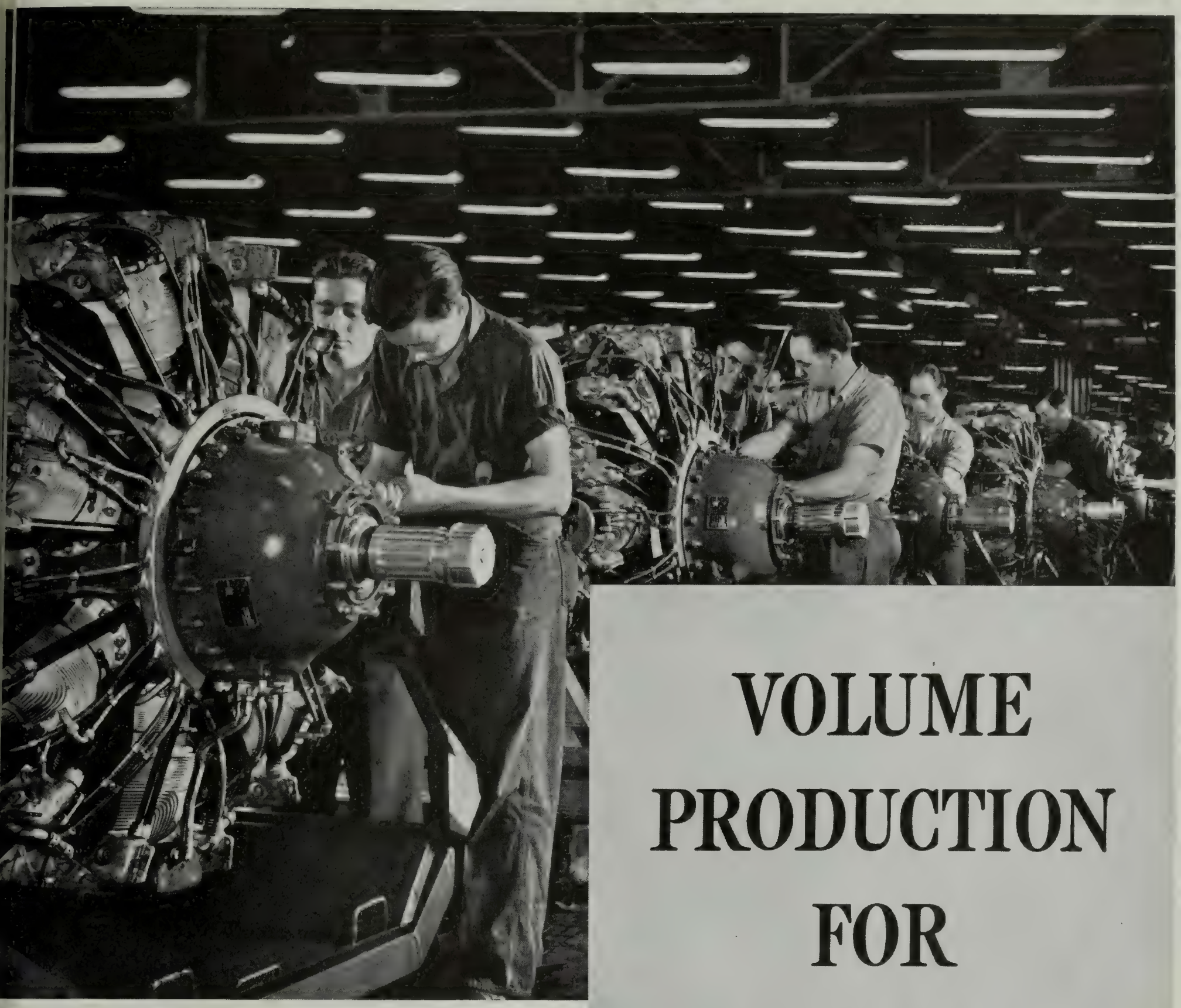
Casualties Are Slight

With so much roughhouse work in their daily routine, it is only natural that some of the boys should be injured. However, casualties have been remarkably light and of a minor nature. One cadet suffered a broken rib and another injured a foot during the first three months' course at North Carolina. The average college squad considers that week lucky which produces no more injuries in its ranks than these.

The Navy isn't tackling its athletic program for fliers with the idea that it's a passing fad. On the contrary, it is digging in for a long pull. Already it has broadened the scope of its work by holding, at the four preflight training centers, schools for coaches and physical-training experts of colleges, high and prep schools. So many of them had expressed the desire to help by introducing the program in their own schools that Lieutenant Commander Hamilton decided to hold coaches' clinics at the preflight center from August 3 to 15. The 700-odd school sports specialists who attended carried back the Navy's new athletic gospel to their respective institutions this fall. The result should be the most hard-boiled football season America has had since the flying wedge was at its peak of popularity.

When the cadet goes from the preflight school to one of the Naval Aviation bases to take his course in flying, his athletic program will follow him. It won't be quite as rigorous as the three months of Spartan existence with which he was initiated into the grim business of modern warfare, but neither will it be so perfunctory that he'll be allowed to soften up. For a Naval flying man, from now until his job is finished, there can be no return to the old, soft ways of living that enabled the Japs to get the jump on us. Along about next June, a veritable swarm of Sea Hawks will be turned loose on the vultures of the Axis—and they positively won't be doves of peace who are guided by the rule book. Hitler and Hirohito asked for it that way, and that's the way they're going to get it!

THE END



VOLUME PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

Powerful Pratt & Whitney airplane engines are only one of many products which Chevrolet is building for Victory. Naturally, they are one of the most important. And Chevrolet is building them painstakingly, flawlessly, in ever-increasing volume. Huge production with high precision has always been the guiding principle of the management and men of our plants. Today, Chevrolet is applying this principle to the uttermost degree to help our armed forces to win this war.

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET

DIVISION OF

GENERAL MOTORS



Nick collided with a troop of Chinese servants armed with insect-spray guns. He invited one of them to spray his tortured ankles and solemnly held up each leg while the Chinese complied

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

The Story Thus Far:

FIRED by cable, while he is in Tokyo working for a news service, Nick Griggs, a young American, looks for another job—without success.

At the American Club, he encounters Al Carpenter, a well-known newspaperman. Al is accompanied by an attractive girl: Betty Gaspard.

The girl (as Nick soon learns) lives with her father—an ardent De Gaullist—in Shanghai. Her father has many enemies. . . . Among Nick's acquaintances is Gregory Ward Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster with headquarters in Shanghai. Nick meets him, by chance, at the club, tells him of his predicament.

The following day, Cogswell, following a secret conference with Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American Japanese; Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles; and Ernst Sperling, a Nazi (a conference in which he agrees to go to Manila and find out what is going on there) gives Nick a job.

The job is an easy one—Nick is to fly to Shanghai with Cogswell and there carry on for him, while he is in the Philippines. . . . In Shanghai, Cogswell introduces Nick to "everybody"; and Nick sees quite a bit of Betty and her father: Henri Gaspard, a courageous, loyal Frenchman. Among those whom Nick meets is Madame Manis Vooren—whose half-caste beauty impresses Nick greatly. . . .

Henri Gaspard is alone in his hotel suite one evening, when two French naval officers (who say they are from the destroyer Bordeaux) come in and beg him to come to their ship and give an anti-Vichy talk to the men.

Suspicious, Gaspard tells a hotel employee to notify his daughter if he is not back in an hour. Then he goes with the officers.

More than an hour later, while Betty and Nick are dining together at a restaurant, Betty is called to the telephone. While she is away, Kearsley, British press attaché, stops at Nick's table, seats himself. Then Betty returns. She is badly frightened—the hotel has notified her that her father has disappeared!

Kearsley listens. Then: "My office told me just now that a civilian answering your father's description was taken on board the Bordeaux shortly after 8 o'clock. The destroyer sailed half an hour ago." "And," Nick says, "the civilian did not return?" The attaché shakes his head. "No," he says, "he did not return."

III

A COLD, prune-colored eye regarded Betty, the attaché and Nick, through a peephole set high in the door. Betty, standing on tiptoes, whispered in rapid French to the eye. A disk covered the peephole and she turned to Nick and Kearsley, behind her on the sidewalk.

"They know already," she said in a rickety voice; and Nick realized that up to this moment, for the short space of time since they had left DD's restaurant, she had still hoped that Tin was wrong, that Kearsley was misinformed—that her father would be standing behind that protected door to welcome her.

He took her arm. In the gasping heat of Race Course Road, it felt cold, stiff and almost prickly with fear. She shook herself loose from his hand as the disk covering the peephole was again removed. This time only a mouth could be seen from the outside. Betty stood on tiptoes again, listening and nodding.

"They prefer not to admit you," she said to Nick.

The door opened briefly and, while he stood, chagrined, on the street, he had a glimpse of Sikh bodyguards with black Mausers in their muscular hands, and across a desk, a sub-machine gun, lying on its side.

Finesse it, he told himself, walking away with his hands plunged in his pockets. At a time like this, why should they let a stranger into their councils?

Abruptly he hailed a ricksha and directed the puller to the Metropole Hotel. In the lobby, he asked at once for Tin, the number one boy. The elevator operator told him Tin had gone off duty.

All right, he thought, letting himself into his room: Tin can wait. Cogswell can't. I've got to get hold of him. In the sticky room, the telephone receiver felt as though it were going to melt in his hand. He had not the patience to let the operator scout around Shanghai and ring him when his party was located. He listened while the operator tried the Cathay, the French Club, the American Club, the Shanghai Club. Then he scowled at himself for being an ass; of course, Cogswell would be at Madame Vooren's.

COGSWELL came to the telephone. No, no, he did not at all object to being disturbed. Yes, yes, he had already heard of the Gaspard affair. His voice was easy and imperturbable. He made Nick feel like Cogswell's parakeet, fretfully ruffling its colored tail feathers.

"Mind you, I realize that this seems sensational to you," Cogswell said. "Really, it goes on all the time here. A capital local news item."

Nick said, stupefied, "You mean you don't think anyone will even send it out?"

"It will be sent out, I expect," Cogswell said. "We'll let the press associations worry about these day-to-day items. I fancy it's your own press association training that's misleading you here. You'll get over that. After you've worked for UBC a little longer, you'll learn to separate the common spot news from the broader picture and you'll know what's of adequate general interest for us."

Nick said, "Only, Mr. Cogswell, doesn't this kind of illuminate the whole quarrel between the Free French and the Vichy French?"

"Not for us," Cogswell said.

"Well, isn't there *something* we could do?"

"By George, I don't see how!" Cogswell sounded regretful. "You'll do your best work keeping out of these internal quarrels around here. I suggest you just forget about this."

Well, that's cutting the static, in the radio business, Nick told himself, gloomily hanging up. He paced the room twice. It was also cutting him off from action, at any rate, while Cogswell was still in town. He could not try to

...NGAME
...LIC LIBRARY
...lingame, Calif.



© The Borden Company

HEMO, new vitamin- and- mineral-fortified drink, is here! It tastes better, is better than the most scrumptious malted milk you ever quaffed!

HEMO isn't a convalescent's drink—although convalescents can and do thrive on it!

HEMO isn't just a children's drink—although children love its rich chocolate flavor and respond magnificently to it!

HEMO isn't made just for women on a diet—but it does give dieting women their quota of vitamins and minerals without excess fattening calories.

HEMO *is* made for YOU—for everybody—who wants a bigger kick out of life.

Why? Because HEMO is packed with vitamins A, B_1, D, and G—PLUS iron, calcium, phosphorus. *Just one glass daily* gives you enough of these vital food elements to make up almost any shortage in your regular diet!

So start the HEMO habit today! You'll love its grand malty flavor . . . and the zest it puts into every waking moment of your life!

Full pound—24 delicious drinks at your grocer's or druggist's **59¢**

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!



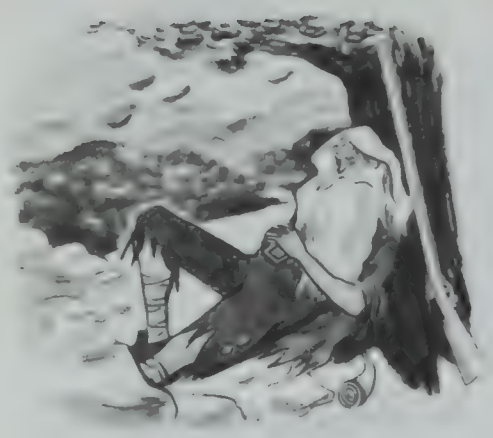
At your favorite fountain: HEMO is served from individual, "full-flavor" containers—guarantees *full* amount of vitamins and minerals in every drink.



To make HEMO at home: Stir two teaspoonfuls of HEMO in a glass of milk. Easy mixing directions on label. HEMO for one drink costs only 2½¢.

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



1. When Rip Van Winkle lived up the Hudson, there was trouble and uncertainty; a war was brewing, and times were tough. One day Rip went to sleep and slept for 20 years . . . right through the Revolutionary War.



2. When Rip woke up, he found that things had turned out all right, after all. Maybe sometimes you think it might be nice if *you* could go to sleep and not wake up until after *this* war is over.



3. But you can't. In fact, you don't really want to. Of course, you *do* want to get a good night's sleep. But maybe you are one of those who are kept awake by the caffein in coffee.



4. You love coffee and can't resist it. So you torture your already-war-strained nerves with caffein . . . when you *could* switch to Sanka Coffee, the coffee that is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep anyone awake!



5. Maybe you've been planning to try Sanka Coffee . . . so why wait any longer? Today is just the time to start enjoying its superb aroma and delicious flavor. Remember . . . Sanka is *all* coffee, nothing *but* coffee!



6. And so skillfully is 97% of its caffein taken out that not one smidgen of its tantalizing aroma or delightful flavor is removed. Get Sanka Coffee *today!* (For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.)

SANKA COFFEE

VACUUM PACKED IN GLASS OR TIN



SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

get to the American consul general or the French consul general or anyone; they were all Cogswell's friends.

Undecided, he stood at the window and writhed again at the memory of Cogswell's silky voice: *I suggest that you just forget about this.*

He returned to the telephone to ask the operator to tell Miss Gaspard to call him when she got in. Then he turned out the lights and threw himself on the bed, determined to stay awake for her call.

The tinny voices of the Japanese employees on the roof of the office building across Foochow woke him. They sang patriotic songs while they exercised every morning before work. The sun glared across his bed; his shirt was soggy with sweat; one trouser leg had wrinkled itself up above his knee. He felt bereaved and, when he was awake enough to sit up, he knew why: she had never even called.

HE HURRIED at once to the telephone. A strange woman's voice answered in the Gaspards' apartment, the nurse, she explained.

"Well, what's wrong with her? Well, can't I even see her? Look here, I'm a very good friend of hers," he cried out; and felt as though he were still talking to Cogswell; as though he were yelling frantically in a bad dream, only no one could hear him and no one would wake him out of it.

The nurse said, "The doctor's given her a sedative and we want her to sleep. She's had a shock and she wasn't so strong as she thought. When she's able to see company, I'll tell her you called."

Damn, damn and double-damn, he told himself, stripping off his soggy clothes and turning on the shower. After breakfast he would have to get going; but where, to whom?

Then he remembered the British press attaché.

Kearsley might have additional information. The attaché had not reflected Cogswell's hands-off attitude. He had been genuinely agitated last night. If the American consulate had any information, Nick proposed waiting to tap it until Cogswell was farther out to sea.

When he reached the attaché's office, at Number 28, The Bund, in the same building that housed the German consulate and its attendant Nazi propaganda agencies, he found Kearsley's inner office already crowded with reporters. He recognized only two or three of them. Most of them were from local newspapers; and fully half were Chinese.

"We have not been able to learn why Mr. Gaspard went with the officers," Nick heard Kearsley say. The press official was sitting on the edge of his desk, nervously tapping a wastebasket with his toe. "We have made no end of inquiries, but we have learned only that he left the hotel with them, apparently willingly. It's frightfully strange."

"What about the order to the boy to notify his daughter?" a reporter asked. "Doesn't that show he was worried?"

"Quite so," said Kearsley. "It's no end confusing. But still, it doesn't explain why he went."

"He was kidnaped! That's why he went," a Chinese reporter said with excitement.

"That he was abducted seems to be indicated," Kearsley said carefully. "But we have no evidence that he was under compulsion while within the Settlement's jurisdiction."

"Why did they take Gaspard instead of Delangle?" a reporter asked. "Isn't Delangle head of the Free French movement here?"

"Gaspard is the best known of all our leaders. That is why they seized him," said a reporter from the Free French News Agency. "They think they can intimidate us all if they silence Henri Gaspard. They will find they are wrong. And—"

The AP correspondent interrupted. "But what can they do with Gaspard? Let us suppose they're taking him to Saïgon. Then what?"

"I'll tell you," said the Free Frenchman. "They will conduct a farcical trial. He will be charged with De Gaullism, a crime that has been defined by the Vichy courts as 'designed to hamper national defense by undermining the morale of the nation and the fighting forces.' In short, it has been declared a crime to resist the Nazis."

Kearsley said, "Perhaps tomorrow, if you wish to return, we may have more news. We are frightfully in the dark today."

Nick walked out dejectedly with the reporters who could return to their offices to write spot news stories. Cogswell, on the Yellow Sea by now, had left his echo behind: *We'll let the press associations worry about these day-to-day items.*

Okay, Senator, Nick thought and gritted his teeth. He still had that invitation to visit Dixon, the English grain merchant. He could go after Dixon's story of the Japanese seizures. Cogswell would surely appreciate that kind of investigation. He turned right on Jinkee Road, heading for Dixon's office.

Several hours later he remembered to buy flowers for Betty. Dixon had kept him all that time. Dixon had given him statistics, documents, pamphlets and many confidential records. The grain merchant had also taken him to the Shanghai Club where they leaned with other British taipans against the longest bar in the world. Nick believed he had the story he wanted by now. He knew he wanted to see Betty. He hoped he could deliver the flowers in person.

But the nurse said it all over again, "She is asleep. When she's able to see company, I'll tell her you called."

WHEN he hung up, he noticed on the table a square, pale gray envelope addressed to Nicholas Griggs, Esq., in a large, irresolute script. Madame Vooren used a stub pen.

She asked him to dine with her next Tuesday and proposed visiting the roulette tables at the Argentina later.

"I am also sending an invitation to Mlle. Gaspard," she wrote.

Cogswell didn't even tell her what had happened! Nick thought.

He saw another pale gray envelope bearing Madame Vooren's broad irresolute script, two days later, on the table in the living room of the Gaspard suite. That was the afternoon the Free French received word from Manila that the destroyer Bordeaux had been sighted, heading south. It was also the first time the doctor had allowed Nick to see Betty.

He tiptoed after the nurse into the dimmed bedroom, carrying flowers and a live cricket in a little bamboo cage. Betty looked waxlike and delicate, lying propped on pillows; and he forgot that he was going to say something to make her laugh.

He picked up her hand and kissed it. "A little Gallicism," he said. It didn't come off. "Well, how do you really feel, my little cabbage? You look wonderful."

"I look particularly terrible," she said in a listless voice. "But I feel better and it's agreed I can get up tomorrow."

"You get up tomorrow and I'll break your doctor's neck," he said crossly.

The nurse looked at him, startled, and then walked doubtfully from the room.

After a while, Betty said: "I don't have any more temperature and so I'll

erfectly all right by tomorrow. Tell
m what have *you* been doing since I
sa you?"

Well, I shaped up that story about
th Japs taking over the oil and so
fch," he said. "And I'm digging into
sore neat stuff on the way the Nazis
a the Japs and the Wang Chinese are
w king together. And then, I'm trying
tcget a pass to go to Nanking be-
cse—" he stopped, seeing her turn her
fe from him. She was pretty weak, he
sposed, and he was talking too much.

As he rose, he heard her say, without
ving, "You didn't mention my
ner."

Because I didn't know how to say
thing," he said. "I go to the Ameri-
c consulate every day, and I either
s one of the Free French News Agency
n or Kearsley." He hesitated. "Cogs-
ll wasn't interested for UBC, so my
nds are tied, otherwise."

He leaned over her anxiously; but she
'd dropped her eyelids. "It isn't my
fult about Cogswell," he said.

Then the nurse rustled in. "She's
ted, you'd better leave," she told Nick.

In the corridor, he nearly collided with
Carpenter, of the Japan Times-Ad-
rtiser, carrying two bunches of flowers
nd two crickets in a pair of bamboo
ges.

Al said, "How's she feeling?"

"I guess she's a little better, although
e doesn't look it," Nick said. He
nted to advise Al not to disturb her,
th his two crickets and two bunches
flowers.

"Seriously, that was terrible about
r. Gaspard," said Al. "Of course,
thing was printed about it in Tokyo.
e heard it through AP and UP."

"ANS slipping?" said Nick hopefully.

"I don't know. I left Nagasaki two
ys ago. Boy, a lot can happen in that
ne. You know what? Two days after
u left, they put through a whole new
t of rules. I had to get about ninety
enses before I was allowed to leave."

"Just for coming over here?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I quit the pa-
r. Me, I'm going home."

"Anyone else I know come over with
ou?" said Nick.

"A raft of language students from the
nbassy. They're going home, too."

"Nuts to them," said Nick.

"That sounds like your old friend, Harold Makita," said Al. "He came over on the boat, too. He's on the move again. Seriously, guess what his new title is! Military press attaché. Some fun."

"He's not such a bad egg," said Nick. "He can sing some good rowdy songs."

THE rowdy ballad singer had been in Shanghai barely three days when he was summoned by Bunshiro Yagi to his suite on an upper floor of the Broadway Mansions. The great new hotel in Hongkew had been built for American tourists but was now occupied almost exclusively by Japanese officers.

Unlike most of the Japanese who did not object to sleeping in beds, Yagi preserved his antipathy to the West. He had one of the chambers stripped of all its furnishings and carpeted with straw matting. His bedroll was concealed in a closet.

In a room that looked as though it had been shut up for the summer with every article of furniture shrouded in dust-colored slip covers, the two men sat at the windows, looking down on the British consulate, across Soochow Creek, in the International Settlement. Yagi's broad nostrils flared as the Union Jack unfolded in the stiff breeze blowing across The Bund.

In his hand he held a radio message from Cogswell. It was not decoded. Makita recognized that Yagi trusted no one; he had arranged his own private set of symbols for Cogswell's communications.

"Mr. Griggs, our new American," Yagi said, "he is displaying too much energy. Mr. Cogswell had scarcely left the city before he was concocting a story about Nippon's so-called plan to seize the wealth of the Settlement. I communicated with Mr. Cogswell at once. This is Mr. Cogswell's reply." He waved the radio message. "What does he say? That he has, of course, not used Mr. Griggs' report. Mr. Cogswell wishes me to believe that all American reporters are in the habit of throwing themselves so enthusiastically into their work during their first days in a new position. Mr. Cogswell also wishes me to believe



COLLIER'S JOHN KAY KARAFFA

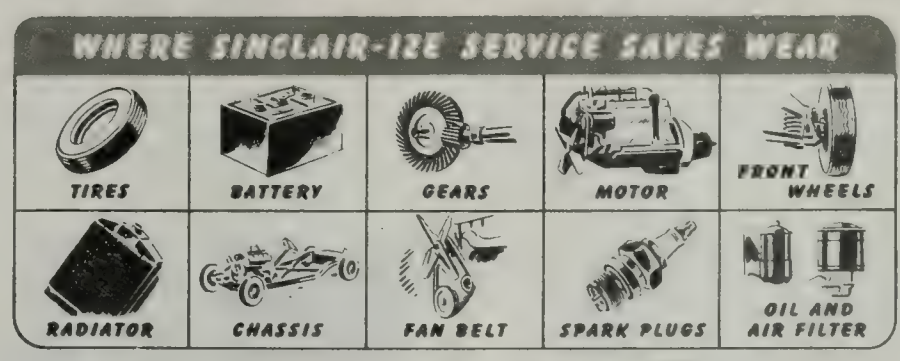


DON'T GET MAD, Lady -- just because you're one who may have to walk when your present car gives out.

Consider this easy way to put off that day. Just let a Sinclair Dealer service your car regularly. His Sinclair-ize service is specially designed to make cars last longer.

An important part of the Sinclair-ize service is the use of Sinclair lubricants -- products that are of the same high quality as the Sinclair lubricants used by American railroads, airlines and, in many cases, by the U. S. Army.

To save yourself worry -- to save your car wear -- ask your nearby Sinclair Dealer to Sinclair-ize your car today.



SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR—FOR YOUR COUNTRY



THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE WILLYS JEEP

U. S. MARINES CRASH SOLOMON ISLES

IN JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

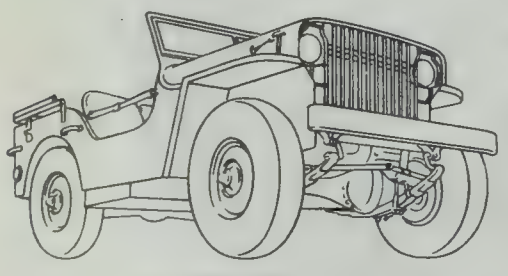
ON the shores of Guadalcanal and on the beach at Tulagi Bay, the fearless, hard-boiled U. S. Marines speeded their attack with modern Willys Jeeps.

In the hands of men like these, the tough fighting Jeep now adds new drive and mobility to a striking power already famous throughout the world. The jabbering Japs in the Solomons found this out when husky U. S. Marines charged up the beaches with their rugged Willys Jeeps and cleared the enemy out of those strategic bases needed for our advance in the far Pacific.

The Willys Jeep is outstanding among the various types of superior equipment being produced for our fighting forces and those of our allies by American manufacturing genius.

Willys-Overland civilian engineers, working with the U. S. Quartermaster Corps, designed and perfected the Willys Jeep adopted as standard by the U. S. Army. The amazing, world-renowned GO-DEVIL engine that drives it with such power, speed and flexibility, is an exclusive development of Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

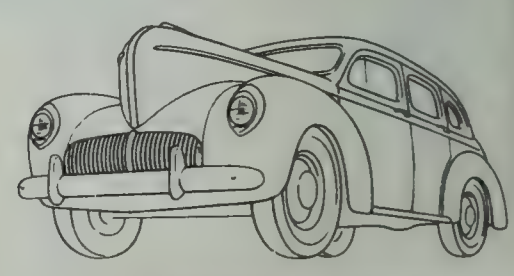
Buy More U. S. War Stamps and Bonds



U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS

hat in a few weeks, Mr. Griggs will vercome this youthful enthusiasm."

Makita said, "Mr. Cogswell is on the lefensive, *ne?*"

Yagi turned his cold eyes on Makita. "You share in the responsibility," he said.

"Griggs did nothing inimical to us in Tokyo," Makita said uneasily.

"That is not enough," said Yagi. "I am not even interested in why either of you blundered. I am concerned with repairing the damage. Mr. Griggs is now prying into Nippon's relations with the Wang Ching-wei government. He has even applied for permission to visit Nanking. Naturally, he will be given no pass to go there. Still, if he remains in Shanghai, he continues to meddle in Nipponese relations with the Wang Ching-wei authorities here."

Makita said explosively, "Why shouldn't Cogswell just dismiss him?"

Yagi said, "You are not thinking so well here as you do in Tokyo. To discharge Mr. Griggs in Shanghai might lead to his employment by one of the American news agencies. Then we would not even be able to halt his dispatches at Manila."

"This is so unlike him," said Makita. "On several occasions I was his drinking companion in Tokyo. He did not appear serious."

Yagi fanned himself. "Though his dispatches go only to Mr. Cogswell, he is more than a mere annoyance. His activity has already stirred the competition of other reporters."

Makita said, "Would you approve my keeping an eye on him, possibly exerting a measure of control—by entertaining him?"

"In his first week here," said Yagi, thoughtfully, "he was much in the company of the daughter of Mr. Gaspard, the Frenchman who should now be in Saïgon. The girl is ill now." He hesitated. "*Ah, sa.* Maybe while she is ill, you can divert him."

"It will be easy," said Makita, rising. He felt more cheerful.

As he backed toward the door, bowing, Yagi said to him, "Please report to me in four days. It may be necessary to make other arrangements."

MAKITA telephoned Nick the following afternoon. "How's it, pal?" he said. "This is Makita, Harold Makita. I just got over from Tokyo a couple days ago."

"Yes, I hear you're a military press attaché," said Nick. "How's the pay? Better?"

"Not so worse," said Makita. "Say, what're you doing tonight? Want to go on the town?"

I guess I've come up in the world, now that I'm Cogswell's walk-on, Nick thought. The Japanese military press attaché wants my company; so does Madame Manis Vooren. It was Tuesday. He said: "I'm sorry, I can't. I'm tied up. Maybe some other night."

"I'm sorry too," said Makita. "I just had an idea you might be free to cruise around with me. Here and there. I thought maybe you'd like to take a whirl out into the badlands and lose some of your chips gambling."

"I would," said Nick. "As a matter of fact, I am tonight, myself."

Makita laughed. "Maybe I'll run into you tonight. You know where you're going?"

"The Argentina, I think," said Nick. He was immediately annoyed that he had been trapped into telling him.

"Yeah? Well, if I don't see you, hello till the next time," said Makita.

Okay, smarty pants, Nick thought, hanging up. Well, at any rate, Makita hadn't learned from him that he was going to dinner at Madame Vooren's. He snatched his limp white jacket and hurried out of the room, down the corridor to the Gaspard's suite. It would be his third visit to Betty that day. On the first, she had cried against his shoulder, telling him the Free French had learned that her father was in Saïgon. On his second call, they had quarreled. He had an uneasy feeling that on his third, they were going to quarrel again.

Betty was up and dressed. She had been allowed to leave her bed the day before. She had been given permission to go out this evening. That was the rub.

Nick said patiently, sitting beside her on the sofa: "If it's just because you declined Madame Vooren's invitation, thinking you'd still be in bed—"

She interrupted him: "I did not decline for that reason."

"Well, you told me you did," he said too innocently. "And I guess you didn't know if you'd be up or not."

"I absolutely do not want to go over this again with you," she said. "I am not going to her house tonight."

"It doesn't do you any good to refuse invitations. You ought to go places, it would take your mind off things."

"Thank you, my dear. I am not dependent on Madame Vooren for entertainment."

"All right," he said moodily. "I won't go, either. I'll call her up right now and tell her." He walked to the telephone.

"I ask you to do nothing of the kind."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I'm not going to let you sit here and think. If the doctor says you can go out, then we're going out, wherever you want. See?" He picked up the receiver.

Betty said, "Listen. I have already planned my evening. I have promised Al Carpenter to dine with him."

Nick slowly replaced the receiver. "I see." He stared down at her but he couldn't get her to look up at him. Then he sat beside her and took her hands.

"What's wrong with us?" he said. "Don't say again nothing at all, because there is something." He doubled her hands in his. "If I could just think it's because you're still feeling icky or because you don't know and nobody knows what to do next for your father, well . . . it wouldn't worry me so much."

She said faintly, "That's probably all it is, Nick."

"Well, why does it have to come between us that way? Why shouldn't we be closer than ever now? You ought to need me or something, if you really liked me."

"I don't know."

"I don't think you know whether you really like me, that's what," he said bitterly.

"I don't want to talk about it now," she said. "Maybe tomorrow or the next day. Now it's getting late. You ought to dress and I must lie down a little."

"Okay." He stopped at the door. "I guess you wouldn't dream of telling Al you found you had another engagement."

"No, Nick, I never do that."

"I didn't think you'd dream of it," he said hastily and walked out the door.

It was all wrong and sometimes he thought it would never be mended and it was insane for two people like Betty and him to be growing apart from each other.

He kept telling himself to finesse it and to ax it but he kept feeling forlorn until Madame Vooren's amah had served him his third gimlet cocktail.



"I heard so much about it that I saw it six times. Frankly, I was disappointed"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

Then he wished he could confide in Madame Vooren, although that was partly because she had made him feel at ease when he had expected to be uncomfortable with her. He had remembered her beauty; he had forgotten that she was gentle-hearted.

WHEN dinner was half through, Madame Vooren said as though she had been waiting for this moment, "I was really grieved about—" she paused—"what was done to Henri Gaspard. Is his daughter better?"

"Some," he said cautiously. "I don't know whether she'll ever really be all right until some way's been found to get Mr. Gaspard out."

"I know that what was done was generally scandalous," she said. "I don't know how to explain that it was also—personally offensive to me."

"Well," he said gloomily, "nobody seems to know what the next move is."

He noticed now that the pauses in her conversation were deliberate; she waited each time for the servant to leave the room.

"I hear something of what goes on here," she said. "But I do not mix in these affairs. In many ways, I dread both sides, although I know there is always a good and a bad."

"Sure. Nearly every one selects his good and his bad." He picked up his wineglass and set it down without drinking. "Even I'm beginning to see that the lines are getting pretty well defined. For me, I mean. As of today, I mean."

In the silence that followed, while the amah busied herself in the dining room, he wondered again at his sense of ease. Madame Vooren, in a black affair probably whipped up by a million-dollar dressmaker, with enormous aquamarines in her ears and an even bigger aquamarine on her finger, could speak or remain still and he did not feel out of his depth. Yet it was impossible for him to visualize her in ordinary scenes: playing bridge with other women; sitting under the drier at a beauty parlor; cursing a run in her stocking. He could not even picture her with a variety of men: except Cogswell, the aging elegant, who flirted with other women but loved only this one.

The amah disappeared and Madame Vooren said: "My husband was an active, necessarily a militant man. I think half-castes who are subjects must easily become rebels."

"Why not?" said Nick. "We rebelled, over in the U. S. A., so we're not anybody's subjects any more. We're citizens."

SHE moved into the living room without replying but once the coffee was served, she said:

"Yes, *necessarily* militant, that describes it perfectly. Simply, a half-caste, exposed to education, necessarily becomes a rebel."

"I guess so," said Nick. He didn't know whether it would sound fresh or not but she had encouraged him, she had made him feel at home, so he added: "Only, you were exposed to education, and you say you stay out of all this."

"Oh, I am the exception to any rules I make," she said lightly. "After all, I am a woman." And she added, almost fiercely: "I am entitled to dread my own ghosts. And in a city like Shanghai, it is sometimes wiser not to concern one's self too hotly with political currents."

"Well, I don't mean I don't have a natural reporter's interest in all these currents," he said quickly.

Madame Vooren twisted the heavy ring on her finger. "There are so many savage people here," she said sadly. "They become so unlike men when they are defied. I hope your work will not take you too close to them."

Nick said, "It's the loopiest thing about people in this town. I mean, the ones who've lived here a long time. They take a daily murder or a little item like a bombing in their stride. Sometimes I think it even gives them a kick—not that they know they're cruel or anything like that. Only if you're an American, someone's always telling you, as though here's-a-laugh, 'Bet you Chicago was never like this.' Then there's always someone, very confidential, very spooky, who advises you to get out, the Yangtze's going to claim back its own or, at any rate, Tokyo's going to claim what isn't its own."

"Oh, don't underestimate the ones who tell you that," she said soberly. Then she changed her tone: "Really! I've been keeping you from making your fortune. We still want to go to the Argentina, don't we?"

At the door, she said, "The first time I saw you, there was a moment when you reminded me of my husband." She started down the stairs, before she added: "He died more than twelve years ago . . . when he was just about your age."

In the taxicab, driving to the Argentina, she said scarcely another word.

At first, sitting beside her at a roulette table, Nick was more conscious of the attention she attracted, than of the



HERE'S a chance for millions of weary, unhappy, vitamin-starved people to get back on their feet with a bang! If you don't have the pep you used to have . . . if you wonder what's the matter with you . . . Vimms may help you really *enjoy* life again.

Vitamins? Vimms give you *all six* essential vitamins—not just one or two! Minerals? Vimms give you the vital three that belong with the vitamins. See how Vimms meet or exceed the 6-vitamin formula doctors endorse (chart below).

Yet Vimms cost only a few pennies a day—and give you more advantages than any such product at *any* price! Get Vimms today. Lever Brothers Co., Pharmaceutical Division, Cambridge, Mass.

NOTE TO LADIES: no calories, non-fattening.

24 tablets . . 50¢ 96 tablets $1.75
At Your Druggist's

DOCTORS ENDORSE 6-VITAMIN FORMULA

VIMMS MEET OR EXCEED OFFICIAL MEDICAL STANDARDS*

Gov't recommendations on which official medical standards are based	VITAMIN	Compare the Vimms formula (3 Vimms) on all 6 vitamins
4,000 USP Units	A	5,000 USP Units
1,000 micrograms	B_1	1,000 micrograms
2,000 micrograms	B_2	2,000 micrograms
600 USP Units	C	600 USP Units
400 USP Units	D	500 USP Units
10,000 micrograms	P-P (Niacin Amide)	10,000 micrograms

In addition, Vimms supply these vital minerals:
CALCIUM 375 mgs. IRON 10 mgs.
PHOSPHORUS 250 mgs.



6 vitamins AND 3 minerals
in each tasty VIMMS tablet

**As adopted by Official Medical Councils. Further information on request.*

spinning wheel. Their table, originally patronized by only one player, a serious and intent Chinese youth, seemed instantly to become the most crowded in the casino.

When he had to buy chips for the third time, Nick realized that even Shanghai dollars could add up. At home he would never have played with $5 chips, yet here he was placing bets with chips costing one hundred Chinese dollars, the Shanghai equivalent of five good American dollars. He was getting in too deep.

Madame Vooren was not buying chips. She was winning regularly.

"I'm having spectacular luck," she said. "Necessarily, this cannot last."

Nick said, "Necessarily, my luck can't last."

"Play the number seven," an American voice advised him. Only it wasn't really an American; it was Makita.

Madame Vooren greeted Makita; the ball fell into a groove, and the croupier pushed another stack of chips to her.

"If thirty doesn't come up this time," Nick said to Madame Vooren, "I think I'll try my luck at another table." He pushed his remaining two chips onto his favorite number: his own age. The Chinese croupier spun the wheel, the ball dropped into thirty-one. Nick moved away, and Makita took his seat.

"There's no percentage in just moving around," he said to Nick. "Right here, where you've been losing, I'll make a killing." He was pleased to find Nick with Madame Vooren, who was for him an inexplicable woman but nevertheless Cogswell's dearest friend. His program was beginning to take shape. If Nick continued to lose tonight he would want to come back to recover. If he began to win, he would want to come back to clean up more. I'll call him tomorrow, Makita thought.

"What's the word from Cog?" he asked Madame Vooren.

"He seems to be enjoying Manila," she said.

"What a man!" said Makita. "Great guy, Cog. Now let's see how soon I can break the bank." He darted a look around to see where Nick had placed himself and, failing to locate him, decided he had probably gone into the garden, determined to walk around it three times to insure better luck.

In the garden, thronged mostly with empty tables, although a few energetic couples moved on the dance floor, Nick collided with a troop of Chinese servants armed with insect-spray guns. He invited one of them to spray his tortured ankles and solemnly held up each leg while the Chinese complied.

Then he heard laughter near him and turned to see Dixon alone at a table. The Englishman waved to him, and, as Nick approached, said: "I see you're still investigating the Shanghai economic and political situation. Have a whisky? I'm trying to get drunk but hanged if the stuff will take hold."

"How about inside?" Nick said. "These mosquitoes seem to like the squirt guns."

"Aren't they insufferable?" Dixon said amiably. He staggered a little as he walked inside with Nick. They found places at the end of the crowded bar.

"Finished your thesis on our infernal little brown brothers?" Dixon asked.

"It made a swell piece," said Nick. "The material you gave me was great."

"Rot," said Dixon. "I didn't even give you the start of it. The real story didn't happen until this evening. My Chinese partner, my comprador was arrested three hours ago by those filthy Wang people and charged with conspiring to aid Chungking."

He took a long drink. "I hope to get frightfully jingled."

Nick said, "That's tough."

Dixon said, "It's murder. I know they've got him over at 76 Jessfield Road and I can't do one infernal thing. They're probably burning cigarettes into his hide right now."

NICK winced. He said: "Everybody talks about No. 76, only I kept thinking it was just headquarters for the Wang-Nanking people."

"It's a cemetery, old boy," said Dixon.

Nick said, "You're not kidding?"

"Go and see for yourself," said Dixon. "It looks like a very ordinary comfortable residence." He emptied his glass. "If I were a journalist, that's what I should do." He snuffled and wiped the back of his hand against his mustache. "Dammit, I almost feel like crying," he said. "The poor, bloody Chink."

"I'm going to go out there tomorrow," Nick said resolutely. "I'm going to go the first thing tomorrow." He was reminded of Madame Vooren, seeing Makita enter the bar. He found her, still winning, at the roulette table, but ready to cash her chips and leave.

(To be continued next week)



"None of these modern composers for me —I'll take the old ones—like Cole Porter!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

from Mr. Damm, never less than five pages long. We have ruined thousands of man-hours reading Mr. Damm's letters, but have not yet been able to understand any of them. Of course, we could ignore the Damm things but we can't. They're too challenging. We don't know what Mr. Damm is talking and writing about, and it is our secret fear that our reason is tottering. He and his typewriter are all yours, Mr. Harris. Maybe you can make something out of the opening sentence of Mr. Damm's latest letter to us: "So you have not had the equation of wakening which, as I said in my 27th ult., is not fundamental."

IN OUR own effort to make the war a bit more endurable by digging up a giggle now and then, we try to avoid thinking about certain aspects of censorship, particularly as it is exercised by certain Army and Navy officers who have just about as much knowledge of journalism as we have (and sometimes they have) of modern military science. Some of the censoring officers are sane, intelligent, courageous and enormously helpful. But it is the others who send us off into unbecoming tantrums. The neatest thing we've heard on the subject recently is in a letter from Professor W. C. Clark of Syracuse University: "The test is not: Will a given piece of war information aid the enemy if released. The real test is: Will it aid the enemy more than it will aid us? That's the sixty-four-dollar question. Any half-baked mamma's boy with pull and a brand-new commission can answer the first question. But the second, the real test, is something else again. As it stands today, censorship in this country is stupidly conceived, incompetently staffed, monstrously organized and operated with the greatest show of sheer dumbness since Babe Herman stole third with the bases loaded. I could write a book."

AND we hope he writes it. Or better, that censorship consults with Professor Clark before it's a day older. In the meantime we are sending out a few investigators instructed to look into the working methods of the Carsen Associates. We're not quite sure who the Carsen Associates are, but we've been notified that they've recently polled newspaper columnists seeking the answer to what we've always considered a ridiculously easy question: "Which magazine do you consider the most important?" Of course, the quest was a flop. Carsen Associates come up with the importance of magazines in this order: Time, Reader's Digest, Collier's, Saturday Evening Post and, all tied, Newsweek, Life, Harpers and Foreign Affairs. And all the Carsen Associates had to do was to ask us and learn the facts. The most important, most interesting, most comprehensive, best edited, best written, biggest bargain magazine is— Oh, all right! . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

For this probably means that it is an 01 and thus probably carries many of the features of American fighting planes —armor plate, leakproof gas tanks, heavier armament, or perhaps sturdier construction.

These are the factors in which our fighter craft outclass the Zeros. For just as we are seeking more maneuverability and faster climb in our planes, so are the Japanese trying to "beef up" and give more punch to their fighters.

TEN months of war have produced an honor roll of American fighting men that will rank with the great heroes of all time. Many—such as Kelly, O'Hare, Wheless and Powers—are household names, yet among the rest are many of equal feat if not renown.

Not the least of these are two Navy airmen named Gayler and Dickinson. Their achievements, taken separately, may not have been as spectacular as some others, but in one sense they are unique.

Each might be termed a "consistent hero," for each won citation as a fighting pilot not once, not twice, but three times. Each holds the distinction of having thrice received the coveted Navy Cross—an achievement never before accomplished in naval history.

Dickinson—Lieutenant Clarence Earle Dickinson, Jr.—got into action at Pearl Harbor. Returning from a scouting mission on December 7th, he was attacked by a number of Jap planes. His gunner killed in the first blast and his plane set afire and out of control, Dickinson continued to fight until the flames forced him to abandon it. Landing, he made his way to the air station and manned another plane on a long pursuit flight without telling his superiors of what was later officially described as his "earlier harrowing ordeal."

Three days afterward, Dickinson won a Gold Star for the Navy Cross he had earned on December 7th by attacking and bombing a Jap submarine on the surface, in the face of heavy antiaircraft fire.

On February 1, 1942, Lieutenant Dickinson scored direct bomb hits on a large enemy ship at a Nipponese base in the Marshall Islands. This feat won him the Air Medal, a lesser honor than the Navy Cross.

Then, in the Battle of Midway, Dickinson received a second Gold Star for his Navy Cross—the equivalent of a third Cross—for having "boldly pressed home devastating attacks against the Japanese invasion fleet."

Gayler — Lieutenant Noel Arthur Meredyth Gayler—won his first Navy Cross in the action that brought fame to Lieutenant "Butch" O'Hare. Heading a division of carrier-based fighters, he engaged a flight of Jap bombers at close range, shot down one unassisted and helped to down two others.

Three weeks later, "in a distant enemy area," he shot down an enemy fighter and then bombed and strafed two Jap destroyers in the face of heavy antiaircraft fire. His third Navy Cross came in the battle of the Coral Sea. It was for "extraordinary heroism" in shooting down two Nips and probably accounting for two others.

Gayler (pronounced Guyler) is 28 and the son of a Navy captain. He was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and is now a test pilot at the Anacostia, D. C., Naval air station. Dickinson, 29, was born in Jacksonville, Florida, and is now an instructor in combat tactics at the Corpus Christi, Texas, air training station. J. G. N.

the collar on Van Heusen Shirts never wilts

VAN HEUSEN COLLARS stay smooth and unwrinkled, keeping you looking smart. They're woven of the longest-wearing patented collar fabric in the world, wash without starch, iron like handkerchiefs. More, they're the most comfortable shirt-collars you can wear.



MORE REASONS WHY VAN HEUSEN'S A BETTER BUY:

√ Action-room at armholes, elbows, shoulders.
√ Well-anchored buttons, reinforced buttonholes.
√ Shaped body-cut, tapered at waistline.
√ Finer fabrics, laundry-tested, Sanforized-Shrunk.

BETTER BUY VAN HEUSEN IF YOU WANT A BETTER SHIRT...$2.25 AND UP

Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y., Makers of Van Heusen Shirts, Collars, Ties, Pajamas and Sportswear

FAMILY AFFAIR

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY KANE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



THE governor's face was haggard. He sat at his desk and stared at the clock. It was twenty minutes past three. In the morning.

In a few hours a boy named Jerry Slater would be executed—unless the governor picked up the phone. His lips drew in to form a bitter line. It added to the weariness of his face—a heavy face, powerful, with daubs of silver in the thick brown hair above it.

When the phone rang, the voice of the operator said in anxiety, "I'm sorry, Governor. It's Mrs. Slater. I hate to disturb you—"

"Put her on." He looked at the papers in front of him. The commission had refused Jerry Slater any mercy; had refused to recommend pardon or reprieve. The boy had deliberately murdered two men in the course of a robbery; and a third man a year ago. He had all but boasted of his exploits.

"Governor!" The boy's mother spoke in a desperate voice. "Have—have you done it?"

"I haven't done anything."

"There are only a few hours left." She sounded frantic.

"I know. I'm sorry."

"You're my last court of appeal—my only hope—"

"He murdered those men."

"But you *can't* have him killed! You can't!"

The governor said, "I've considered all that, Rose."

"You know what will happen!"

"Yes. You've told me."

"And yet you won't—"

"I'm sorry. I can't. . . ."

He rose presently, went to the draped window, and gazed out into the night. His hands were clasped behind his back.

It was during the last war that he'd met Rose Slater, when he'd come home with the other casualties. He remembered how he'd been tortured by visions of Sid and Tony and Red—his buddies—being shot to pieces beside him in the trench. He'd needed relief from those visions and he'd tried to drink himself into oblivion. That was when he'd met Rose Slater—at some bar in New York. They'd had a week together. And when he'd become sober and gone to the Midwest, they'd parted without any nonsense about love. There had never been a question of love. He forgot Rose Slater for a year or two. It was only after he'd married and run for the State Assembly, with his name in the papers, that she had located him—and written him that now there was Jerry.

She'd been pretty decent about it, he had to concede. After he'd given her a little money and helped her get a state job, she'd never troubled him again.

And now this.

"You've *got* to save him!" she had said when she'd come to see him. Her manner had been wild. "You can't let him die. He's *yours*."

"The law, Rose—"

"Damn the law! I've never talked to you like this before—I never intended to—but if you don't save him, I'm going to see that everybody knows about us, about him—"

"*Rose!*"

"I swear I will! And don't think I can't prove it. I still have the letter you sent me when I first wrote you about it years ago. You acknowledged him—"

There was no point recalling the rest of it. The governor went back to his desk. He sat down heavily, an old man.

He'd had ambitions. The United States Senate. After that—well, nobody could tell. He was only forty-eight. But if he didn't save the boy, if he allowed Rose Slater to speak to the newspapers there'd be no future.

The governor began to look through the pages of the boy's record. He had studied them a hundred times. 1936, indicted for burglary, acquitted. 1938, convicted of burglary—one year in prison. 1940, convicted of burglary, sentence three years; 1941, escaped in the prison break, when a warden had been killed; never found until . . . 1942, seized after murdering two men with pistol fire during commission of burglary.

His son's record. The governor closed his eyes. How could he free a boy like that? A boy who should have been in the Army but who, instead, admitted the murder of three men. . . . Rose Slater had said, "If you don't save him I'm going to see that everybody knows about us."

Throughout the night the governor thought not only of his career. He thought of his wife, of his two daughters. It was going to be pretty bad for them. A sickening mess.

The phone rang, and the operator said "It's Mrs. Slater again, Governor—"

"Tell her you can't reach me. No more calls."

Until six in the morning he sat there staring at the wall. Strange thoughts passed through his mind, and among them was the oath he had taken to do his duty as governor, so help him God. But more often than any other thought came the memory of Rose Slater's threat. . . . And he fixed his mind on how his wife would take the news. . . .

At six, looking quite sick, the governor picked up the phone and asked to be connected with the warden at Lakeville Prison. He waited until someone at the prison answered. Then, his face suddenly rocky, the governor said. "Never mind," and put the phone down.

IT WAS early afternoon when his secretary came in to say, "Mrs. Slater to see you, Governor. She has no appointment, but—"

"Send her in."

She seemed ill when she entered—a small woman, slim, decently dressed in dark clothes. Tears had swollen her eyes.

For a long time they looked at each other in silence. She whispered at last, "Well, it's over. He—he's dead."

"I know."

"In spite of everything I said, you let him go."

"I had to, Rose. It was the only honest thing I could do." The governor swallowed. He looked at a pencil. "I suppose you've already told—about us?"

"I've told, yes." Her voice was quiet. When he nodded, hopelessly, she added, "But only to one man. He advised me not to—not to spread the news. He said it couldn't bring Jerry back to life; ruining you wouldn't help matters. Besides, he said, you'd probably gone through enough hell last night. . . . And I'm taking his advice." Rose Slater opened her purse and tossed a yellowed letter to the desk. "You may as well have it. It's the only proof I could have offered."

The governor was too shaken to talk at once. He had to wet his lips.

"This—" He was hoarse, and he cleared his throat. "This is mighty fine of you, Rose."

"I'm not doing it because I'm fine. I'm just taking the advice of a man whose advice I value."

"Who?" the governor asked.

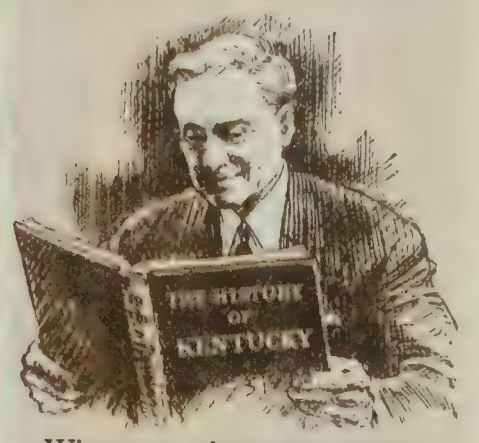
"Jerry. They let me see him for a few minutes before the end. He said, 'Aw, I've got it coming to me. Give the old man a break. Just leave him alone, Ma. He's got to play it his way—just like I had to play it mine.'"

He'd needed relief from those visions and he'd tried to drink himself into oblivion. That was when he had met Rose Slater—at some bar in New York



Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Historic Old Crow continues to make history



When, more than a century ago, Col. James Crow settled on Glenn's Creek, Frankfort, Kentucky, and began to distill Old Crow whiskey, he started the most important chapter in the history of great Kentucky whiskies.



Today, on the same historic site, Old Crow continues to be distilled—actually using the same limestone spring James Crow used in the old days.



And today—Old Crow, at its moderate price, is within the reach of, and enjoyed by, many more millions of men than it ever was before in its long and distinguished history.

Ask for
OLD CROW
at bars, dealers, restaurants, hotels, clubs everywhere

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York
Please send me FREE BOOK, describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of Colored Bird Cards. J-53
NAME
STREET ADDRESS
CITY OR TOWN
STATE
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

ARM & HAMMER OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA



"With us, Baking Soda has become a great standby. I keep a package in the medicine cabinet, in my first aid kit and a few in reserve. It helps meet my budget."



"I've noticed that Baking Soda is recommended for so many things in the first aid training manuals—excellent, they tell us, to treat minor burns and scalds."



"Jim has 'discovered' another marvelous use for Baking Soda. We all use it now as our regular tooth cleanser. It's delightful on the teeth and does save money."



"Hot Soda Biscuits this morning—Jim needs substantial breakfasts with the long work hours he's putting in plus his evenings in civilian defense activities."

Let the Girl Down Gently

Continued from page 21

"Hendricks. John Hendricks."

"I'm Georgia Stockbridge. Everybody calls me Georgie, though I think Georgia is prettier. Isn't it funny?"

"Funny?" said John, blinking.

"To be named after an entire state. Dad says it's because I was initially a state of mind. You don't have much fun, do you?"

"As much as most, in times like these—"

"The folks are back here," said Georgie.

"If I could just ph—"

"Visitor," called Georgie, voice high and sweet.

A man in awesomely disreputable slacks and sweatshirt, and a woman who looked like Georgie twenty years from now, were stretched in deck chairs under a tree.

"This is Johnny Kendrick," Georgie told them. "Nan and Eldon Stockbridge, Johnny. They're parents of mine."

The man had coal black hair with gray streaks at the sides. He waved languidly. "Hi, Johnny. Sit?" He indicated the lawn.

"The name," said John, "is Hendricks."

"That's all right, Johnny. You can still sit."

John laced his smile in place. He was not normally called Johnny. Never had it been done under five years. Till now.

"It's such a lovely fall day," said Georgie's mother. Georgie had gotten her eyes from her; the man's were black. "Make lemonade, Georgie. Or an old-fashioned."

It was past time to be firm. This was ridiculous.

"I'm sorry," John said. "I'm in rather a hurry."

"He's a chemist," Georgie explained. "He had a puncture. He doesn't laugh much. In times like these."

John's neck stiffened. A responsible person at a highly important research laboratory, he was not used to being taken lightly.

"His keys are home," Georgie said. "I told him I'd drive him there to get them. Where do you live, Johnny?"

IT WOULD not have been seemly to say, Sydney, Australia. John said, "Burnick."

"Burnick?" said Mrs. Stockbridge. "Do you know a Mrs. Victoria Smather in Burnick?"

"She's my aunt," said John, surprised.

"Oh. That may partially explain it," Mr. Stockbridge said. His arm hung limp over the edge of the deck chair.

"Explain what?" said John. "Look, if I could ph—"

"Is there gas in the family crate, Stocky?" Georgie asked her father.

"I don't know. . . . I guess not."

"Really," John said, "I can't let anyone take this trouble for a total stranger."

"Stranger?" Mrs. Stockbridge widened intensely blue eyes. "I know your aunt, don't I?"

"No gas, hunh?" Georgie said. "Well, we can siphon some out of Johnny's car."

"Tube in the kitchen you can use for siphoning," Stockbridge said. "Stop in when you've come back and changed the tire, Johnny."

Taut with disapproval, John stalked across the lawn with Georgie to his car. The tube trailed from his hand; he didn't trust Georgie to carry it. They got to his coupé and he unlocked the gas cap and inserted the tube, making a wry face as he anticipated the taste of gasoline when he sucked it to get the siphoning started.

"No," said Georgie. "Like this." She screwed her red lips up and contorted her face gruesomely.

"What on earth . . ."

"I'm just trying to help you," she said meekly. "Oh. Oh!"

"Now what?"

"We've nothing to put it in. You forgot to bring a can."

"*I* forgot—"

"Never mind. We can push your car up our driveway and back against ours in the garage and—"

"A can," said Johnny, "would almost certainly be easier."

THREE quarters of an hour passed before they were in the Stockbridge car and rolling toward Burnick. It was a sedan, with sound effects.

"Does your wife like to live in a little place like Burnick?" said Georgie, skimming past a bridge pier with a full eighth inch to spare.

"I'm not married," John answered briefly.

"You're not? How old are you—forty?"

"I'm twenty-nine," John ground out.

"I'll be darned. Engaged?"

"Yes," said John. The girl was quite mad. She looked back at the road just in time to miss a head-on collision with a car full of soldiers. The soldiers cheered. John was almost bounced out of his seat. "I am engaged to Miss Helen Perkins, of Elizabeth," he said when he got his breath back. It was practically true.

"And you're a chemist," Georgie said.

He nodded. For conversation's sake, he said, "What do you do?"

"Me? Oh, I whistle."

She pursed red lips and trilled a song. They were crawling past a truck at the moment. As they drew level with the cab, the driver applauded, and Georgie nodded graciously to her rear-view mirror and swerved away from the ditch just in time.

"This has been good of you, Miss Stockbridge," John said firmly, at Burnick, "but I don't want to impose on you any more. I—I'll get a friend to drive me back."

"How silly," Georgie said. "You've got to come back with me."

"Now look here, Georgie—"

"I have to go back anyway, don't I? Does it save rubber for me to go back alone while you come in another car? You say her name is Helen Perkins

John sighed. . . .

In his small flat that Sunday nigh John couldn't stop simmering. Of the crazy afternoons! Of all the flut headed girls! The first thing he'd don when he finally got home again was sna the extra tire lock key savagely on th spare key ring. Then he'd gone to h aunt's house for dinner.

Now he tried to read and just sim mered. Johnny! Did the girl think sh was being irresistible or something, get ting so familiar so soon? No, Georg didn't think anything. Ever. She hadn the equipment for it.

He simmered a little all next day i the lab, but by nightfall he grudgingl remembered his manners. He ha finally fled, the afternoon before, with out really thanking Mr. Stockbridge fo the use of his car. He paused in front o the small house on the big lawn.

The door opened after a while. H looked down into very wide, very blu eyes, and, this time, at faded green over alls.

"No," John said, "I'm not him. I'm obviously not a sergeant. If there actu ally is a sergeant. Is your father in?"

"He isn't back from Princeton yet, said Georgie. She stepped aside for hir to enter, which he did not do.

He felt like saying, "Still trying t graduate?" but he didn't do that, either "Princeton?" he repeated.

"He teaches," Georgie said. "Indo Aryan languages."

"He wh—" John cleared his throat, thing that was apparently becoming habit of his. "Well, thank him for me will you?"

"Why, you thanked him yesterday Johnny," Georgie said. "Quite nicely too."

"I did? But I thought—" John edged backward. It seemed this brainlessnes was contagious. "Well, then, I . . . Thank him again for me."

"Thank *you,* Johnny," Georgie said "See you tomorrow."

HE FLED again. As soon as he got to his apartment he called a well-thumbed Elizabeth number.

"Helen?"

It was a relief to hear her cool, sane voice. Helen Perkins, thank heavens always made sense.

"This is Johnny," he said. Then, furiously, "I mean John! Are you doing anything tomorrow evening? I'll drop around at six, from the lab, and we'll have dinner. What do you say?"

"It sounds very nice, John." He could see her composed nod of approval. There was never a time when Helen Perkins was not composed. Also there would never he a time when she wore faded blue overalls on a Sunday afternoon.

"See you at six," he said. Then, tentatively, "Darling."

"At six," Helen said. "Dear."

"That for you, Georgie," John said to the phone. "See me tomorrow, will you?"

But it began to worry him after a while, and the feeling carried over into



ıe next day. There'd been absolutely o reason for Georgie to say, "See you ɔmorrow," and he had certainly not re-lied in a way to make her think she ɣould. Yet perhaps she actually ex-ɘected it and was planning for it. He'd ɹetter phone and be sure she was set traight on it.

Eldon Stockbridge, Gracemoor. He ound the number and called it. A man's ɣoice answered, and it was not the voice ɟf Mr. Stockbridge.

"Hello," John said, surprised. He aid, impulsively, "Who are you?"

"Sergeant Smith."

So there really was a sergeant. But what was a sergeant doing hanging around the Stockbridge place?

"Who are you?" asked the voice.

"John Kendrick. I mean Hendricks."

"Can't you make up your mind?"

"Please tell Miss Stockbridge I called," John said with dignity.

"She's right here—"

"Never mind, just say I called!"

John hung up, fuming, and presently went to dinner with Helen.

It was a nice dinner. It was at the Chop House, where quaint tablecloths do not cloud the issue, which is food. Helen was nice to him. She put her hand under his arm and hugged it a little as they went to a movie. John appreciated this. He would have appreciated it more if he had not kept thinking of Georgie and how much he disliked girls of that type.

"What?" he said.

The picture seemed to have ended, and Helen was struggling into her wrap. Hastily he reached to help her.

"I said, wasn't it a good picture?" Helen repeated.

"Oh, fine. Fine." They started slowly toward her father's large and extremely costly home. Mr. Perkins' income from corporation law was quite impressive, pre-taxes.

Helen smilingly increased their pace. "Week night, John. Work to do tomorrow. And you're doing yours so well. You're so important at the laboratory."

JOHN appreciated Helen's serious nature. She was refreshingly different from Georgie—

But why think of Georgie? He wouldn't think of Georgie! He left for home, with little loitering at Helen's door since, as she'd said, it was a week night. Ought to get to bed early.

He had no idea whatever of stopping before the Stockbridge house, but as he drew near, it occurred to him to go slowly, with his bright lights on, and see if there were any more nails strewn around. Only simple decency.

He coasted before the house at walking speed, and as he passed a bush Georgie called in soft surprise, "Why, hello, Johnny."

He stopped, scowling. It would have been too boorish to step on the gas as he wanted to. Why had Georgie had to be here at the curb at just this time instead of on her porch where she belonged? This was what he got for trying to do his fellow motorists a favor.

A small figure came from the shadow of the bush, accompanied by a large figure with an Army cap on top of it.

Georgie said, "Johnny, this is Sergeant Smith. But I forgot. You already know him, don't you? You met him on the phone."

"Hi, pal," said Sergeant Smith, unsmiling. He put Commando training in his handshake.

John winced and said, "How are you?"

"The sergeant was just leaving," said Georgie.

"Yeah," the sergeant said. "It'll be nice to get a lift from you, chum."

"Lift?" said John. "Oh, yes, of course." It was an out for him. How splendid!

"Nice of you to come to see me, Johnny," Georgie told him. "But it's a little late, don't you think? See you tomorrow."

JOHN took the sergeant as far as Burnick. It was a silent trip. He said, at Burnick, "How will you manage from here?"

"Oh, I'll get a lift back," said Sergeant Smith.

"Back?" repeated John.

"Yeah. Camp's back the other way. Thanks, pal."

John went rather murderously to bed, but not to sleep. When the sergeant returned on his idiotic double trip, did he go on past Georgie's house? Or stop? Not that it mattered to him personally, John assured himself. It was just that Georgie was such a harebrained little moron that she might be taken advantage of by a guy who ended all his sentences with pal, or chum.

"Well, what if she is?" he snapped at last. "I'm going to sleep."

He wondered if Sergeant Smith had brutally kissed her in the shadow of that big bush.

That was Tuesday.

On Wednesday he dined in Elizabeth so that it would be dark before he started home, and he went fast through Gracemoor. On Thursday, though, he paused at the white clapboard house. It would take about a minute to give Georgie a little sane advice. He could spare a minute.

"Hello, Johnny," Mr. Stockbridge's voice came sleepily from the porch swing. "Georgie's out. Back any minute, though. Sit?"

"Why, I—" John said. "No, thank you. I have to run. Just stopped a minute."

Stockbridge swung one leg slowly over the back of the swing. The resulting pose was scarcely professorial.

"Concerned about the sergeant, Johnny?"

"Certainly not!" said Johnny. "Well, really, I must—"

"Ham and potato salad for dinner, Johnny."

"That's nice of you, but I must go."

However, steps tapped out and Georgie came in view, small and fragile-looking in a tan frock whose low square neck made her throat and shoulders and arms seem molded softly out of honey and amber. John looked frantically around for escape, but there was none.

"Wish you luck, Johnny," said Stockbridge, eyes closed. "Not that it'll do any good," he added reflectively.

John was still thinking this over as he went home at one o'clock. He decided that it couldn't possibly mean what it seemed to mean. He also thought for a moment of the kiss bestowed on him just before he left. But that didn't mean anything, either. She was just grateful for his impersonal advice about sergeants.

His phone was ringing as he entered his flat. It was Helen—a rather corrosive Helen. She said, "At first I thought it was extra work that held you up, but when I finally phoned the lab they said you'd gone hours ago."

John's jaw sagged as he remembered, quite a few hours too late, that he'd had an engagement with Helen this evening. It had slipped his mind completely. Never before in all his nearly thirty years had he done a thing so outrageous.

"What have you to say about it?" Helen asked politely.

John didn't seem to have anything to say about it. But he tried; he thought fast. "Listen, Geo—Helen, I got roped into—"

He hadn't thought fast enough. The click had sounded just before the L in listen.

"That Georgie!" John grated.

It wasn't fatal. Helen called him next day at the lab, to John's relief. Her voice forgave. She didn't ask excuses, which was nice of her; John had one, but the thing was rather lame.

"We'll make it up tonight," he said contritely. He offered sacrifice. "Bridge with the folks? If they're not busy?"

"It sounds nice. I think they'd love it."

John respected Helen's parents, but had never felt warm springs of affection gush within his breast for them. Mr. Perkins had a way of jutting his jaw at you when he made a statement. Mrs. Perkins was as massive-looking as a fortress and quite as invincible. John had only known one other woman as impregnable, and that was his Aunt Victoria Smather.

THEY played good bridge. John at best was only fair, and tonight he was not at his peak. He kept thinking illogically of Georgie, of the absurd blueness of her eyes, of her teetering heels designed to add to her height, of the exasperating distraction visited on all within her range. He supposed she'd marry some day. He pitied the unsuspecting candidate.

Altogether he thought too much of why he disapproved of Georgie and too little of bridge; and this, and another related problem, Helen took up smoothly later when Mr. and Mrs. Perkins had gone upstairs to a couple of the nine bed- and bathrooms.

"We do have fun, don't we, John?" Helen murmured. Her tone was soft but her eyes said, *Look here, my lad, it's time we had this out.*

"I'd rather be with you than anyone I know." *A girl has a right to know where she stands.*

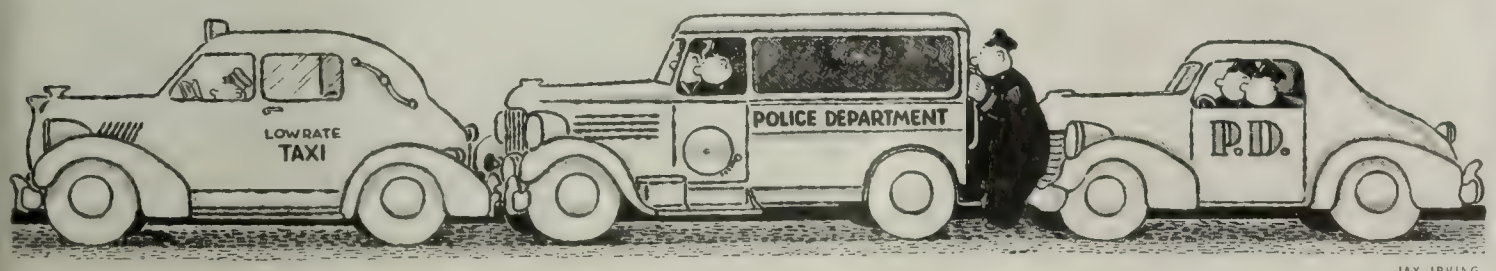
"The three years we've gone around together have been nice, haven't they?" *Best years of a girl's life, my boy, and don't forget it.*

"Father likes you so much, John." *So?*

John hesitated only a second, then charged—if you could call it that—down this broad, well-lighted highway.

"Helen," he said. "I . . . Helen. We . . ."

"Oh, John," she breathed. "I think it



JAY IRVING

LONGINES
the most honored watch for the Woman in War



The Longines watch of the sportswoman of yesterday serves the Woman in War today. Though feminine in size and style, its leather strap blends with uniformed smartness. It is an efficient timekeeper, too. For like all Longines watches, it has the Longines "Observatory Movement", world-honored for dependability. Illustrations are larger than life size.*

*Longines**

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The production of Longines watches for trade distribution is necessarily restricted, and all styles are not available at Longines jewelers. There are no restrictions on Longines' qualities of greater accuracy and long life. Every Longines watch has the world-honored Longines "Observatory Movement". Longines honors include 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medal awards. Your Longines jeweler will show you the Longines watches that are available. He can also show you the Wittnauer watch, outstanding for value at a moderate price. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals



Thoughtful buying helps "keep 'em flying"

In the midst of a desperate war, with threatened scarcities in labor and materials, the needs of our armed forces come first. Thoughtless buying by civilians is a luxury the country can't afford.

Think before you *buy*. Things you can get along without you will not buy at all; things you must have will be the longest-lasting you can buy and won't have to be replaced so soon. The result: Less material, less machine time, less labor are expended on you; more of all three remain to throw against your foes.

What's more, the money you *don't* spend now will be yours after the war to buy the many things available then, that are sure to reflect the progress in design and manufacture being made in today's great production era.



THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

For 54 years the name "Exide" has symbolized dependability, long life.

Exide

WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE YOU START



"How long have your dogs been bothering you, Mrs. Lake?"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

would be wonderful. November? The folks would love it if we set the date then, on their own wedding anniversary."

"Wonderful," said John. "I'll tell Aunt Victoria—"

"We'll both tell her," said Helen. "Right away. John, isn't it marvelous?"

"Just marvelous," said John.

It was a week night. Work tomorrow. "Good night," he said soberly. "Dear."

"Good night. Darling."

He didn't quite thumb his nose as he rolled past the white clapboard house. That was not a John Hendricks kind of thing to do, and anyhow, there was no reason for the impulse. Why feel defiant when there's nothing to defy?

But—was there nothing?

John was a kindly person. Georgie was nothing but an irritant to him, but all the same he didn't want her to be hurt. She was such a vulnerable little person with her trusting wide blue eyes and her impulsiveness.

John had never stopped at the Stockbridge home without having some reason for it that did not in the least concern Georgie, but in her naïve way she might have figured that he'd come these several times because he was drawn to her. She might be building just a little on false hopes, erecting dream castles soon to be rudely shattered.

It was a poignant thought, persisting in John's mind till quitting time next day, Saturday. By then he'd decided that he had a duty to perform. He, personally, must see that Georgie was let down as gently as possible. A couple of deft sentences should do the trick.

However, at the Stockbridge door at six, his kindly impulse was bombed to bits and wrath replaced it.

"Oh, dear, I wish I'd known you intended to stop anyway," Georgie said, lips and eyes beaming up at him. Somehow it had worked out that he held both her hands instead of one. "I've been trying just everywhere to get you."

John dropped her hands. "Everywhere?" he said guardedly.

"Yes. I phoned the laboratory and you'd left, and I phoned your aunt and then I phoned the Perkins house."

John reeled. "You—you phoned the . . ."

"It must have been Helen Perkins that answered. Hasn't she a nice, cool voice? She said you weren't there, either."

"Georgie! Why on earth would you—the girl I'm going to marry!"

"Well, you aren't married yet, ar you? And even if you were, is it s awful for good friends to want to se each other?"

John counted ten for self-control. H counted twenty more while all the im plications of this attitude came crashin home. He could see Georgie periodicall calling Helen and asking sweetly where Helen's fiancé was. Or Helen's husband How conducive to matrimonial felicity that would be!

Something must be done. And fast.

And then the answer came—a lovely answer, though perhaps a trifle deadly

He'd throw Georgie to his Aunt Victoria Smather.

He almost felt a qualm; it was like pitting a butterfly against a steam roller; but circumstances warranted it Nothing else could crush Georgie back into her cocoon with such frozen finality He'd be definitely purged of her.

"I wanted to ask you here to dinner tonight," Georgie was babbling on. "Sergeant Smith is coming, too."

"Smith!" exploded John. "That—" He cleared his throat. "That's odd," he said, with smiling guile. "I stopped to ask you to have dinner with me tonight. With my aunt and me. It's short notice, but . . . No, no—just as you are. Slacks will be perfectly all right." Which was diabolical. Even when she dined alone, Aunt Vic had dinners served, course by course, by her creaking butler, with unvarying pomp.

JOHN could afford to be pleasant with this rather lovely nuisance since she was so soon to be flattened from his life. He helped her gallantly from the coupé in front of the somber Smather home, and even smiled, instead of scowling, at the sight of her teetering up the walk. High heels—and slacks. There goes Georgie.

The butler, personifying gloomy etiquette, led them to what Aunt Vic still called the drawing room.

High ceiling, tall windows, 1890 furniture with prim lace doilies over everything. Strange and fearful lamps. And on the stiff, high-backed sofa near the black marble fireplace—Aunt Victoria.

It was perfect. It was just as John had visioned. Aunt Vic, heavy boned and regal, rose and swept toward them.

"I thought you wouldn't mind if I brought a guest for dinner," John said innocently.

"But of course," his aunt said, looking puzzled. She ruddered majestically to Georgie. John felt almost sorry for the small person in slacks and high heels. In a moment Georgie would be overwhelmed by this tidal wave of will and power.

"Georgie Stockbridge!" said Aunt Vic. "How very nice to see you!"

"Vickie!" Georgie cried, putting her arms around the formidable shoulders and kissing the terrifying cheek.

JOHN, from that moment, was more or less blacked out. . . .

He was still figuratively staggering when he came back to the big house for a few minutes after taking Georgie home. He walked up and down before his aunt. He said dazedly:

"I didn't know you knew Georgie Stockbridge."

"You never asked me," said his aunt. "Do sit down, John. Stop pacing."

John sat down. For a moment.

"Did you have to greet her like a long-lost daughter?"

"How should I have greeted her?" said Aunt Vic. "As far as that goes, she might have been my daughter."

She said: "Stop gaping, John. In all the time this was your home, didn't you ever hear me speak of Eldon?"

"Oh, my gosh!" said John. "Of course! But I never connected it with Stockbridge. You mean, you? Georgie's father?"

"Yes," his aunt sighed. She didn't look normal. Her face was almost soft. "I was going to marry Eldon, but a frivolous little chit named Nancy took one look at him and decided that she wanted him. She got him. I worked, too." She sighed again, reflectively, then said, "Poor Johnny!"

"Now look here," stormed John. "You know that Helen Perkins and I have an understanding. In fact, it's more than that, now."

"It *was* more than that," Aunt Vic corrected. "When you phoned this morning and coyly said there'd be a dinner guest, I somehow didn't think it would be Georgie Stockbridge."

John faltered, "When I phoned? This—? *Helen!*"

"That's who I thought was coming," said his aunt.

John's exclamation was past spelling. He jumped for the phone. A glacial voice at the Perkins residence informed him that Miss Helen Perkins was not in, late as it was.

John moaned. To forget one date with Helen was bad enough. To forget two in one week, and the second a dinner at which they'd meant to announce their wedding day, was insane.

They'd tell his Aunt Victoria "right away," Helen had said last night. This morning he'd phoned her and set tonight as the time. Then he had phoned his aunt to expect a guest.

And this afternoon he'd forgotten the whole thing!

That Georgie! She was strictly a disease. Like brain fever.

He sped to Elizabeth next morning at his full thirty-five miles an hour, but it was in a spirit of complete hopelessness that he stopped in front of the Perkins mansion. The hopelessness was justified at the door.

"Miss Perkins is not in," said the Perkins houseman.

John could hear Miss Perkins' laugh, very gay and punishing, somewhere inside. Probably in the breakfast room. "No, sir, she will not be home all day."

JOHN sat dejectedly in his coupé for a moment, then turned grimly for Gracemoor. Georgie! This was all her fault. That girl! He'd give her a piece of his mind. He thought he'd be able to keep from actually strangling her, if he exercised an iron self-control, but what he'd tell her—

"Johnny!" Georgie said. She kissed him. She had on the same disgraceful faded overalls she'd worn last Sunday. Last Sunday! Just a week ago! Before, he'd lived in neat contentment, ignorant of the existence of such a disruptive influence.

"How nice of you to surprise us!" She kissed him again. "Scrambled eggs and little gold sausages, Johnny. Come along."

"I didn't come here for—" Johnny began.

"Hi, Johnny," said Eldon Stockbridge, ensconced at the head of the Sunday breakfast board. He started dishing out a fourth plate of eggs and sausage. "Sit."

"I do hope you didn't have another puncture," said Nancy Stockbridge, who had decided at sight, many years ago, that her man was inexorably hers.

"No," said Johnny. "That isn't the reason I came in. I came . . . I . . ."

He sat down in front of the seductive plate.

"It doesn't matter," he sighed.

From across the table, wide blue eyes regarded him with comfortable possessiveness.

THE END



"You can't tell these days whether it's the Aurora Borealis, or an R.A.F. raid over Germany" GERALD GREEN

COLLIER'S

A most delicious Spinach ...and NO SAND!



1. Here's a spinach whose flavor matches summer's tastiest. It's Birds Eye *Thick-leaf* Spinach . . . *garden-fresh right now!*

2. Quick-freezing captures the just-picked flavor, the vitamins and minerals, the instant the Spinach is cleaned.



3. Work-free! We cut all the stalks, sort out droopy leaves, wash out *all* sand . . . *save you 20 MINUTES' work!* One box serves 4. Try it, today.

Uncle Sam, how's this for Nutrition?

VITAMIN	A	B_1	C	G	IRON	COPPER
THE SPINACH	3	1	3	1	3	2

1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)



4. Both luscious Limas are *garden-fresh*—and *great!* The *new* large, meaty Fordhooks and the small, *melt-in-your-mouth* Baby Limas you've always enjoyed.

5. These tender, tasty Lima Beans come *shelled*, *washed*—ready to cook. NO WORK! *Quick-Freezing* seals in all their goodness! 1 box serves 4!

SPECIAL SALE!

One Week Only—Nov. 2-7

SPINACH ★ SQUASH

3 OTHER GRAND BUYS!

BOYSENBERRIES—a Birds Eye Berry that's *new, large, luscious!* . . . **CHERRIES**—for the kind of Sour Cherry Pies Grandma used to make! . . . **MIXED FRUITS**—a *brand-new* Birds Eye combination! Try ALL these tempting new fruit dishes!





HERE'S HOW TO MAKE "OLD FAITHFUL" LOOK NEW FOR THE DURATION:

CLEAN, POLISH, WITH MOBILGLOSS

• While the quick-acting solvents in Mobilgloss remove grime, and road film, special polishing ingredients give your car a handsome finish. With gentle rubbing, the original color and lustre reappear.

PROTECT FINISH WITH MOBILWAX

• If you wish a protecting wax finish, use Mobilwax. It comes in cream form...already emulsified. Mobilwax is easy to apply. It buffs up with little effort into a durable lustre that's easy to keep clean.

...At the Sign of SOCONY-VACUUM Friendly Service

Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBIL STOP-LEAK
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY • MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY SOCONY-VACUUM

The Fearless Women of Russia

Continued from page 15

"I'll never forget my first bombing in its smallest details. It happened in Moscow on the night of the twenty-fifth to the twenty-sixth of July, 1941. My train was carrying a load of explosives, and as soon as the bombing of the city began I was ordered to move out of the station as quickly as I could. Of course, in view of what was happening, my train was a terrible menace. If hit by a bomb it might have blown up everybody and everything for miles around. So off I went full speed with semaphores and signals at clear all down the line—so anxious were the railroad officials to have me get away from the city as far as possible. Behind us the enemy planes were already attacking Moscow.

"All was going well when suddenly I noticed that a plane was following us. The next minute it threw a searchlight on my train, swooped low, circled several times and then dropped something that looked like fireworks. There was a terrific explosion, and a pillar of flame and dust rose in the field to my right. But it was too far off and did not hurt us. Gritting my teeth, I kept going full speed while on both sides of us the bombs continued to fall. Luckily, they never dropped too close, or I would not be here to tell you what happened next.

"Well, just as I was expecting to be blown to bits, the searchlights of Moscow caught the plane that was bombing us and held it in their beams while several of our own planes went after it like hawks. While they were attacking I got away and kept going until I was about fifty miles out. I stopped to catch my breath, started off again and finally reached my destination."

"And is that why you were decorated?" I asked.

She nodded gravely, "Yes, for that and three other *bombioshkas* (a new Russian word for bombardment) though I did not carry explosives the other times. Later on I was transferred from freight to passenger trains. At the present time, as you know, I am on the Moscow-Riazan line. By the way, did you notice my locomotive? It's a beauty. Its name is Sergo, short for Sergei Ordzhonikidze. You see, there are two series of the newest locomotives of that particular type: one is called Sergei Ordzhonikidze and the other Joseph Stalin. These locomotives are the finest, most powerful in the country."

"And how about your family life?" I asked.

The Lure of the Rails

"Oh, I am married but I have no children. My husband is a professor of philosophy; he writes books. Perhaps you've read some of them, they are really good. Usually I'm away for a few days and then I get back and spend a few days at home. During that rest period I live like everybody else: do my housework, read, go to the theater, see our friends. It has been suggested that I take the post of engineer instructor but I'd much rather remain on active duty."

She was very interested in American locomotives and genuinely distressed at my woeful lack of technical knowledge on the subject. However, when I began to describe as graphically as I could the famous Altoona horseshoe and the activities of passenger and freight trains on it, she brightened up considerably. She was very interested when I spoke of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and asked me to give them her warmest regards.

As we parted she promised to show me Sergo, her locomotive, and if possible take me along on a short run. "He shines like the sun and goes like the wind when he has not too heavy a load behind him," she said, "and I know that you'll never forget a ride on Sergo."

My next conversation was with Maria Mayachenko, a young guerrilla fighter or *partizanka* as they call them. I happened to run into her in the office of the Anti-Fascist Women's Committee where I had been collecting some material concerning the activities of this particular group. In a khaki uniform, with a jaunty cap on her blond hair, she looked like a little girl who was playing grown-up. Her face was round, her cheeks red, her eyes very blue and childlike. At a second glance, I noticed that her right hand was bandaged. On her blouse she had a little red stripe showing she had been wounded and had been decorated with the Order of the Red Banner. Introducing myself, I sat down next to her.

"Do you mind if I ask a few questions about yourself?" I said.

A Girl Guerrilla's Story

She blushed like a little girl and laughed. "Well, what can I tell you? My name is Maria Mayachenko. I am nineteen, a *partizanka*. I was wounded in one of our guerrilla fights with the Germans and sent here to a hospital. Now I'm nearly well and will soon be going back to my unit."

"Wait a minute. Not so fast, please," I begged. "Tell me where you are from, what guerrilla warfare is like, how you were wounded."

"Very well." She laughed again, then suddenly looked serious. In her eyes came the familiar pained expression of a schoolgirl about to stand up and speak her piece. Then she folded her hands, drew a long breath and began: "I come from Smolensk, where I worked in a veneer plant. On July fifteenth last y my plant was evacuated but I remai behind and went to work as volunt nurse in one of the medical sanit battalions which are called *medsan* for short. In October we were cut by the Germans and then I became *partizanka* in a guerrilla detachm whose headquarters were in a near- forest. Soon I began to reconnoiter a went from village to village so as to b come well acquainted with that part the country. Sometimes I went alon sometimes we would go in small grou

"Well, one day I crept up to occupied village where the peasants i formed me that in a big hut the G mans were having a party, dancing a singing. The peasants also said that t Nazis were not armed. I ran back to o headquarters and told them what w happening. They returned with me, e circled the hut, and soon we had ca tured twenty German prisoners, who we turned over to the nearest Red Arm unit. From then on I did a lot of r connoitering. In some cases it was saf to send a girl than a man.

"One day, fighting broke out betwe our guerrillas and the Germans and got caught between the two fires. As crawled on my stomach, a German bull hit me in my right hand and, as thought then, another bullet hit me my leg. I did not feel any pain—on something like a terrific bump followe by a lovely sensation of warmth th spread all over my body. You see, was a very cold day and I was near frozen crawling on that icy ground. B the minute the bullet hit me I got war all over. I could not move my leg ar I was sure that I had been wounde there too. That was strange becaus later they told me that my leg had n been hit. I lay there very still for a lon time and the Germans must hav



"Try Iceland first, and if he's not there try France and Australia"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS





The Civil Air Patrol is a typically ingenious American organization comprised of 55,000 men and women fliers from every walk of life, voluntarily united into a semi-military organization cooperating with our military air forces. Authorized to patrol shipping lanes on all coasts, the C.A.P. has established itself as one of the most useful and dependable branches of the O.C.D. Champion Spark Plugs are prime favorites with these pilots because they know they are absolutely dependable in their planes as in their cars.

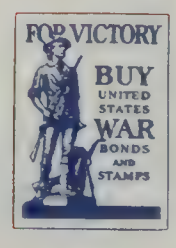


It's squarely up to you to make your car last for the duration. S-L-O-W down your driving habits to conserve your tires. — S-T-R-E-T-C-H the mileage you get from every gallon of gas, to the maximum. Check your spark plugs regularly. Have a Champion Spark Plug Dealer test and clean them every 4,000 miles. These economical practices are your patriotic duty.

More Vital - More Dependable than ever!



Old plugs invite trouble", and winter is ist around the corner! Cold weather auses hard starting and increased use of oke resulting in wasteful gas consumpon. If your spark plugs are carbon ncrusted, electrodes burned away, otherise worn out or of inferior quality, conomy and efficiency are further handiapped. In this event, new Champions re sound economy, as they will quickly quidate their cost in gas savings alone.



'O SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

thought that I was dead for they stopped firing at me. Then it grew dark and I started to drag myself toward my own people. It was hard work, but finally I crawled to a safe spot where my comrades picked me up. And that's all."

Next I obtained a permit to visit a military unit of about fifty young women whose organization is somewhat similar to that of our American Waacs. Soon after the outbreak of the war these women left their various civilian occupations as students, teachers, workers, and volunteered to join the Red Army which was then organizing auxiliary women's units. Extremely young, mostly eighteen to twenty-four, the girls I saw were the pick of candidates and had survived the rigid process of elimination.

Though not in the actual fighting ranks of the Red Army, where women are not allowed (guerrilla groups with women fighters are entirely independent), they have passed regular military training courses that have prepared them for special work. Though none of them actually man guns, they are trained in case of emergency to take the place of a gunner.

They Share Red Army's Hardships

A young woman doctor who graduated at the Moscow Women's Medical Institute and is also a Red Army volunteer has full charge of the girls' health. They all live and eat together in their own special barracks, but they are under Red Army control and, like soldiers, have to conform to the strictest routine. If deserving they can be promoted to commanding officer ranks.

Speaking of women doctors, there is an outstanding one by the name of Nina Notareva, who is the head of one of the principal departments of a large Moscow hospital. Pale and thin after having been badly wounded, she has only ... cently returned from the front where ... was decorated for her work under ... The outbreak of war found her at B... Litovsk where she organized one of ... first medical sanitary battalions (*m... sanbat*), a field hospital that closely ... lowed the army. At times, from ... hundred to two thousand woun... would pass through her hospital du... a day and night before being evacua... to the rear. With bombs falling on ... sides and with many of her staff kil... and wounded, Doctor Notareva c... tinued her work until she was woun... herself. Wherever the army went ... followed, sharing all its hardships ... bitter sufferings. There was so m... work for her to do—operations, tra... fusions, supervising the work of oth... seeing that there would be enough me... cine for the wounded, enough blank... enough food.

When Hitler was near Moscow dur... the Battle of Tarutino, Doctor No... reva carried out on her shoulders m... than thirty wounded. But though sh... working hard here at the hospital D... tor Notareva wants to return to ... front.

"That's where I belong," she s... wistfully. "After all, when you've b... through it once, something keeps pull... you back there again."

Maria Ivanovna Kuznetzova may ... middle-aged and comfortably hom... but she is a *stakhanovka* and that to ... is of vast importance. Born and rea... in a village near Kazan she was the e... est of a large family. When her fat... moved to Moscow to work in a fact... and then sent for his family, Ma... started working in his factory where, ... told me with pride, they made the m... beautiful kerosene lamps. Later she l... that factory for another even more i... teresting one where automobiles w... made. And that is where she is worki...



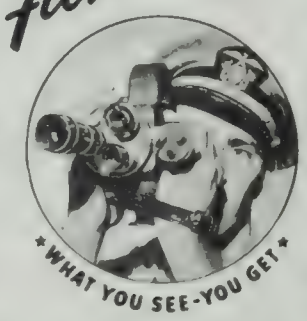
"What they see... they GET!"

"WHAT you see, you get"—for many years a tradition with owners of FILMO personal movie equipment built by Bell & Howell—assumes a new and tremendously important wartime meaning. The fraction of a second can be the difference between victory and defeat in today's high-speed combat. Our fighting men must be better trained and better equipped than ever before.

Motion pictures are proving indispensable to both tasks. Men in training learn faster through motion pictures—because *what they see, they get*. In combat, each engagement recorded by the eye of the camera and re-enacted on the screen proves achievement and provides the key to building better weapons.

The craftsmanship of Bell & Howell which made "*what you see, you get*" an honest slogan, is now providing our fighting men with the finest motion picture equipment and sighting devices American skill can devise.

Filmo



Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London. *Established 1907.*

MOTION PICTURE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS

PRECISION-MADE BY

Bell and Howell



"But Tom, I think we're lucky to be able to live beyond our income, the way prices have gone up"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

and where she became a *stakhanovka*, or a worker who during the same working hours, say from eight to five, accomplishes more than her companions. She herself devised a new way to speed up the production of the automobile parts she was turning out. Her method was technically verified, approved and adopted by others.

"A great deal, of course, depends on the instruments and material," she said, "but a true *stakhanovka* has to work out all by herself her own system in which she will use the minimum energy to produce a maximum result. My contribution to the war," she told me, "is the fact that I produce twice and occasionally even three times as much as my norm demands during my working hours.

"In the evenings most of the women of our factory get together and we sew for the soldiers at the front. Besides that, we have special classes where we learn to become chauffeurs, nurses' assistants, stretcher-bearers and so on."

Maria is not married, therefore she has plenty of time for all kinds of activities, public work included, and is a deputy of the regional soviet. She was chosen unanimously for the post because of her outstanding work as a *stakhanovka*. During the bombing of her factory she stuck to her job, "which was not very difficult," she explained, "as the noise of my machine drowned the noise of the bombs."

Julia Poliakova is an entirely different type of woman. About twenty-eight, slender, with pretty, distinctive features, big black eyes, a flashing smile and a warmhearted manner. She held out both hands in a gesture of welcome when I entered her office. To judge by her appearance, one would never have guessed that she was president of the executive committee of a Moscow district soviet. Extremely feminine with her shoulder-length bob, sweater and short skirt she looked very much like an American girl. On her desk stood a vase with flowers.

"You wanted to see me. What can I do for you?" she asked in a low, warm voice. When I explained the object of my visit she seemed very pleased and even made a little speech. "If you are interested in our activities in wartime, believe me, we are very much interested in yours," she said, "so please convey the heartiest greetings of the women of Russia to the women of America and tell them that we know they are doing great things for our common cause—the war and victory." After that slight formality she told me about herself.

A Blacksmith's Daughter

"I come from a village in the Ural mountains. My father is a blacksmith and so was my grandfather. My great-grandfather worked for the Demidov Iron Works which, as you know, were famous the world over. My earliest recollections are connected with our forge. I used to bring my father his dinner, and he would talk to me seriously, as though I were grown up, and tell me about the beauty of iron and of the precious metals of the Ural. He always wanted me to study metallurgy, and under his influence that is exactly what I did. Eventually I went to Moscow and entered the Institute of Nonferrous Metals and Gold. For five years I studied there and became a metallurgist in the aviation industry. At our factory I was elected deputy to one of the Moscow district soviets where my activities were connected principally with the life of the factory workers of my district. Later I was made member of the executive committee of that soviet, and finally president—and that's what I am now. You might call me the mayor of this district, and my duties consist mostly in organizing the population for the defense of this part of Moscow. Blackouts, fire brigades, shelters, roof-watchers, medical and sanitary service—these all come under my jurisdiction.

"When the enemy was twenty-five kilometers out of Moscow we had twelve thousand women volunteers working for the defense. One seventy-year-old woman worked so well that she was rewarded by the government. From August tenth to eleventh, 1941, the Germans dropped an unusual number of bombs, but nothing of importance was burned in our district during an air raid. I could tell you any number of stories connected with those days. For instance, one night during a raid I went on a roof and noticed an elderly woman watcher with something very peculiar on her head. Curious, I went up to her and saw that she was wearing a large frying pan instead of a helmet. When I asked her why, she explained that, being a professional cook, she had far more faith in the protective material of her trusted old iron pan than in those newfangled helmets (which personally she did not trust) to shield her properly from the flying bits of shrapnel. From time to time she took the pan off her head and waved it angrily in the direction of the German planes. A few days later she was found dead, still clutching her frying pan.

The Man Who Almost Lost Love

"And there is the case of the man who had been severely maimed and did not want his wife to see him or even know where he was. 'She would stop loving me and I could not stand that,' he explained. 'Nothing is half so important to me as losing her love; so I'd rather she never saw me again, but remembered me as I used to be.'

"Meanwhile, his wife was frantically looking for him everywhere. And then one day when she had almost given up hope, she found him sitting in front of a hospital, bundled up in a wheel chair. With a cry of joy she rushed to him and began kissing and hugging him. She told me she could not understand at first why he did not put out his arms and hug her too. Then suddenly she realized that there was something the matter and pulled off his blanket. Both his arms and legs were gone.

"She said she will never forget the look on his face. It was that of a frightened little boy, ashamed and hurt. He burst into tears shouting, 'Go away, go away.' But she instantly understood what he was thinking and feeling and, throwing herself down on her knees beside him, swore that it made no difference to her. On the contrary, she would love him ten million times more. She took him home and carefully nursed his pride and his wounds. Now, with his mechanical legs and arms, he looks like a human being once more and is gradually coming back to life. Eventually, he will even be able to teach, for that was his profession before the war."

These are but a handful of the stories I heard from some of the women I talked to at random; all of them played down the roles that were thrust upon them by the war. Every woman has a story to tell, whether she is a president of a soviet, typist, housewife, streetcar driver, hotel maid or worker. For they are of the people, and their lives taken collectively are the life of Russia today.

The women of Russia know no fear. They are fighting shoulder to shoulder with their men for their homes in towns and villages. They have pledged all their strength to the destruction of the enemy. Millions of Russia's women have proved their strength, their power of endurance, their contempt of death, and their will to help bring about the final decisive victory.

THE END

Announcing

AN UTTERLY DIFFERENT

Permanent

ANTI-FREEZE

Contains no critical materials

★

Protection guaranteed to 35° below zero

★

Fill only once—*no testing*

★

Absolutely safe—every gallon insured

ITS NAME IS

"NO-FREEZE"

TRADE-MARK

Different? Yes—for the first time you will drive all winter without *any* water in the cooling system. No water to evaporate, boil off or freeze! No guessing—no testing!

Before the first bombs dropped upon Pearl Harbor—"NO-FREEZE" had been laboratory perfected and had already started its full-season field testing in thousands of cars and trucks in severe winter regions. This actual service last winter definitely proved the high efficiency of "NO-FREEZE."

Does not evaporate or boil off

Changing temperatures do not affect "NO-FREEZE." It does not evaporate or boil off and it is always effective to 35° below. That is why one service lasts all winter—without any need for testing the anti-freeze strength. "NO-FREEZE" is truly permanent—it is non-acid and can be re-used another season without the addition of acid neutralizers. "NO-FREEZE" actually *prevents* rust.

NOT a salt solution

"NO-FREEZE" is safe—it will not harm cooling systems, car finish or person. It contains no calcium chloride, sodium chloride or other inorganic salts.

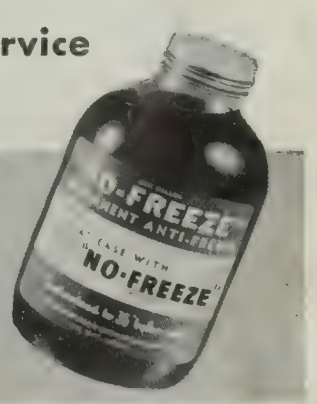
Get this guaranteed protection!

"NO-FREEZE" is certain to give you thorough satisfaction. Every gallon is insured—you are completely protected! Buy "NO-FREEZE" now!

Ask for "NO-FREEZE" at any Service Station, Car Dealer or Garage

Only $1.50 PER GALLON

SAVE the handy wide-mouthed glass pails to store your "NO-FREEZE" for re-use another season.



Copyright 1942 Great Northern Chemical Co., Inc., Oak Park, Illinois

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

LAURA HUNT, a brilliant figure in New York City's advertising world, is murdered, shot to death, in her apartment. Assigned to the case, Mark McPherson, a well-known police official, learns that on the previous afternoon the girl (who had no known enemies) had left her fiancé, Shelby Carpenter, to dine with a noted newspaper columnist: Waldo Lydecker; that, instead of meeting Lydecker, she had taxied to the Grand Central Station, and there disappeared.

Like Carpenter, Lydecker has a weak alibi; and, like Carpenter, he is closely watched by the police. . . . Laura is cremated. A short time later, Mark pays a visit to Laura's apartment. There he finds —*Laura Hunt!*

Almost too astonished to talk, Mark tells her of her "death." Then he gets her story —she says that she had gone to Connecticut; that she had read no newspapers while there; that her radio had been out of order. Remembering the condition of the corpse, when he had examined it (the face had been rendered unrecognizable), Mark asks the girl who the victim had been.

Laura says that the murdered girl must have been Diane Redfern, an attractive model, to whom she had loaned her apartment. . . . Leaving Laura with strict instructions to communicate with no one, Mark reports to police headquarters; he insists that what he has just learned be kept out of the newspapers. Then (following another session with Laura, whose answers to his questions convince him that she is hiding something) he pays a call on Mrs. Susan Treadwell.

Mrs. Treadwell is Laura's aunt. Her home is on Fifth Avenue, and Shelby Carpenter is her guest there. She tells Mark that, early that morning, she had listened in on a telephone conversation between Carpenter and a clerk from the hotel where he had formerly been staying. She says that the clerk had told Carpenter that someone had been trying to get him "on a life and death matter"; she says that Carpenter had dressed hurriedly and gone out. . . .

Mark pays another call on Laura. Obedient to his orders, Bessie Clark (Laura's maid who had found the body, a few hours after the murder) comes to the apartment. Her screams, when she sees Laura—alive!—convince Mark that she had really thought her mistress dead. A few minutes later, Waldo Lydecker comes in. He fixes his gaze on an antique vase (which he says belongs to him, and which he says he intends to carry away, police or no police); and he does not see Laura until she makes a slight sound. Then, turning, he faces her.

Mark now goes on with his description of the effect which this shock has upon Lydecker.

IV

WALDO did not stagger or fall but stood paralyzed, his arms raised toward the vase. He was like a caricature, pitiful and funny at the same time.

We were quiet. The clock ticked.

"Waldo," Laura said softly.

He seemed not to have heard.

She took hold of his rigid arms and led him to the couch. He moved like a mechanical doll. She urged him to a seat, gently pushed down his arms, handed me his hat and stick. "Waldo," she whispered in the voice of a mother to a hurt child, "Waldo, darling."

His neck turned like a mechanism on springs. His glazed eyes, empty of understanding, were fastened on her face.

"It's all right, Mr. Lydecker. She's alive and well. There's been a mistake."

My voice touched him but not in the right place. He swayed backward on the couch, then jerked forward with a mechanical rather than willful reaction. He trembled so violently that some inner force seemed to be shaking his body. Sweat rose in crystals on his forehead and upper lip.

"There's brandy in the cabinet. Get some, Mark. Quickly," Laura said.

I fetched the brandy. She lifted the glass to his lips. Most of the liquor trickled down his chin. After a while he lifted his right hand, looked at it, dropped it and lifted the left. He seemed to be testing himself to see if he was capable of willing his muscles to action.

Laura kneeled beside him, her hands on his knees. Her voice was gentle as she explained that it was Diane Redfern who had died and been buried while Laura was staying at her little house in the country. I could not tell



Diane had taken hold of Shelby's lapels. There was a terrible hush. Everyone looked at Laura. She had just lifted the tray of hors d'oeuvres

Don't neglect your battery

See Your Delco Battery Dealer For

CARE AND CONSERVATION Service

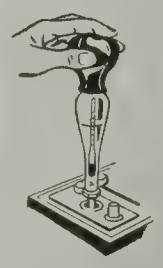
Get the extra months of service that intelligent care can add to battery life. The battery "Care and Conservation" service your Delco battery dealer performs will save money for you—conserve materials for America. Whatever the make of your battery, see him at least once a month for a free battery inspection. It takes only a few minutes of your time.

and when you MUST replace . . .

REPLACE WITH A DELCO BATTERY

See Your DELCO BATTERY DEALER

He will



CHECK WITH HYDROMETER
to determine if battery is in the proper state of charge. Should be checked at least once a month.



ADD WATER
to prevent damage to plates and separators, thereby prolonging life of battery. Electrolyte level should be checked every month.

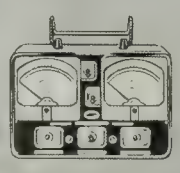
CLEAN TERMINALS
to prevent corrosion and to secure good electrical connections. Insures full power from battery for cranking, winter or summer.



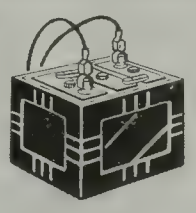
CHECK FOR WORN AND CORRODED CABLES
to guard against electrical failures due to short circuits and high resistance. Damaged cables should be replaced when needed.



CHECK GENERATOR CHARGING RATE
to prevent overcharging or undercharging of battery. Either shortens battery life. Overcharging is indicated by excessive need for water.



RECHARGE BATTERY
(if needed) to prolong life of battery. Dealer will determine and correct the cause of the run-down condition.





Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ PRODUCT OF **Delco-Remy**

DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES MANY VITAL PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA'S LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES

Aluminum castings and machined parts for aircraft engines . . . generators, regulators and cranking motors for Diesel- and gasoline-powered trucks, tractors, tanks, landing boats, lighters and torpedo boats . . . military aircraft generators and regulators . . . aircraft magnetos . . . shielded electrical equipment for radio-equipped Army vehicles . . . radio noise-suppression filters . . . solenoid switches . . . blackout switches and instrument panel controls . . . storage batteries, cranking motors, generators, ignition distributors and coils for all types of military vehicles.

★ ★



Your HEALTH . .

Spearhead of VICTORY!

Robust health is now *every* man's *duty*. It's *essential* to winning this war! So, to remind you—

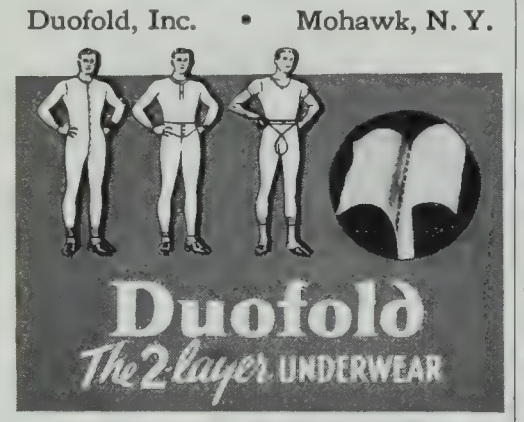
Eat enough "protective" foods . . . vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs, meat, and fish. Avoid excesses. Get enough sound sleep. Relax when possible.

Protect against the common cold. Respiratory disorders caused the loss of 45 million man-days in 1941*. Keep resistance up. Avoid chills.

Duofold Underwear is scientifically made to meet health-protection requirements in winter. Its fabric in two thin layers, with air space between, gives you warmth without weight.

*Estimate: Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.

Duofold, Inc. • Mohawk, N. Y.





Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

whether he heard or whether it was her voice that soothed him, but when she suggested that he rest on the bed, he rose obediently. Laura took him into the bedroom, helped him lie down, spread her blue and white cover over his legs. He let himself be led around like a child.

When she came back she asked if I thought we ought to call a doctor.

"I don't know," I said. "He's not young and he's fat. But it doesn't look like any stroke I've ever seen."

"It's happened before."

"Like this?"

She nodded. "In the theater one night. He got angry that we'd called a doctor. Maybe we'd better let him rest."

"I'm sorry," I said. "If I'd known it was Waldo, I'd have warned him."

"You're still planning to do it to Shelby, aren't you?"

"Shelby's nerves are stronger."

Her eyes were narrow with anger.

I said, "Look here, you know that Shelby's lied. I'm not saying that he's committed murder, but I know he's hiding something. There are several things he's got to explain."

"He can, I'm sure he can. Shelby can explain everything."

She went into the bedroom to see how Waldo was getting on.

"He seems to be sleeping. He's breathing regularly. Maybe we'd better just leave him."

We sat without speaking until the doorbell rang again. "You'll have to see him first and tell him," Laura said. "I'm not going to let anyone else go through that shock." She disappeared behind the swinging door that led to the kitchen.

The bell rang again. When I opened the door, Shelby pushed past.

"Where is she?" he shouted.

"Oh, you know then?"

I heard the back door open, and I knew that he had met Bessie on the stairs.

THEN Laura came out of the kitchen, and the lovers' meeting was perfect. They embraced, kissed and clung. An actor after a dozen rehearsals would have groped for his handkerchief in that same dazed way. An actor would have held her at arm's length, staring at her with that choir-boy look on his face. There was something prearranged about the whole scene.

I turned my back.

Laura's voice was melted syrup: "Happy, darling?"

He answered in a whisper.

My pipe had gone out. If I turned and got a match from the table, they would think I was watching. I bit on the cold stem. The whispering and muttering went on. I watched the minute hand creep around the dial of my watch. I thought of the night I had waited for Pinky Moran to come out of his sweetheart's house. It had been four above at ten o'clock and by midnight it was below zero. I had waited in the snow and thought about the gangster sitting comfortably inside. I turned and saw Shelby's hands feeling, touching, moving along the tan material of Laura's dress.

"How infinitely touching! What inexpressible tenderness! Juliet risen from the grave! Welcome, Romeo!"

It was, of course, Waldo. He had not only recovered his strength, but his bounce.

"Forgive me," he said, "for a wee touch of epilepsy. It's an old family custom." He jerked Laura away from Shelby, kissed both cheeks, whirled around with her as if they were waltzing. "Welcome, wench! Tell us how it feels to return from the grave."

"Be yourself, Waldo."

"More truly myself you have never seen me, you beautiful zombie. I, too, am resurrected. The news of your death had me at the brink of eternity. We are both reborn, we must celebrate the miracle of life, beloved. Let's have a drink."

She started toward the liquor cabinet but Waldo barred her way. "No, darling, no whisky tonight. We're drinking champagne."

LAURA sat with three men drinking champagne. It was a familiar scene to them, Old Home Week. Even Bessie took it like a veteran. They seemed ready to take up where they had left off last week, before someone rang the bell and blew a girl's face away with a charge of BB shot. That's why I was there, the third man.

When they drank a toast to Laura, I took only a sip of the wine.

"Aren't you drinking?" Waldo asked me.

"I happen to be on a job," I said.

"He's a prig," said Waldo. "A proletarian snob with a Puritan conscience."

Because I was on a job and because Laura was there, I didn't use the only words I knew for describing him. They were short words and to the point.

"Don't be cross with us," Laura said. "These are my best friends in the whole world and naturally they want to celebrate my not being dead."

I reminded them that Diane Redfern's death was still a mystery.

"But I'm sure we know nothing about it," Shelby said.

"Ah-hah!" said Waldo. "The ghost at the feast. Shall we drink a respectful toast?"

Laura put down her glass and said, "Waldo, please."

"That's in questionable taste," said Shelby.

Waldo sighed: "How pious we've all grown. It's your influence, McPherson. As walking delegate for the Union of the Dead . . ."

"Please shut up!" said Laura.

She moved closer to Shelby. He took her hand. Waldo watched like a cat with a family of mice.

"Well, McPherson, since you insist upon casting the shadow of sobriety upon our sunny reunion, tell us how you're proceeding with the investigation. Have you cleared the confusion surrounding that bottle of Bourbon?"

Laura said quietly, "It was I who bought that bottle of Three Horses, Waldo. I know it's not as good as the stuff you taught me to buy, but one night I was in a hurry and brought it home. Don't you remember, Shelby?"

"I do indeed." Shelby pressed her hand.

They seemed to be getting closer together and shoving Waldo out into the cold. He poured himself another glass of champagne.

"Tell us, McPherson, were there any mysteries in the life of the little model? Have you discovered any evil companions? Do you know the secrets of her gay life in Greenwich Village?"

Waldo was using me as a weapon against Shelby. It was clear as water out of the old oaken bucket. I felt fine. He was shooting right up my alley.

"My assistant," I said with an official roll in my voice, "is on the trail of her enemies."

Waldo choked on his wine.

"Enemies," said Laura. "She?"

"There might have been things about her life you didn't know," said Shelby.

"Pooh!"

"Most of those girls live very questionable lives," Shelby said firmly. "For all we know, the poor girl might have got herself mixed up with all sorts of people. Men she'd met in night clubs."

"How do you know so much about her?" Waldo asked.



COLLIER'S

"Just because you're gettin' moidered don't make you no bum, Frankie"

JOHN MILLIGAN

"I don't know. I'm merely mentioning possibilities," Shelby said.

"Poor Diane," Laura said. "She wasn't the sort of person anyone could hate. I mean . . . she didn't have much . . . well, passion. Just beauty and vague dreams. I can't imagine anyone hating a kid like that. She was so . . . I mean . . . you wanted to help her."

"Was that Shelby's explanation?" Waldo asked. "His was a purely philanthropic interest, I take it."

Bright spots burned on Laura's cheeks. "Yes, it was!" she said hotly. "I'd asked him to be kind to her, hadn't I, Shelby?"

SHELBY went to the cupboard for a log. He was glad for the excuse to move around. Laura's eyes followed him.

"Had you asked him to be particularly kind to her last Wednesday, darling?" Waldo pretended to ask the question innocently, but he was slanting curious glances at me.

"Wednesday?" she said with an effort to appear absent-minded.

"Last Wednesday. Or was it Tuesday? The night they did Toccata and Fugue at the Stadium, wasn't that Wednesday?" He rolled his eyes toward the fireplace and Shelby. "When was your cocktail party, Laura?"

"Oh, that," she said. "On Wednesday."

"You should have been here, McPherson," Waldo said. "It was too, too jolly."

Laura said, "You're being silly, Waldo."

But Waldo wanted to put on a show and nothing could stop him. He got up with the champagne glass in his hand and gave an imitation of Laura as hostess to a lot of cocktail drinkers. He did not merely speak in a falsetto voice and swing his hips the way most men do when they imitate women. He had a real talent for acting. He was the hostess, he moved from guest to guest, he introduced strangers, he saw that the glasses were filled, he carried a tray of sandwiches.

"Hello, darling, I'm so glad you could come . . . you must meet . . . I know you'll simply adore . . . don't tell me you're not drinking . . . Not eating! . . . come now, this tiny caviar sandwich wouldn't put weight on a sturgeon . . . you haven't met . . . but how incredible, everyone knows Waldo Lydecker, he's the heavyweight Noel Coward . . . Waldo darling, one of your most loyal admirers . . ."

IT WAS a good show, and all the time that he moved around the room, imitating Laura and carrying that imaginary tray, you knew she had been watching something that was going on at the bay window.

Now Waldo strode to the bay window. He changed his movements and his gestures became manly. He was Shelby being gallant and cautious. And he was a girl, looking up at Shelby, blinking her eyes and tugging at his lapels. He caught Shelby's voice perfectly, and while I had never heard her voice, I'd known plenty of dolls who talked as he had Diane talking:

"Oh, but, darling, you are the best-looking man in the room . . . Can't I even say so?" "You're drunk, baby, don't talk so loud." "What harm can there be, Shelby, if I just quietly worship you?" "Quietly, for Pete's sakes, kid. Remember where we are." "Shelby, please, I'm not tight, I never get tight, I'm not talking loud." "Sh-sh, honey, everyone's looking at you." "Let 'em look, you think I care?" The doll-voice became shrill and angry.

Shelby had left the fire. His fists were clenched, his jaw pushed forward.

Laura was trembling.

Waldo walked to the middle of the room, said in his own voice, "There was a terrible hush. Everyone looked at Laura. She had just lifted that tray of hors d'oeuvres."

Everyone in the room must have felt sorry for Laura. Her wedding was to have taken place in a week and a day.

Waldo crossed toward the bay window with catlike, female steps. I watched as if Diane were there with Shelby.

"Diane had taken hold of his lapels . . ."

Laura, the real one, the girl on the couch in the tan dress, said, "I'm sorry. How often do I have to say I'm sorry?"

Shelby raised his clenched fists and said, "Yes, Lydecker, we've had enough. Enough of your clowning."

Waldo looked at me. "What a shame, McPherson. You've missed the best part of the scene."

"What did she do?" I asked.

"May I tell him?" said Waldo.

"You'd better," said Shelby, "or he'll imagine something far worse."

Laura began to laugh. "I conked her with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. I conked her!"

We waited until Laura's hysteria had died down. She was crying and laughing at the same time. Shelby tried to take her hand but she pulled away. Then she looked at me with shame on her face and said, "I'd never done anything like that before. I didn't dream I could do such a thing. I wanted to die."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"All!" said Shelby.

"In my own house," Laura said.

"What happened afterward?"

"I went into my bedroom. I wouldn't let anyone come in and talk to me. I was so ashamed. Then after a while Shelby did come in and he told me Diane had left and that I'd simply have to come out and face my guests."

"After all," said Shelby.

"Everyone was tactful, but that made me feel worse. But Shelby was a darling, he insisted that we go out and get a little tight so I wouldn't think about it and keep reproaching myself."

"How kind of him," I couldn't help saying.

"Shelby's broad-minded, he forgives easily," added Waldo.

"Shelby couldn't help it if Diane fell in love with him." Laura ignored the other two, she was explaining it to me. "He'd been kind and polite and thoughtful as he always is. Diane was a poor kid who'd come from the sort of home where they beat up women. She'd never met a . . . a gentleman before."

"Oddzooks," Waldo said.

"She wanted something better than she'd had at home. Her life had been terribly sordid. Even her name, silly as it sounded, showed that she wanted a better sort of life."

Laura took a cigarette. Her hands were unsteady. "I'm not so different. I came to New York, too, a poor kid without friends or money. People were kind to me," she pointed with the cigarette at Waldo, "and I felt almost an obligation toward kids like Diane. I was the only friend she had. And Shelby."

It sounded simple and human as she stood there, so close that I could smell her perfume. I backed away.

She said, "You believe me, don't you, Mark?"

"What was this lunch on Friday? An armistice?" I asked her.

She smiled. "Yes, yes, an armistice. I went around from Wednesday evening until Friday morning feeling like a heel. And I knew if I didn't see Diane and say I was sorry, my whole vacation would be ruined."

"A softhearted slob," said Waldo.

Shelby picked up the poker but it was only to stoke the fire. My nerves were on edge and I saw violence every time a cigarette was lighted. That was because I craved violence. My hands itched for a fat neck.

I took two steps forward and was close to Laura again. "Then it was at lunch that you smoked . . ."

I stopped right there. She was whiter than the white dress that Diane had been buried in.

"Smoked," she whispered the word.

"Smoked the pipe of peace," I said, "and offered her your apartment."

"Yes, the pipe of peace," Laura said. She had come to life again. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with color. Her thin, strong fingers lay on my coat sleeve. "You must believe me, Mark, you must believe that everything was all right when I offered her the apartment. Please, please believe me."

Shelby didn't say a word. But I think he was smiling. Waldo laughed aloud and said, "Careful, Laura, he's a detective."

Her hand slipped off my coat sleeve.

I ATE dinner again that night with Waldo. Ask me why. I asked myself as I looked at his fat face over a bowl of bird's nest soup at the Golden Lizard. It was raining. I was lonely. I wanted to talk. I wanted to talk about Laura. She was eating steak and French fries with Shelby. I clung to Waldo. I was afraid of losing him. I despised the guy and he fascinated me. The deeper I got into this case the less I seemed like myself and the more I felt like a greenhorn in a new world.

My mind was foggy. I was going somewhere but I'd lost the road. I remember asking myself about clues. What were clues, what had I looked for in other cases? A smile couldn't be brought into court as evidence. You couldn't arrest a man because he had trembled. Brown eyes had stolen a peep at gray eyes, so what? The tone of a voice was something that died with a word.

The Chinese waiter brought a platter of egg roll. Waldo reached for it like a man on the bread line.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of her now that you've met her?"

I helped myself to egg roll. "It's my job . . ."

He finished for me. ". . . to look at facts and hold no opinions. Where have I heard that before?"

THE waiter brought a trayful of covered dishes. Waldo had to have his plate arranged just so, and until he had tried each dish with and without beetle juice, there was no more talk at our table.

At last he stopped for breath, and said, "I remember something you said when you first came to see me on Sunday morning. Do you remember?"

"We said a lot of things on Sunday morning. Both of us."

"You said that it wasn't fingerprints you'd want to study in this case, but faces. That was very dull of you."

"Then why did you remember it?"

"Because I was moved by the sorry spectacle of a conventional young man thinking that he had become radically unconventional."

"So what?" I said.

He snapped his fingers. Two waiters came running. It seems they had forgotten the fried rice. There was more talk than necessary, and he had to rearrange his plate. Between giving orders to the Chinamen and moaning because the ritual (his word) of his dinner was upset, he talked about several other well-known murder cases.

"And you think this is going to be the unsolved Diane Redfern case?" I asked.

"Not the Redfern case, my friend. In the public mind and in the newspapers, it will be the Laura Hunt case forevermore. Laura will go through life a marked woman, the living victim of an unsolved murder."

He was trying to get me angry. There were no direct hits, only darts and pinpricks. I tried to avoid his face but I could not escape that doughy smirk.

"You'd die before you'd let that happen, my gallant Hawkshaw? You'd risk your precious hide before you'd let that poor innocent girl suffer such lifelong indignity, eh?" He laughed aloud. Two waiters poked their heads out of the kitchen.

"Your jokes aren't so funny," I said.

"Woof! Woof! How savage our bark is tonight! What's tormenting you? Is it fear of failure or the ominous competition with Apollo Belvedere?"

I could feel my face getting red. "Look here," I said.

Again he interrupted, "Look here, my dear lad, at the risk of losing your esteemed friendship. . . . Don't lose your head. She's not for you."

"Mind your business," I said.

"Some day you will thank me for this. Unless you fail to heed my advice, of course. Didn't you hear her describing Diane's infatuation for Shelby? A gentleman, oddzooks! Do you think that Diane has died so completely that chivalry must die, too? If you were more astute, my friend, you would see that Laura is Diane and Diane was Laura."

"Her real name was Jennie Swobodo. She used to work in a mill in Jersey."

"It's like a bad novel."

"But Laura's no dope. She must have known he was a heel."

"Long after the core of gentility is gone, the husks remain. The educated



For flavor, sheer goodness of flavor and fragrance, nothing takes the place of one of these pipes made of true Mediterranean briar (Erica Arborea).

The sturdy briar shrub from which this superlatively sweet-smoking wood is cut, won't grow in the U. S.

But enough of this Kaywoodie Briar is on hand, fortunately, to supply your smoking needs for the duration.

The world's best smoking pipes have been made from this briar for over 100 years. More and more pipe-smokers have adopted the Kaywoodie Pipe, until today it is the best-known, most-liked pipe in the world.

Prices run from $3.50 to $100. At all dealers. Kaywoodie Briar, and the Kaywoodie Flavor are just as good now—just the same—as last year, or the year before, or any year since this company was founded in 1851.

The pipe in this picture is a "Canadian" shape Super Grain Kaywoodie, $5

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON
In New York . . . 630 Fifth Avenue

woman, no less than the poor mill girl, is bound by the shackles of romance. Romantics are children, they never grow up." He helped himself to another round of chicken, pork, duck and rice. "Didn't I tell you the day we met that Shelby was Laura's softer, less-distinguished side? Do you see it now, the answer to that longing for perfection? Pass the soy sauce, please."

Romance was something for crooners, for the movies. The only person I ever heard use the word in common life was my kid sister, and she'd raised herself by romance, married the boss.

"I was hopeful once that Laura'd grow up, get over Shelby. She'd have been a great woman if she had, you know. But the dream still held her, the hero she could love forever immaturely, the mold of perfection whose flawlessness made no demands upon her sympathies or her intelligence."

I was tired of his talk. "Come on, let's get out of this dump," I said. He made me feel that everything was hopeless.

While we were waiting for change I picked up his cane.

"What do you carry this for?" I said.

"Don't you like it?"

"It's an affectation."

"You're a prig," he said. He snatched it out of my hands. "Give it back to me."

"What's eating you? Nobody wants your silly stick."

THE Chinaman brought change. Waldo watched out of the corner of his eye, and I added a quarter to the tip, hating myself but too weak to give him a reason to sneer.

"Don't sulk," he said. "If you need a cane, I'll buy you one. With a rubber tip."

I could have picked up that ball of blubber and bounced him like a ball. But I couldn't take any chances of losing his friendship. Not now. He asked where I was going, and when I said downtown, asked me to drop him at the Lafayette.

While we were driving along Fourth Avenue, he grabbed my arm. The car almost skidded.

"What's the idea?" I said.

"You must stop! Please, you must. Be generous for once in your life."

I was curious to know the cause of his excitement, so I stopped the car. He hurried back along the block to Mr. Claudius' antique shop.

Mr. Claudius' last name was Cohen. I knew him because he had once had a partner who was a fence. Claudius was an innocent guy, absent-minded and so crazy about antiques that he had no idea of his partner's double-crossing. I had been able to keep him out of court, and in gratitude he had given me a set of the Harvard Classics.

It was natural that he and Waldo should know each other. They could both go into a trance over an old teapot.

What Waldo had seen in Claudius' window was a duplicate of the vase he had given Laura. It was made like a globe set upon a pedestal. To me it looked like one of those silver balls that hang on Christmas trees. And I understand that it is not so rare and costly as many of the pieces that cause collectors to swoon. Waldo valued it because he had started the craze for mercury glass among certain high-class antique snobs. In his piece *Distortion and Refraction* (in his book, *February, Which Alone*) he had written:

"Glass, blown bubble thin, is coated on the inner surface with a layer of quicksilver so that it shines like a mirror. And just as the mercury in a thermometer reveals the body's temperature, so do the refractions in that discerning globe discover the fevers of temperament in those unfortunate visitors who, upon entering my drawing room, are first glimpsed in its globular surfaces as deformed dwarfs."

"Claudius, you dolt, why in the sacred name of Josiah Wedgwood, have you been keeping this from me?"

Claudius took it out of the window. While Waldo fussed over the vase I looked at some old pistols. The conversation went on behind my back.

"Where did you get it?" Waldo asked.

"From a house in Beacon."

"How much are you going to soak me for it, you old horsethief?"

"It's not for sale."

"Not for sale! But, my good man . . ."

"It's sold," Claudius said.

Waldo pounded his stick against the skinny legs of an old table. "What right have you to sell it without offering it to me first? You know my needs."

"I found it for a customer. He'd commissioned me to buy any mercury glass I found at any price I thought was right."

"You had it in your window. That means you're offering it for sale."

"It don't mean that at all. It means I like to show the public something nice. I got a right to put things in my window, Mr. Lydecker."

"Did you buy it for Philip Anthony?"

There was a silence. Then Waldo shouted, "You knew I'd be interested in anything he'd want. You had no right not to offer it to me."

His voice was like an old woman's. I turned around and saw that his face had grown beet-red.

Claudius said, "The piece belongs to Anthony. There's nothing I can do about it now. If you want it, submit an offer to him."

"You know he won't sell it to me."

THE argument went on like that. I was looking at an old muzzle loader that must have been a relic when Abraham Lincoln was a boy. I heard a crash. I looked around. Silver splinters shone on the floor.

Claudius was pale. Something human might have been killed.

"It was an accident, I assure you," Waldo said.

Claudius moaned.

"Don't make such a fuss. I'll pay whatever you ask."

From where I stood, the shop looked like a dark cavern. The antique furniture, the old clocks, vases, dishes, drinking glasses, China dogs and tarnished candlesticks were like a scavenger's storehouse. The two men whispered. Waldo, with his great body, his black hat and heavy stick, Claudius with his pear-shaped head, reminded me of old women like witches on Halloween. I walked out.

Waldo joined me at the car. He had his wallet in his hand. But his mood had improved. He stood in the rain, looking back at Claudius' shop and smiling. Almost as if he'd got the vase anyway.

MOONEY'S report on the murdered model hadn't satisfied me. I wanted to investigate for myself.

By the time I got to Christopher Street he had already interviewed the other tenants. No one had seen Miss Redfern since Friday.

The house was one of a row of shabby old places that carried signs: Vacancy, Persian Cats, Dressmaking, Occult Science, French Home Cooking. As I stood in the drizzle, I understood why a girl would hesitate to spend a hot week end here.

The landlady was like an old flour sack, bleached white and tied in the middle. She said that she was tired of cops and that, if you asked her opinion, Diane was staying with a man somewhere. She wouldn't be a bit surprised if Diane turned up in the morning.

I left her chattering in the vestibule and climbed three flights of moldy stairs. I felt sorry for the kid, being young and expecting something of her beauty, and coming home to this suicide staircase. And I thought of Laura, offering her apartment because she had probably lived in these dumps, too, and remembered the smells on a summer night.



COLLIER'S "Guess where I am, dear" VIRGIL PARTCH

Even the wallpaper, brown and mustard yellow, was familiar. There was a single bed, a secondhand dresser, a sagging armchair and a wardrobe with an oval glass set in the door. Diane had made enough to live in a better place, but she had been sending money to the family. And the upkeep of her beauty had evidently cost plenty. She'd been crazy about clothes; there were hats and gloves and shoes of every color.

There were stacks of movie magazines in the room. Pages had been turned down and paragraphs marked. You could tell that Diane had dreamed of Hollywood. There were some of those confession magazines, too, the sort that told stories of girls who had sinned, suffered and been reclaimed by the love of good men. Poor Jennie Swobodo!

Her consolation must have been the photographs which she had thumbtacked upon the ugly wallpaper. They were proofs and glossy prints showing her at work: Diane Redfern in Fifth Avenue furs; Diane at the opera; Diane pouring coffee from a silver pot; Diane in a satin nightgown with a satin quilt falling off the chaise longue in a way that showed a pretty leg.

I sat on the edge of her bed and thought about the poor kid's life. Perhaps those photographs represented a real world to the young girl. All day while she worked, she lived in their expensive settings. And at night she came home to this cell. She must have been hurt by the contrast.

Laura's apartment must have seemed like a studio setting to Jennie Swobodo who hadn't been so long away from Paterson and the silk mills. Laura's Upper East Side friends must have been posing all the time in her eyes, like models before a camera. And Shelby . . .

I saw it all then.

I knew why Shelby was so familiar. I'd never met him while I was pursuing crooks. He'd never mixed with the gents I'd encountered in my professional life. I'd seen him in the advertisements.

Maybe it wasn't Shelby himself. There was no record of his ever actually having been a photographer's model. But the young men who drove well-known cars and wore certain shirts and paid their insurance premiums and clipped coupons were Shelby. What had Waldo said? *The hero she could love forever immaturely, the mold of perfection whose flawlessness made no demands upon her sympathies or her intelligence.*

I was sore. First, at myself for having believed that I'd find a real clue in a man who wasn't real. The king of the artichoke racket had been real; the pinball gang had been flesh and blood men with hands that could pull triggers; even the Associated Dairymen had been living profiteers. But Shelby was a dream walking. He was God's gift to women. I hated him for it and I hated the women for falling for the romance racket.

I HAD expected Laura to be above that sort of nonsense. I thought I had found a woman who would know a real man when she saw one; a woman whose bright eyes would go right through the mask and tell her that the man underneath was Lincoln and Columbus and Thomas A. Edison. And Tarzan, too.

I felt cheated.

There was still a job to be done. Sitting on a bed and figuring out the philosophy of love was not solving a murder. I had discovered the dream world of Jennie Swobodo-Diane Redfern, and so what? Not a shred of evidence that she might have also been playing around with the kind of pals who used sawed-off shotguns.

The trail led back to Laura's apartment and Shelby. I found evidence in Diane's green pocketbook.

Before I left the house, I checked with the landlady who told me that Diane had carried the green pocketbook on Friday. But I knew without being told. She had respected her clothes; she had put her dresses on hangers and stuffed shoetrees in twenty pairs of slippers. Even at Laura's, she had hung her dress away and put her hat on the shelf and her pocketbook in the drawer. So I knew she had dressed in a hurry for her date on Friday night. Green hat, gloves and pocketbook had been left on the bed. Her shoes had been kicked under a chair.

I had seen the same thing happen at home. When my sister used to get ready for a date with her boss, she always left stockings curled over the backs of chairs and pink step-ins on the bathroom floor.

I picked up the green pocketbook. It was heavy. I knew it should have been empty because Laura had showed me the black purse she had found in her drawer, the purse into which Diane had put her compact, her lipstick, her keys, her money and a torn straw cigarette case.

There was a cigarette case in the green pocketbook. It was made of gold and it was initialed with the letters S. J. C.

(To be continued next week)



Action in the making





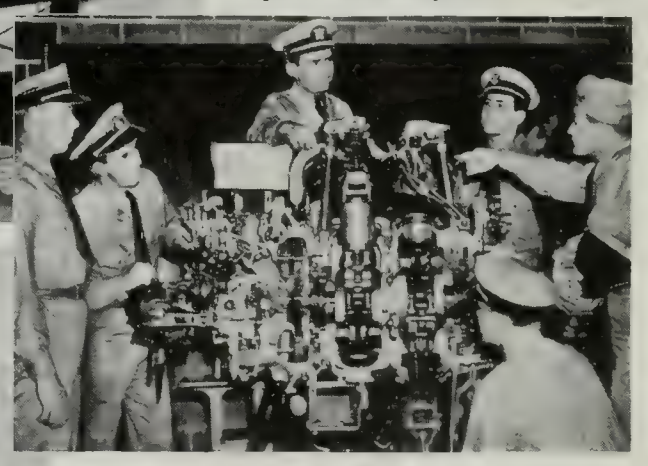
with men who wear the Navy

WINGS OF GOLD

(*above*) Naval Aviation Cadet preparing for test "hop" in Link trainer. Naval Aviators must be skilled in blind flying by instruments.

(*left*) Naval Aviation includes training in varied types of planes, both seaplanes and land planes.





(*above*) Naval Aviation Cadets are trained to know their planes—inside and out . . . are prepared for future big-pay jobs in civil aviation.

(*left*) Marine Corps Aviators fly Marine Corps planes . . . wear the cherished Navy Wings of Gold.



IN every corner of the world, today, men who wear the Navy Wings of Gold are proving, in action, the value of their *full year's* training in aviation—a technical education unequaled in any other service!

A Naval Aviator is more than a pilot. Before winning his Wings of Gold he becomes a skilled navigator, radio man, gunner and mechanic—a one-man air force!

Serve your country today—prepare for a successful future tomorrow! If you can meet the ten basic requirements listed below, you're eligible to apply for this prize service. Successful applicants receive a $27,000 training—the world's finest! As a Naval Aviation Cadet you receive $75 a month—when commissioned as an Ensign you draw from $246 a month, up.

Visit your nearest Navy Recruiting Station or Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, or mail coupon today!



Naval Aviation Cadets fly Naval Aircraft only after three-months' pre-flight training.

GIVE YOURSELF THIS TEST TODAY

	YES	NO
American citizen	☐	☐
Unmarried—18 to 26 inclusive	☐	☐
High school education	☐	☐
Good reputation	☐	☐
Physically fit	☐	☐
Mentally alert and observing	☐	☐
Good eyes—20/20 vision	☐	☐
Good teeth	☐	☐
Height: between 64" and 76"	☐	☐
Weight: between 124 and 200 lbs.	☐	☐

See if you can qualify as one of that picked group who wear the Navy *WINGS OF GOLD*

U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau, Division V-5
111 South Kensico Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

Please send official booklet telling how I can obtain my training in Naval Aviation.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ (C-1)



Fly WITH THE FINEST...FITTEST...FIGHTINGEST—*THE* NAVY

All America Knows Budweiser... but Few Know This



FROM GLACIERS TO GLIDERS

Thousands of retailers of ice cream and frozen foods are using equipment made by our Refrigeration Division—a manufacturing activity which was developed from our years of experience in making ice in glacier-like quantities needed for the brewing of Budweiser.

This equipment is helping to keep America's foods fresher and more nutritious.

Today, however, orders for ice cream and food cabinets will have to wait, for this Division is working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Army Air Forces.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Our plant is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Anheuser-Busch produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

BAKER'S YEAST—We are one of America's biggest suppliers of standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup used to make bread.

CORN SYRUP—many millions of pounds annually for America's candy industry.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

STARCH—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—We are America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins used to fortify animal feeds.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

COPYRIGHT 1942

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

Nine Young Men

Continued from page 16

has to work for him, he says, while he sits out there in a nice glass sun parlor and enjoys the ride. And it's all for him: all the months of construction, the hundreds of thousands of dollars that went into the big bomber, the precision of the instruments, the training of the crew are for the sole purpose of transporting Lieutenant Hennessy to his objective, so he can set his bomb sight, peer through its rubber eyepiece, cross the hairlines over the target—and kick off his load.

But that brief moment when Tiny works is the result of weeks and months of painstaking preparation at bombardier school. Tiny had to have special qualifications to get in there: co-ordination of mind and muscles, good serial reaction, a phlegmatic temperament that would not get rattled in an emergency. At Midland, in Texas, he sat hour after hour atop one of the 12-foot motorized bomb trainers, guided it across the hangar floor, dropped mythical explosives on an elusive electric "bug" that crawled across his course at various speeds to simulate the wind drift of a bomber over its objective.

Gradually his reaction time grew better, his handling of the bomb sight almost automatic. After nine plugging weeks of ground-school and classroom instruction, he went up at last in a fast twin-engine AT-11, flew with an instructor and practiced dropping hundred-pound dummy bombs on wooden targets, both day and night. Tiny qualified as a first-class bombardier. A cinch, he says, with a bomb sight like this. "Puts it between the goal posts every time."

The Sealed Canvas Bag

The bomb sight's his special baby; not even the pilot may handle it. He removes it from the safe himself, carries it out to the plane in a sealed canvas bag, wears a .45 automatic at his hip in case anyone tries to come near. Now and then he's seen to pat the canvas bag affectionately. Tiny's eyes are blue and he has a deceptively mild smile; but the roommate who played four years of college football with him was down at Bataan, and was machine-gunned lying in a hospital there. When Tiny thinks of that, his big hand closes over the grip of the bag until the knuckles are white and he smiles almost dreamily. Adeline can count on her bombardier. . . .

Second Lieutenant J. R. Cleveland of Erie, Pennsylvania, is the navigator. Quarterback, Tiny calls him. Not that he's built like a quarterback; Cleve's long and lanky, all knees and elbows, and sits down like a folding deck chair; was a pretty good hurdler at Penn; became a construction engineer. Navigation was always his passion; used to sail every week end out of Chesapeake Bay and would spend his whole time in the cabin doing the plotting. After the regular preflight course, he went direct to Navigation School at Monroe, La., where he spent fifteen concentrated weeks.

Here he gained an intimate acquaintance with the myriad tools of his trade: octant, drift meter, hydrographic tables, polaris, plotter, computer, dividers, compass ruler, straightedge, pencil and eraser—mostly eraser. He learned to sit in the nose of a plane and sight the sun with his octant; a good navigator depends more on celestial navigation than dead reckoning to set his course. He learned meteorology, invaluable during flights over enemy territory when weather reports are unobtainable. He learned the navigator's motto: "Get 'em there and get 'em back."

The two men at the controls are Lieutenant James Leland Holland, 22, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Second Lieutenant D. K. Bowen, 23, of Rockingham, North Carolina. In a bomber, the pilot is plane commander; sits on the left-hand side of the cockpit, guides the ship on the course set by the navigator, takes orders from the bombardier when they're over the target. The copilot is responsible for all the details of operation, checks the instruments during flight, handles the wing flaps, works the retractable landing gear, mans the top turret gun in a tight spot. On long flights, he relieves at the controls.

Jim and Deke both learned to fly at the same Primary School at Carlstrom Field in Arcadia, Florida. Jim soloed at Primary after only five hours; Deke was up eleven hours before his instructor let him take it around by himself.

Deke has always done things the hard way; had to quit college in his second year, when his father died, and try to salvage what was left of the family's cotton-mill business in Rockingham. He's stocky, red-faced, conscientious; writes everything down and never takes it for granted, always asks questions afterward. A plugger.

Jim the Debonair

Jim's just the opposite: Socially prominent family in Cincinnati, four years at Dartmouth, was in his first year of Harvard Law when the war happened. He's polished, facile, self-assured; well-bred; rather bony face, eyes set deep in their sockets, a pleasant, reserved smile; taps his cigarette with a quick, positive gesture. He's always bumming cigarettes from Deke. "Got a cigarette, Deke, I'm fresh out . . ."

Deke plugged through endless hours of slow rolls and chandelles and lazy eights, just squeaked through his final sixty-hour check, and he moved on to Basic School at Shaw Field in Sumter, South Carolina. After the simple safe 200-h.p. primary trainers, the big 450-h.p. motor of a BT-17 had a roar like an express train, and the complicated instrument panel looked back at Deke with a hundred inscrutable eyes. He mastered it, though; and nine weeks later, he went on to Advanced School at Turner Field. Day after day he practiced coming in on the beam, flying in V and echelon formations, carrying out night cross-country missions, solving intricate interception problems. He kept plugging; more than anything else in the world he wanted his wings, wanted to handle one of the big bombers. . . .

He and Jim were together this noon when they read the list posted on the bulletin board. Deke couldn't believe his eyes. "Copilot," he read, "Lieutenant D. K. Bowen." He turned to Jim. "We're together," he said slowly.

"Sure!" Jim grinned. "Otherwise, what would I do for cigarettes, then?" And they strolled to the line together.

The job of defending Sweet-Adeline should enemy planes attack, is in the hands of the five enlisted men of her crew. Each of them is assigned his own gun to man in combat; and their perfectly co-ordinated cover of fire, making a shield of flaming steel around them in the sky, is worth any bombardier's secret sight, any navigator's octant, any pilot's skill at the controls. It is to these gunners that Adeline will owe her life.

Aerial engineer is Sergeant Wesley Tilton of Ossipee, New Hampshire; in combat, he handles the top turret gun just behind the pilot and copilot. The radio operator is Sergeant Jo Brock of Ogden, Utah; when enemy aircraft are sighted, he leaves his post behind the engineer and rushes aft to man one of the .50-caliber machine guns in the waist of the ship. The other waist gun, on the opposite side of the fuselage, is handled by the assistant aerial engineer, Private Harry Levi of New York City.

The assistant radio operator, Corporal John Sessoms of Aurora, Tennessee, mans the bottom turret gun. Into this glass-and-steel torture chamber Corporal Sessoms must cram his five-feet-nine and be lowered through the floor of the ship into space; here for hours he lies on his back, coiled like a mummy with his knees drawn up under his chin, sighting between his legs and twisting the turret around and down to make it fire in any direction. The rear gunner, of course, is Corporal Furnish; his normal task is to photograph the damage done to enemy objectives, but in time of combat he leaves his camera and crawls out all alone into the bomber's stern, to man the all-important machine gun in the tail.

The same satisfied grin's on all their faces now as they climb into the big bomber and take their positions. The door slams with a final clang and there is the querulous whine and sudden positive thunder of her four motors, blending into a synchronized drone as the heavy ship lumbers out onto the black runway, rolls to the end of the strip, turns and roars back into the wind in a gathering wash of sound until, with the faintest lift, she is airborne. Crawling out into the tail, Corporal Furnish watches silently as the fences and scrub pines and palms race under him and fall away in the distance, the airfield dwindles into a child's sandbox full of toys, the swamps and bays of Florida are only a page in a geography book. The big ship seems to pulse with power, every part of her responds to the touch, a voluptuous thrill runs through her body; and Corporal Furnish heaves a wistful sigh.

"My Adeline," he murmurs to himself, "was never like this!"

A bomber's a cumbersome thing on the ground; but in the air, as she soars higher and higher into the sun, she becomes a thing of rare and fragile beauty. The mechanics in her ground crew, standing on the strip and shading their eyes, follow her flight with a critical and jealous devotion. This is their ship, too; these eleven men have been assigned to Adeline alone; from now on, her existence is in their grease-stained hands. They have been trained in Army technical schools to tear down and build up radial engines blindfold; in their heads they carry a working blueprint of every connecting rod and tappet and feed line; they can detect the slightest off-key rumble in her motors.

Off on Their First Flight

From the veteran crew chief to the buck private with a grease gun, they take a personal pride in keeping her in front-line order, checking and double checking every rivet in her hundred-and-twenty-foot wings, inspecting her miles of complicated wiring, testing her massive hydraulic landing gear.

Nor does Adeline depend on these eleven men alone. With the sister ships in her squadron, she shares the services of a supplementary supply crew who load her bomb racks, tend her radio and instruments and superchargers, rig her parachutes, repair her armament, check her props. Two special service men furnish her with oil, two more fill her huge gas tanks, a weatherman and a dispatcher give her last-minute instructions when she takes off on a mission. All told, twenty-nine pairs of jealous eyes watch, as Adeline glides through the white puff-clouds and disappears.

It's getting cold at fifteen thousand feet. The nine men in her crew have put on their oxygen masks; the green rubber sacks dangling at their throats swell and deflate with each breath, like puffing bullfrogs.

Twenty thousand feet; all at once they look at one another in silent comprehension. This is it. This is their first flight. They are all alone together. Jim and Deke, side by side, exchange quick glances; Sergeant Tilton looks back confidently at Jo Brock and pats the Browning lightly; Cleve raises his eyes from his navigator's chart for a moment and Tiny Hennessy, watching him, winks.

Twenty-five thousand feet. They shiver now and rub their hands to keep warm. The clouds are tiny dots below them; only the limitless blue ocean stretches out to the eastward. That way is tomorrow. They're facing tomorrow together.

THE END





Above: Spencer lives spaciously, eats well. Frequent box suppers promote neighborliness, raise more money for the town. Below: Censorship being what it is, we can't tell you what business is before this meeting of the Board of Aldermen. Present[illegible] Lewis, Mrs. D. L. Boulc[illegible] Cook, Mrs. J. L. Graham[illegible]

Above: Sammie Hutchenson (right) and [illegible] sister. Sammie is town's champion ic[illegible] eater and belle. Outside folks have wa[illegible] adopt her, bidding up to $1,000 for the pr[illegible] Below: Town money also comes from [illegible] contests and the boys get a little [illegible]

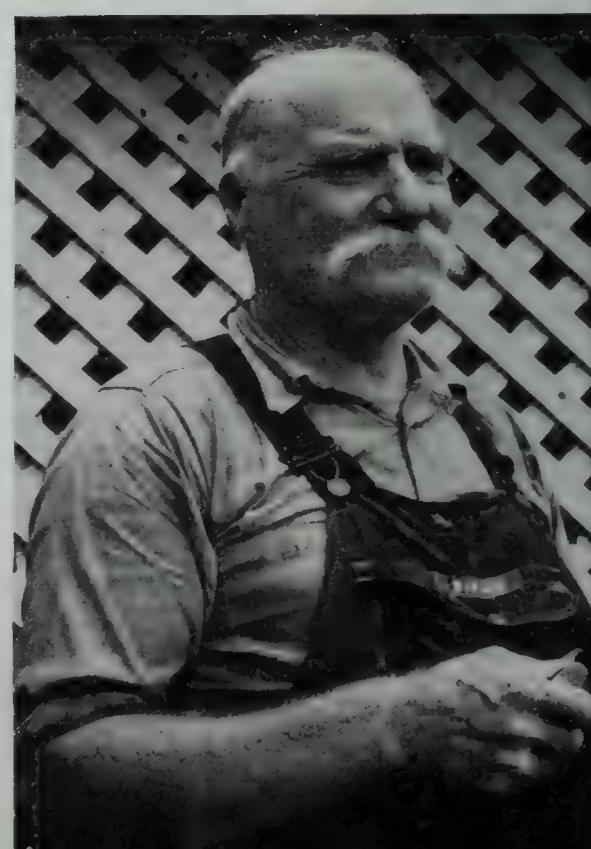




When Spencer sings, which is often, the folks stick to something they know about—Heaven. H. E. Northcutt carries the tuning fork

The Whittlin' Mr. Dishmon says the wom[illegible] doing a right good job of running the [illegible]





WOMEN RULE A CUMBERLAND TOWN

By Carroll Van Ark

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THINGS being the way they are in this mismanaged world, it's likely you've missed the news from Spencer, Tennessee. Mother Gordon's just been re-elected mayor. And the Widow Cook—Laura with the firm chin and the sturdy belief that right's ot to be right—is chief of police again. Re-elected too are Spen-er's five aldermen, all women and members of the Garden Club.

Spencer's an innocent, fresh-air hamlet high up in the cobalt Cumberland Mountains, ninety-three miles from Nashville, the ounty seat of Van Buren County. It's as American as corn fritters. Five hundred and twenty-seven people live there in unity, peace nd concord.

Three years ago, old Mayor Kell died. Spencer carried his body o Li'l Brick, the Baptist Church, sang the hymns he loved, wept hrough the churchyard and went back to its workin' and whittlin'.

The time grew nigh when Spencer had to think of electing a new nayor. Things had been going all right. Mayors and the govern-nent they set up mean taxes for salaries and money for the fancy deas that men in office get. Guess they'd let good enough alone, et along without a mayor.

The Garden Club was meeting that day at the home of Mrs. . M. Gordon, and somehow the women got to talking. One of hem had heard that Spencer's cut of the state beer tax (old-age ensions) was in jeopardy because Spencer didn't have a mayor nd a council to receive it.

Next morning when the men gathered under the loafin' tree, in ront of the courthouse there was a sign on the bulletin board. Women—the Garden Club women—wanted to run the town. They ad a platform too: "No taxes, no salaries, a Community House, nore fun for all."

The men laughed some, said sho, and got about their whittlin' nd chawin' and jawin' and goin' off to their work. If the women vanted to run the town, it was all right.

So Mother Gordon was elected mayor—without opposition. The Garden Club took over. Financially, Spencer was busted. The irls got busy, thinking of the Community House and more fun for ll. They held a pie supper and took in eighteen dollars and fifty ents. They staged a fiddlin' contest along with a ten-cents-a-vote or the prettiest girl and the ugliest man.

Folks from all over Van Buren came in fiddlin', twangin', prink-n', laughin', making comical faces. They had a mighty good time nd seventy-five dollars was added to the Community House fund.

Then the girls started a Fat Hen Drive. Every family except wo contributed their fattest hen. In the city, the hens brought a undred dollars. The men quit laughing, said it wasn't right for nterprising money like that to be spent on something they could o themselves, with their own hands. So the men are supplying the ogs and the labor for the Community House.

Mother Gordon and her cabinet kept right on anyway. They tarted quilting parties, making a quilt a day. They're snapped up by outsiders for nine dollars apiece—and cheap at the price. Sugar got scarce and instead of pie suppers they held box suppers.

They sang at the suppers, led by H. E. Northcutt who has a tun-ng fork and "the biggest singin' voice in Tennessee." Prayer would e said by Preacher John Templeton who came to the mountains hirty years ago because he "could eat so much better up there in he high air." L. R. Dishmon would be there doing his champion-hip whittlin', which he says is "jest shavin's." He's as healthy as mountain torrent—"seventy-seven years old and ain't missed a neal or tasted doctor's medicine in my life." Then there'd be ice ream from Doc Holman's drugstore. Doc doesn't sell ice cream n dishes but in cones because it's against the law to sell ice cream n dishes where there's no piped-in running water, and there's no piped-in running water in Spencer.

Chief of Police Cook hasn't had much to do. Of course the men would help if anything right bad happened. About a year ago, R. D. Hutchenson who runs a café on Main Street started selling beer. Chief Cook and Mayor Mother Gordon went down to see him. Nobody was going to sell beer in Spencer they said. At first, Hutch got sore, threatened to get into politics himself, run for mayor maybe.

But Hutch calmed down, said he'd quit selling beer. Hutch had ears in his eyes too. Said he guessed it wasn't right to have little Sammie, his baby, growing up around where beer was sold.

Little Sammie's beautiful. A lot of people have wanted to adopt her. One woman, a tourist, offered Hutch a thousand dol-ars if he'd let her have Sammie. Hutch swore and said he wouldn't ake a million—holding little Sammie to his heart.

That's the news from Spencer except, maybe, that the girls have $1,050 in the treasury. ★★★



Above: Quiltin'. Girls make a quilt in a day, sell it for nine dollars. Town gets the money



Right: Mayor Gordon (right) and Police Chief Cook will have no trifling with law or order

Below: Town's only telephone is in Holman's drugstore on Main St. Hotel is on the hill



Good Neighbors

Continued from page 17

Uncle Pete pulled a florid gold watch from his pocket and studied it.

"All right," he said. "Let's go."

When they drove up in the driveway at home, Uncle Pete got out of the car and walked across the yard to the porch. As he mounted the steps, the cook, who had just finished placing the last steaming dish on the table and was standing in the back hall door with the bell in her hand waiting the signal of his step on the porch, rang the bell and turned and disappeared into the kitchen.

Uncle Pete hung his hat on the rack, walked into the dining room to his place at the head of the table, and surveyed his layout of special cutlery and utensils and food: his tall, thick, water glass set due south of his plate; his dish of okra to the southeast; the bowl of pot likker to the west; and his gaze came to rest on his knife. He picked it up and sighted down the edge.

"Minnie," he bellowed toward the kitchen.

"Suh?" said Minnie, popping her head in at the door between the dining room and kitchen.

"This is not my knife."

"Oh, Lawd. Oh, Lawd," said Minnie, scurrying back to the sideboard drawer and clattering about among the spare knives and forks and spoons.

"She just does that to aggravate me," said Uncle Pete with a huge frown.

Minnie hurried in with another knife, and Uncle Pete took it and examined it and, satisfied, went to work preparing his food.

THE phone bell tinkled while they were still at the table and the son answered it. After a brief conversation, he came into the dining room.

"That was the marshal," he said to Uncle Pete. "He's got two prisoners he wants you to take to Holly Springs this evening. Wants you to catch the one o'clock bus with them."

"By Joe! Won't give a man time to eat," said Uncle Pete.

He finished his dinner and rose and spoke to his son's wife, who kept house for him since his own wife's death. "I may not be back tonight," he said. "I never know how long I might be gone on these trips."

"All right," said the son's wife. Then in a lower voice to the son, "I'll be sure to have a small steak for him at six sharp."

The son took Uncle Pete back to town and the marshal was seated opposite the two prisoners when he entered the office.

"These the prisoners?" said Uncle Pete.

"Hello, Uncle Pete," said one of them, rising and holding out his hand. "Remember me?"

"Well now." Uncle Pete took the hand and peered into the prisoner's face. "Can't rightly say I remember you, boy."

"I'm Luke Jenkins. Remember? You took me to Atlanta seven year ago."

"Well, by Joe!" said Uncle Pete. "How you been getting along, boy?"

"First rate," said Luke.

"How's your paw?" said Uncle Pete.

"Fine," said Luke. "He was talking about you jest the other day."

"I'd like to see old Abe again," said Uncle Pete. "Who's this you got with you?"

"You don't know him," said Luke. "He lives on the place next to us but he ain't been there but about ten year now."

"That's the old Logan place," said Uncle Pete. "I remember—"

"Here, here," said the marshal. "You get on down to the bus station or you'll miss that bus."

Uncle Pete glanced up at the wall clock. "We might, at that," he said, then to the two prisoners, "Come on. We better be going."

He walked out the door and down the steps to the sidewalk. The two prisoners rose and followed along in his wake.

"Say, is that the way he carries prisoners around?" asked one of the two prohibition agents who had brought the prisoners in.

"Yes," said the marshal.

"Why, some prisoner is going to knock him in the head one of these days," the agent said.

"There hasn't anyone done it yet," said the marshal dryly.

"That's no sign they won't," said the agent. "That's what I say about keeping an old dodo like him around. Here we've got to go over below Charleston and catch those two Fullers and we need a third man with us. Those boys are dangerous. Got to risk mine and Ed's life just because old man Pete knows some senator. It ain't right."

"You tell that to the senator," said the marshal. "He's the one that appoints us here in the marshal's office. If you find you need reinforcements, I guess you can get them."

"Huh!" snorted the agent.

"When are you leaving for Charleston?" said the marshal.

"Tonight," said the agent. "The Fullers live about twelve miles the other side and we aim to go in on 'em about dawn. Hope to catch 'em at breakfast."

When Uncle Pete got back from his Holly Springs trip that evening, the prohibition agents were gone. The marshal had just entered the office with the evening mail which contained a huge stack of notices for posting the reservoir district. When Uncle Pete left the office at closing time that evening, the marshal watched him going down the steps with the pile of notices in his arms.

"I bet, by George, he won't get home tomorrow night," the marshal said to the office deputy.

"How many did you give him this time?" said the deputy.

"Everything that was left in the reservoir," said the marshal.

"Great day!" said the office deputy. "We won't ever see him again. That stuff runs all the way from Coldwater to way below Charleston."

Uncle Pete and Joe left at daylight next morning. As soon as it got light enough to see, they stopped the car, got out, and spread the notices on the ground. Between them, they knew every path and pig trail in north Mississippi, and they went over the notices and arranged them in a route that swung around in the hills and small creek bottoms, then looped and twisted out into the edge of the Delta. At last, Uncle Pete was satisfied.

"We'll never get back home tonight," said Joe, shaking his head.

"We'll have to do some stepping," said Uncle Pete.

"You don't hope to get all that stuff posted before dark, do you?" said Joe.

"Well, you can't tell," said Uncle Pete.

"Oh, Lord!" said Joe. "Oh, Lord!"

"Huh," said Uncle Pete.

Just about this time, the two prohibition agents were holding a hurried conference behind old man Fuller's barn. They had slipped in as silently as they could with their car, leaving it, they thought, a safe distance down the road. But the keen ears of old Josh Fuller had detected the faint vibrations in the air even before he could hear the sound of the motor. He had risen from the shuck mattress where he slept beside his wife and, slithering across the floor on callused feet, poked his head in the door of the lean-to behind the kitchen where his two sons, Hank and Lon, slept. He brought them upright with a cautious hiss.

"Git into your clothes and come on," he said. "They's some'un a-coming."

The two sons slid from beneath their patchwork quilt and stood like two cranes in their too-short winter underwear. They slid into their overalls and flipped the galluses expertly over their shoulders, then donned their jumpers and placed their wide-brimmed hats on their heads. With shoes in one hand and rifles in the other, they went into the front room where old Josh stood in the open door, listening to the small waking sounds of morning. They crossed the floor to him and he held up his hand for silence.

"They are coming across toward the barn," old Josh said after a long wait.

The two boys placed their shoes noiselessly on the floor and crossed to the side of the room that faced the barn. They slid their rifle barrels through punched-out spaces in the chinking and peered intently into the waking day.

THE prohibition agents thought they had used due caution and they breathed triumphantly as they gained the shelter of the barn and still heard no sounds of awakening from the house.

"We got 'em this time," whispered Harry, the senior agent, exultantly. "They ain't even awake yet. All we got to do now is wait till they get up and all get in to breakfast, then move in and taken 'em. Shucks, we don't even need old man Pete."

"It wouldn't hurt to have a couple of men on the other side of the house," said Ed, the other agent. "Just in case they try to run."

"Tell you what we'll do," said Harry. "Let's slip on up to the house and I'll get at one kitchen window and you get at the opposite one, and then when they come in to breakfast, we'll have 'em from both sides."

"You think they won't see us cross the yard?"

"They ain't even awake yet."

So, led by Harry, they eased out from the corner of the barn and started their stooped-over approach toward the house. The first notice they had that they had been detected was a yellow knife of flame from the nearer wall of the house and the unmistakable whip of a high-powered bullet close above their heads. They made a mad dash back to the barn and fell in a panting heap around behind the corner.

"Gosh!" said Ed. "Who done that?"

"The so and sos," said Harry. "They been watching us all the time."

"What we going to do now?" said Ed.

"Call on 'em in the name of the law to surrender," said Harry.

"You reckon that'll do any good?"

"Hello, the house," said Harry in a full-voiced bellow. "Surrender. In the name of the law."

They strained their ears into the silence and Harry tried again.

"Wonder why they don't say something," said Ed.

"They're too smart," said Harry. "As



"This is Pvt. Gregory of the Infantry, Pvt. Mitchell of the Field Artillery—and Pvt. Quinn of the Paratroops"

COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BOSSTEAD

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

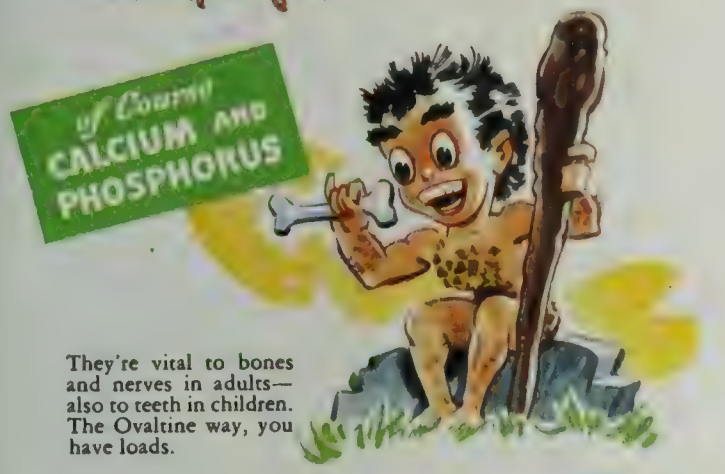
All THE EXTRA VITAMINS AND MINERALS YOU NEED



You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B_1. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!



Rarest of all vitamins in food. You get it from sunshine—but during 6 or 8 months of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine.



They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.



You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and *the entire* Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the way you can use it!

3 Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Average Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use! Here's Why—

Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result, millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovaltine user—and are eating three good meals a day—you don't need to worry—you don't need any pills, *unless you are really sick and should be under a doctor's care.* According to experts, you're already getting all the extra vitamins and minerals *your system can profitably use!*

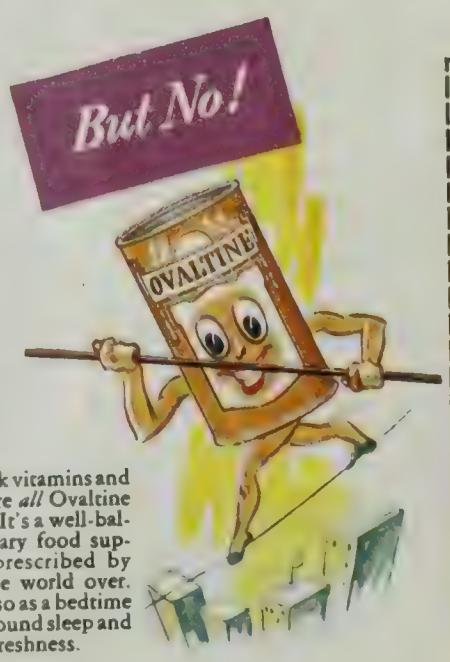
Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovaltine *extra amounts* of those rarer food elements most likely to be deficient in the average diet—*enough to be sure*—in scientific proportion—all except Vitamin C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, underweight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovaltine is added to their regular meals.

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals! Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra ones you can use—in addition to its other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health—

3 MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

If you want to read more about this extremely interesting subject, send coupon below. If not, start your Ovaltine today and don't worry!



Don't think vitamins and minerals are *all* Ovaltine gives you. It's a well-balanced dietary food supplement prescribed by doctors the world over. Famous also as a bedtime drink for sound sleep and morning freshness.



Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds, for good eyesight. Ovaltine gives you all the extra "A" you need—according to experts.

WARNING!

AUTHORITIES say "Don't trust incomplete pills that may lack the very vitamins and minerals you need. And don't waste your money on 'loaded' products that supply overdoses your system can't use."

RELY ON 3 good meals a day and 2 glasses of Ovaltine for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

OVALTINE, Dept. V42-C-11,
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine—and interesting new booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

OVALTINE

THE PROTECTING FOOD DRINK



DIRTY OIL

--one enemy *you* can lick right now!

KEEP IT CLEAN with PUROLATOR

Keep Your Car, Truck, or Tractor Running Longer!

Your engine's worst enemy comes not from foreign shores . . . but from foreign particles that sneak into the oil and attack valves, pistons, rods, bearings, and other vital parts.

The one certain way to fight dirty oil is with Purolator—the original, uncopyable oil filter! Purolator cleans oil so well that it is STANDARD original equipment on the majority of *all* filter-equipped engines. Get a fresh, *genuine* Purolator element regularly. Prices as low as $1.

If your car isn't equipped with the latest type Purolator, get one installed next time you change your oil. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark, N. J. . . . founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

When the oil shows dirty on the dip-stick—
STOP AT THIS SIGN
FOR OIL FILTER SERVICE

KEEP IT CLEAN with PUROLATOR OIL FILTER SERVICE

long as they don't say anything, we can't even swear they heard us."

They crouched behind the barn for thirty minutes, but no sound from the house broke the stillness of the morning.

"This ain't getting us nothing, just setting here," said Harry at last. "We'll slip back in that ditch that runs back of the barn and separate, and come in on them from two directions. Maybe we can fool 'em into thinking there are more than two of us. You go up the ditch and I'll go down. When you get to those woods on the other side of the house, crawl out of the ditch and I'll crawl out down here. When I whistle, shoot into the air a couple of times and holler like you're hollering at two or three men. When they run out on my side of the house, I'll catch 'em. You got that? All right. Let's go."

As they wriggled back through the weeds to the ditch and disappeared over the edge, Hank left his hiding place in the corner stall of the barn to which he had slipped in the confusion of the agents' precipitate flight from the first shots and, bending over at the waist, strode rapidly across the yard to the house.

"Two," he reported to old Josh.

"Jest two, huh?" said old Josh. "I knowed they'd be traveling in pairs. They allus travel in pairs."

"You want we should catch 'em while they're separated like?" said Hank, after he had repeated the agents' plan to old Josh.

"Wouldn't know what to do with 'em ifen we had 'em," said old Josh. "Give 'em time to git outen the ditch, then cut loose a few shots through them low branches."

The boys cut loose a few shots even before Ed had time to get out of the ditch or holler, and, with the clipped leaves and branches dropping about him, he made another precipitate flight down the ditch to the rear of the barn. He met Harry there.

"What the dickens do you mean shooting at me?" said Harry before Ed could speak. "And why didn't yo holler?"

"You didn't give me time," said E "You started shooting before I cou even get out of the ditch."

"Why, I never shot at you," sa Harry. "I never even shot at all."

"I didn't neither," said Ed.

They stared at each other, then Har peered through the weeds toward th house. "They must have found ou what we were doing somehow," he sai

They crouched in silence for a whil

"We've got to have a third man," sa Harry at last.

"We could use two or three more said Ed.

"One more would have been enoug this morning," said Harry. "If we ha just had somebody around on the othe side when we first surprised 'em— they would just get rid of old man Pet and give us somebody that could d something—"

"You reckon we had better go bac in to Charleston and get some reinforce ments?" asked Ed.

"I guess we might as well," sai Harry. "This is a lot of expense for th government to just catch two moon shiners. When I get back to heac quarters, I'm going to see if I can d something about that old dodo."

They wriggled back down the ditc and made their roundabout way throug the cypress and tangled thickets bac to their car.

OLD man Josh and his two boys lis tened to the whir of the car starte and the sound of the motor as the agent drove away down the bottom road. Th old man nodded his head in grim under standing. "They'll be back," he said.

"How you know they both left?" Hank said.

"They allus travel in pairs," sai Josh.

"What did they leave fer?" said Lor

"Gone to get help," said old Josh "They'll be back, come sundown."

"We going to jest set here and wai fer 'em?" said Hank.



COLLIER'S **"Oh, heavens, I forgot to tell you—we have dinner in the morning! George is on the night shift"** DAVE GERARD

THE BUGGY BRIGADE

No sooner does my little chap
Knock off for a reluctant nap
Than dear old ladies on the street
Start making passes at his feet.

They voice sweet nothings right above
him,
They yearn to yank him out and love
him,
They pat his little derrière,
They compliment him on his hair.

And when they've got him wide awake
And definitely on the make,
They flutter off to find another
Defenseless, pram-propelling mother.

MARGARET FISHBACK

"I been a-setting here waiting fer 'em r fifty year," said old Josh, standing s rifle in the corner by the fireplace. You boys go tend the stock and turn n out to pasture."

"Had we better take our rifles with ?" said Lon.

"Won't hurt nothing," said old Josh. But you won't need 'em."

Hank and Lon, with their rifles in the ooks of their arms, walked across the rd to the barn and fed the stock, then rned them out to pasture and returned the house. Old Josh was seated in e sun on the porch when the two boys me around the corner of the house d dropped to seats on the top step. Irs. Fuller called them to breakfast, d they ate, and then returned to the rch.

It was almost dinnertime when they eard the car motor returning across e bottom. The two boys looked up uickly at old Josh. Old Josh eased the o-tilted front legs of his chair back to e porch and leaned an ear toward the ound. He listened closely as the sound ew louder and closer, then he rose and, llowed by the two boys, entered the oor and barred it.

The three of them watched through e holes between the logs, where the inking had been punched out, with eir rifle barrels thrust through the oles to cover the approaching road.

HE car drew nearer and broke from cover at the edge of the yard and ulled to a stop in the yard at the front f the house. Three rifles covered Uncle ete as he clambered from the car and rned to face the house.

"Josh," he bellowed. "Oh, Josh. Got ny biting dogs?"

"Well, I swan," said old Josh, lowering his gun. "Hit's old Pete."

He set his gun down by the door and nracked the bar and swung the door pen.

"Come in, Pete," he said, stepping out n the porch. "Come right in."

"It's been a long time since I was last ere," said Uncle Pete as he mounted he steps and pumped old Josh's hand.

"Yes, hit has," said old Josh; then uickly, "Who's that getting out of our car?"

"That's Joe, my driver," said Uncle ete.

"Oh," said old Josh. "You in the narshal's office now, ain't you, Pete?"

"Yes. Been there going on seven years ow."

"I heared some'un say so a while ack."

"Can you give me and my driver ome dinner, Josh?"

"Course. Course," said old Josh. "Old woman is just about ready to dish it up. You want to wash first?"

"Wouldn't hurt, I reckon," said Uncle ete.

"Hank," called old Josh. "Hank. Go git Pete a fresh bucket of water. Come on through to the back porch. The washpan's on the back shelf."

Uncle Pete called to Joe and followed Josh through the house to the back porch, stopping to speak to Mrs. Fuller on the way. Hank came with the fresh bucket of water from the well, and Uncle Pete and Joe washed their faces and hands and combed their hair in front of the cracked mirror nailed to the wall above the shelf.

Mrs. Fuller called them to dinner and the menfolks filed into the dining room in solemn procession and took their seats at the table.

Uncle Pete sat down, then squirmed about, hitching himself forward to the edge of his chair as he reared up on one hip and fumbled at his hip pocket. He finally pulled a pistol and a pair of handcuffs out and looked around for a more comfortable place to keep them through dinner.

"Here," said old Josh. "Give 'em to Lon. You, Lon. Take them things fer Pete and put 'em on the mantel."

Uncle Pete handed the handcuffs and pistol to Lon and turned to his plate of spareribs and turnip greens and pone bread.

AFTER dinner, the menfolks retired to the front porch while Mrs. Fuller cleared the table and ate her dinner. After half an hour's reminiscing, Uncle Pete rose and consulted his watch.

"Well, Josh," he said, "I guess we better be going."

"Wait jest a minute, Pete," said old Josh.

He went into the house and called Hank and Lon.

"You boys git your hats and go with Pete," he said. "I never thought about 'em sending him out here fer you. It ain't right to make him git out on them kind of trips. I'm a-going to say something to the senator about hit the very next time I see him. Y'all take keer of Pete now, and don't try to git away. You likely won't git but three or four years, and that ain't wuth gitting Pete hurt over."

Old Josh went back onto the porch. "The boys are going in with you, Pete," he said.

"Well now," said Uncle Pete. "That's going to crowd us a right smart. I don't know whether we got room for them."

"You're jest saying that 'cause you don't want to take 'em," said old Josh. "They ain't going to take up much room an' they might come in handy ifen you git stuck. I'd druther they went in with you than them other fellers."

"Well, if they are going anyhow, I might as well take 'em," said Uncle Pete.

Hank and Lon had returned with their hats on and were standing on the porch waiting. They followed old Josh and Uncle Pete and Joe out to the car and waited again while Uncle Pete and Joe got into the front seat.

"Well, you boys move them suitcases over to the side and get in the back," said Uncle Pete. "It's right crowded."

"That's all right, Uncle Pete," said Hank. "We'll make it all right."

"Well, so long, Josh," said Uncle Pete when they were all seated in the car. "Take care of yourself."

"Same to you, Pete," said old Josh.

Old Josh stood in the front yard and watched the car turn and move off down the rutted bottom road.

They had gone about a hundred yards down the road when Uncle Pete sat up suddenly on his seat and slapped his hip



They might as well be Gold

THE parts of your automobile engine are now worth the very BEST protection you can provide. A breakdown of any one part might lay your car up for the duration. The one thing—the SURE thing you can do to prolong the life of your car is to use the BEST oil money can buy.

How can you judge oil quality? Be guided by automobile and aviation designers and engineers. They use Wolf's Head . . . Pan American "Clippers" have used it for over 13 years, in more than 900 *million* passenger-miles . . . Wolf's Head is now being shipped all over the World for use in United Nations' planes!

For more than 60 years Wolf's Head has been engineering lubrication to meet changing engine design. Wolf's Head Oil is the very BEST engine-protection you can buy —yet it costs only 35c a quart. Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa., New York, N. Y.



100% PENNSYLVANIA

P.G.C.O.A. Permit No. 6

TRUCK OPERATORS

Latest tests show Wolf's Head HEAVY DUTY Oil definitely superior *for protecting truck and bus engines. Write today for facts and figures. Meanwhile, get Wolf's Head HEAVY DUTY Oil—it's made for you!*



Bundles *FROM* Britain...

Thousands of bomb-laden planes wearing sky-paths over Germany, need vast amounts of America's finest motor oil. And they're getting all they need.

Your automobile, and the millions of other cars and trucks and tractors which must outlast the war, need the trustworthy protection of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil. We are making every effort to keep dealers supplied. There is plenty of Pennsylvania for the conservative use of your car.

For your protection, fine oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL
PERMIT NUMBER
Made from the highest grade crude oil in the world
COPYRIGHT 1942 BY PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
TRADEMARK REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

OIL IS AMMUNITION USE IT WISELY!

pocket. "Joe. Joe. Stop a minute," he said.

He felt his other pockets. "By thunder, I forgot my pistol and handcuffs."

"Want to turn around and go back for 'em?" said Joe.

"I hate to do that," said Uncle Pete.

"I'll run git 'em, Uncle Pete," said Hank, and he slid over the back door and trotted back down the road to the house and soon returned with the handcuffs and pistol. Uncle Pete took them with a gruff word of thanks and the car got under way once more.

"What's old Josh doing now?" said Uncle Pete, turning to Hank and Lon on the back seat.

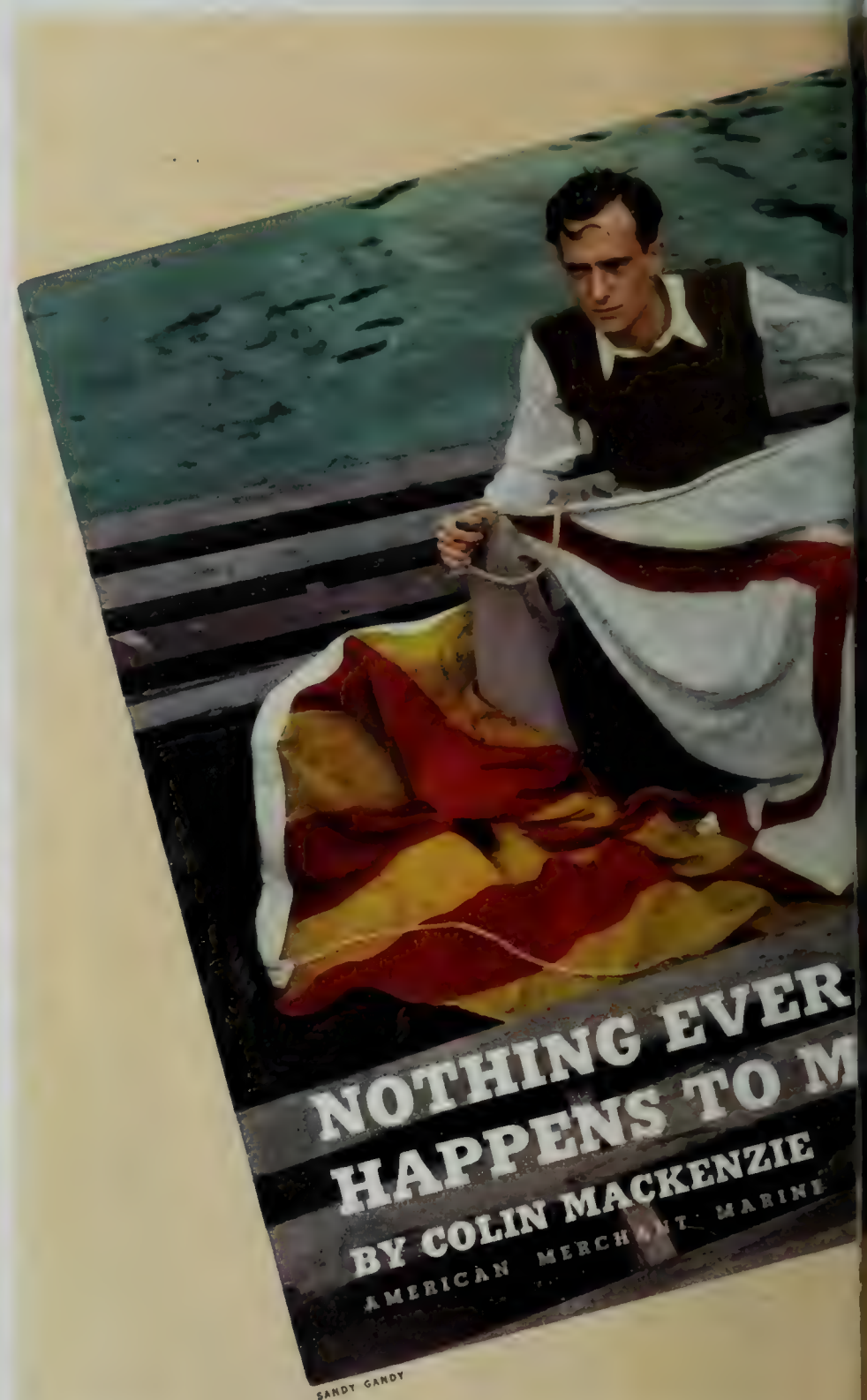
"Paw's done got too old and stove up to do anything much," said Hank.

"Jest lays around the house mostly," said Lon.

"I remember one time," began Uncle Pete. "Let me see. It must have been about ninety-eight. Yep. That's what it was. Ninety-eight. I come through here horseback and spent the night with Josh. You boys weren't born then—"

ABOUT this time, the two agents were waiting in their car in front of the telephone office in Charleston. When they left Josh's that morning, they had driven straight to the telephone office and Harry had put through a long-distance call to the marshal.

"This the marshal talking? . . . We've got to have help over here . . . Ye We've got them hemmed up but tw men ain't enough to handle 'em. If w



I THOUGHT I was in for a good night's sleep. The air was soft and warm and I made my bed over the forward hatch, tucking in the sheets and blankets military fashion. A few minutes later I was asleep. Dreams came easy that night. In my dream I had the pleasant sensation of sailing through space and then suddenly I awoke and that's just what I was doing. The next second, I was in the water, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic.

When the torpedo struck, it had blown me, bunk and all, some hundred feet away from the ship. I struggled to free myself from my bedding which was dragging me down, and then swam around looking for a piece of wre or, better still, a lifeboat. Fin noticed that the ship was still aflo though listing badly, and with wh mained of my strength, I swam to pulled myself aboard.

It was good to feel the ship und once more. Lying exhausted o deck, I discovered two things: Th ankle was broken, and (far mor portant) that I had company. Th tain was still there, and so we engineer and the radioman, who c used to send out his S S S and the position. There was no lifeboa however, and the only life raft was held securely by a pin tha

d of had one more man this morning, e would have them now. That's all we eeded. Just one more man . . . What's at? . . . You're sending a couple of en? . . . Good. Tell 'em we'll be waitg here at the telephone office in harleston. And tell 'em to make it appy. Send plenty of ammunition. hose men are killers."

The car with the reinforcements me at last and the two cars roared out Josh's. The men surrounded the ouse and wriggled on their bellies rough the weeds. When they came to e edge of the clearing in which the ouse sat and peered through the last eeds, there sat old Josh, tilted back in is chair on the front porch with his ands folded in his lap.

"Surrender. In the name of the law," called Harry from the weeds. "Raise your hands."

Old Josh raised his hands obediently but remained seated in his chair. The four agents, bristling with firearms, rose from the weeds and approached to the edge of the porch, keeping a wary lookout on the house all the while.

"IN THE name of the law, I command you to produce Henry and Alonzo Fuller," Harry said.

"I cain't," said old Josh. "Pete come by fer 'em about noon and tuck 'em with him."

"Pete? You mean old man Pete from the marshal's office?"

"That's him."

"Good gosh!" said Harry., "Old man Pete and those two killers? Let's go,



hen the torpedo struck, a life
t broke loose, carrying these
gnal flags with it. Wrapped in
ne of them, the author, above,
nearly came to a premature end

ed in the explosion. "Sparks" and ngineer and I worked frantically to h it. Just then another torpedo e, and I looked up in time to see f the tanks carried in our cargo g right at us.

ave the engineer a push, and we fell to one side as the tank crashed gh the deck where we had been ing. The impact threw us into the again but this time we were lucky. ad our life jackets.

night long, the three of us tried ep from getting separated in the . None of us had any idea what happened to the captain, but we that the ship had finally keeled over and disappeared in the darkness. Sticking close together gave us courage, and in a short time we were going to need it. Sharks!

During the night we debated whether to slip out of our life jackets and get it over quickly or stick around and take our chances with the sharks. Sparks settled it by saying that he for one intended to hang on. He claimed that an answer had come to his S S S and before dawn, by way of further cheering us up, he broke into a medley of tunes. Sparks was quite a guy and only twenty years old!

But in spite of this display of spirit, the next morning no rescue ship was in sight. Then I saw a tiny speck on the horizon, and we decided to investigate. It was the captain, calmly seated on the life raft which had broken loose when the tank hit the deck.

We clambered aboard somehow, all of us exhausted. During the night, I had been violently ill from the oil and salt water I had swallowed, and now I lost consciousness. I came to just in time. My comrades, deciding I was dead, had wrapped me in one of the raft's signal flags and were preparing me for a sea burial.

Having escaped that fate, my troubles seemed about over, because a freighter suddenly loomed on the horizon, came alongside and took us aboard. They put me to bed and I sank back peacefully. I don't know how long I had been asleep when the freighter shook with a mighty blast. This time I knew it was no dream.

It was getting a little monotonous. This was the third time we'd been torpedoed in twenty-four hours. Floundering about in the water, I wondered whether I might not just as well give in to what seemed my inevitable fate. My only consolation was that about everything had happened to me that could possibly happen. That's what I thought. Just then there was a great surging of the water and I realized to my horror that the U-boat which had torpedoed our ship was surfacing under me.

I could easily have caught hold of the railings on the topside of the sub, but somehow I preferred to slide off her side and try to escape notice. The captain saw me, however, and in perfect English asked the usual questions about our ship's cargo and identity. Even with the sub's machine guns trained on me, I couldn't produce the right answers, being a stranger to the freighter myself. After directing me to a near-by lifeboat, the captain apologized, and the submarine submerged.

The next day an airplane spotted us and sent a ship to our rescue. The trip back to this country was happily uneventful. I hope to return to the Merchant Marine soon. At the beginning of the war, I tried getting into the Army, but the doctor rejected me. "A bad heart," he said. ★★★



Hankies for Show—Kleenex for Blow!



DURING COLDS MY FAMILY USES SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX TISSUES*—IT SOOTHES THEIR NOSES—IT SAVES LINEN HANKIES!

(from a letter by G. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.)



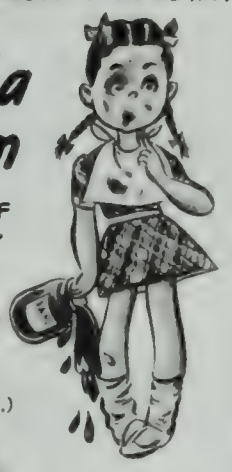
SITTING PRETTY!

I GET MORE ATTENTION THAN THE BOSS SINCE I SHOWED THE WHITE COLLAR GALS HOW CUFFS OF *KLEENEX* SAVE DRESSES FROM INK, CARBON AND OFFICE GRIME!

(from a letter by A. B., Shreveport, La.)

P.S. SAVE DRY CLEANING TO SAVE CRITICAL MATERIALS NEEDED TO WIN THE WAR

Mary had a Little Jam



SPREAD ON ONE OF MY BEST NAPKINS. INSTEAD OF SWITCHING MARY I SWITCHED TO *KLEENEX*. IT SAVES PATIENCE, LINENS AND LAUNDRY!

(from a letter by D. W. R., Albany, N. Y.)



I was a "Low-Brow"

KLEENEX TISSUES TUCKED SMOOTHLY UNDER THE INSIDE BAND MAKE AN OVERSIZE HAT FIT PERFECTLY. KEEPS PERSPIRATION FROM SOILING FELT!

(from a letter by H. E., Los Angeles, Calif.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH. WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR. ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO



KLEENEX* Serv-a-Tissue Box

SAVES TISSUES SAVES MONEY

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



"Can I return these things later if no shortage develops?"

COLLIER'S — LAWRENCE LARIAR

men. Maybe we can get there in time."

Led by Harry, the men turned and plunged away from the house.

"Well, I swan," old Josh said. "Now what in the world you reckon come over 'em? Revenuers! Pitouey!" And he spat into the front yard.

The agents stopped again in Charleston and Harry jumped to the ground even before his car stopped rolling.

"Keep going. Keep going," he shouted, running up to the other car. "Keep on after 'em. We've got to save that old fool if we can. I'll go in here and call the marshal to send out a car from the office to meet 'em. It'll serve old man Pete right if he does get knocked in the head," he muttered to himself as the other car whirled away in a cloud of dust. "I wonder how he managed to capture 'em. Must have went in on 'em at dinner. And what was he doing messing around in this case anyhow? Must have heard us talking about him being too old the other day and set out to prove he wasn't. I bet the marshal blows up when he hears about it."

The marshal was more indignant than worried when he received the call from Harry that Uncle Pete was on his way in with the two Fuller boys.

"There's no use in him risking himself at something like that," the marshal said to his office deputy after he had talked to Harry. "We've got younger men for those kind of jobs."

"Why in the world do you reckon he did it?" said the office deputy.

"Why, to have an excuse to come in tonight," said the marshal. "I'm going to see that he spends one night away from home if I have to go out with him myself, and arrest him and jail him. But, wherever I arrest him, the jail will probably be full and I'll have to bring him back here to spend the night."

But when the car from the marshal's office met the car from Charleston without having encountered Uncle Pete, and the car containing Harry and Ed drove up to where the first two cars were stopped in the road and they all three returned to the marshal's office empty-handed, the marshal grew worried.

"What if those two men have done away with Uncle Pete and taken his car?" he thought. "I'd better put in a call to the Highway Patrol about him."

So the marshal called the Highway Patrol, and the description of Uncle Pete and Joe and the two Fuller boys, together with the description of the car they were in, went out to all the patrol cars. A state-wide search was under way, but dark came, and there was still no sign of Uncle Pete.

THE lights were turned on in the marshal's office and the room gradually filled with Uncle Pete's friends and the idly curious, their attention centered on the marshal hovered over the phone.

"I told you not to let that old dodo handle prisoners," said Harry.

The marshal looked up at him with worried eyes and opened his mouth to speak, but the town clock boomed the first note of nine and the phone bell tinkled at the same time. The marshal grasped the phone quickly to him and placed the receiver against his ear.

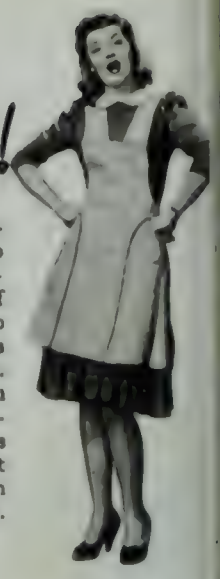
"Hello. . . . Yes? . . . Where are you, Pete? . . . At home? . . . Are you all right? . . . I said, Are you all right? . . . Why shouldn't you be all right? And you out all evening and up into the night with those two killers . . . What killers?—Those *Fullers*. . . . Wouldn't hurt anybody? . . . Sons of an old friend of yours? Where are they? . . . Out there at your house? Well, you get 'em right up here. . . . Yes. Now. . . . Asleep? . . . Worked pretty hard all evening? . . . Well, I'll be. . . . No. Nothing. I didn't say anything. . . . No. Don't wake 'em up. Just bring 'em up here in the morning. . . . Good night."

The marshal placed the receiver slowly back on the hook and looked up at the crowd about his desk.

"Pete's home," he said. "The Fuller boys are out there asleep. He'll bring 'em down in the morning when he comes." He turned to the office deputy: "He says the boys are pretty tired out. They worked pretty hard all evening helping him finish up posting that land."

THE END

I'm no Toilet Slave!



It used to be hard, disagreeable work to scrub and scour the unsanitary film and stains off toilet bowls. But no more! Sani-Flush does the job scientifically. Every application cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.



My toilets GLEAM!

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) *When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems.* Sold everywhere in two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

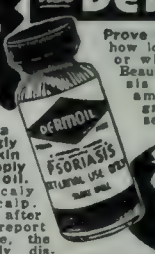


Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Give Druggist's name and address. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES Box 347, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1023, Detroit, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

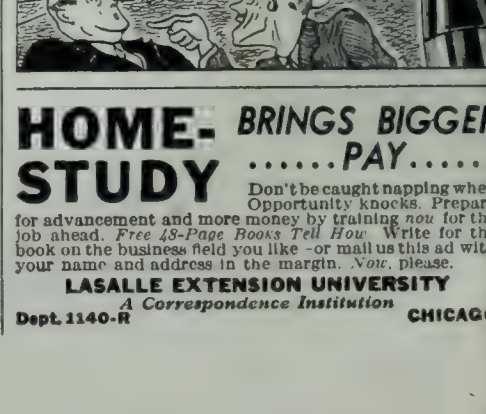
I WANT AN $1 INK-O-GRAPH $2

14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

Until you try Inkograph, you'll never know how easy writing can be! Glides like a pencil on any paper . . . fits any hand. No nib to spread.

The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.

INKOGRAPH CO., INC. · N. Y. C.



HOME-STUDY BRINGS BIGGER .....PAY.....

Don't be caught napping when Opportunity knocks. Prepare for advancement and more money by training *now* for the job ahead. *Free 48-Page Books Tell How.* Write for the book on the business field you like—or mail us this ad with your name and address in the margin. *Now*, please.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
Dept. 1140-R CHICAGO

African Danger Spot

Continued from page 13

leave little for the development of local leadership, *paracaidistas*—parachutists.

If Portugal ever is overrun by the enemy, it is reasonable to hope, according to the colony's leading citizens, that Mozambique would become the center of the Free Portugal movement just as some of the French colonies have become for the Free French.

None of this, however, obstructs Dr. Werz's work, for everywhere in Neutralia (that never-never land of it-can't-happen-here, which now includes only half a dozen of the world's fifty-odd nations), there are men who seek power through an Axis victory and there are others who can be bought and sold.

Important and Busy Port

Even Mozambique is no exception. Dr. Werz knows how to spend money. His agents spend considerable buying drinks for seamen in port. Lourenço Marques has become one of the most important ports on a continent which is sadly lacking in good harbors. Ten months ago, the cranes in Lourenço Marques lay idle with their arms folded, and the fine landlocked harbor was empty except for a few coastwise vessels and an occasional ship from Lisbon. Now it is one of the busiest of the East Coast ports, where United Nations freighters call for bunkerage and chandlering and pick up cargoes railed from South Africa's Rand.

More than two million tons of shipping passed in and out of Lourenço Marques between January and June, and the pace increased as the facilities of Cape Town and Durban were burdened beyond capacity. The docks are crowded with ships, and the water-front honky-tonks and cafés with sailors. Among them are Greek and Dutch seamen whose families remain in occupied territories.

Seamen are worth their weight in guns these days, and Dr. Werz has developed a system for depriving us of a few. His agents circulate among the disconsolate ones who are wondering whether their families are dead or alive. They win the seamen's confidence and offer to obtain news of their friends' or relatives' welfare.

"Just give us names," they say, "and where you last knew them to be; we'll find out the rest."

Through the Gestapo in Berlin and in the occupied areas, Dr. Werz obtains the "information" the seamen desire, within as little as forty-eight hours. Whenever it is unfavorable, the message omits the ugly details. His agents meet the seamen and give them the information.

In return, Dr. Werz usually obtains the data he requires for what is probably the most important part of his work, naval intelligence. From sailors, he can learn their ship's last port of call, tonnage, cargo, and possibly its destination.

From personal observation, he can ascertain when ships leave Lourenço Marques harbor. That part is easy. All he has to do is look out of his window in the Polana Hotel, which is on a bluff overlooking Delagoa Bay. He cables Berlin his composite day-by-day picture of the comings and goings of ships. Berlin has a rapid means of communicating with U-boats and raiders operating in Mozambique Channel and in African waters.

That's not all. Seamen whom Dr. Werz has befriended are often influenced to quit their ships. Lourenço Marques



COLLIER'S "One teeny dab, and you smell of gunpowder all day!" ROLAND COE

CLARK'S

Two great Flavors packed with Pleasure



CLARK'S
Tendermint GUM
Only choice, crisp, fresh mint leaves are used for flavor and fragrance in this fine popular gum. "It's different—naturally."

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CLARK'S
Teaberry GUM
Real mountain-grown Teaberry gives a delicious, lasting flavor to this delightful gum. "A different flavor—mountain fresh."

ask for— reach for CLARK'S Chewing Gum

PRODUCTS OF CLARK BROS. CHEWING GUM COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
© 1942 C.B.C.G.CO.



But Adolf... you gotta do someting!

"These Collier's P. S. *ees bada beezness for us. It keeps da automobile running and we no can break up da American supply lines eef da cars keepa rolling."*

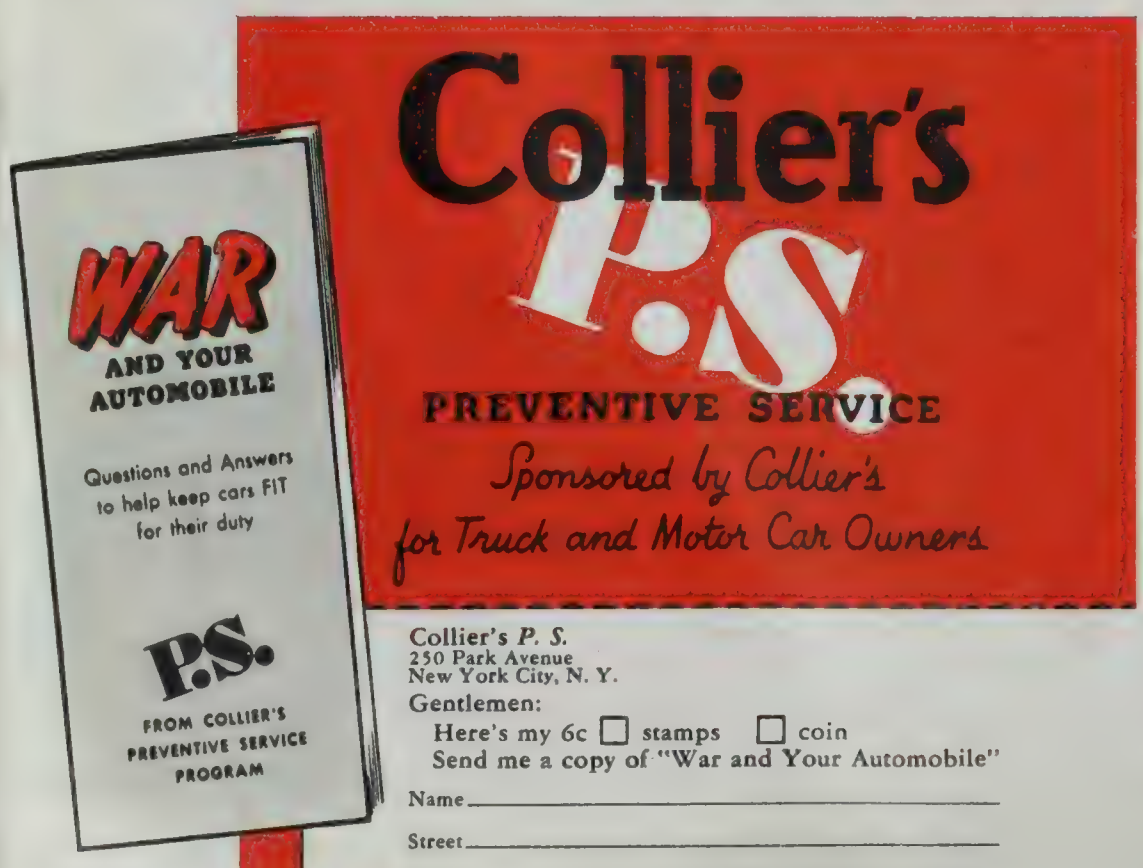
Collier's *P*reventive *S*ervice Campaign is a big thorn in the side of the "unholy three." They realize that keeping America's cars fit and rolling to relieve strain on our public transportation systems is going to play a big part in their downfall.

That's why we, here at Collier's, keep harping about driving carefully, staying under thirty-five, watching how you start and stop, how you take corners.

It's why Collier's *P. S.*, in addition to its other contributions, has printed a 12-page booklet entitled: "War and Your Automobile."

In this booklet pertinent questions relative to the care of every car are answered in detail—by men who have had years of experience in car service and maintenance. In simple, easy-to-understand language, it tells you what you should do to put your car in shape for economical Winter driving—what you can do to make your car and tires last longer—go further on your gas.

You'll want a copy. Send 6c (either stamps or coin) to Collier's *P. S.*, 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C. for the booklet "War and Your Automobile." Use the coupon.



Collier's *P. S.*
250 Park Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Here's my 6c ☐ stamps ☐ coin
Send me a copy of "War and Your Automobile"
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



"For goodness sake stop saying, 'What happened?' and 'Where am I?' "

COLLIER'S — ELMER ATKINS

is full of seamen on the beach, men who have been bribed and otherwise influenced by Dr. Werz to desert, or others who have been shipwrecked. Many of the ships sunk in Mozambique Channel have been ships which had sailed from Lourenço Marques.

It is a study in macabre to watch a tall, heavy-legged Nordic with blond wavy hair, gray-blue eyes and a petulant mouth sit in the dining room of the Polana Hotel and scan the faces of ship captains who come in. They are awkwardly dressed in their newly bought store clothes, these survivors of sunken vessels who are sitting down to their first dinners after days in lifeboats or on rafts. At such moments, Dr. Werz's features assume an almost feline smugness.

The transmission and reception involved in the above work constitute at least part of Dr. Werz's daily budget of telegrams. He has become the best client of the Portuguese state-controlled cable and wireless service out of Lourenço Marques.

Every day the German vice-consul sends his khaki-uniformed black flunky to the one-room office of *Servico dos Telegrafos* with long telegrams addressed to the Reich's chancellery in Berlin containing sheafs of neatly typed figures which represent code groups. On the bottom, they are stamped with the eagle and swastika.

The flunky lays as many as twenty-four thousand escudo notes on the counter in payment for a single batch of telegrams, amounting to a thousand dollars at a clip. Dr. Werz's cable bills run into $15,000 monthly and he is known to have withdrawn from the *Banco Ultramarino,* the Portuguese colonial state bank, the equivalent of $100,000 at one time.

In Mozambique, the Nazis don't bother levying on some two hundred Germans who are residing in Lourenço Marques or the five hundred who own strategically scattered sisal plantations in the northern part of the colony near Porto Amelia or Mozambique City—the region bordering the old German colonies.

The amounts Dr. Werz spends cables represent an enormous budget what censors call "information valua to enemy." He certainly isn't filling cables with accounts of the life times of Lourenço Marques, for t city, charming capital of Portug plum colony though it is, isn't exacti world metropolis.

It's a busy week for the Americ consul, for instance, when he sends receives two official telegrams. C consul there, by the way, is a Buff boy named Austin Roe Presont. He a grade-4 officer in a grade-8 post. w is handicapped by not being a con general in a place where all nations cept Japan maintain consul gener He and his Australian-born wife, M jorie, and their son; Austin, Jr., co prise the total American population Mozambique.

They Leave Werz Alone

Lourenço Marques, the half-pc half-resort setting of this African esp nage drama (which would be more fa than drama if the consequences to t United Nations' war effort were less se ous), is a dull little place despite t tourist-literature rhapsodies about t city's silvery nights and golden da Here, some 14,000 people of Portugue extraction, about 3,000 other Europea 29,000 natives and 5,000 unidentifiab live dull little lives, with two movi two so-called night clubs, one mediod hotel and one terrible golf course. E so far, nobody has done anything abo Werz.

A few English people amuse the selves by plotting Edgar Walla schemes to rub him out, but Werz c ries on undisturbed—if anything, relis ing the notoriety he has acquired. knows people indulge in backhand g sip about him and, if he isn't the lo chief of the Gestapo, he gives an adm rable impersonation of one. He bo affably to the Portuguese and d everything possible to ingratiate hims with them; he entertains them and fl ters them. He's no superman, but som thing of a sissy.

Werz has developed a persecution complex. Once he fainted in his bathtub and, after the room boy had saved him from drowning, swore he had been assaulted by British agents. When he fainted again at the dinner table, he asserted later that he had been poisoned by his enemies. He hasn't any privacy, not even on the beach where he likes to stroll with his mistress. Lourenço Marques is a house without walls. It is a city where the Europeans live within the few square feet of the Polana Hotel's dining room, lounge and lobby. You need only dine there once or twice to know which husbands and wives play around, who's got money in the bank and who hasn't, and that Werz has a Portuguese mistress. She is Mozambique's most beautiful woman, with an oval face, sleek black hair, luminous brown eyes and a good figure.

A Dangerous Espionage Agent

Werz is a young man in his middle thirties, who came to Lourenço Marques after being bounced out of Pretoria when South Africa entered the war. There are those who suspect the obstructionist *Ossewabrandwag*, one of South Africa's antiwar groups, of being linked with Werz, but evidence of such a connection is very slim and largely hearsay.

There is no doubt, however, that Werz, in his expensive cables, feeds Berlin news originating in the Union, in Rhodesia and probably as far north as Cairo. Standing as he does on the flank of the Allies' important supply lane and along the British airline route from the Cape to Cairo, he is bound to come across plenty of material useful to Berlin. He'd be useful if only for the accounts he gets from Johannesburg and other South African newspapers concerning internal conditions of the country. His opportunities for effective espionage are too numerous to be overlooked by the wary and wily enemy, and Germany has proved she doesn't miss any opportunities.

It is reasonable to suppose that Werz operates as effectively from Mozambique as the Nazi Dietrich did from Mexico City, as the German agents did from Rio de Janeiro before Brazil entered the war and as they continue to do from Buenos Aires.

If anything, Werz's presence near the borders of the Union of South Africa, the most important nation on the continent whose contribution to the war effort proportionately ranks her with Great Britain and the United States, is more dangerous than the presence of Dietrich and others elsewhere earlier in the war.

It is the same old ugly story of a friendly nation—in this case a friendly colony—harboring an enemy agent for whom the rules of international law mean only protection for carrying on his war.

Mozambique, by the way, is potentially one of the richest tidbits in Africa, with gold, manganese, tin, copper and coal in its innards. Its healthy plains can grow corn, its marshes rice, its jungles rubber, quinine and tanbark. In the minds of many Portuguese loyal to democratic principles, there is some doubt about Germany's aspirations concerning Mozambique, but there can't be any in the shrewd mind of South Africa's premier Jan Christian Smuts.

He who envisions a postwar federation of African states south of the equator is perhaps thinking long thoughts about Mozambique. Of all the men of this war, he is the one most likely to come up with the solution to the problem of Mozambique and the problem of Herr Doktor Werz.

THE END



"I suppose it's just that they're tickled stiff to be able to buy anything"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop oil pumping—

REPLACE WORN ENGINE BEARINGS!



Now's the time when you'll want to get the most from your car, in fuel and oil economy and smooth efficiency for the long run. If it has smoky exhaust, it is an oil pumper and should be carefully overhauled. Remember that you can't stop oil pumping by installing new piston rings. That's a HALF DONE job. To stop oil pumping where it starts, and to insure enduring efficiency, replace worn engine bearings.

Engine bearings meter oil to the cylinders. When worn, they let too much oil into the cylinders, it passes into the combustion chambers, burns to carbon, coating the best of new rings, the pistons, spark plugs and valves, cutting down power, demanding more gas every mile—and the oil waste continues.

When the engine is opened up for overhaul, tell your service man to check the bearings and, if worn, to replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy.

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.



FOR VICTORY!

Federal-Mogul's expanded factories are on 24-hour production of bearings and many other precision parts, for planes, tanks, guns, and propellers for motor torpedo boats, crash boats, mine sweepers, submarine tenders, dredges . . . and continue producing millions of bearings to service the automobiles carrying war workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!



Halloween Assassin

By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Brief history of a murder trial. It almost ended with an acquittal. Then the truth came out



THAT November 7th was a day to remember. Things were slow and had been for some time. It looked as if the underworld was staying under; there had been no gang killings or pay-roll grabs or bank raids. Not that I—or Keith Durvin either—would wish such crimes to happen, but a criminal lawyer's living depends on such happenings, and Keith Durvin is one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the country—which, from me, is a very modest appraisal.

During this lull I had little to do but read the papers and kid Tracy, who is a literal-minded woman and a first-rank stenographer. I call her plain Tracy because she calls me Williams—Mr. Williams being too formal and "Chuck" too intimate. Although I have soaked up quite a bit of legal knowledge, I am not a lawyer and do not wish to be one. As Durvin's man Friday I make plenty of money and my ambition is to save enough of it to buy a place in the country and raise turkeys.

WELL, this November 7th was distinguished by two events, both of them extraordinary and related. The first was the arrival, about noon, of a young woman the like of whom the office never saw before. She was twenty-six or twenty-seven and just the right size and weight. If she wore make-up she certainly knew how to put it on without defacing a perfect example of the so-called American complexion. Since my gaze didn't go below her face, I can't describe her costume, but I did notice that she wore a real hat. She was tagged with respectability. I thought, "She's got into the wrong office."

But she said, "I'm Helen Thomas. I've an appointment with Mr. Durvin."

In her eyes, which were as clear as a couple of newly washed windows, I thought I saw anxiety. "Just a minute," I said. "I'll tell him." I went into Durvin's private office. "There's a dream girl out there," I announced, "who says she has an appointment. Miss Helen Thomas—I'm presuming the 'Miss.' I didn't know of any appointment."

"Miss Tracy did," Durvin said in his dry way. "Show the lady in, please."

I did that, closed the door behind her, and picked up the paper I'd been reading.

An hour passed before I heard the closing of the door to the building corridor from Durvin's room. Then the connecting door opened, and Durvin nodded for me to come in. He took his time lighting a cigar. "I'm undertaking the defense of Mrs. Harris Falk," he said through a cloud of smoke.

"Falk?" I was thinking of the only murder the city'd had in three months. "Isn't that the woman who was remanded the other day for poisoning her husband?"

Durvin nodded. "The same. The young lady who just left here is Mrs. Falk's sister."

I STARED at him. "Chief," I said, "if you take that case you'll queer yourself! According to the papers, there's nothing to it; just another woman getting rid of her husband."

"I wonder, Chuck. Anyhow I'm committed."

"Then," I said, "you must think the state hasn't a case."

"I don't know yet," he admitted. "But I may when I've talked with Mrs. Falk. I'm going to the jail after lunch. And you learn what you can about Harris Falk." He handed me a sheet on which he had scribbled some addresses.

That was the second extraordinary event.

While he was out I got my scrapbook and read over the newspaper accounts of the Falk murder.

On the face it seemed simple enough. On the evening of October thirty-first Richard Martan, who was tenant of Harris Falk's upper apartment and whose wife had gone with Mrs. Falk to the first show of a local picture house, went downstairs to pay his rent to Falk. Getting no response to his ring, he looked through the lace curtain on the inner door and into the kitchen, which was at the end of a passage, where Falk lay on the floor. From the veranda Martan climbed through a window and, finding no sign of life in Falk, telephoned the police.

The medical examiner, who arrived with the police, found that Falk had been poisoned. A plain-clothes man picked up two capsules and three uncooked beans from the dining-room floor. An autopsy disclosed cyanide of potassium in the stomach. Analysis of the beef stew which the Falks had for dinner resulted in finding the poison in the residue of Falk's portion but *not* in the stew which was left over. The two capsules contained cyanide of potassium. One stew dish, evidently that

Haltingly she began to tell of her own homecoming, but Durvin stopped her. "That's enough, Mrs. Falk. We all know what you found'

Wartime "Can't" *Inspires* *Tinless* RING-FREE "Can"

Another example of how Macmillan pioneers for better lubrication

HERE'S THE "CAN" that the oil industry has been seeking—the first all-fiber, plastic-lined container impervious to oil!

It's more than an answer to WPB's order forbidding the use of tinplate for packaging civilian products after September 2nd, 1942. It's a permanent contribution to packaging—lighter, easier to open and dispense, non-refillable, easily disposable.

The basic fiber is made of straw and waste paper and the rest is processed from such surplus crops as corn and other grains, flaxseed, tallow, animal tissues and bone. It will replace millions of pounds of metal a year!

* * *

You may be asking yourself how Macmillan—a comparatively small, "independent" company—can be the first to lick this container problem for motor oil.

The answer is that for ten years Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil has been blazing new trails in lubrication.

Startling as this new container is, it is not so spectacular as the simple fact that RING-FREE *removes carbon!*

RING-FREE is refined by an exclusive patented process which retains a vital characteristic of the original crude oil, enabling RING-FREE to dissolve the "binder" which holds carbon to the metal parts of your engine.

But this exclusive process does more than that.

It produces an oil that reduces friction so fast that added power is delivered to your drive-shaft.

This added power can be measured in extra mileage. In 1094 Certified Road Tests in many makes of owner-driven cars in widely scattered parts of the country, savings as high as 10 per cent were not uncommon.



LESS FRICTION MEANS—
Savings in wear and tear and repairs, in replacement of worn parts—more vital today than ever before, now that you don't know when you will get another car. These savings prove the all-round better lubrication job of RING-FREE as clearly as the way RING-FREE *removes* carbon.

SO REMEMBER—
This new container is the latest concrete proof of Macmillan's capacity for pioneering. But never forget that the oil itself is even greater proof of Macmillan pioneering. And you can see for yourself that RING-FREE is a pioneer in carbon removal by comparing the color of the oil when it goes in your crankcase and when it is drained. It goes in clean and light and usually comes out dark and murky because it has cleansed the metal surfaces of your engine. You can observe the reduction of friction from RING-FREE in the freer, more buoyant operation and in the savings in gas as proved by 1094 Certified Road Tests.

Drive in at any independent filling station, garage or car dealer's, wherever you see the Macmillan RING-FREE sign—and get a fill of RING-FREE as you read this guarantee!

* * *

Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try *one* fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL

35c
A QUART
IN U. S. A.

Copyright 1942 by
MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION
50 W. 50TH ST. NEW YORK · 624 SO. MICH. AV., CHICAGO · 530 W. 6TH ST., LOS ANGELES

Signed

with the proudest signature
in whiskeydom

Sealed

with the green stamp that stands for
the strictest whiskey standards in the
world

and
Delicious

with the fine rich flavor of
Kentucky straight bourbon
whiskey at its glorious best



Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.



TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.

which Mrs. Falk had used, had been rinsed off. On the day after the funeral of Harris Falk, his wife was arrested for his murder.

Since it was unlikely, during the few minutes between Mrs. Falk's departure and Martan's discovery of the body, that anyone could have come in from outside and, unknown to Falk, put poison in his stew, and since only Falk's dish of stew was poisoned, the conclusion was either that Mrs. Falk had poisoned her husband or that he did it himself. Whichever way it was, I couldn't see anything in it for Durvin, except publicity—which might not be good publicity—because Mrs. Falk had no money.

I jotted down all of the names in the newspaper accounts of the affair. Then I went out for lunch.

After I'd tucked away a couple of feet of French bread and a veal scallopini in Carlo's I took the subway and then a trolley car out to Linwood. The Falk house was in one of the two rows that lined Van Derwick Street. Some building speculator had saved money on plans; the wooden, two-family houses were all exactly alike except for paint, close together, with only enough room between for a cement driveway to each double garage at the back. The dining-room bay window of every house faced the kitchen and bedroom windows of the next.



"No wonder she's ridin' hard—our tire's gone flat!"

COLLIER'S DAVID B. HUFFINE

I found Mrs. Martan, a snappy-looking brunette of about thirty-five, indignant at Mrs. Falk's arrest. According to her it was impossible to imagine Mrs. Falk doing *any* wrong, let alone such a horrible thing as murder. Mrs. Falk was a sweet and lovely woman, and the police were a lot of fools.

WHEN I asked if the Falks had been friendly with any of the neighbors besides her and her husband, she said that until a couple of months ago they called once in a while on Mr. and Mrs. Stubil, who lived next door, across from the Falks' living and dining room. Falk and Stubil worked for the same concern. But Stubil's wife had left him, and the Falks had stopped calling.

My afternoon's work uncovered nothing except that Harris Falk must have been a Class A citizen. He was a good deal older than his wife, having been a friend of her father and having taken care of the two girls after their parents had been killed in an automobile crash. Perhaps, in marrying him, Carol Thomas had been governed by the wish to repay his kindness. They had no children. Falk owned his house free and clear and owed no bills in the neighborhood. Mr. North, head of the North-Kingston Company, manufacturing druggists and chemists, where Falk had been chief accountant, declared himself poorer from the loss of an old and trusted employee. The annual medical check-up required by the company had given Falk a clean bill of health. A routine audit of the books had found Falk's accounts scrupulously correct. As far as I went I learned nothing to justify a suspicion of suicide.

TRACY had gone when I returned to the office, but Durvin was waiting for me. He had his feet up on a slide of his desk, and his cigar slanted upward like the boom of a derrick.

Durvin is around forty, one of those blond Greek god types. He dresses like a lord except when he's before a jury; then he's plainly, even soberly, dressed, as if clothes were the last things he thought of. He makes me think of a diamond—brilliant and polished, but hard.

"Well," I said when I got through reporting my inquiries about Falk, "that seems to ditch any idea of Falk's having done the job himself."

"It would look so, Chuck. But sometimes a man's reason for suicide isn't immediately apparent."

"What kind of a woman is Carol Falk, Chief?"

Durvin puffed thoughtfully for a moment. "Well, physically she's much like her sister in features and complexion, but slightly heavier, being five years older and married. Extremely attractive. I think she's the gentlest woman I ever met. Of course, she's sunk in grief and despair. But she appears to feel the death of her husband more than the shame of being charged with it. She'll make a very good impression on a jury."

Durvin talks many things over with me because, he says, you never know where an idea may sprout. I could never decide whether that was a left-handed crack or not. "She'll need to, Chief," I said.

"Innocence, Chuck, like some other virtues, has a way of showing itself at times."

"So you think she's innocent, do you?"

"I'm convinced of it. Not because she's a nice woman—apparently nice women have done murder before now—but because of the inconsistency of the circumstances. Imagine a woman who has planned to kill her husband: she goes to a lot of trouble to set the stage, washing windows and getting clean curtains ready to put up in the dining room so everything appears normal; having prepared the poisoned dish for him, she goes out immediately with a friend who is familiar with all her moods and manners, and conducts herself naturally, as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened. A woman with such perfect control of herself would never be so careless as to leave a couple of deadly capsules lying around for the police to find. No, no, Chuck, the gears don't mesh.

"Besides, I suggested suicide as an out for her, and she was indignant—bounded right out of her apathy at the idea. She insisted that Falk was a good man and had no reason for suicide; that the suggestion was an insult to his memory. Throwing overboard such a chance isn't the attitude of a guilty woman."

"But," I said, "somebody was darned careless with those capsules. Suppose Falk did bump himself off, he wouldn't care whether he dropped some capsules or not."

"Perhaps not, Chuck. But, being in the business he was and knowing that *one* capsule would do the trick, why should he bother with more than one? Unless—and I'm seeing him as a very practical, methodical man—he might have wanted to make it easy to discover what he had taken. But why those beans? They've been puzzling me."

"Yeah," I said. "Me too." Then, like a flash of lightning, came the answer. "I've got it, Chief!" I almost yelled. "Halloween! Kids! Peashooters! An unseasonably warm night—heaters going, windows down at the top to cool off the rooms, no curtains up in the dining room—why, kids blew beans at the windows, and the beans went into the dining room."

You'd think I was a cat that talked—the way he stared at me. Then he grinned. "Right on the nail, Chuck! Well, we won't have beans on the brain any longer."

"Have you given up the suicide theory, Chief?"

"Well, I didn't pursue the subject today. But on the premise that Mrs. Falk didn't kill her husband, and nobody else was there to kill him, he must have killed himself. That seems to be the logical defense. Getting her acquitted is the important thing."

OF COURSE the papers made a big play of Durvin's having undertaken Carol Falk's defense; that fact alone warranted their rehashing of the whole affair. And, whereas the state would ordinarily have been represented by an assistant district attorney, the chances now were that this notice of a battle would bring in the D.A. himself. Naturally the papers mentioned Durvin only as news. He *was* news. But the reaction of the public to this news would be conviction of Mrs. Falk's guilt; Durvin had got acquittals for too many crooks and murderers to avoid the reputation of being a last desperate resort.

Keith Durvin can ream out a little technicality until it looks as big as an open barn door. Judges don't doze on the bench when he's on his feet in court, and lawyers can learn from him.

Yet there was an angle to the case which was not known outside the office. Hitherto Durvin had taken many a case for clients whom he believed to be guilty—that's why he could get bundles of cash laid on the line before he would even talk to them. They knew that and brought the cash the first time. But now he'd taken a case for a client whom he believed to be innocent. That was something new. And if he got a retainer to start with I hadn't heard about it. I still held that he was gambling against long odds. I wondered if he had fallen for Helen Thomas. If so, and he lost the verdict, where would he be?

During the weeks which followed, an-

PERFECT—In 42 years of championship competition at the annual meet of the American Bowling Congress only 9 perfect scores of 300 have been rolled, out of more than 2½ million attempts.



Perfect, too, are these sturdy

BRIDLE LEATHER BELTS

BY Pioneer

Ruggedly good-looking, yet mellow and comfortable, they wear like old friends, and you'll like them nearly as well. On sale at most men's wear counters, at $1 & $1.50

PIONEER

12th & Wood Streets • Philadelphia, Pa.

BRACES • BELTS • WALLETS • GARTERS

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR

LOAFER COAT

SMART-OUTDOORS OR IN!



TruVal

AMERICA'S FAVORED SPORTSWEAR FOR '42!

POPULAR EVERYWHERE for general informal wear. Suede, Corduroy, 100% wool materials. In variety of colors. And—remember—the TruVal label means extra value in style and wear. SEE THE COMPLETE, COLORFUL TRUVAL LINE...SPORTS SHIRTS FROM $2...OUTERWEAR FROM $6.95. AT SELECTED STORES.

TRUVAL MFRS. INC., 261 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

IF YOUR NOSE CLOSES UP TONIGHT, SPOILS SLEEP



If transient congestion makes it hard for you to breathe and spoils sleep, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Instantly Va-tro-nol starts to clear the stuffiness and makes breathing easier. Just try it. **IF YOU SNIFFLE OR SNEEZE** use Va-tro-nol at once. Used in time, it helps *prevent* many colds from developing. Follow directions in package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. VICKS VAPORUB



DRY: BURGUNDY • RHINE • SAUTERNES • CLARET
SWEET: PORT • SHERRY • MUSCATEL • TOKAY

AMERICAN WINE CO • Estab. 1859 • ST. LOUIS, MO
Makers of famous COOK'S IMPERIAL Champagnes

other case had come in, and at times we had the usual lot of dead-pan, overdressed racketeers and a torpedo or two around the place. But from the fact that Durvin often changed his hour for lunch I figured that he was managing to see a good deal of Helen Thomas, who worked for a living and had a regular lunchtime. And I saw them once as they came out of the ultraswank Normandie. Well, he knew what he wanted when he saw it, anyhow.

The Falk trial in April was no thriller. I looked in every day of the five it lasted. Anyone who expected to hear how and where Mrs. Falk got cyanide of potassium in capsules was disappointed. If the crowd which packed the court waited for salacious details it wasted its time. The D.A. knew all we knew about Harris Falk, who apparently had no good reason for suicide, and he hadn't found the third party to make a triangle. But, since the state had to produce a motive for the murder, the D.A. assumed one: Mrs. Falk's desire for money.

As might be guessed, the state called but few witnesses, and those chiefly to establish the fact and circumstances of Harris Falk's death. Besides the Martans, the medical examiner, analysts, the dick who found the capsules (the three beans weren't even mentioned; they must have stumped the state), the only other witness was Falk's insurance agent.

Durvin cross-examined only Mrs. Martan—whom he turned into an excellent witness for Mrs. Falk—and the insurance man. The D.A. had brought out the fact that Harris Falk carried a ten-thousand, twenty-year endowment policy, with about five years more to run. And I had understood that there was no money in the case!

"Was the policy incontestable?" Durvin asked when the witness—the insurance man—was turned over to him.

"It was, yes," the man answered.

"Will you explain the meaning of the term 'incontestable?' "

The D.A. objected to the question as irrelevant, but the judge allowed it.

"Well." The witness hesitated. "Well, incontestable means that, except for nonpayment of premiums, the insurance is collectible no matter what may cause the death of the insured."

"Even though the insured may commit suicide?" Durvin asked the question very casually.

"Yes, sir."

"That's all," Durvin said, and thanked him.

Later Durvin called Helen Thomas. Not that she could testify to anything but the affection and respect of her sister for Harris Falk but because she made such a helpful impression; that respectability of hers was reflected by Carol Falk. The D.A. didn't bother to cross-examine her.

THROUGH it all Carol Falk sat quietly. Her bearing was that of a modest woman who has been put on exhibition in her undies, her gaze lowered before the staring crowd. I was sorry for her because, innocent or guilty, if she were acquitted her life would be blackened.

Durvin assumed an attitude of patience which fitted perfectly his side of the case. The trial flowed along like a quiet play with a grim undercurrent. I think there is something of the actor in a criminal lawyer—a love of the limelight, a glory in playing a part and swaying an audience. This time Durvin had no witnesses to fight, no fine points of law to argue, no occasion for emotional histrionics. Yet, merely by his manner, he showed plainly that he considered the whole business an outrage upon a decent woman.

There was a stir in the courtroom when he put Carol Falk on the stand. That showed how confident he was—or appeared to be. At least a dozen lawyers whom I knew were present. They knew the danger of putting the accused on the witness stand and they exchanged knowing glances and whispers.

"Now, Mrs. Falk," Durvin said, "tell the court exactly what happened in the late afternoon and early evening of last October thirty-first."

CAROL FALK sighed, as if weary from repeating what she had already told over and over. Without interruption from Durvin she told simply of her preparations for dinner and her plan to accompany Mrs. Martan to the pictures; of her husband's homecoming, which was earlier than usual so that he could remove the window screens before dinner; of this work having taken him longer than he had anticipated, and of her having eaten alone rather than chance missing seats at the first show, of his telling her that he would wash the dishes and clean up. Halting, and with visible effort, she began to tell of her own homecoming, but Durvin stopped her.

"That's enough, Mrs. Falk," he said gently. "We all know what you found when you came home."

Then the D.A. started to work on her. For an hour and a half he tried all the dodges of an expert to confuse her, to get her to contradict herself, but without success. Still, he managed to give the jury some ideas to mull over.

After recess on the fifth day Durvin began his speech to the jury. He stood before them, his hands on the back of a chair, and spoke in a conversational tone, as if they were a party of friends in his living room.

". . . There at the bar of justice sits a woman—a lady—who, but for the grace of God, might be the innocent wife of any one of you. From testimony you must have conceived a picture . . ."

That was all I heard. I was standing just inside the double doors and felt a tap on the shoulder. I stepped outside at the nod of a court officer. "Take a call from Durvin's office," he said.

It was Tracy. "The City Hospital called up," she said. "There's a man there who wants to make a deposition. He's on the danger list, so it's important. Where's Mr. Durvin?"

"He's summing up—just begun. Who's the man, anybody we know?"

"Nobody I ever heard of. Name's Henry Stubil."

Stubil—Stubil? Then I had it. Stubil was the name of Falk's next door neighbor—the man who worked for the same concern as Falk. "Listen, Tracy," I said. "Hop to the hospital—take your notebook and the portable. Also take a taxi. I'll meet you there in fifteen minutes. And step on it."

A sweet time for something to turn up that might help us! I caught a cruising cab and got to the hospital before Tracy did. The girl at the desk called Doctor Corbin, and he appeared just as Tracy came in the door.

"What's the matter with this man Stubil?" I asked when I had identified myself and Tracy.

"Stab wounds."

"In bad shape, is he?"

"Pretty bad. Lost a lot of blood."

"How long have we got?"

"Well, be as quick as you can; we want to try a transfusion."

"Does anybody know who stabbed him?"

"He must have told the police; they didn't leave a man with him—just dumped him here."

That was a break. The doctor took us to Stubil. A young nurse was there. With a word to her, the doctor left us.



"Mr. Pegasus can't see you till after armistice day—he's been drafted"

COLLIER'S J. EY HOFF

Stubil was a narrow-faced guy, very pale—from loss of blood, I suppose—and with his black eyes and hair against the pillow he looked like a charcoal sketch. "Durvin?" he asked weakly.

"No, Mr. Durvin's in court," I said. "I'm Williams, from his office. And I'm a notary."

I pulled up a chair and put Tracy at his head. She had paper and carbon in the portable already. "I'll take it right on the machine," she said.

"Good girl!" I told her. "That'd be safer." I got another chair and sat as close as I could. "Now," I said to Stubil, "go ahead and talk. Take it easy." I wondered what was coming.

I DIDN'T have to wonder long. "Mrs. Harris Falk didn't kill her husband," Stubil said in almost a whisper. "I did."

What a jolt! I glanced at Tracy. She'd got it typed as he said it and was hunched tensely over the machine. She was like a machine herself—one made of steel wires. I took a breath. "Begin at the beginning," I told Stubil.

From then on, it came in pieces and in a tone so faint that we had to strain our ears. I was praying that the doctors would not come barging in with transfusion apparatus.

Henry Stubil had charge of the stock room for the North-Kingston Company.







He had been stealing heroin from the reserve supply, selling it to dope peddlers, and covering the deficiency by substituting similar-looking stuff. Harris Falk, somehow becoming suspicious, had investigated and discovered the thefts. He had advised Stubil to give up his job—or else. Meanwhile, after a quarrel over the queer people who came to the house at night, Stubil's wife had left him. Stubil, threatened by his customers with worse than exposure, was desperate. With the intention of doing away with himself, he had filled a few capsules with cyanide of potassium. He had these in his pocket on the evening of October thirty-first when, from his bedroom window, he happened to look down into the open and curtainless windows of the Falk dining room and saw Mrs. Falk finish her dinner and put a dish of steaming stew at her husband's empty place at the table. Boys blowing beans at windows had given Stubil an idea, and he decided to kill Falk instead of himself.

Taking a hollow curtain rod for a peashooter, and with a few beans that happened to be easily located, he waited for Mrs. Falk to leave her dining room. He blew the beans to get the range. Then he blew the capsules, missing the dish twice because the capsules were heavier than the beans. Replacing the curtain rod, he left the house. He had kept on supplying his customers, but his conscience bothered him. Poisoning Harris Falk on the spur of the moment, he hadn't considered the possible consequences to Mrs. Falk. Now he decided to wait for the verdict; if it went against Mrs. Falk, he would confess and then kill himself. But a quarrel with an infuriated customer had upset his plans.

Tracy had caught the words as they came from Stubil's mouth. At last she ripped the paper from the machine. I read it to Stubil and the nurse. Then, while the nurse and I held the cover of the portable over Stubil for a desk, he made a hand at signing it. Tracy and the nurse witnessed it, and I attested the signatures. Then I took a long breath.

"Well, Tracy," I said, when we were outside, "if this doesn't wind up that dull trial in a blaze of glory, I'm a poor guesser."

She nodded, her eyes big behind her glasses. "Especially if Mr. Durvin has got an acquittal." She was excited.

A taxi came along, and we climbed in. I told the driver to get to the courthouse in a hurry—Tracy could return to the office from there.

IT WAS half past four by this time—I hadn't realized that we'd been so long with Stubil—and the lighted courthouse corridors held but a scattering of the usual hangers-round. Both Durvin's and the D.A.'s speeches must have been short, for the jury was out. There were a few persons waiting in the courtroom, and Durvin and Helen Thomas sat on a front bench, silent. I tapped Durvin on the shoulder and asked him to step outside.

"Well, Chief," I whispered in the corridor, "you were right. She's innocent." I handed him the statement.

I never expected to see Keith Durvin lose his poise. His eyes bugged out as he read, and the paper shook in his hands. "Gosh!" he said when he'd finished reading. "Who'd have dreamed that it could have been done that way? Great work, Chuck?"

"And Tracy, Chief. How long has the jury been out?"

"Less than an hour. I don't think they'll be more than another hour."

"What do you think the verdict will be, Chief?"

"I believe they'll acquit Mrs. Falk. So does the D.A."

"Then," I said, "all you'll have to do is to hold that affidavit until after the—"

"No!" he burst out, with more heat than I ever knew he had in him. He turned away, but I stopped him. "But, Chief," I insisted, "if they bring in an acquittal, you'll have won your case. Afterward, with that statement—"

"The devil with that!" He was hot. "I won't have her suffer one minute more than she has to—or be smirched forever by a verdict of either kind. I'll use this right now." He started away, but turned back. "And listen; the police have to know about this Stubil rat. You go over and tell Headquarters. When you've done that"—he fished out his keys—"go get my car. Park it out back; there'll be a mob when this gets around."

IT WAS all over but the cheering when I'd parked the car and got back in the court. Mrs. Falk and Helen Thomas were with Durvin in the judge's room. The judge was just leaving as I went in. The eyes of both women glistened from red lids. Helen Thomas had an arm about her sister.

Durvin introduced me: "Mr. Williams—the last-minute man. Mr. Williams will join us, if he has no previous engagement."

"If I had, I'd break it," I said.

"Fine, Chuck! Now we'll give the curious and the reporters the slip and go to my place. You drive, Chuck; then the rest of us will be inconspicuous in the back seat."

I'd been once to Durvin's apartment. It's in one of those hotels where an imitation of Goering waits under a canopy to open car doors. I wondered why he needed so large an apartment. Maybe to hold all the stuff he has—and he has plenty. The women's eyes grew big when they saw the place. That told me what I couldn't tell myself—that the furnishings were right.

When Durvin came back from showing them where they could do themselves up a bit, I asked him, "You beat the jury to it, Chief?"

He nodded absently.

"Did you find out what they were going to bring in?"

"They'd been about to vote for acquittal."

"Well!" I was pleased. "Then everything is fine and dandy."

"Right, Chuck. Now I must telephone about dinner. While I'm doing that, you go and make some Martinis."

While we sat in the big living room Durvin did all the talking—and about everything but the trial. I never heard of anything that will soften a diamond, but something softened Durvin. He was another man, gay and warm, a fascinating entertainer. After about an hour a waiter came to the door and said, "Dinner is served, Mr. Durvin."

As we all stood up, Durvin said, "Just a word about business, then we'll forget it." He knew, of course, that the women were wondering how much he would soak them for his services. I'd been wondering that for a long time. But he said, "I've got from this case what no amount of money could possibly equal—so please put any thought of a fee out of your mind." And he flattened a hand and moved it from side to side, as if he were rubbing out something.

I glanced at Helen Thomas to see if she saw what I saw—and she was smiling at the other two, looking quite pleased. Then I got it; it was Carol Falk whom Durvin had fallen for. After one long, steady look at him Mrs. Falk blushed and lowered her gaze.

As a fortuneteller, I'd starve to death.

When we took our places at the table I wondered if Helen Thomas might possibly develop an interest in a turkey farm—but as I gathered another eyeful of that streamlined girl something emphatically told me, "No!"

THE END

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



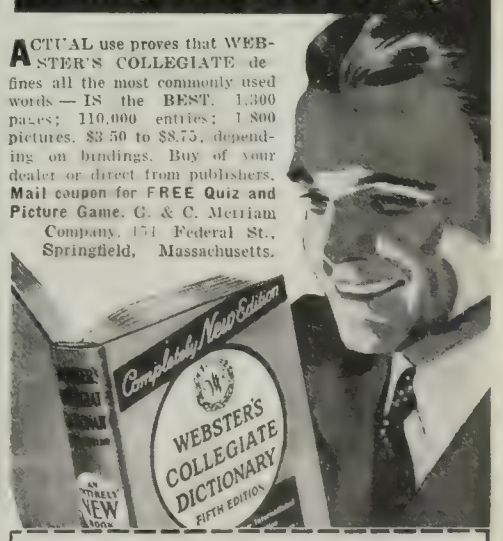
ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10c and 59¢ jars)
Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

"It is the BEST Handy-Sized Dictionary!"

ACTUAL use proves that WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE defines all the most commonly used words — IS the BEST. 1,300 pages; 110,000 entries; 1,800 pictures. $3.50 to $8.75, depending on bindings. Buy of your dealer or direct from publishers. Mail coupon for FREE Quiz and Picture Game. G. & C. Merriam Company, 154 Federal St., Springfield, Massachusetts.



G. & C. Merriam Co., 154 Federal St., Springfield, Mass.
Please send me FREE Quiz and Picture Game, also full information about Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, *Fifth Edition*.
Name .....
Address .....

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE
A Merriam-Webster



MEDICATED FOR

CLOTHESPIN NOSE





Cold make breathing difficult? Nose feel "clamped in a clothespin?" Put a Luden's in your mouth. As it dissolves it releases cool menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps relieve clogged nasal passages, unclamp "clothespin nose!"

Switch to Frank

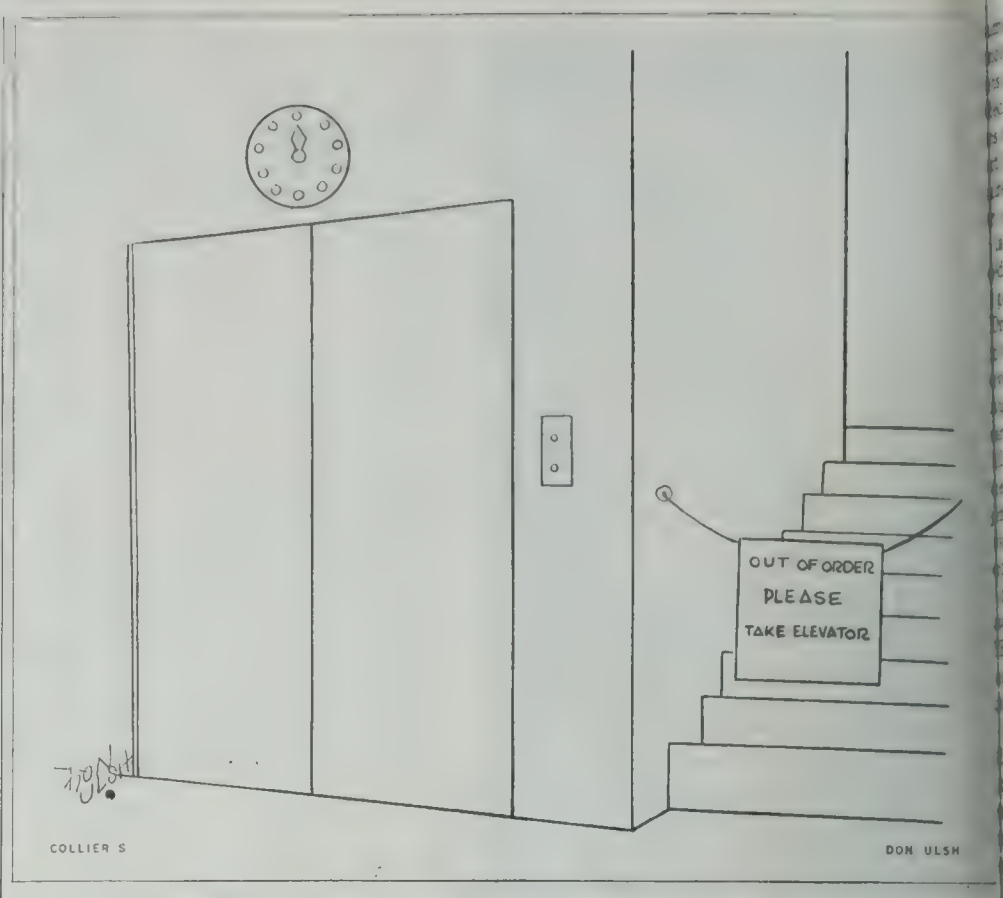
MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING



66 Baffle Filter Thrills Smokers

USED IN MEDICO PIPES, CIGAR, AND CIGARETTE HOLDERS

New York—The scientific, absorbent filter has contributed mightily to the smoking pleasure of millions of men and women who have switched to Medico Filtered Smoking. Actually, the smoke must travel through 66 "baffles" before reaching the mouth. Flakes and slugs are trapped; and the smoke is whirl-cooled as it winds its way through the filter.



Marjorie's Horse Comes In

Continued from page 20

Reynolds went home to pray. Mr. Dare spoke feelingly about her talents, and Mr. Sandrich left the meeting long enough to request Mr. Moe Sackin, who turned out to be Miss Reynolds' agent, to produce one of her horse-opera successes. Mr. Sackin paled, but thought rapidly. "Well, it's after quitting time and we couldn't get a reel now," he said.

"How about tomorrow?" persisted Sandrich.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," said Mr. Sackin, brightening up at the memory, and adding helpfully: "We couldn't possibly get it till late Monday."

Mr. Sackin then went to the Reynolds home to warn her to burn any loose horse-opera pictures that might be around the house. He also patted her hand and said briskly. "Yi, yi, yi, yi," four times and adjured her to sleep with the windows closed and to stay out of drafts.

There was no horse-opera record of Miss Reynolds around Monday morning and there was also no time to monkey much more with the casting of the leading lady. Danny Dare had pried her into a blond wig, and she was making a test with Crosby. The test was all right. The test with Astaire was all right. Mr. Sackin was there at quitting time with his pen in hand, asking anybody in sight would they please sign this paper.

Up to that point everything seemed haphazard but eventually Holiday Inn appeared and Marjorie was acclaimed by the multitudes and rushed into other pictures by Paramount, which now considers her a valuable property. She did well in the picture, dancing pleasingly with Mr. Astaire, saying her lines with confidence and looking alluring. Lovers of horse operas were particularly elated at the triumph because they have long maintained that such pictures afford the finest training for the cinema. Miss Reynolds belongs to this school.

"Oh, you *learn,*" she says, in a way that seems to mean that if you act at all in the horse flickers you act fast. A director who does fewer than a hundred camera setups in a day is tapped significantly by the front office and conjures up immediate visions of Devil's Island.

In truth, Marjorie made a sacrifice for art because she worked herself up to a $600-a-week basis in the chase epics and is now getting an estimated $250 per from Paramount. The difference is in attention; the spectators who attend Westerns look first at the horses. Everything is done on the lope and at a distance. The hero and heroine get only one close-up in the picture.

"That's to let them know who we are," explains Marjorie.

Western sets consist of a ranch house, a corral and the villain's den—all built around a small circle. The camera is placed at an advantageous spot and swivels back and forth between the sets, the actors trekking breathlessly from one to the other. Most companies operate on a schedule of six reels in six days. Marjorie got up at three in the morning, reached the studio at five and got on location at six, awaiting the first peep of dawn.

"Sometimes we did two at once," says Miss Reynolds. "Same characters. Different shirts."

The Quick-Change Artists

The director of a Western must have the ingenuity of a weasel and the luck of an Indian medicine man. On one occasion, when Miss Reynolds and the company arrived on location to do a desert picture they found that a foot of snow had fallen overnight.

"We'll rewrite it!" howled the director. "It'll be the Northwest Mounted Police!"

"But you have no uniforms," pointed out his retinue.

"We don't need uniforms," the director bellowed. "These'll be Northwest Mounted Police in plain clothes. Acting as *spies.*"

When Marjorie started in Westerns she had never ridden a horse, and the first one she was hoisted on immediately ran away with her. She was rescued by a cowboy who, irate at the trouble she was putting him to, grabbed the bridle of her horse and said, "Damn!" and then added hastily, "Pardon me, Ma'am."

"Cowboys are all very moral," says Marjorie in explanation.

The actors have to furnish their own

costumes in the pictures and Miss Reynolds used one buckskin suit in dozens of them. Whenever crowds were needed the pictures were done in small towns where the natives were allowed to dress, free. If the front of a house was required for a hasty shot, the director went around to the back and engaged the lady of the establishment in animated conversation while the crew and cast galloped through the scene.

"One take and you might as well do it good because they're never going to do it over again," explains Marjorie, in proving how valuable such training is to a screen actress.

All this has happened to a girl who comes of the family Goodspeed from Maine. Father Goodspeed, a retired physician, now lives with her in Hollywood, tinkering about the house, admiring his daughter and still retaining his Down East accent.

"Be careful when you paak the caah, Marjorie," he says to his daughter and indulges in other quaint Mainiacisms. He is a great favorite with her friends and had his big moment in New York last summer, when Holiday Inn was opened with a fanfare. She was feted, photographed and harassed. Mr. Goodspeed enjoyed it all.

Training the Hard Way

Her acting comes from her mother, who had the ambition but never the chance. After they moved to Los Angeles, mother had Marjorie out to MGM when she was three years old and snagged a part for her in Revelation, a triumph of the silent pictures. That paid ten dollars a day and was a great help while Dr. Goodspeed got his new practice started. There was no Central Casting in those days, and mother and child used to get up at three in the morning in order to get out to Universal pictures in time to apply for work.

She kept that up until the truant officer caught her at the age of nine and dragged her off to school. She finished high school in due course and then went back to pictures, ending with the aforementioned chorus job at Paramount. Since the days she was what she calls a "punk kid" she was taking two hours of dancing lessons a day, and ended up in the well-known Belcher School which got her the chance at the studio.

Her name had been changed to Marjorie Moore and was later changed to Reynolds when she married her husband, Jack Reynolds, who was then with Samuel Goldwyn and is now with Uncle Sam. Between cowboy pictures, she tried out for other parts, and one of the ironic things was that her husband, casting at Goldwyn, used to ask her advice about players.

"I'm helping cast somebody else," says Miss Reynolds, "and I'm not getting cast."

She was tested five times for roles in fairly good pictures in those days and flunked every time. She was too dark or too thin or too tall or too awful. Even when she got the Holiday Inn chance it wasn't a certainty that she would ever get through the picture. Astaire, the perfectionist, rehearsed eight hours a day.

"I got a cold and I thought I was through," says she. "The arch of one of my feet fell and I thought I was through. I lost so much weight I thought I was going to die."

According to Miss Reynolds, what kept her going was her concern for Moe Sackin. For years he had been her faithful agent, working for weeks to get a job that would pay her a total of $100 for one week's work. His cut of that would be $10.

"I used to try to pay him more and he'd never take it," she says.

The strain on Mr. Sackin was terrible during the filming of Holiday Inn. This was her big chance and his big chance, and she was showing signs of deterioration.

"We were taking one hell of a chance," says Mr. Sackin worriedly. Paramount was merely risking a million bucks.

THE END



"To show you how long he has been annoying me—he was a buck private when he started!" WILL JOHNSON

COLLIER'S



"Darn it—no Sir Walter Raleigh!"

CAST AWAY your old tobacco! To make your pipe taste better (and smell sweeter) clean it regularly and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, it's extra-mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own. Today, try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America!"*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells



UNION MADE





ABIDE BY THE RULES

WE HAPPEN to live in the part of the country which has been subject to gasoline rationing for several months. If you live in the much larger part which has yet to be rationed on gasoline, we can assure you from experience that you needn't lie awake nights dreading it.

When you get used to gasoline rationing, it isn't unbearable by any means—though it's bad enough—and we hope Americans will go on resenting it and the reasons for it until we get back unlimited gasoline and rubber. If we resign ourselves to gas rationing, like too, too angelic children, various bureaucrats will be only too glad to burden us with it forever.

For the time being, it is absolutely necessary. It was recommended by the Baruch rubber committee as the temporary hardship we've got to submit to if we are to survive the body blow the Japs dealt us when they cut us off from our Far East natural rubber sources.

For the same reason, the nation-wide speed limit of 35 m.p.h. is essential until our synthetic rubber output is rolling. Modern tires, built for high mileages at high speeds, will give phenomenal mileages at consistently low speeds. We've got to wring the highest possible mileages out of the tires we now have, because 1942 and most of 1943 promise to be the leanest years for tires that American motorists ever saw.

You can probably cheat this 35-mile speed limit frequently, if you want to, without being nailed by some traffic officer. But if you do, you will be cheating both yourself and your country. You will simply wear more rubber off your tires than you have to, and the national rubber stock pile will shrink by that much.

We ought to pass the worst of the rubber crisis along toward the end of next year, 1943, according to the calculations of the Baruch committee. We can pass the crisis, however, only if all of us abide strictly by the rules. Any serious amount of fudging can cripple our home front. If that happens, the men on our fighting fronts will be exposed to slaughter, capture, and the loss of the war, and all through the fault of the people back home.

FIGHTERS AND THEIR DEBTS

ABOUT the time the Battle of Bataan was nearing its crescendo of tragedy and of glory, there came a report that General Douglas MacArthur, by way of a special pat on the back, had been granted a six-month extension of time to pay his income taxes.

Some efforts have been made to liberalize the laws regarding our fighting men and their debts hanging over from civil life. But as we understand the present state of these laws, they need to be loosened up a good deal more if such grim and sickening ironies as the MacArthur story are not to keep cropping up throughout the war.

For example, the distinction between service men sent overseas and those kept on duty in the United States seems baseless to us. Th overseas men get automatic income-tax defer ments until after the war. Those who remai on duty in the United States have to pay, unde existing legislation, as if they were still civilian earning their former incomes, unless they ca prove to the Treasury Department's satisfac tion that payment would work a hardship o them.

The term "hardship" has not been legally de fined at this writing. Uncle Henry Morgen thau's conception of "hardship," judging fron his demands for taxes and more taxes, is pretty hard-boiled conception. If a service ma in this country does not pay up, the Treasur can sue to grab his property, and his wife ca conceivably be tossed out on the parish.

Many people believe that the nonforeclosur law of 1940 absolutely protects a drafted mort gagor from being unjustly foreclosed after h goes into service. The fact is that this law operates in his favor only if it would be a rea "hardship" to him to keep up the mortgage payments. The banks up to now are reported being very lenient about these things as a gen eral rule. But what if these cases mount int the tens or hundreds of thousands, as they may do if the draft digs deep into the higher age brackets? How much of this paper can the banks hold without some sort of help; presumably government help?

We move that Congress look more thoroughly than it has yet done into this whole subject of fighters and their debts. After all, does it seem quite fair to expose a lot of these men to the loss of their and their families' cash, savings and homes as the price of the privilege of fighting for their country?

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

WE SUPPOSE everybody drifts occasionally into mental doldrums where he distrusts his own judgment. When you're in such a mood and have to make some important decision, you're in a bad way.

Here's a trick that ought to help: Just pause for a moment and ask yourself what the wisest man you ever knew would think and how he would act in the crisis facing you. Strive to reconstruct in your mind all that you can remember of his mental processes as you knew them, his way of looking at things, his behavior patterns—everything about him that made you aware that he was a wise man. Try to look at yourself through his eyes. Then see if this forced concentration on somebody outside yourself (and a wise and admirable somebody, at that) doesn't help you to solve your problem in the wisest possible way.

This trick is a valuable one to try once in a while, even when you're not facing some decision. It tends to broaden the vision, sharpen the mind and hone the sense of [illegible]r—all of which are good for practically anybody.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Collier's

NOVEMBER 14, 1942 TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLIC LIBRARY



A LITTLE WORSE THAN PEACE

BY

MARTHA GELLHORN

TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

Why you ought to HAVE A GOOD FIT this fall!

...ever in your life has fit been as ...mportant as it is this fall!

Why? Because well-fitting clothes not only look better . . . they *wear* better, too. A suit that is too small will bind, rip and pull out of shape. A suit that is too large will fray where it drags and bulges.

So the smart strategy is to make certain that the suit you buy this fall *does* fit properly. And you can be sure of that, by simply (but firmly) insisting on clothing with the Trumpeter Label. For every Hart Schaffner & Marx suit is *double-checked* for fit...first in our own shops, and then again by the tailor in the Hart Schaffner & Marx store where you make your purchase!

What's the result of this double-checking procedure? A perfect fit in "made-to-measure" quality, without the expense of made-to-measure clothes...and without the fuss and bother of time-wasting try-ons. Stop in at the Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in *your* town this week . . . and "have a good fit"!



EE! *Ask your Hart Schaffner & rx dealer for your copy of "How Make Your Clothes Last Longer" , a complete, illustrated booklet practical hints on how to get re mileage out of your clothes.*

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

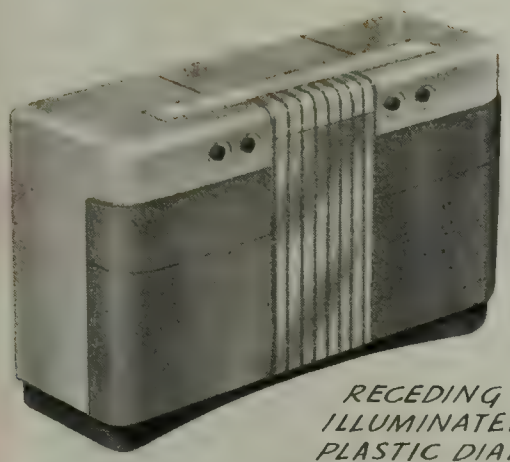
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

PREDICTION BY . . .

J. O. REINECKE
INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER





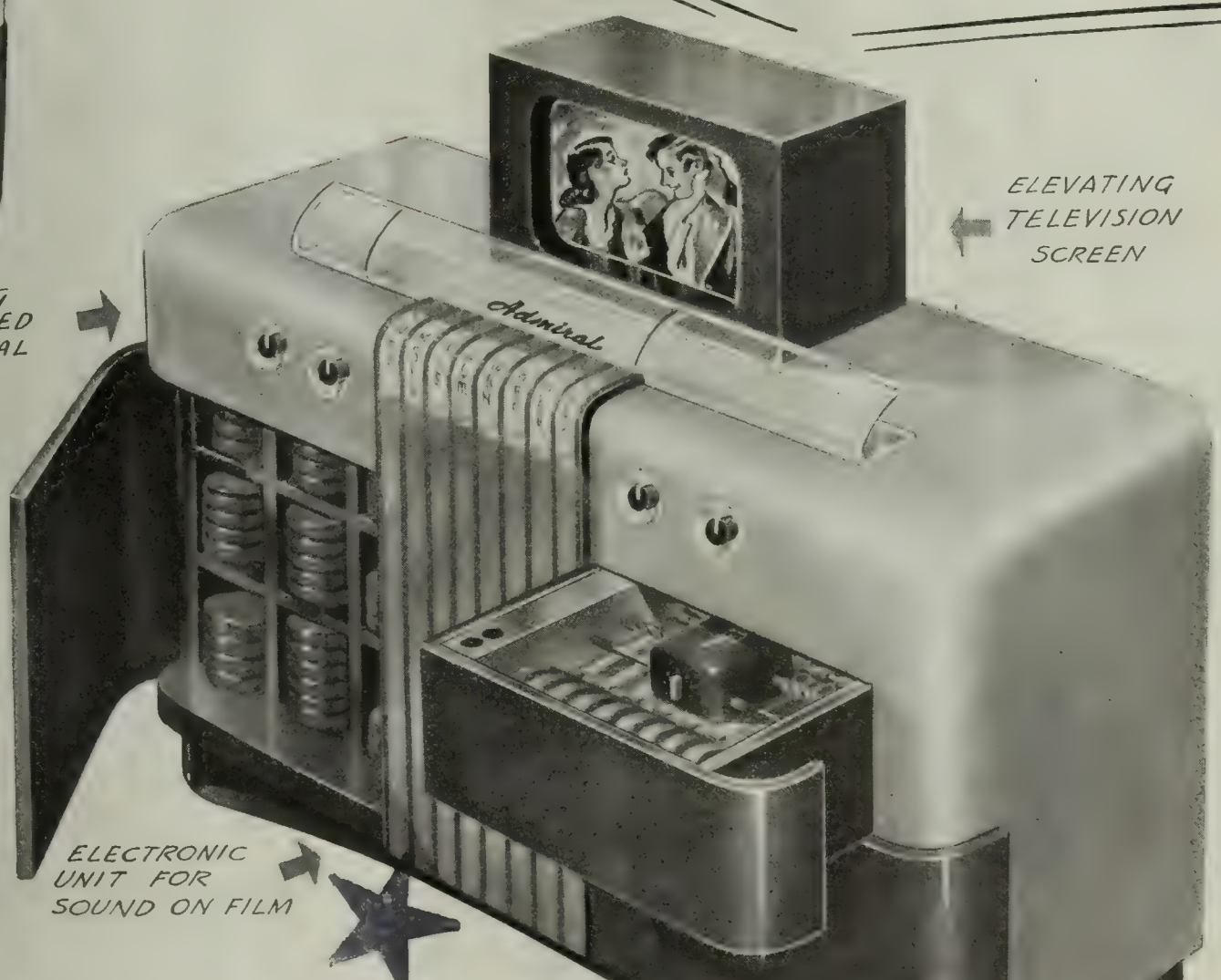
RECEDING ILLUMINATED PLASTIC DIAL



ILLUMINATED CLEAR PLASTIC PUSHBUTTONS



ILLUMINATED RECESSED KNOBS



ELEVATING TELEVISION SCREEN

ELECTRONIC UNIT FOR SOUND ON FILM

What will the radio of tomorrow be like? From the gifted pencil of J. O. Reinecke, noted industrial designer, comes the interesting prediction pictured above. Fantastic, you say? . . . perhaps. Impossible? . . . by no means.

War is a relentless taskmaster. The urgent need for better and ever better communication facilities has crowded into the brief span of weeks or months far-reaching engineering developments that in more leisurely peace times might require a decade or more to realize. Many of these amazing achievements give promise of revolutionizing completely the radio of the future.

In peace times, Admiral enjoyed the distinction of being the world's largest manufacturers of radio-phonograph combinations with automatic record changers. Today our entire engineering and production facilities are devoted exclusively to the making of radio equipment for the armed services. When victory is won [illegible]d with it the blessings of peace . . . look again to Admiral, America's Smart Set, [illegible]r the best in radio entertainment.

TUNE IN... 2:30-2:45 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings [illegible]ou "World News Tod[illegible]" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports [illegible]om the leading news c[illegible]nters of the world.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Admiral

AMERICA'S SMART SET

CONTINENTAL RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION ★ CHICAGO, U.S.A.

NEVER NEGLECT BLEEDING GUMS

this may mean

GINGIVITIS



4 OUT OF 5 may get it

Often Leads to Pyorrhea

One of the enemies of healthy, good-looking teeth and firm gums is Gingivitis. Some of the first signs to watch for are tender, bleeding gums.

Although a mild gum inflammation, if neglected it often leads to Pyorrhea with its receding gums and loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home one very best way to help guard against Gingivitis is to massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

The First and Original
Toothpaste for Massaging Gums

Forhan's—the formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is unexcelled for *both* massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning dull, dingy teeth to their natural bright sparkling beauty. Forhan's also helps remove that acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Get Forhan's today. Note the difference! At all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing

ANY WEEK



THE man on the cover blowing the whistle is W. D. (Dave) Maginnes, Lehigh, 1918, a top-flight referee for more than twenty years. He started playing football at Boston English High, went on to Exeter and then to Lehigh when that college really had teams. He was a smacking halfback and fullback there, went into the war at Pensacola, and later played professional football for Massillon with Rockne, Dorais, Jock Sutherland and Tuss McLaughry. He blows a good, honest, firm whistle.

A LETTER from Mr. Darley McArum arrives from Washington, D. C., where, as we understand it, daily efforts are being made to set proper examples for us who do not, fortunately, live there. Mr. McArum drove over to Arlington, Virginia, bent upon seeing an important colonel in the Army's somewhat incredible new Octagon Building. Although the place is not yet finished, 17,000 men and women (an Army division) labor within its furious walls contributing in various ways to the running of the war. Mr. McArum discovered quite a lot of confusion which he says he was willing to accept as a matter of course. Actually what was wrong, he reports, is that one hundred sheet-metal workers had struck. "These gentlemen were striking," reports Mr. McArum, "for more and better parking space for their automobiles. I am sending this to you claiming any reward or award there might be for the discoverer of the silliest strike on record. I talked to one of the strikers. He was very, very sore. He wanted to know what I would do if I came to work some morning and had to park my car half a mile from my work. Such things were not to be borne, he added, by American workers. I told him to cheer up, remember that all of us must undergo unusual hardships for the duration. But he said that he and his fellow metal-workers ought to have parking precedence over clerks and lieutenants. But I didn't have my heart in the task of assuaging his grief. I was thinking about a few Marines in the Owen Stanley Mountains and the trouble they're having with parking privileges."

WE WERE walking toward downtown Washington, minding our own business. There, we proposed to investigate what had become of the new school of official We-Are-Losing-the-War-Period School of Oratory. But, as usual, we moped off on a detour. We were retarded by a loud altercation in which a small, harried colored man, his large contemptuous wife and a bored cop were engaged. The colored man was contending that "she dun kick me in my stomach when my back wuz turned." She objected: "I ain't kicked him in no stomach when his back wuz turned. I jest kicked him when his back wuz turned." The cop listened, strove for order, then demanded of the colored man: "Let's see your draft card." The kicked one produced it, shouting: "And I aim to cash it in today." Said the cop: "What do you mean, cash it in?" Explained the little man: "I aim to go down to them draft people and tell them if they want me to fight them Japs they gotta take me here and now befo' this here woman kicks me some mo' in the stomach while mah back's turned." She said: "I ain't kicked nobody in the stomach when his back is turned. I jest kicked him when his back was turned." And then it began all over again. We didn't wait because a friend of ours yelled to us from his car. Said he was awfully mad about something and wanted to tell us.



"DO YOU know why the government issued that bulletin advising us taxpayers to condition ourselves to a fuelless winter by taking cold baths?" he demanded. We said we didn't. "It was as cold as a MacArthur communiqué here yesterday," he went on. "I had a date at OPA at ten-thirty. I tried to do a little preliminary work in my hotel room. I wore flannel underwear and a sweater, too. But in that heatless room of that fuelless hotel I had to keep moving around or freeze. So

(Continued on page 55)

Vol. 110, No. 20. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President, Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President, William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President, A. H. Motley, Vice President, Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WE

NOVEMBER 14,

SHORT STORIES

ROLAND PERTWEE
The Letter Box. A new way press love.

JACK GOODMAN and ALBERT RICE
Autumn Leave. One soldier furlough last for life.

HARRY SYLVESTER
Lost September. First thing first.

ROBERT WALLACE
Pancho is Dead. A ghost fi the side of justice.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Problem at Sea, by Jacland M

SERIAL STORIES

VERA CASPARY
Ring Twice for Laura. The seven parts.

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. Fourth of nin

ARTICLES

Going Hollywood. Movieto pares for its gas rationing.

BOB CONSIDINE
Beau Pummel. Sidney Walk shoeshine boy and battle fighter.

DENVER LINDLEY
War in the Heart of Kansas. T chine shops of Wichita mobo

MARTHA GELLHORN
A Little Worse Than Peace. changes the Puerto Rican life.

NORD RILEY
Sneers for Mr. Sanders. How t money and antagonize peopl

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
They Float Through the Air. C correspondent watches R.A.F. troopers make their first jum

KYLE CRICHTON
Good King Jim. Greatest f player of all time—Jim Thor

ROBERT McCORMICK
Silent Ferries. Rosy future ah gliders.

PHOEBE RADCLIFFE
Body Mechanics. You can fee while working.

FRED FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS.

COVER LAWSON W



M-H *Miracles* WITH ELECTRONICS

ELECTRONICS bids fair to revolutionize our every day living after the war. When Minneapolis-Honeywell placed its fifty year experience and manufacturing resources at the call of our government, the result of several years of research in electronics was immediately applied to controls and devices for war . . . Extending this peacetime experience to the techniques of war will bear fruit, when Peace comes, in startling new developments in the electronic control of automatic heating and manufacturing processes . . . Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, 2720 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . In Canada: Toronto, Ontario. In Europe: London, England, and Stockholm, Sweden.

Listen "Alias JOHN FREEDOM" ★ Blue Network Coast to Coast every Monday, 10:15 to 10:45 P. M.. E. W. T.: or see your local newspaper ★ "The Most Dramatic Show on the Air"

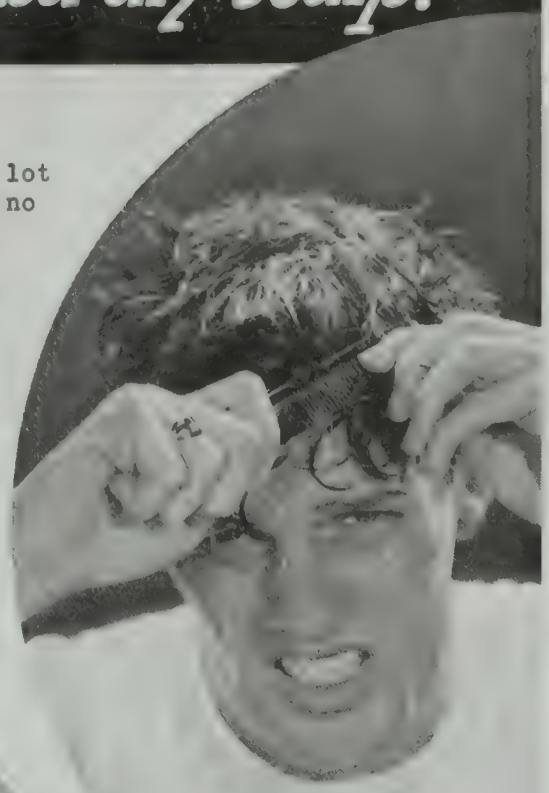
Instruments by **BROWN** *and Controls by*

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL

"It's a different head of hair since I checked dry scalp!"

Dousing didn't work!

I was in the same boat with a lot of other dousers. I found that no matter what—or how much—you douse on, you can't make dry hair behave. When soaked, my hair had a plastered-down look that didn't please anybody. When dry, it went completely haywire. Then I found a preparation that rules out dousing...'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Thanks to it...my hair stays combed, and has that natural look I've always wanted.





Man! what results!

Now all I do is sprinkle a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb of a morning...and my hair stays neat all day. Then from time to time, I use it to check dry scalp and loose dandruff... simply rub a little on my scalp to supplement the natural scalp oils.

And to stimulate scalp circulation and stop that itchy feeling I find a good brisk massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before a hair wash does wonders... After the shampoo I rub a little right on the scalp with my fingertips, and I'm all set with hair that looks good and a scalp that feels good. My advice is...try it!



● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

40¢ and 70¢

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1942, CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Not only is our symbol for the dollar ($) employed by about twenty other countries, but it was widely used long before the adoption of the United States dollar in 1785. Originally, it was a modification of Ps, the Mexican abbreviation for pesos or piasters, created by a lowering of the s upon the p.

The Morgan Packing Company, a private intercity trucking firm of Austin, Indiana, holds the American record for the safe driving of commercial vehicles. Recently, its trucks covered more than 4,103,000 miles without an accident causing injury, death or property damage.

America's sixteen major symphony orchestras employ thirty-one women musicians. Eleven are violinists, nine are harpists, five are violoncellists, three are violas, one is an oboist, one is a hornist and one is a celesta player.

In England today, no man or woman can obtain or quit a job in an essential industry without the written permission of the Ministry of Labor. Likewise no firm can employ or discharge a worker without the consent of this government office. Consequently, no one can strike, walk out or be locked out and no plant can lure the employee of another through an offer of higher wages.

After Britain's 9,500,000 taxpayers had paid their income tax this year, only eighty of them had $30,000 or more left of their annual earnings.

A certain orchestra leader in New York City has a special telephone number which may be called by merely dialing his name. The number was given to him gratis but, as the exchange to which he has to be connected to obtain the proper letters does not serve his locality, he is charged about $150 a year for "mileage service."

Probably the only mother and daughter to be made saints were Mrs. Ulf Gudmarson and her fourth child, members of a family living in the province of Ostergötland, Sweden, in the 14th century. The mother was canonized as St. Bridget in 1391 and the daughter as St. Catherine in 1484.

The American Iron and Steel Institute has estimated that the number of possible steel alloys is about 775,000,000 followed by 1,968 zeros. —*By George W. Stuart, Jr., Troy, New York.*

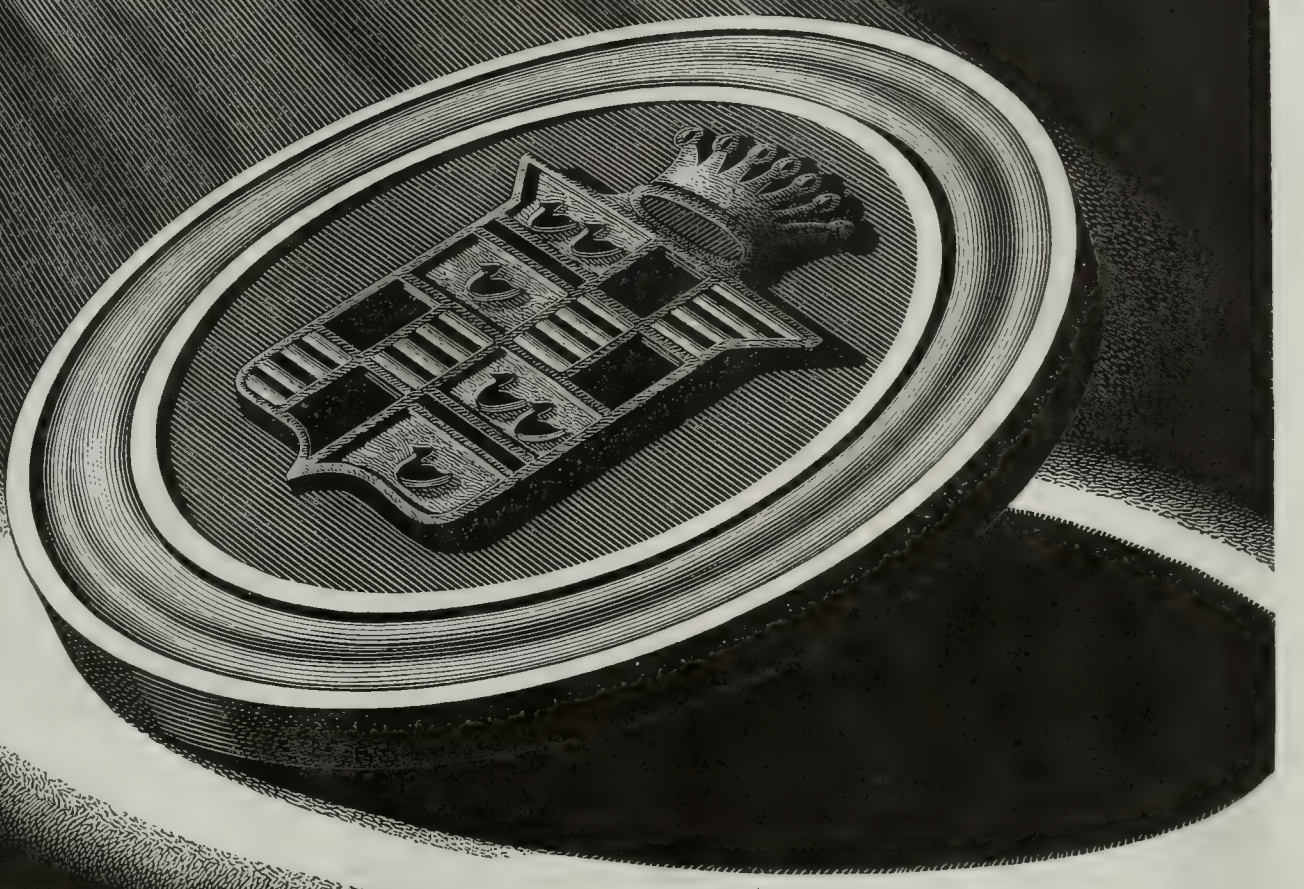
The first intercollegiate football game held in the United States was played between Rutgers and Princeton at New Brunswick, New Jersey, on November 13, 1869. It was in the days when each team consisted of twenty-five men, and the first side to score six goals won the game. Rutgers won, six goals to four.—*By Jesse Crawford, Marquette, Michigan.*

Helium can be passed, under pressure, through heavy quartz glass; a piece of meat, encased in a block of ice, can be thoroughly cooked by short radio waves; and fragrances of flowers can be photographed through an intricate process.

A notorious peacetime atrocity occurred during the sinking of the S.S. William Brown off Cape Race, Newfoundland, in 1841. After a mate had loaded thirty-two men and women into a lifeboat and started to row away from the wreck, he decided that the boat was overloaded and threw sixteen of the passengers overboard.—*By Richard Lockwood, Lagro, Indiana.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Cadillac





Only the Products Are Different!

We are thankful here at Cadillac that, while helping to arm America, we're still being permitted to work as we have always worked—that is, to the highest existing standards of engineering and craftsmanship. Our whole time and energies, of course, are devoted to the production of armaments. But the specific work we're doing today is *our kind* of work.

We're still adapting precision workmanship to the requirements of quantity production—precisely the type of endeavor for which we've trained for the past forty years. And this combination of the right job in the right place is producing exactly the results you would expect. On every war project for which we are responsible, we are completely fulfilling the Cadillac pledge to America's fighting men—*"They Shall Not Want."*

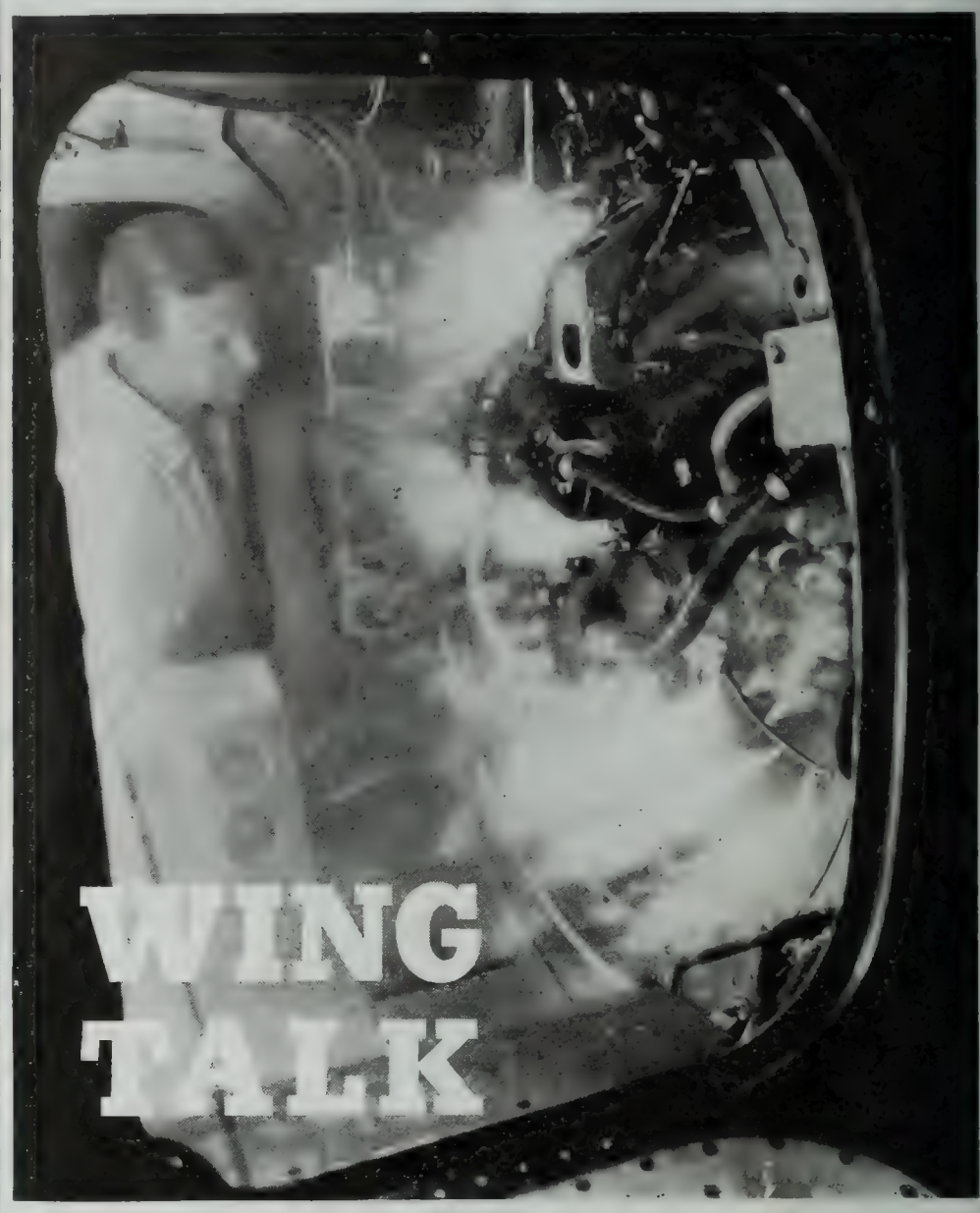


IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY
TO WIN A WAR—*BUY*
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GM ARMS FOR VICTORY GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Here is the first successful photograph of carbon-dioxide gas putting out airplane-engine fire. This extinguishing system was developed by engineers of Walter Kidde & Co. It is used on practically all transport and military planes. Liquid carbon dioxide is stored in a cylinder under control from the crew's quarters. It can be directed to any one of the plane's motors. The liquid turns to gas as it blows through a perforated tube surrounding the engine, fills the firewall-enclosed compartment, smothers the flames



WING TALK

THE old-fashioned hitching post may come back after the war, converted to use by airplanes.

Most of the ecstatic gobbling about "the airplane of tomorrow" has had behind it either too much or too little imagination. Many miracles are pending in aircraft laboratories now, and while practically all details are secret, enough is known to make the plane of the future a thrilling thing to think about. Leaving out the Jules Verne hoop-la, which has airplanes capable of burrowing underground at three million miles an hour, scooting beneath water like supersubmarines, and taking week-end trips to Mars, here are a few items we can, with a certain smugness, expect to be upon us in a reasonable time:

A flying machine that simply will not come down to earth so long as its engine runs even a little. The parking problem will be relatively simple: You will force the ship to within five to twenty feet of the ground, climb down a rope ladder, tie the reins to a hitching post and leave it hanging in the air with the motor idling. If the aerial curbstone is crowded, and you're young enough to manage a ladder, you can park at any height, going up sufficiently to find a vacant spot. If the engine in the ship conks out entirely, it will land with the crushing force of a leaf drifting down from a tree.

The gasoline burned up by the idling engine won't mean much, because we will have fuels many times as efficient as ordinary gasoline, and the engines themselves will be lighter in weight and more powerful. A gill of the new fuels in the new engines will do what now requires as much as a gallon of regular gasoline in low-performance motors.

All planes will be much quieter, perhaps no noisier than a good car; and the postwar automobile should make even less racket than the slinkiest limousines we have around now. Silencing the planes won't mean they can sneak up on us, however, because devices will be worked out to spot aircraft without bothering about sound waves.

Strange big cargo planes will be common. It's no military secret that the "flying wing"—a ship consisting entirely of wing, engines and tiny balancing tail—shapes up as one of the most promising aircraft for hauling big loads. It will be able to drop parcels wherever they wish, aiming them as they fall, so that they land precisely where they should.

Inexpensive family ships will come in all sizes—even one-man air bicycles on which messengers will hop about from building to building. Some family craft will be automobiles with push-button wings, for road or air. All will be as safe as automobiles; you will deliberately have to run them into the ground to kill yourself, just as you now must, in effect, aim a car at a telegraph pole to do any real damage.

(Continued on page 55)



A WING— AND A GUN —AND AN ENGINE BY NASH!

HERE before your eyes is the swiftest, deadliest weapon man has yet launched into the skies. . .

A flying wing . . . a battery of cannon, and an engine from Nash . . .

The Navy's new *Corsair*—powered to outclimb, overtake and take apart any Jap or Nazi known.

Never before has so much supercharged power been packed into the nose of a fighter. 2,000 horses take it racing up to battle. A new engine designed by Pratt & Whitney for the stratosphere, it is being built in its *entirety* by Nash-Kelvinator—by the very same craftsmen who last year made refrigerators and automobiles for the homes and highways of America.

The sky is their province now—their goal, victory!

From them have come thousands of intricate propellers singing a song of vengeance over the flame-swept Ruhr.

And soon they will be turning over to the Navy great fleets of giant four-engined cargo-carrying flying boats to haul men and freight to battle.

They are fighting a war—these veterans of Nash-Kelvinator. Miles of production lines are their trenches. In their hands the lathes are like barrels of smoking guns—they ply their micrometers with the deadly accuracy of a bombardier. And at the rate they are pushing it out, it's bad news for Berlin and Tokio!

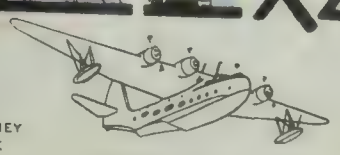
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

It's everybody's fight! Let's keep the battle rolling with War Bonds and scrap metal!

NASH  KELVINATOR



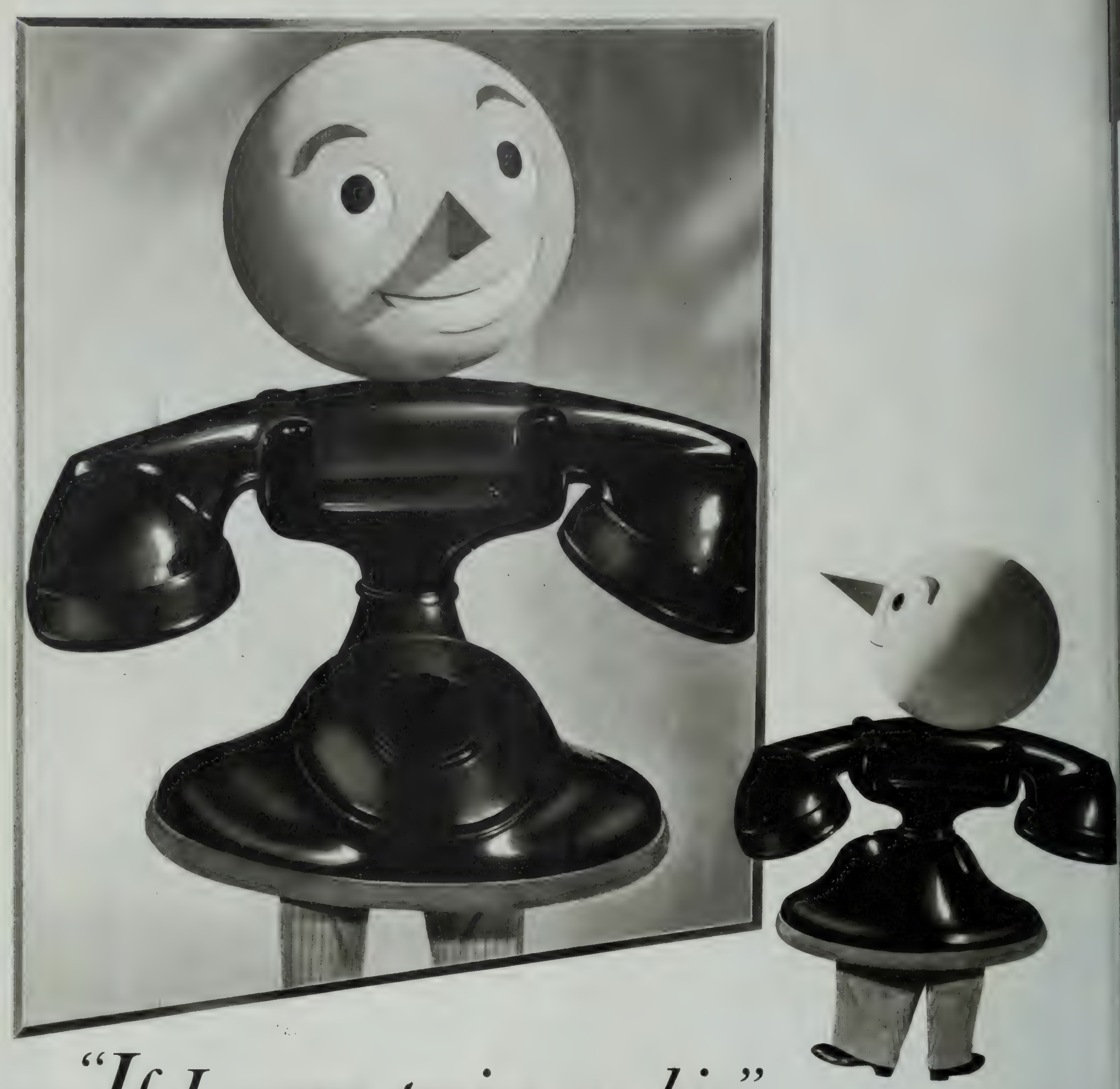
PRATT & WHITNEY HIGH-ALTITUDE ENGINES



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY FLYING BOATS



HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS



"If I were twice as big"

"Then I could give the public all the service it wants and take care of the war on top of that.

"But I can't get bigger now because materials are needed for shooting. So I'm asking your help to make the most of what we have.

"Please don't make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity unless they are vital. Leave the wires clear for war traffic."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 14, 1942



Now and then he summoned courage to buy her candied fruits from the "walla-guimot" man, or comfits from his heavily mustached rival. But these offerings failed to bear to her the message of his heart

THE LETTER BOX

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The letter was written in much happier times than when it was read. But the passage of time had not made its message any less explosive—or less welcome

TO DENNIS WAKEFIELD, the commandos' night crossing of the Channel was more like visiting an amusement park than an act of war. It reminded him of the sort of cruise on which he used to spend his sixpences as a boy, huddled in the bows of a Lohengrin boat and gaping at such synthetic mysteries as The Blue Grotto, Aladdin's Cave and The Mount of the Octopus. As a man of action it was not his normal practice to indulge in such fancies, but since every detail of the commando raid had been plotted, planned and rehearsed for weeks beforehand it was a pleasant change to think of something else.

The night was so dark that the blackened faces of the troops were indistinguishable. Near Wakefield stood Kenrick, the beach officer, looking at the luminous dial of a stop watch, which cast a greenish glow on the underside of his features. Upon him depended the accurate timing of every detail of the coming action, and Dennis did not envy him the job. Pretty well any fool could shoot up local opposition, dynamite shore batteries and put a radio-location station into the dunkerlite, but you had to be one in a thousand to turn yourself into an animated chronometer and go steadily through the kind of program before them without missing a tick. Why, a job like that was enough to give anyone the willies.

Being young and strong and beefy, Dennis was, himself, enviably immune from the willies. In twenty-four years of life, mainly devoted to violent physical contests, he had never been afraid of anything but women in general and one woman in particular.

He was thinking, nostalgically, of that one woman as the invasion craft drew nearer and nearer to the French coast. This was not surprising, for, by one of those extraordinary acts of fate, he was bound that night for the selfsame place in Normandy, where, in the summer of '38 he and she had met—and parted.

Veules les Pervanches the place was called, and he had thought at the time what an awful name it was, for Dennis was one of that husky breed that cannot see a pansy in a garden without wanting to kick it. It was not a characteristic of which he was particularly proud, but a fellow who has been denied the gift of words is more or less compelled to express his feeling in other ways.

Until he met Joan he had not realized how distressing it was to be inarticulate, for if ever he had longed to be able to speak with the voice of angels it was then.

When first he was told to go and introduce himself, she was stretched in a deck chair on the *plage* near the diving board. She was dressed, save the mark, in rather less than half a yard of single width; one of those crinkly expanding bathing suits which shrink to the size of

(Continued on page 74)

GOING HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

All gags aside, Hollywood is really going to be up against it with gas rationing. Los Angeles is a big town—458 square miles in area. If you live in San Fernando Valley and work at M-G-M, you have a trip of eighteen miles. Some of the makeshift means of transportation may start as jokes and end as actualities. Dick Foran rides his horse two miles to work. Pictures you may have seen of John Payne and Fred MacMurray turning up for work on motorcycles were not press agents' dreams. They do it. Herewith are some actual and prospective examples of the shape of things



If, as reported, little Majorie Lord roller-skates two miles every day to work, she is a brave little girl and also sensible. No transportation, no job, no career.



Bundled up in this antique mail-order costume is the great Marlene Dietrich. We can tell her that unless she gets a clip around those zoot suit pants, she's going right smack over the handle bars.



BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



Louise Albritton, above, rides a streetcar in the morning, hitchhikes home at night. Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, below, really use this motorcycle sidecar to do their shopping and earning an honest living

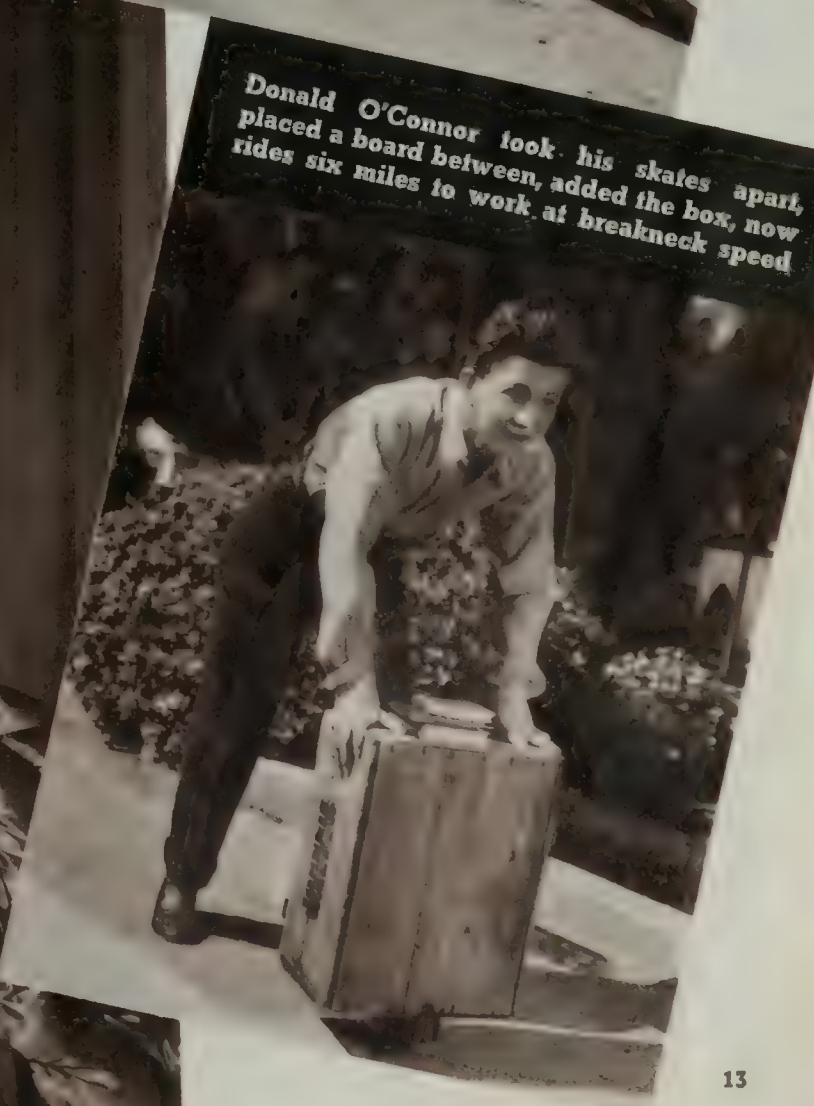


Left, Señorita Maria Montez very sedately gowned for her chauffeuring of a motor scooter. She uses it on the lot and rides it about Beverly Hills. Motor scooters are great—if you can get one

Above are the fabulous Abbott and Costello about to take off for Universal studios. It started as a gag but they keep it up because their tires are bad. Tandem power supplied by Costello

Below: Because Deanna Durbin lives fifteen miles away in Brentwood, she now lives in a bungalow on the Universal lot and goes home for week ends. This saves rubber and gives the young lady a chance to act domestic





Donald O'Connor took his skates apart, placed a board between, added the box, now rides six miles to work at breakneck speed

BEAU PUMMEL



A breathing spell during a gym workout by the sensational boxer Beau Jack. At left, his guardian, Bowman Milligan. At right, Jack's manager, Chick Wergeles; at rear, Sidney Bell, his trainer

By Bob Considine

Shining shoes for a dime or fighting thirty minutes for $1,500 are all the same to this boy, who has fun and more money than he knows about

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FRITZ HENLÉ

DURING the Masters' Golf Tournament last spring in Augusta, Georgia, a sports writer covering the event was getting a shine in the clubhouse. When he looked down at the contentedly humming shoeshine boy, he almost fell out of the chair, because the last time he had seen him was at Madison Square Garden, where the kid had wowed 'em.

The shoeshine boy was Beau Jack, lesser known as Sidney Walker. Some authorities as shrewd as Henry Armstrong say he's the next lightweight champion of the world. Others say he'll fall just short because of his wildly unorthodox style.

Either is okay with Beau Jack. He's got eleven suits of clothes (including a treasured zoot suit), seven of the loudest sports jackets in the world, and he understands he's got enough money in the bank to buy a hawg farm near Augusta and retire to a life of sticking pigs.

Then, of course, there's always a job for him at the Augusta Club, shining shoes or waiting table. Not bad for a 21-year-old boy who can neither read nor write.

There never was a fighter quite like Beau Jack. He is perhaps the only battle-royal fighter who ever made good. If you've ever been to a men's smoker you know what a battle royal is. The entertainment committee rounds up five or six unscientific Negroes, sticks gloves on their paws and turns them loose in a wild melee.

The rules are simple. He who hits the deck is eliminated, and the survivor of the gross business gets first crack at the shower of small coins that descends on the ring after the battle. Beau Jack began fighting in battle royals when he was fifteen and he never lost one at the Augusta National Club.

Beau Jack is unique in that he had the financial backing and still has the moral support of the most distinguis list of patrons a fighter ever had takes money, influence and skill to as far in boxing as Beau Jack has. had to be shipped North, had to fir guardian, so that the strict New Y Athletic Commission would approve fighting license, had to have a sm manager and the rudimentary tool his profession. More than any cura fighter, he needed a break.

Much of the early work in this c nection was attended to by Bowr Milligan, a young, intelligent Ne who is chief steward of the Augusta tional Club. Milligan is a settled, pc man, who is trusted and heavily pended on by all 140 members of curious club, whose members come fr almost every part of the Union exc Augusta. Beau Jack, regarding M gan as a combination father, mer wizard and best friend, scrupulou calls him Mr. Bowman.

Career Begins at Nine

Milligan gave Beau Jack a job a shoeshine boy shortly after the club w formed in 1930. Beau was nine th He had run wild and never gone school, but Bowman has patien taught him how to sign his name on c tracts and on the backs of checks, wh content he cannot comprehend.

Beau Jack doesn't remember folks. When he was a baby, there wa little trouble and suddenly there was any father. The mother lit out, leav the baby to a grandmother who was p Indian and who is respectfully cal "Old Lady" by the boy who grew up be a famous fighter.

Old Lady gave little Sidney his pr ent name. Beau Jack doesn't know wh but Milligan guesses that Old La might have known that *beau* can me pretty, though even when he looks his charge with the forgiving eye of foster parent, Milligan is inclined wonder if Old Lady was confused. F Beau Jack's flat face, high cheekbon shallow forehead, shiny coiffure and f head—accentuated by his quiet passi for pork-pie hats—may stop punch well but they won't win any loving cu even at Palmetto Pond, an Augus juke-box joint where Beau Jack cu rugs in all his jitterbug glory during t umphant returns. Old Lady died wh Beau Jack was three or four years o and, after that, he was a Tobacco Ro maverick.

"Uncle Jesse took me in sometin after Old Lady die," Beau Jack told u as he flicked a bit of lint off his expe sive sports jacket, in the Rockefell Center office of his manager. "I gue I begun fightin' sometime around the Uncle Jesse had hawgs and I hadda g me a little wagon and push it fo'-fi mile to town to find vittles for t hawgs."

Milligan smiled indulgently. "I to a liking to Beau Jack because he's faithful sort of kind," he explained. noticed it first when he'd stay arou the club late at night, shining shoes an helping me along after the other bo had gone home. One of my jobs at t club is to close things for the night, an

(Continued on page 88)

Ring Twice for Laura

ly Vera Caspary

he Story Thus Far:

HE body of a woman, who has been shot to leath—mutilated so that she cannot be itively identified—is found in the apartnt of Laura Hunt, a notable figure in New rk City's advertising world.

Like Bessie Clark, Laura's maid (who finds body), everyone assumes that Laura—who missing—has been murdered. Shortly after body is cremated, however, Mark McJerson, a police official who is assigned to the re, goes to the "dead" girl's apartment and ds—*Laura Hunt!*

Laura is very much alive. Astounded when ark informs her of her "murder," she says at she had gone to Connecticut shortly be- e the tragedy, and had lent her suite to ane Redfern, a model with very little oney.

Assuming that the murdered girl had been Diane, a model whose real name had been Jennie Swobodo, Mark starts all over again. There are no obvious suspects; nevertheless, the police official believes that Shelby Carpenter (Laura's fiancé); Waldo Lydecker, a temperamental newspaper columnist; and Laura (who he feels sure knows more than she cares to reveal) should be carefully watched. Sparing her nothing, in spite of his growing affection for Laura, Mark pursues his investigation.

In the course of one interview, Laura (who appears to be desperately in love with Shelby Carpenter) admits to Mark that Diane had been far more interested in Shelby than she should have been; she admits that, overcome by jealousy on one occasion, she had publicly clashed with the girl in her own house. She asserts, though, that she had later apologized to Diane; and, taking pity on her, had lent her the apartment.

Mark finds Lydecker to be an unusually "difficult" person; the columnist—unpredictable, brilliant, utterly selfish—at times fills him with loathing. But, hoping to elicit something of value from the fellow, he sees as much of him as he can. . . .

Mark goes to Diane's rooming house, searches her shabby little room. There he finds Diane's pocketbook. He opens it. In it, among other things, is a cigarette case. The case is made of gold; *it is initialed "S. J. C."*

Mark puts the cigarette case in his pocket, and continues with the story.

V

TWENTY minutes later I was sitting in Laura's living room. The cigarette case was in my pocket.

Laura and Shelby were together on the couch. She had been crying. They had been together since Waldo and I left them at five o'clock. It was about ten. Bessie had gone home.

I wondered what they had been talking about for five hours.

I was businesslike. I was crisp and efficient. I sounded like a detective in a detective story. "I am going to be direct," I said. "There are several facts in this case which need explaining. If you two will help me clear away these contradictions, I'll know you're as anxious as I am to solve this murder. Otherwise, I'll be forced to believe you have some private reason for not wanting the murderer to be found."

Laura sat with her hands folded in her lap like a schoolgirl in the principal's office. I was the principal. She was afraid of me. Shelby wore a death mask. The clock ticked like a man's heart beating. I took out the gold cigarette case.

The muscles tightened around Shelby's eyes. Nobody spoke.

I held it toward Laura. "You knew where this was, didn't you? She had the green pocketbook with her at lunch Friday, didn't she? Tell me, Laura, did you invite her to use your apartment before or after you discovered the cigarette case?"

The tears began to roll down Laura's cheeks.

Shelby said, "Why don't you tell him what you just told me, Laura. It was *before!*"

She nodded like a Sunday-school kid. "Yes, it was before."

They didn't look at each other but I felt a swift interchange of some sort. Shelby had begun to whistle out of tune. Laura took off her gold earrings and rested her head against the back of the couch.

I said, "Laura was feeling bad because she had been rude to Diane on Wednesday. So she invited her to lunch and then, because Diane complained about her uncomfortable room, Laura offered her the use of this apartment. Later, probably when they were having coffee, Diane pulled out this cigarette case. Forgetting who she was with, maybe. . . ."

Laura said, "How did you know?"

(Continued on page 69)



Shelby interrupted: "See here, McPherson, I won't have you talking to her like that." He stood in front of Laura, his legs were apart, his fists clenched as if I had been threatening her

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

War in the Heart of Kansas

By Denver Lindley

If you want to know what "mobilize" means literally, take a look at the machine shops of Kansas. They've got their machines moving twenty-four hours a day. Not spectacular, maybe, but very important. Here we go for a tour

IT WAS like prohibition days. We had been speeding from one spot to another since early in the evening. Some were right in the city; behind painted-out shop fronts on Broadway; others were planted away out on the Kansas prairie. Now it was after midnight and we were searching for a special place up an alley on the other side of the tracks. We spotted it by the cluster of cars outside; when we got out we could read the big sign painted over the front doors: Chicken Hatchery. The building was of concrete and looked as if it might once have been a garage.

We walked around to a side door and rang. Presently the guard came, and we identified ourselves and were admitted to a sort of dim vestibule and then into the place itself. There the lights were bright enough, especially over the machines, and the place was crowded with machines, all whirring. The one they had told us about was at the far side of the room and looked like an ordinary lathe, nothing at all fancy. As a matter of fact we knew it had been bought secondhand (perhaps it was tenth-hand) for $175, which is very small potatoes when you are buying lathes.

Mr. Ward was operating this lathe with an effortless efficiency that fascinated us. When we remarked that the machine seemed to run smoothly he said yes, it did, and he added that he had been operating such machines for twenty-three years and he liked them to run nice.

So that was it, the machine we had heard about, "the stud-producingest machine in the State of Kansas." A stud, as we found out that evening is a short rod of alloy steel with a thread cut into either end. These particular studs that Mr. Ward was turning out with such finished ease were being machined to a tolerance of one one-thousandth of an inch. "A Class Three fit," they told us proudly. That means that when nuts are fitted to these studs, the interlocked threads will snuggle together so cozily that the stud and nut bear the same strain as if they were all one solid block of metal.

Yes, this was precision work, as fine as is required in watches, for instance, or in the finest of cameras. There was no reason at all to believe it could be done in an abandoned chicken hatchery on a lathe that cost $175. To do a variety of jobs with tolerances of one one-thousandth of an inch, as this shop was doing, calls for at least $50,000 worth of tools. Ask anyone.

But here was Mr. Ward benignly and adroitly turning the trick. How fast he was doing it we are not permitted to say, but the boys were right about that lathe when they called it "the stud-producingest machine in the State of Kansas"—by which of course they meant in the whole world. It was phenomenal. But so was everything else in that most unusual chicken hatchery. We asked about the age of some of the other machines.

"We don't rightly know," one of the owners told us. "We bought them from the Blank Company that moved here in 1885 and they brought them along when they came."

We came across more spectacular scenes in the course of our tour of inspection of night life among the subcontractors of Wichita, but the chicken hatchery sticks in our mind because there, in terms that we could understand, we saw a bottleneck being eliminated. Lack of such a small item as studs can hold up a program involving millions of dollars and that was just what had been threatened—the program in question being the United States Army's plan for the production of gliders. Now the situation is well in hand, thanks not to any prodigal expenditu of government funds but to the brai and skill of men like Mr. Ward and h fellow machinists.

And so when we get to talking abo the business of subcontracting, which what we set out to do, it's just as we to remember that imponderables lik ingenuity and personal initiative are i volved. These qualities are brought o in the individual subcontractor by t very fact of being thrown on his ow responsibility. You couldn't get t same result by hiring him and puttin him to work in a factory—even sup posing he'd be willing to work that wa And this holds true whether the busi ness is big or small. It holds true fo Loftin Schmucker with whom subcon tracting is a side line carried on in h garage after hours when he's throug with his regular job; and for Mac Mac Collough, who started out as a machin ist and now runs a company doin several million dollars' worth of busi ness a year.

Let's be clear, before we get back t studs and wing sections, about just wha is being produced here in the heart o

(Continued on page 38)



Henry Lungstrom (left) is an inventive precision toolmaker who is very proud of the stuff he turns out. Here he is shown gauging an air scoop for a carburetor while his lone helper looks on



B. F. Krehbiel of Wichita believe that there's no reason why th best damn' bricklayer alive can' do other things as well. To prov his point he went from concret blocks to making airplane part

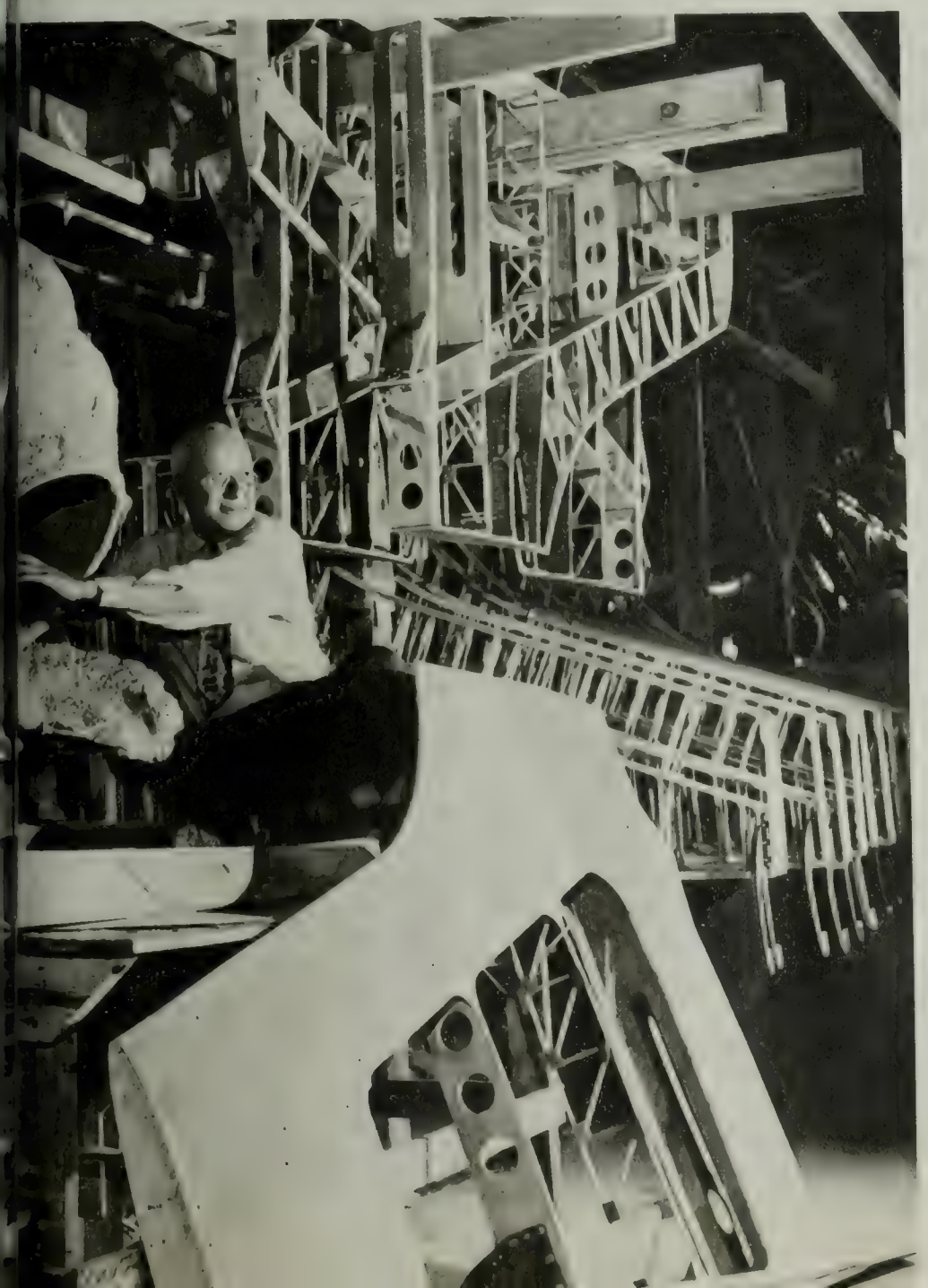


PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOFMAN-PIX

Above: Walter Groves of Patterson & Groves is no swivel-chair executive. Here he is shown operating a lathe that machines parts for Beech Aircraft in an old chicken hatchery in Wichita



Above: Charles Davis (left) checks an exhaust stack with inspector Gene Lupton. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Schmucker turn out bushings to a thousandth-inch tolerance on an old lathe in what was their garage







Puerto Ricans line up at the community spigot which supplies one of the slums called ironically The Pearl

A LITTLE WORSE THAN PEACE

By Martha Gellhorn

Bristling Puerto Rico prepares for a war which its people cannot comprehend

THE Caribbean is a beautiful sea and full of trouble. The islands are lovely hills rising from blue water. Small pale-colored houses grow up the sides of the soft hills. The land looks green and quiet.

From the sea and from the air, Puerto Rico looks peaceful, too, but Puerto Rico is an enormous air terminal—a crossroads where bombers refuel and take off again, shining against the blue sky, to cross the Atlantic; where Air Transport planes, dark brown marked with the white star on the blue circle, make their first stop on the long hops that will land them finally wherever the war is being fought; where patrol planes, which have been escorting or identifying ships, or answering S O S calls, or inspecting their area of thick blue impenetrable water, return.

It is a naval base where convoys come silently through the guarded harbor entrance and unload, or re-form and move on. It is an outpost where training camps are full, and the face of the earth has been remodeled with new roads and airfields, gun emplacements, ammunition dumps, warehouses, barracks—all the endless construction necessary to house and supply an army; where all the Armed Forces are on a 24-hour alert. This island, which looks from a distance as peaceful as the others, is a huge anchored aircraft carrier and a potential base as great as Pearl Harbor.

The Americans—Army, Navy, Marines, Air Forces, Coast Guard—who are stationed here, know what Puerto Rico means in this war. They know it is the center of the defense chain that guards the Canal from the east, and the Venezuelan oil fields and the Gulf ports. They know they are here on a long watch.

But to most of the people of Puerto Rico, this war is a strange and mysterious trouble, like a hurricane destroying far-off places you have never heard of. They do not know where the path of the wind is, or if it will ever blow this way. All they know is what they can feel themselves.

The All-Important Ships

Then, war is just a little worse than peace. It is just a hungrier time. It is a thing which happens and they accept it —without question or complaint—and tighten their belts (which have been terribly tight these many years) and prepare to survive. War, they know, has to do with ships. Fewer ships take away what the island has to sell; fewer ships bring what the island must buy. They can smell the sugar waiting, piled up on the docks; they can see the warehouses, waiting, empty, for food. Even if the war itself is mysterious the ships mean something to them every day of their lives.

The stevedores are lined up outside the pier, waiting to be paid. It is always a good thing to be paid and they look very cheerful, standing in the hot sun. The freighter they have unloaded has moved out to anchor in the harbor, and the loud juke-box night life of Skid Row has not started. The stevedores idle in front of the closed doors of the Carioca, the Gato Negro, the other smaller nameless bars on the water front, and are happy because they had work, and wonder when the next ship will be in. Those who did not get work (since, these days, there are many more stevedores than ships to unload) came to look at the lucky ones. Now, having no money for beer, they drift apart and go home, back to the famous slums where stevedores can afford to live.

The slums have names like The Pearl, Little Mud—trying to make a joke of horror. The Pearl has a fine location; it starts at the edge of (practically in) the sea and mounts up the steep side of the coast. There is a good cemetery on one side and a good bathing beach farther down, and the magnificent capitol is only five minutes' walk away. You cannot see The Pearl from the coast



Puerto Rico doesn't offer much in entertainment and the USO there does its best to keep the Armed Forces happy. Here, a sailor and a señorita dance at the inaugural party for the USO center

road. The houses have been built of odds and ends of wood; tottering and damp and rotted, they seem to stick to one another. Over them all is the close hot smell of dirt—dirty bodies, dirty walls, stale refuse, open sewers. You walk down paths in which rain stands, and the garbage from the houses. All kinds of people live here.

There is one house (it is a windowless room) in which a woman lives with four monstrous children, all with sad, swollen heads and twisted arms and legs, who earn the family's living by begging. An old woman and her niece and granddaughter live in an apartment of three rooms, in one of which the floor is rotted away.

The youngest granddaughter who lived here died of tuberculosis a few months ago. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world. Her grandmother says she had a pain and went to the hospital and later they were told she had died. The wage earner is the niece, a woman of forty-five, who has been working for thirty-eight years in a hat factory. She is earning $9 a week. They have managed to live all right, but now with the war and all, it is difficult to export hats, so she may lose her job. "It is as God wills," the grandmother says.

There is a woman cooking lunch in a tin can for her two small children and her husband; they have one room facing the deep wide hole where garbage is dumped. She carries her water from a spigot two doors down; in most of these houses there are not even the crudest plumbing facilities. She does washing, and her husband will go out again, in the afternoon as in the morning, to see what sort of job he can pick up. He used to work for the WPA but since the war they have cut down WPA jobs. Yes, of course, they are a little hungry (very hungry, you would think, looking at her cheeks and the children's legs). But it is the war, she says, smiling and shrugging. We must hope it will soon pass, is all. For pleasure, she says, she can always step out of her door and look at the sea—over the roofs of the other hovels.

A stevedore who had come home from the piers without money, an unneeded stevedore, lived across the garbage dump.

"Poor man," she said, speaking of him, "he worries a great deal. His wife has rheumatism. Their home is lower than mine."

The stevedore is a strong black man, with—as she said—a worrying face. He

(Continued on page 84)



Puerto Rico, center of a vast defense chain guarding the canal, the Venezuelan oil fields and gulf ports, bristles with gun emplacements. Battery C, 66th Coast Artillery, is stationed near San Juan



The Ponce de León project, which surrounds a playground, is one of the too-few solutions of the island's pitiful housing situation. Below, land that is not in sugar is hard and sterile. Here Puerto Ricans are planting a hillside, hoping to eke out of it a banana crop



AUTUMN LEAVE

By Jack Goodman and Albert Rice

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

When he went into the Army they got a girl to take his job. In the end, it appears, they had but one idea between them



The screen collapsed a Jennie said, "Now every thing is clear." She gav a piercing scream. Jir dove to the floor roll ing himself in the scree

SECOND LIEUTENANT JAMES D. SLOAN, of the Field Artillery Reserve Corps, arrived in New York from Fort Bragg at 11:30 on a tropical autumn night. He checked in at a midtown hotel at 11:42. He was in bed and asleep at 11:44.

At 7:00 A. M. the phone on the little table next to his ear began to jangle. Violently.

Jim opened an eye and groped for the receiver.

"Jim, my boy, how are you?" a voice said heartily. It belonged to Jim's ex-employer, Clement Bigelow, of Bigelow & Bowers, Book Publishers.

"Mmmphf," said Jim.

"Thought I'd call you early," said Mr. Bigelow. "I wasn't worried about waking you—I see by the papers you Army boys are early risers."

Jim just grunted—bitterly.

"I must see you right away," Mr. Bigelow said briskly. "Important—concerns the firm. Can you stop in around nine-thirty?"

"Mmmphf," said Jim again, this time resignedly, and hung up.

He tried to go back to sleep again and only partially succeeded. He kept hearing bugles that sounded like phones, and vice versa. . . .

WHEN Jim got to the office, all his former colleagues clustered around to tell him how husky and tanned he looked.

All except Mr. Bigelow. Jim found his employer reading next Sunday's book-review sections. Clement Bigelow was a shortish, stoutish, pinkish gentleman who strongly resembled an eight-months-old baby whose small amount of hair had turned prematurely gray from worry. The greetings out of the way, Mr. Bigelow promptly got down to cases.

"Jim, I must have your immediate help," he said. "Things around the office are going to pot. Jennie Bishop's fault."

Jim looked and was surprised. Miss Bishop was the young woman who had taken over his job after he'd entered the Army—part of his job, at any rate. He had been head editor, she had been made an associate editor. And although Jim had never met her, he knew she had done a good job over at Gaylord Press.

"What's the trouble?" he said.

Mr. Bigelow lit a cigar and champed at it vigorously. "Jim," he said, "that young maniac is putting on a display of patriotic fervor that is rapidly pushing this firm to the very brink of bankruptcy."

Jim raised one eyebrow. "Well," he said, "what's wrong with patriotic fervor?"

"I'm crazy about it," said Mr. Bigelow. "Don't be an ass. Twenty per cent of my income goes into War Bonds. We're co-operating to the hilt with th Co-ordinator of Information. I'm no kicking because Jennie Bishop does wa work. What I object to is the fact tha she is maneuvering practically ever one of our authors into the arme services."

"But why shouldn't young authors g into the Army?" said Jim. "Afte all . . ."

"Young authors, hah! Since whe would you call Ellen Almendinger young author?"

"I would never even call her a author," said Jim. The lady in ques tion, a novelist of uncertain age, was th possessor of one plot. She tacked new names onto its characters every year o two and gave it a new title, under which it invariably sold between a hundred and a hundred and twenty-five thousand copies.

"She and Jennie had a conference or

(Continued on page 61)

Sneers for Mr. Sanders

By Nord Riley

He's sassy, but he's classy. That's Mr. Sanders, the consummate cad



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MICHAEL ANGUTI

The expression of supercilious arrogance revealed in this picture of Mr. George Sanders is his most valuable stock-in-trade as a screen actor. It makes him detested

MR. GEORGE SANDERS is flirting with a clout on the whiskers. He was looking about his studio dressing room the other day and he decided it needed fixing up. He told a studio official what he wanted.

"A pleasure, Mr. Sanders," this guy said. "But first a little favor for us, maybe?"

"Like what?"

"Like kindly stop calling the head of the studio those vulgar names."

Sanders pondered the deal. "It is not worth while," said he with dignity. And his dressing room continues to disintegrate.

That is Mr. Sanders, all right, a gent with a talent for getting under Hollywood's skin. The Sanders attitude toward Hollywood is a low sneer and a yawn. "The only thing that keeps me from killing most of the people I meet in Hollywood," states this gentleman, "is the fear of being jailed."

What keeps the people from killing Mr. Sanders is not clear. Studio press agents mutter darkly of doing away with him some night. This is because they are frustrated and outwitted. He refuses to be interviewed. He yawns in their faces and teases them with contradictions. They think up a bright scheme to get him in the public eye and what happens? Sanders goes to sleep.

Then there are the ladies. Of those who have met him there are two groups: the ones who want to gouge him and the ones who still do not believe what has happened to them. The former outfit is the female fan-magazine writers, who are rendered homicidal by his tendency to snore when spoken to. The others are the starlets who have lunched with him at the studio. "On the way to the commissary," reports a benumbed pretty, "he bought an armful of magazines and lugged them to the table. Then he ordered his lunch. That was the last word I heard him speak. He never even looked at me. He just read those silly magazines."

His slurs gripe the profession of Thespis more than somewhat, yet the cruelest dig is his opinion on movies themselves. "If Gone With the Wind was worth fifty cents of a citizen's money," he declares pitilessly, "the Keystone cops were worth a dollar."

An actor carrying on like that in Hollywood, a city noted for its sensitiveness to insult, should be a dead pigeon the first time his option came up. But few actors are in greater demand than he. He treats the industry as a backward child, yet frequently he is so busy he works in two pictures at once. On loan from 20th Century-Fox, he journeys from studio to studio harassing the hero, and trifling with the heroine to the tune of nearly 1,500 clams a week.

It is a matter of awe and bitterness to Hollywood that anybody as lazy and sassy as Sanders should make so much money and be loved by so many females. He is a fine actor, to be sure, but, even more, the ladies of the land are dippy about him. Even the cuties of Hollywood, cynical creatures calloused by Apollos on every side, let out a whoop at the sight of him. They do, that is, if they have never met him personally; if they have met him the noise is more in the nature of a snarl. The Sanders tummy does not sag, he is tall and reasonably beautiful, but otherwise it is a wonder that the dames go for him. In his pictures he treats them like dirt, maims or swindles the hero and is himself exterminated. They love him anyway. Some say they like the way he sneers at them.

The soft touch of acting for a living did not occur to Sanders until a few years ago, but he has been the ruggedest sort of a nonconformist since his beginning, an event that took place in Russia in 1906. The Sanders clan is English. His father was a capitalist who manufactured rope in St. Petersburg; his mother was a horticulturist. George talked Russian and went to Russian schools until October, 1917, when the Bolsheviks took to shooting holes in capitalists. The Sanders family escaped across the Baltic ice to Scandinavia, thence to England.

George was buttoned up in a school called Bedales. Here he began to show signs of growing up to be a sore thumb. Take the roller-skate rebellion, for example. The skates were not George's; they belonged to another boy. George just wanted them. His brother Tom, a straightforward child, suggested stealing them. Not George; George has style. "I got the fellow to bet his skates. I didn't dare run away from school." This was cunning, Sanders admits. He not only got the skates, he had an honorable excuse for running away from school.

Only he and his brother were to make

(Continued on page 44)



Paratroopers, all volunteers, are a gay laughing lot who come from every part of the Empire. This one's from Wales, has a girl at home named Sadie



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBE

There is no levity in the shed where the parachutes are packed. Overhe sign says, "Remember That a Man's Life Depends Upon Every Chute You

"Relax when you fall," an instructor shouts. Paratroops like the toboggan slide which teaches them to land without getting their brains knocked out



"Be sure your straps are fastened" is good advice—whether you're goi make a real jump or, like the daring young man, swing on a practice tra



hey Float hrough e Air

Quentin Reynolds

led in the dark fuselage of a British carrier, Collier's correspondent es ten husky paratroopers make first jump—in preparation for the when their chutes will open over e, Norway, Belgium or Germany

RE were fourteen of us inside the big Whitley, l the motors were roaring. An instructor ck his head in the door of the plane and yelled, you blokes any last words?" Ten voices com- m ten men who, within five minutes, were o leap from the airplane, putting their trust silk parachutes, showed very plainly that they me last—and very inflammable—words, but tructor put an end to their yells of derision by ing the door, and the big Whitley began to along the runway.

e only light inside the plane was that which p through the round hole in the bottom of the e, out of which the ten boys would drop. The anaged to pull the heavily loaded plane into and turn it toward the plain where the jump p," as the parachute troops call it, would be

e parachutists looked weird in their heavy har- nd their round helmets, reinforced inside with rubber. Most of them, with macabre humor, scribed on their helmets such comforting words on't Push Me—I'll Go," and others had drawn tones on the brown cloth. Several had the of girls emblazoned on the helmets, and one rinted "Mabel, I'll be seeing you—maybe." were kidding one another and talking loudly and ng shrilly, the way men do when they're very us. Then they began to harmonize and their voices rose above the settled hum of the s. They sang their theme song which is, quite priately, The Man on the Flying Trapeze, and shouted the pertinent line, "He floats through r with the greatest of ease." Then they sang l doleful sentimental song, much like our Old cky Home. It was called My Old Homestead. e were all huddled in the fuselage, close to the g hole. There were no seats inside this troop- ng plane. There were two instructors with the ho were to make their first jump, but they didn't r with last-minute instructions. They had d these troops and there was nothing that could ne now. Meanwhile they sang:

I saw the old homestead and faces that I love,
I saw England's valleys and dells.

he voice of the man next to me broke, and I said: vous, kid?"

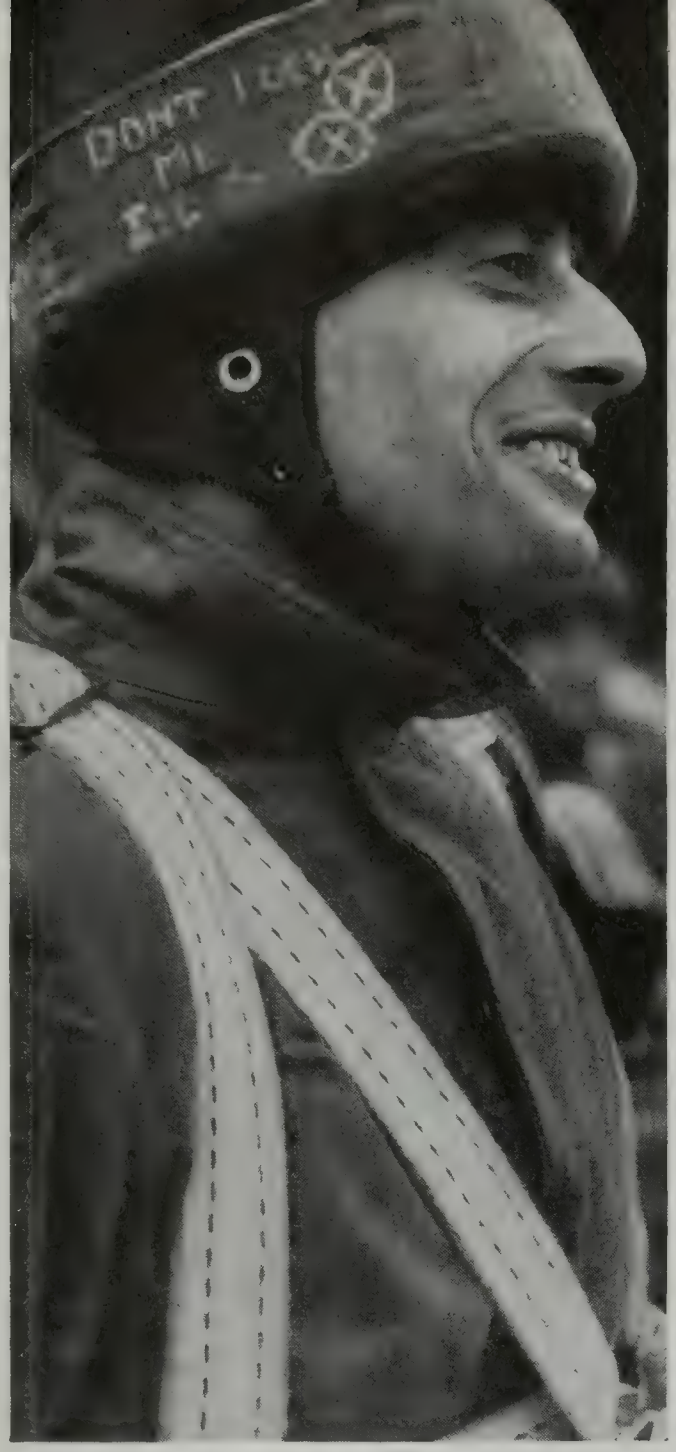
No," he said, licking his lips and giving me a , sliding glance, "though you get a funny feeling ur belly—especially on your first drop."

You never get over that," a young blond instruc- ughed. "I still get it, and I've had fifty drops."

I listened with joy, as I did when a boy,
To the sound of the old village bells.

heir voices rang out and reverberated against the l sides of the big bomber. We were all nervous. Ought to be there in a minute," the blond in- tor said. He was 24-year-old Flight Sergeant ll Mintor, and in prewar time he had been a clerk. he voices died away, and the kidding stopped. king at the throats of the boys, you could see that were swallowing hard. Their lips were dry. were well trained and they knew that at these icular training headquarters there had been only w casualties, but still . . .

There were two small bulbs above the round ning, and Sergeant Mintor kept his eyes on them. pilot would decide when the time was approach- to drop, and he'd switch on a green light. That nt "Get Ready." Then (Continued on page 26)



Inscribed on their helmets are such comforting words as "Don't push me—I'll go"



The pound it will cost him at the mess hurts this instructor (third left) more than his injury sustained in landing



The Birdman is their name for Flight Lt. Ward, chief instructor. He's made 1,500 jumps—more than any other man alive

That first jump, made from a balloon, is bad, but the second is always the worst



"No. 1—you're coming down nicely," says this Polish instructor, and his voice is audible to a man 800 feet above



LOST SEPTEMBER

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



There comes a time in a man's life whe he must put first things first. And the fir thing in Barton's life was no longer footba

THE dust that blew over that field of sun-dri turf was more bitter than he remembered it. was on his lips in a curious and acrid film, rea to his tongue as he came the short way from the jun tion that went across the old practice field and up little drive to where the towers of the university ro in some sort of vague aspiration. He carried a ba tered suitcase in his hand and the heat made t clothes stick to his big body.

There was no one on the big field now and guessed he was between the morning and the afte noon sessions of practice. They would be eating n in the big refectory, the four or five training tabl lost in the great emptiness of the hall, the chatter a laughter of the players sounding and echoing in th hall made for a hundred tables and a thousand me The big silvery pitchers of milk and iced tea would cool there, with beads of moisture on them and the would be chunks of cold chicken and great bowls romaine salad. So that, just thinking of these thing he moved toward the refectory although he did n consciously will himself to do so.

The drive was white crushed stone and curved to the Georgian buildings. He felt awkward and r membered what Evelyn Leonard had said last ye about how they had made him a great football play but they still hadn't shown him how to wear clothe Or was it Ruth Cabot? He couldn't remember. B whoever had said it had still been nice to him, as a the girls were, so he was not bothered in memory. C maybe it was that the present was more urgent tha the things he remembered. He didn't know. All knew was that he was angry—not cursing, hitting a gry; that anger had passed; this was more quiet, i sidious, even sly, its taste the taste of the dust on h lips.

He had not expected Minnihan to be there front of the refectory and if he could have had h way Minnihan would not have been the first man h would see coming back here where he was not su he belonged. Through the strong yellow sun of th Midwest in September, the stocky man squinted, h shoulders hunched, the head slightly turned. Whe he spoke he was first profane in an undertone and h proffered hand seemed an afterthought. Louder, h said, "What are *you* doing back here?"

THE big young man put the bag down and too Minnihan's hand. He said, "They turn me dow when I try to volunteer and then they turn me dow when the draft catches me."

"You?" Minnihan said. Then, "What they thin was wrong?"

"First the eyes, when I went to the Navy. Then i the draft the trick knee," Al Barton said.

"You can still run on the knee with the brace?

"I think I can run without it, even," the young ma said sullenly. "You'd think I asked them to do it, th way you talk. I thought you maybe might be glad—

"Oh, I know you didn't ask them," Minnihan said more kindly. "And I'm glad you're back, Al. Why man, you'll make the season for us. Go inside an get something to eat with the kids."

But Al Barton didn't move. He said, "I gues they'll think it's funny seeing me back here and then not knowing why."

"Forget it," Minnihan said. "The world will know why in about four hours—as soon as the reporters ge hold of this. How come they didn't find out bac home?"

"It was only yesterday," Al Barton said. "I go out of town quick. I been riding all night. It wasn' something I was going to do a dance about."

"No," Minnihan said. "Not now." He paused "Go in and eat. I'll get over to the office and se about a room for you. If you been up all night on coach you probably won't want to come to practice this afternoon."

"I'll be there," Barton said. He turned to go int the big dining hall, seeing in his mind's eye and with a clarity new to him how they would look up from the tables in surprise at his big figure coming down the length of the room. And the explanations. He wasn't going to like it. *(Continued on page 48)*

They looked up and saw a pale face looking down at them—Dee Handley's. Dee said, "I'm a kite"

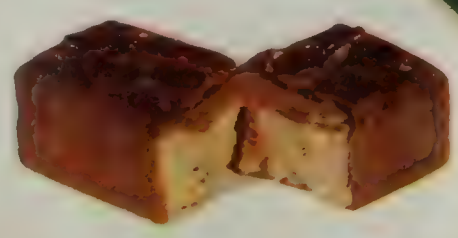


HEY JOE, LOOK WHAT AUNT MARY SENT ME...

AND DO I LOVE MILKY WAYS!

Yes, aunts and uncles, mothers and fathers, sweethearts and wives all over the country are sending delicious Milky Way candy bars. They know their boys will thrill to the taste of the delightful pure milk chocolate coating, the smooth creamy caramel and the luscious chocolate nougat center flavored with real malted milk . . . a taste treat found only in a Milky Way. Just think what a whole box of delicious Milky Ways would mean to your boy now!





Mrs. Tom lags in War-Relief Drive



MRS. TOM NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But she's heading a war-relief meeting this morning.

"No time for interruptions," she decides. "I'll wait till tonight." She doesn't know about quick-acting laxatives.



FUND-RAISING GOES SLOWLY for Mrs. Tom because she doesn't feel right.

"In these times a person ought to keep fit," others say, while discouraged Mrs. Tom adds up the small total.

Mrs. Dan leads War-Relief Drive



MRS. DAN NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's conducting a relief rally today, too.

But Mrs. Dan takes Sal Hepatica, knowing it usually acts within an hour. "Don't wait till tonight for the laxative you need this morning," says she.



MONEY ROLLS UP to a grand total after Mrs. Dan's enthusiastic speech. She's able to throw herself into the drive with all her energy.

Sal Hepatica's gentle, speedy action brought prompt relief.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

KEEP EXTRA FIT, these days. Don't put off till tonight taking the laxative you need this morning. Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica acts by attracting



needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. You feel no discomfort or griping. This refreshing saline helps counteract excess gastric acidity, as well . . . helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.* Try it, next time *you* need a laxative. Remember, it's up to you to keep fit!

**Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.*

"TIME TO SMILE"—Tune in Eddie Cantor Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E W T

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

They Float Through the Air

Continued from page 23

when he was over the field selected, he'd switch on a red light. That meant "Drop." We, inside the airplane, were completely blacked out except for the light which came up through the opening and we had no idea of the kind of country which was below us.

"Action stations!" young Mintor snapped, as the green light showed.

The man who was to drop first dangled his feet into space, sat on the very edge of the opening and looked straight up with his head bent a bit backward. They are trained to drop absolutely straight and stiff. When they drop, they assume a position of attention with their arms at their sides. If you look down, you unconsciously bend your body and that makes you somersault, which is bad because you are apt to get a bit entangled in the shrouds of your chute. These ten men were to drop in two groups of five —or, to use parachute language, in "two fast sticks."

The light flashed red; Mintor shouted, "Number one!" and the face and upper body which had been peering up at us disappeared. As he dropped, the second man swung quickly into position. "Number two," Mintor called, and the second parachutist too dropped from sight. Numbers three, four and five followed, and I noticed that I was sweating. The other five men lounged there, not saying anything. How had their five pals made out? We couldn't tell, blacked out as we were.

One by one the remaining five men dropped out, and I leaned back, exhausted. Why? I don't know but somehow the emotional intensity of the ten boys who jumped had communicated itself to me.

Mintor and young Sergeant Pat Charlesworth, the other instructor, who was a professional football player two years ago before he joined the Royal Air Force, sat on the floor of the aircraft beside me. It was strangely, unnaturally quiet now, and lonely too.

"They'll be all right," Mintor said casually. "I've been dropping these lads for months now and haven't lost one."

Trained to Take the Bumps

It was good to find out a few minutes later, when we landed, that Mintor had been right. Not one of the ten had received even a scratch.

It is lamentably true that neither Britain nor America paid much attention to the training of parachutists until successive German victories were scored by her men who jumped from the sky.

German parachutists have contributed largely to every important British defeat. After taking Holland and Belgium with parachutists in major roles, the Germans used them at Dunkirk and in Crete and Greece; and they helped take Tobruk. Now, belatedly, both America and Britain are doing what the resourceful Russians did so many years ago: they are finally thinking of parachutists as an attacking force.

The training of a parachutist is an interesting affair—to the spectator. At this one airdrome I visited, a hangar had been converted into what looked like a huge gymnasium. About three hundred men were swinging back and forth on trapezes; doing tumbling acts on heavy mats; dropping through an opening to the floor, ten feet below; sliding down chutes. Instructors kept barking at them.

"Relax when you fall," an instructor shouted, just as football coaches have shouted for years. That is the first lesson a paratrooper learns—how to fa without getting his brains knocked ou Then on the swings he learns to turn h body while in the air. One slight ma in the uniform of the R.A.F., with th stripes of a flight lieutenant on h sleeve, was all over the place, snappin out orders.

"He seems to know his business," said to the commanding officer wh stood with me.

"He should," the C. O. said dryly "He's made more jumps than any oth man alive. That's Harry Ward, whom they called the Birdman. Made mor than 1,500 jumps."

Ward came over and admitted th indictment. Actually he'd made a grea many more than 1,500 drops but he onl counted the ones he'd been paid for. H talked about the qualities that go t make a good paratrooper.

Ready, Willing and Able

"The Guardsmen are by far the best, he said. "They haven't much imagina tion and they are very susceptible t discipline. Why, if you told those chap to drop without wearing a chute they' do it—their confidence in their officer and their sense of discipline are s great."

A few days of this land training at the airdrome (in Britain the so-called "air borne" troops come under the R.A.F.) and the future paratrooper is ready fo his first test. Ward has invented a nove scheme. He found that the huge jumping towers used by the American Army cost about $120,000 each. Ward took an ordinary barrage balloon, built a platform that would hold five men, cut a hole in the middle of it, and there was his jumping tower. The balloon is raised to the height of 800 feet, and the men make their first jump from there. That first jump is a nasty one but the second jump is always the worst.

"The lads hate that second one," Ward chuckled. "They know what they're in for then."

Two jumps from the balloon and they're ready for real business—that is dropping from an airplane. The American and British methods differ widely at present. Our American troops usually jump from well over a thousand feet. In training, the British troops jump from 800 feet. The chute itself opens after the man has fallen 70 feet. He then comes down at the rate of 19 feet per second. In actual operations, the drops are made from 500 feet or lower.

It takes a man about 23 seconds to make that downhill trip. During that brief time he is, of course, a clay pigeon for an enemy marksman, but in combat a great many men are dropped simultaneously and there is a reasonable chance that most will reach the ground alive.

The use of the ripcord has been abolished in Britain's parachute circles. A belt is fastened to the fuselage of the plane, and its other end is hooked on to the parachute cover. As he drops, the belt jerks the cover off and the parachute opens.

I watched men drop from the skies one whole afternoon and part of one night, and of the five hundred or so jumps made, there was only one casualty—and that only a bump on the head. An instructor stands in the middle of the plain where the men are to land. In his hand is a microphone, and a large loudspeaker is beside him. He talks to the men as they float down. The men drop in "sticks" of two, five or ten. They drop (if they obey orders) straight and

tiffly, although the slip stream from the aircraft sometimes grabs them and whirls them about. Then the parachute jerks open and they hear the voice of the instructor.

"Number one—you're coming down nicely," he'll say, and his voice is clearly audible 800 feet above. "Number two—you must turn around. Reach up . . . grab the straps . . . that's it. Always land with the wind drift. Number three—bend those knees a little but keep your feet together . . . Now watch the ground . . . Number one—you're going to land nicely . . . Bend your knees . . . relax . . . Nicely done!"

As the men land, they invariably fall, but they fall as a football player falls, with elbows well in, feet together, and the whole body relaxed. One of the troopers didn't fall. He landed on his feet, ran a few quick steps and stopped. He was bawled out by an instructor. If you try to keep your feet, you are fighting against several laws of motion and gravity, you are not relaxed, and you are apt to take a nasty spill. A trained parachutist seldom gets more than a bump on his head.

The Thing That Hurts

It was an instructor, young Flight Lieutenant John Kilkenny, who came a cropper as I watched. He had jumped with a stick of ten. He landed nicely and fell in the approved manner but he didn't get up. We rushed to where he had fallen and found that he was unconscious. As he fell, his head had hit a stone, a contingency not provided for in the rule book. He was out only for a few minutes and when he got shakily to his feet he wore a rueful expression.

"That'll cost me drinks for the whole squad," Lieutenant Kilkenny said. "A bad show, that!"

"Does it hurt much?" I asked him, looking at the egg that had sprouted on his forehead.

"The only thing that hurts is the fact that it'll cost me a pound at the mess. That's the rule," he added. "If someone gets hurt he has to treat his squad to all they want to drink."

After a man has made seven jumps he tries it at night. There is no actual difference in the technique. The commanding officer put on a night show for me. Four big Whitleys came over, dark black against a moonlit sky. Then, almost simultaneously, ten men dropped from each aircraft. This as closely as possible approximated the conditions they'll face when they are dropped in France or Norway or Belgium or Germany one of these days. Night parachuting is the most effective of all because the element of surprise is, to some extent, with you. Even on such a moon-bathed night as this, it would be difficult for enemy marksmen to kill men floating down unless they expected them at the right moment.

When the men landed, they ran toward the colored parachutes which carry guns, ammunition, food and medical supplies. In an incredibly short time they had opened the containers and had set up the guns and were ready for action.

The paratroops are a gay, laughing lot who come from every part of the Empire. All are volunteers and when they receive the parachute insignia to put on their arms they are very proud. It tells the world that they've made twenty jumps and lived.

Drinking in their mess with them, hearing their boisterous horseplay as they learn their craft, it is easy to forget that they are preparing for a very grim business in which there is only one rule: Kill or be killed.

There is no such levity in the long shed where the parachutes are packed by Waafs (Women's Auxiliary Air Force). A dozen girls were packing the parachutes that had been used that afternoon, when I walked in to watch them. Five of the girls had been laundresses in civil life. They make the best packers.

"Don't you find the work monotonous?" I asked a girl who was untangling a mess of silken shrouds.

She smiled. "No. Now and then we get a bit fed up but then we look up and see that sign and we realize that we're doing pretty important work."

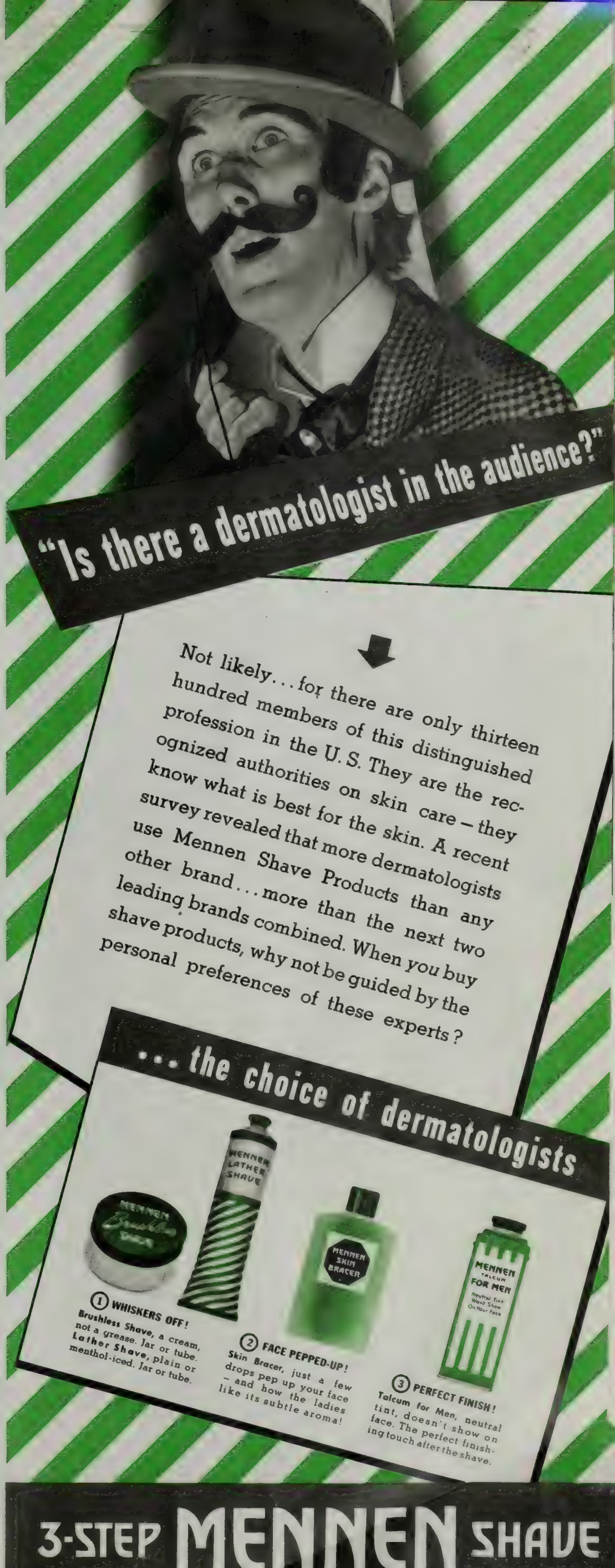
I understood when I read the large printed sign she pointed out. It read: "Remember That a Man's Life Depends Upon Every Chute You Pack."

THE END

BUTCH — **By Pvt. Larry Reynolds**



COLLIER'S **"You think we ought to take out burglary insurance?"**



How American it is... to want something better!



IT'S PRETTY GRAND, you know, to live in a country that's forever hunting "something better." A more efficient locomotive is hardly through its tests till someone's working on a better one. A new record in turning out ships is topped the next week.

But this hunt by energetic America for *something better* doesn't stop with the *big* things. A better recipe, for instance, or a better screw-driver, or a better movie "packs 'em in." That's part of what *makes* America!

AMONG the many "better things," and one not to be overlooked . . . is a moderate beverage, an ale in fact, that has been discovered and *approved* by many. *So* many, that in this land where the question "Is it *better?*" is on every tongue, it has become . . .

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale



P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

NICHOLAS ("NICK") GRIGGS, an American journalist, is working for a news service in Tokyo when he is notified, by cable, that he is to be replaced by another man. A few hours later, at the American Club, he encounters Al Carpenter, another newspaperman, who introduces him to his companion—Betty Gaspard, whose father is an ardent De Gaullist in Shanghai; then, called away unexpectedly, leaves Nick and the girl together.

Nick likes Betty Gaspard. He is therefore delighted when, a short time later, Gregory Ward Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster, gives him a job—in Shanghai. As the reader is aware (unlike Nick) Cogswell is in the pay of the Japanese; he has been hired by Bunshiro Tagi, a violently anti-American secret agent. . . .

Nick flies to Shanghai with Cogswell, who is preparing to go to Manila and report, in code, what the Americans are doing there. In the great Chinese city, Nick sees quite a bit of Betty and her courageous father: Henri Gaspard; and he meets many fascinating people, notable among whom is the brilliant and beautiful Indo-European, Madame Manis Vooren —with whom Cogswell (a man of many "affairs") is supposed to be in love. . . .

Realizing that Henri Gaspard is a dangerous man—to the Vichy element in the Far East—the Vichyites kidnap him, put him on a destroyer, spirit him away. Learning of this, a short time after Gaspard has disappeared, Nick telephones Cogswell, tells him of the great story. To his amazement, Cogswell is only mildly interested; he says that the young man has found "a capital *local* item!" . . .

At the Argentina, a popular night spot, Nick and Madame Vooren try their luck at roulette. After losing steadily (while Madame Vooren is winning), Nick leaves the table, and encounters Dixon, an English businessman. Dixon, almost in tears, informs him that his Chinese partner has been arrested by the Wang people (who correspond, in China, with the Vichy people in France) and taken to their headquarters, at 76 Jessfield Road.

Nick says that he will go to 76, and investigate the matter. Then he rejoins Madame Vooren. She is still playing roulette; and she is still winning. But she is ready to cash her chips and leave.

IV

WHEN Nick got back to the Metropole, the customs clock struck once, so he knew it was two in the morning and he had no business inquiring for Betty. Nevertheless, he asked the desk clerk and tried to appear bored when he learned that Miss Gaspard had not returned.

When he turned on the lights in his room, he saw the enormous basket of flowers on the table beside the closet door. For one despondent moment, he feared that Betty had even returned his sickroom offerings. I am returning all your letters, your gifts; kindly do not try to communicate with me. Then he laughed at himself. He had never selected a basket like that, or carnations that looked artificial, with painfully wired stems. He touched one with his finger; they were real all right. There was no card attached to the handle and although he poked in the dry mossy bed of the basket, he could find no clue as to the sender.

Maybe Al had sent them, he thought drearily, for a consolation prize. He turned on the rented fan, adjusted the ventilation blinds, drank a glass of the boiled water in the thermos bottle and could not stop brooding about Betty.

Presently he sat down before his typewriter and began to compose a note.



It was their silence that gave me the creeps. Those traitors just sitting and looking, smoking one cigarette after another

The first words were easy: "Dearest Betty." It was imprinted in his mind; he had said all this to her a dozen times, when she wasn't with him and he was lying awake in bed.

"I can't understand," he started to type, "why there should be this rift between us and why you shrink from closing it up. I do." He Xed out the last sentence and substituted: "You know how I feel about you." He stopped, cocking his head; he thought he had heard a knock on his door. Then he knew he heard another timid rap, and he jumped up.

Betty stood in the hallway, looking very tall and grown-up, with her long hair swept up high and a cluster of white flowers set like a crown. Inside the room, she said rapidly:

"I heard your typewriter, and so I knew you were up. Listen, I have been so cross with myself for being so unreasonable and idiotic to you. If I had thought you weren't in or were asleep, I couldn't have gone to bed without writing to you to tell you."

He said happily, "That's a coincidence."

"Oh, why?"

"No reason," he said hastily. "Well, of course, I mean it's a coincidence that you thought to write because there's nothing I'd like more than a note from you. Nothing but seeing you right now, this minute."

As he spoke, he backed toward his typewriter, hoping to tear out the sheet before she noticed it.

She was not looking at the typewriter. Her eyes were on the basket of flowers and she said, in a miserable voice:

"Oh, Nick, you are leaving. You didn't tell me."

"Who, me?" He grinned at her. "Why should I leave?"

"Why—" she stood over the basket—"this is what they always give you here when you are leaving. Tin, I mean, the number one boy presents it. It's always the same: pink carnations, wired stems. I believe they use the same

A Perfect Score for

cool shaves



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

IMPATIENT with shaves that don't score strikes on your whiskers? Bothered by scrapes and razor irritation? Then pair off with cool Ingram's, Mister—it's right down your alley!

Ingram's billowy lather wilts your beard so fast that your blade gallops through like a big ball through duckpins! We've made Ingram's COOL. It soothes, freshens—helps condition your skin for shaving.

After you've laid aside your blade—your face *stays* cool for a long, long time. It feels soothed, comfortable... looks younger, cleaner. Get Ingram's today—in jar or tube.



Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S
shaving cream

basket if a guest isn't mean enough to take it with him on the boat."

"In these days," Nick said archly, "maybe they award them to you for staying."

She rang the bell set in the wall and he said: "Do you want something?"

"Yes, I want to find out."

The night room boy never looked sleepy. His long white gown always looked as though it had just been pressed. His face was blank, listening to Betty say:

"Who sent master flowers?"

Now he smiled. "Number one boy."

"Tin?"

"Tin, Missie."

She waited until the room boy had closed the door behind him before she said in a shaking voice: "What have you done Nick? Why are the Japs after you?"

"Well, of course—" he began. She interrupted him, her hand harsh on his arm:

"It doesn't matter. You've got to pack up." She whirled around as though to begin tossing his clothes into a suitcase. Then she saw that he was standing still, looking at her with amazement.

"My darling, can't you see?" she said violently. "Tin won't say a word but he knows everything, he works with Chungking. He knows everything the Japs and the Wangs are up to." This time she shook his arm. "He's warning you, all the same." She gestured with her free hand toward the basket of flowers. "You've got to leave tomorrow on any kind of a boat that's going somewhere safe."

IN THE morning, Betty dreamed that she was back in her aunt's dining room in Baltimore. She was sixteen again. Her aunt, in a ruffled morning gown, smiled as she poured thick cream into Betty's coffee. "Your father and that nice boy are playing croquet on the lawn," she said. "I told them they ought to wait at least an hour for their breakfast to settle."

Through the looped muslin curtains at the windows, Betty could see her father and Nick in white duck trousers and shirt sleeves rolled above their elbows. "A mighty fine boy," her aunt said fondly. "Now don't you start telling me he hasn't got a crush on you."

Then the dream began to twist. Her aunt became another woman, the room was someplace else. Betty resisted waking, trying to recover the sweet beguiling fantasy. The electric fan whirled noisily. She opened her eyes to the clock that said nine-thirty, to the unyielding fact of her father imprisoned in Saïgon and to something else that she could not immediately name. Remembering it was like hearing your door creak open in the night. She reached frantically for the telephone.

Nick was not in his room, he was not in the dining room, he was not in the lobby. She told herself, brushing her teeth with the icy boiled water from the thermos, that he was trying to get passage out of Shanghai. While she bathed, while she ate breakfast, while she dressed, she tried to reassure herself: he would be walking in any minute, jaunty and spirited, in his pocket a ticket to a safe port.

At the knock on the door of the living room, her heart began to pound and she raced to open it. Her caller was the Free French News Agency correspondent who daily visited her with reports from the secret sending station in Saïgon. As she opened the door, she found the sealed envelope that had been slipped under it. She did not dare to open the letter until the De Gaullist had told her of her father.

"They believe Henri's trial will take place in a short time," he said. He fixed his eyes on her. "A court-martial."

She let out her breath in a little sad whistling sigh. "When?"

"That they could not determine. Soon was all they said. You comprehend, since our contacts were lost within the prison, down there, accurate information is lacking. Now they cannot even tell us if he is receiving the correct amount of insulin. There are no more reports on his health."

"But he had what he needed!" she said. "They said he had."

"That was while one of our own was still undiscovered," he said. "The prison deputy. Now Henri is surrounded." And he added bitterly: "With even his attorney a man of Vichy."

Betty said, "I must go to him. I will make them let me get to him."

"You could try," he said cautiously.

"No one here can keep me from going to him, can they?" she asked.

"Try," he repeated.

"I shan't let them," she said. "I'll stow away."

"It happens that a *Messagerie Maritime* vessel departs in two days," he said. "It is not known if another will be scheduled this month, or even next month."

"I am taking it," she said. He kissed her hand, and, at the door, she added: "With or without official permission to leave."

For a few minutes after he left, she walked through the room, grinding her nails into her palms. Then she remembered the unopened letter. It was from Nick and it read:

"Darling, I'll be off before you're awake, so I just want you to know that besides being in love with you, I *do* respect your advice. From now on, I'm going to be as cautious as a fox. From now on, though, means after one thing I've got to do this morning because I promised it to myself (before the flowers and before you spoke to me). In a way, I kind of promised it to someone else and it might even help matters for someone who's in a spot. I can't just quit Shanghai cold, for reasons I want to talk over with you at lunch. Wait for me. Don't go out; don't go to the shop. In fact, my prescription is: think of [illegible] with love. I am doing ditto."

Automatically she picked up the [illegible] from the disordered breakfast tray [illegible] drank, without even noticing that [illegible] coffee was cold. "I am in love with [illegible] imbecile," she said in a dull voice.

Then she called the number one b[illegible]

Tin came without delay, in his wh[illegible] uniform, his nose, bony and arched[illegible] his sealed face.

"Mr. Griggs in 603," she said, "do y[illegible] know where he went this morning?"

He shook his head. "No, Missee[illegible] was not here when Master left. May[illegible] hire-car can tell."

She said desperately, "Tin, you l[illegible] him flowers last night. What did [illegible] mean?"

"Master not leaving?" he asked, [illegible] innocently.

"He wasn't leaving. You could [illegible] have thought he was leaving," she sa[illegible] "Tin, if you know something, plea[illegible] tell me."

"I will ask hire-car where Mas[illegible] went."

HE WILL never tell what the warni[illegible] meant, she thought, after Tin h[illegible] vanished. Then she began to snatch g[illegible] ments from the closets and toss them [illegible] the bed, preparing to pack—until T[illegible] again knocked on the sitting-room do[illegible]

Tin had called the taxicab compa[illegible] Tin had learned that Nick left the ho[illegible] at five minutes past nine. Tin said, wi[illegible] a sudden helpless gesture:

"He went to 76 Jessfield Road. T[illegible] driver did not wait." He stood in t[illegible] doorway, betraying himself at last, I[illegible] face telling his dismay.

With sudden rage, Betty said, "S[illegible] put him up to it. Now I know!"

She closed the door and stood wi[illegible] her back against it, thinking of Madan[illegible] Vooren. *She* was Cogswell's accomplic[illegible] *She* had stirred Nick, last night, in[illegible] visiting No. 76, the gangsters' headqua[illegible] ters in the badlands. *She* was the on[illegible]

I'll face her with it, Betty told herse[illegible] I won't telephone her. I won't give h[illegible] a chance to refuse to speak to me.

Riding through those streets where [illegible]



COLLIER'S "At least they're not coming back empty-handed" TONY BARLOW

The Gasoline Tank that Snuffs Out Fire

...a story of 24 years' research



IN air fighting the greatest single hazard up to now has been fire, usually caused by incendiary bullets piercing the gasoline tank or fuel lines. In World War I nearly 75% of all planes lost in combat were shot down in flames.

But in this war American pilots enjoy an amazingly effective protection against fire perils. Back in the summer of 1918 Goodyear scientists first began seeking a way to safeguard airplane fuel systems against gunfire. After endless experiment they perfected a rubber-covered bullet-puncture-sealing gas tank that was accepted by the Air Corps in 1920.

Since then Goodyear's development of the gasoline-resistant synthetic rubber known as **Chemigum** has made it possible to improve vastly the design and efficiency of bullet-sealing tanks. Tanks lined with a combination of **Chemigum** and soft sealing gum leak only a few drops of gas when pierced by modern, high-powered bullets that rip jagged, gaping holes in ordinary metal tanks.

This self-sealing action is so rapid, it is almost impossible for these tanks to become ignited, even by incendiary bullets, as many U. S. flyers can testify. Now Goodyear, along with others, is building many types of bullet-sealing gasoline tanks and fuel lines for airplanes, to protect the lives of our fighting men.

Thus a development begun nearly a quarter-century ago is contributing to the nation's safety today, just as Goodyear research is currently working out new wonders in synthetic rubbers and plastics that promise greater benefits to all in days to come.

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

What a difference, when you smoke the

Imperial

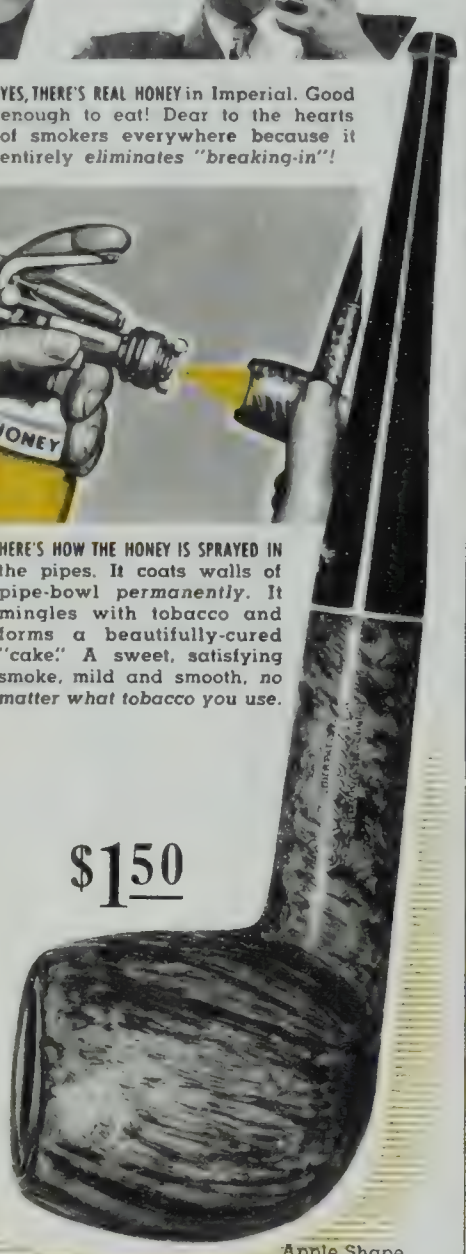
the pipe that contains



YES, THERE'S REAL HONEY in Imperial. Good enough to eat! Dear to the hearts of smokers everywhere because it entirely *eliminates "breaking-in"!*

HERE'S HOW THE HONEY IS SPRAYED IN the pipes. It coats walls of pipe-bowl *permanently*. It mingles with tobacco and forms a beautifully-cured "cake." A sweet, satisfying smoke, mild and smooth, *no matter what tobacco you use.*

$1.50



Apple Shape

and for $1, there's the standard YELLO-BOLE also sprayed with real honey



Half Bent Shape

These $1 Yello-Bole Pipes, also treated with Honey, smoke sweet, without breaking-in, and stay sweet and *mild.*

© 1942, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

many innocents had been remorselessly killed, she saw the garments hanging out to dry on rusting wire barricades, like a dare. It stifled her to recognize once more that violence had been epidemic in this city for so long that life had become cut-rate. The disappearance of one man meant little, she thought, after too many thousands of other lives had been snuffed out. But surely the murder of an American would attract more attention than the murder of a Chinese, she reminded herself. Yes, there were foreign diplomats and extraterritorial agreements to emphasize the value of a Western life.

Should I have gone first to the American consul general? she asked herself. And what could he do? The United States did not recognize the Wang Ching-wei government which was really a branch of the Japanese occupying forces. The United States was still on friendly terms with Japan, America's representatives could not demand the release from Wang headquarters of an American before a hostile act had been committed. After Nick had failed to reappear for an ominous length of time; *after the fact,* whatever it was, then the consul could protest—too late.

She thought: My impulse was right. I'll treat directly with the enemy; and she repeated the slur to herself, fiercely, as she entered Madame Vooren's apartment.

THE amah, in her black trousers and spotless white blouse, padded off quickly to announce the visitor. But she was not quick enough. Betty darted ahead of her into the living room where Madame Vooren rose quietly from the escritoire where she had been writing by the windows. Her serenity affronted Betty; it helped to fan her anger.

"Are you writing your report?" she said scornfully. "Are you telling Cogswell you accomplished it?"

Madame Vooren murmured in Chinese to the amah who withdrew. Without haste, she approached Betty. "I am afraid I do not know what you are saying. Something has happened to agitate you." She put out her hand halfway and dropped it.

"You know what has happened," Betty said and heard her voice choking. "Hasn't enough happened to honest people here?"

"If you are speaking of your father," Madame Vooren said gently, "too much."

"But you couldn't leave Nick alone. You had to send him—you had to get him out where they can do anything to him." Now she could control neither her voice nor her face. She locked her hands across her eyes and wept and when she felt Madame Vooren's hand on her shoulder, she shrugged it off.

"I did not come here to cry," she said. "I'm here to insist that you get Nick out of this."

"Out of what?" Madame Vooren asked soberly.

"You know what. You know where you wanted him to go. You know he's at Number 76."

"No!" said Madame Vooren. She sat down suddenly, for the first time, ungraceful. If her face had been pale before, now it looked bluish.

Betty fumbled in her pocketbook for Nick's letter and opened it flat with shaking fingers. "He wrote—'I kind of promised it to someone else.' Did you think I wouldn't know it was you?"

"Makita, perhaps," Madame Vooren half whispered, as though she were speaking to herself. "Could he be responsible? I cannot think so. Necessarily, no."

"Who is Makita?"

"No one. Yes, someone. A Japanese we encountered last evening at the Argentina. And yet Nick was away by himself for a period. I don't know whom he talked to then."

Betty said, "Tell me. Didn't you mention this place to Nick last night?"

"No. On the contrary, I tried to tell him, too obliquely, I am afraid." She sighed and bit her lip. "After all, Gregory—Mr. Cogswell—was not too explicit. He wrote to me that he feared Nick was pursuing unnecessarily dangerous stories with unnecessary zeal. He wanted me somehow to advise Nick to relax his efforts." She smiled drearily. "That is quite the reverse of sending him to . . . Number 76."

"It's droll," Betty said, her chin beginning to tremble again, "that I want to believe you. All the same, I cannot trust Cogswell's motives. I don't know what he has against Nick: Yes, I do know: Nick's been finding out too much. Only last night I learned he was in danger."

"I will not discuss Mr. Cogswell with you," Madame Vooren said coldly. Then her voice changed. "I blame myself for having been so obscure with him. After all, I could have read to him that part of Mr. Cogswell's letter. I blame myself for keeping so aloof from Mr. Cogswell's professional connections." She rose. "For we must find some one of them with the power to impress the Japanese."

"The American consul can impress the Japanese," Betty said. "Why, but what could he do until . . . it's too late."

"Makita," Madame Vooren said, "he might, but I stupidly never thought to inquire where he is located. There are other names I have heard Mr. Cogswell mention when I did not listen, because I did not want to listen."

"I thought," Betty said, "that if someone like you would ask it they would let Nick go."

Madame Vooren said, "Mademoiselle Gaspard, you came here for my help because you distrusted me."

"Yes."

"I cannot force your confidence in [illegible]. But even without it, I'm obliged to [illegible] what I can." Then she said sharply, [illegible] though just remembering: "Yes, I kn[illegible] I will go to him."

Betty followed her to her bedro[illegible] where she picked up a hat and glo[illegible] and handbag. "Let me go with yo[illegible]" she said.

"No, this man is a German w[illegible] whom I should be more success[illegible] alone."

ON THE street, walking toward [illegible] waiting cab, she said to Betty: [illegible] am going to the Park Hotel. Wh[illegible] shall you be in an hour?"

"At the Metropole, waiting to h[illegible] from you. Will it take so long?"

Madame Vooren said, "I cannot t[illegible] but from the Park, I shall come to yo[illegible] hotel. Simply, it may be more discr[illegible] to tell you directly what has happen[illegible] instead of by telephone."

"Thank you," said Betty. Then [illegible] stiffened. "And while I'm waiting, su[illegible] pose I wish to talk about where N[illegible] is—to others—on the telephone. Y[illegible] don't wish that?"

"Good!" said Madame Vooren. "T[illegible] is different. That even suggests an ic[illegible] to me."

"Somehow I do believe in you," Be[illegible] said in a woebegone voice. "I—forg[illegible] me if I was rude. I feel as thoug[illegible] were going off my head today."

This time Madame Vooren put [illegible] her hand to press Betty's.

The drive to the Park Hotel on Bu[illegible] bling Well Road, across from the r[illegible] course, was brief. Throughout it, M[illegible] dame Vooren prayed that Sperli[illegible] would be at his apartment.

She tried to think of nothing el[illegible] particularly Betty Gaspard's strar[illegible] allusions to Gregory, her arbitra[illegible] pronounced, but unstated suspicio[illegible] Madame Vooren herself condemn[illegible] Gregory for failings: of intemperate se[illegible] indulgence and gross selfishness. E[illegible]



"And the perfectly marvelous thing is that when something happened to his right hand, he taught himself to paint with his left!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



General Electric Electronic tubes are linking the world's skies to the earth!

I want to speak to Mr. Gordon Page, please. He is ow over southern China, on Air Flight 625. This s Mrs. Page, and my telephone is Lombard 0100." . . "Hello, Gordon."

Fantastic?

Not in the electronic world of the future!

General Electric electronic tubes may some day nake it possible for you to talk from your home to ny airplane thousands of miles distant. This is not et a promise. But already, by the amazing science f electronics, pilots converse with ground forces as irplanes glide along at five miles a minute.

Electronics serve the Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air in ways that cannot be revealed. By electronic short wave radio, engineers can give bearings to Clippers 1000 miles out at sea. And by electronics, tomorrow's freighters of the sky will safely land "blind" through densest fog.

What is electronics? It is a new science, yet it is not new. Your General Electric radio is an electronic instrument. So will be your General Electric television receiver, after the war. So are magic "eyes" that open garage doors, and so are the talking moving picture and the physician's X ray.

A fascinating 32-page booklet, in six colors, tells about General Electric electronics in radio, industry, television, and medicine. This booklet is free. Write for "Electronics—a New Science for a New World," to General Electric—Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, Schenectady, New York.

Listen to the General Electric Radio News Program, with Frazier Hunt, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, over C.B.S. and American (FM) networks. See newspapers for time.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic radio tube, used in all General Electric sets. The electronic tubes that may enable you to talk tomorrow from your home to an airplane are essentially of this kind.

VITAL PEN REPAIR MATERIALS MAY SOON BE UNOBTAINABLE!

Guard your fine pen against wartime breakdown. Fill with this amazing

NEW PROTECTIVE INK!



NEW PARKER QUINK *is the only ink containing solv-x.*

Eliminates the cause of most pen failures:

1. The solv-x in new Parker Quink dissolves sediment and gummy deposits left by inferior inks. Cleans your pen as it writes!

2. Quink with solv-x prevents the rubber rot and corrosion caused by strongly acid writing fluids.

IF YOUR fountain pen breaks down now, it may be useless for the "duration". For pen repair service and parts are becoming hard to get. Skilled labor . . . rubber and critical metals . . . these are all needed for war.

Your patriotic duty, therefore, is to safeguard your pen—to give it special care in these times. And as the greatest possible aid, you'll welcome the sensational new *protective* ink recently discovered by Parker scientists.

It's new Parker Quink, the only ink containing magic *solv-x!* Never before has there been so remarkable a writing fluid.

Faulty inks cause most pen failures, actual repair records prove. And it was *here* Parker scientists were determined protection should start.

Solv-x in new Parker Quink eliminates clogging and gumming . . . flushes away the sediment resulting from inferior inks . . . keeps pens safe against the corrosion and rubber rot which are inevitable with inks that are strongly acid.

Uncle Sam wants all pens kept in "fighting trim". You can guard your pen against wartime failure with Parker Quink containing *solv-x*. It's rich, full-bodied, brilliant. Dries far faster than ordinary inks! Makes steel pens last longer, too. Get an inexpensive bottle of new Parker Quink today—at any store selling ink. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

COPR. 1942, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

For V... Mail

"MICRO-FILM BLACK"

New Parker Quink in "Micro-Film Black" photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 8 permanent colors: Micro-Film Black, Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Retails for 15¢, 25¢, and up.



Parker Quink

CONTAINS SOLV-X

these were personal corruptions and painful only to a woman who loved him. No, the girl was wrought up, she had even transferred her hysterical distrust to Madame Vooren.

It is not reasonable to judge her, a child, in such formidable circumstances. When she has recovered herself, I shall try to understand her, Madame Vooren thought, and then she remembered that neither Betty nor she had needed to explain their alarm about Nick. If we understood each other about nothing else, she thought, we were in deadly agreement about him: if that young man is at Number 76, he is in peril.

She betrayed none of the panic she felt as she entered the living room of Sperling's suite. Sperling was alone. He kissed her hand. He seized the other. "Permit?" he said, without really asking, and kissed it. "It gives me such pleasure to welcome you, naturally."

Madame Vooren said, "I am visiting you on an errand I dread."

"Ah, no," he answered. "You must not say that about any occasion when we can meet."

"Simply, without Gregory here, I did not know where else to go."

He started to speak, his monocle gleaming until it almost looked oily.

She halted him. "Gregory's assistant here, a young American named Nicholas Griggs . . . but I believe you met him, did you not?"

"I believe—yes."

"He is at this moment at 76 Jessfield Road."

"So?"

She smoothed the gloves on her lap. "I am afraid that I have remained too much apart from the complexities of Gregory's work."

"Now, you had right to come to me to talk about this," he said, in a pleased voice. "And you had wrong, Manis, to disinterest yourself so long."

"Yes, we'll talk about that—some other time," she said cautiously. "But now I want to ask you what can be done, since I feel queerly that I have failed Gregory . . . with Mr. Griggs at Number 76."

"Why does it mean anything that he is at Number 76?" he said. "It is Wang Ching-wei headquarters. He is Gregory's assistant. They—"

She interrupted him, saying faintly: "Don't go on, not now, please. I . . . simply, Gregory wrote to me, asking that I somehow discourage him from visits like that."

"So?" he said abruptly. "Gregory did not send him there?"

"I am certain that he did not."

"Now. That is too bad," he said.

"Do you think that he may be harmed there?"

"Perhaps. I do not know."

"But if he is, don't you see I have failed Gregory?"

SPERLING smiled, screening his bad teeth with the tips of his fingers. Then he took Madame Vooren's hand. "Also, your hand is so cold, Manis," he said. And he added: "Gregory would forgive anyone with a hand like yours. Don't trouble yourself about a wooden-headed American boy."

She wet her dry lips. "I want to make sure he will come out unharmed."

"Naturally you do."

"If I want it, won't you help me?" she said, at last.

"Now, tell me what could *I* do?" he said. "Maybe the American consul could make a fuss, although, God in heaven, I don't see why. He is simply in the badlands. For all anyone knows, he is making a journalistic visit to the Wang Ching-wei headquarters. One does not call out the guard about that."

"No, sometimes no matter what happens one doesn't call out the guard even



"I should think Mr. Roosevelt would try to set an example for the rest of the country, by becoming an air-raid warden, or something"

COLLIER'S J. MONAHAN

ough it might prevent one young an's"—she hesitated—"misfortune."

"You talk so gloomily," he said. "You e worried about Gregory, not so? Do ot. He will not reproach you."

Then she retrieved the idea that had ruck her when Betty had stood talk- g before the waiting taxicab. *And sup- ose, while I'm waiting, I wish to talk bout where Nick is—to others . . .*

She said, "No, Gregory would never ensure me. But he would regret as uch as I the scandal this could cause, nce Mr. Griggs' visit to Number 76 is nown in American quarters."

"So? You are certain?"

She nodded. "An American journal- t telephoned me."

"How long ago?"

"Not long. I came directly here."

"Ah. The complexion changes," Sper- ng said.

"Yes," she answered, lowering her ds, fearful that he might read her anx- ty in her eyes.

Studying her, Sperling let a long ash rop from his cigarette. Then he said bruptly: "I shall take care of it. Please, ow, go and—" he waved his hand—"I hall take care of it."

At the door, she asked: "When will ou let me know?"

"As soon as possible," he said buoy- ntly. "And after, I shall visit you to ell in detail."

Alone, he hesitated for no more than split minute. He regarded himself as man of quick but not shallow deci- ions. In that brief time, when he had been studying Madame Vooren's face with her shy downcast eyes making her more desirable than ever, he had re- solved upon his course. As far as his own country was concerned, Germany would welcome any rupture of the brit- tle ties between Japan and the United States. Yet it was laughable to pretend that the life or death of an inconspicu- ous radio reporter could govern the re- lations of two great powers. When Japan was ready to strike, she would strike. Until then, minor scandals were merely discomfiting, like the sinking of the Panay in '37 and the more recent bomb- ing of American property in Chungking.

He would do the Third Reich no dis- service by intervening; but he could do himself, the representative of the Third Reich, a genuine service. Manis Vooren, hitherto so wary and circumspect with him, would now be under obligation.

He put through a telephone call to Yagi. He said: "I telephone you to pass on the intelligence that the American meddlers are busy again. Griggs evi- dently informed his colleagues about his destination this morning. Possibly they may relish another opportunity to cele- brate another incident."

"*Ah, sa?*"

"Naturally, from my point of view," Sperling said blandly, "such a disturb- ance might be quite welcome."

"Again we are reminded of the terri- torial and diplomatic immunities behind which the British and Americans guard themselves," Yagi said. "Thank you for telephoning."

Sperling thought: I hope he is sweat- ing although I do not think these pigs ever sweat. Aloud he said, "I am happy to be of service."

Yagi said dryly, "This need not grow into a sensation."

YAGI permitted himself to employ any Western devices that contributed to efficiency. As he replaced the telephone, he pressed one of the push buttons set in a narrow, portable board on the mat- ted floor.

"Find Mr. Makita," he told the sec- retary who answered. "Fetch him at once."

While he waited, he prepared a code radio message to Cogswell in Manila: "Nicholas Griggs must be removed from Shanghai. His presence, no less than his danger, has become an embarrass- ment for us. Do not dismiss him in this area."

Makita was found promptly. He was immediately conscious of Yagi's chilly manner. Preferring to sit on a chair, he lowered himself, smiling, onto the floor, hastily reviewing any missteps he might have made. Could Yagi have been told of his black bourse transac-



"Wipe off that lipstick! And next time you buy war bonds you'll get them at the bank!"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

GOT YOURS?

...you can do it if you hurry!



The man who has a Schick Electric Shaver has the quickest, easiest, most comfortable way we know of to keep his face smooth-shaven, clean and boy-fresh.

He *also* has the satisfaction of knowing he's all set for a long, long time. For we've built up a backlog of 2-M Hollow-Ground Heads and renewal parts to take care of the nearly 4 million Schick Shavers now in use.

We did *that* before going all-out on our present war-production job. But we *didn't* have time to build as many complete shavers as we'd have liked.

So, by now, some dealers are already sold out. But it's worth the effort to find one who can supply you.

You'll agree we're right the moment Schick's 2-M Head goes to work on your whiskers! It arches the skin surface to make the beard stand up. Then, the Flying Shuttle Shearer whisks off the bristles, right down to the base, with the speed of 14,000 cutting actions per minute. All with never a cut, nick, scrape or burn!

Above, you see the Schick Colonel. It's handsomely styled in rich, ivory plastic, and powered by the speedy "Whiskwik" motor. Get yours today—for only $15*. And if it doesn't give you the slickest shaves ever, after 2 weeks' trial, your dealer will take it back and refund your money!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

**Slightly higher in Canada*

★★★



...dish it out!

In the skies...and from the skies... your warplanes dish it out, America! Your fighters...and your bombers...now sweep the skies they choose. They're blasting on the offensive...not taking it according to Axis schedule.

But at home, America...you've got to dish it out, too. In this fight, the pay-off is for dishing it out on *all* fronts of total war...everywhere.

America's planes have *quality*...and your flying forces are getting them in *quantity*. Backed up by a united, fighting America, they're a combination that can make inevitable the air mastery of the United Nations.

For this mastery, Lockheed builds the P-38 Lightning, the world's fastest two-engine fighter...*officially*...and the Lockheed Hudson bomber. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation...Vega Aircraft Corporation...Burbank, California.

for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP



Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

tns? Certainly there had been no opportunity for him to learn of the deal I was negotiating to resell automoles stolen from Shanghai's streets to te Japanese naval landing party.

"You have been diverting the Ameri-an Mr. Griggs, *ne?*" Yagi said.

"He was out gambling last night, and inking," said Makita, relieved. "He's obably sleeping off a hang-over right w. I planned to call him in a little ile, after he's over his headache, and ggest a quiet dinner tonight."

"*Ah, sa,* and was it not you who more an once laughed at the incompetence our secret police in Nippon?" Yagi's ice froze Makita. "Two days ago I ld you it might become necessary to nsider further plans for dealing with r. Griggs. Further plans are now necsary."

"As a matter of fact—" Makita began.

Yagi interrupted him: "Your part in ose plans is to go now to the headuarters of the Wang Ching-wei govnment and escort Mr. Griggs back to is hotel."

"Number 76?" Makita said. "Why id they take him there?"

"They did not take him," Yagi said. While you believed him to be lying runken in his bed he arrived at the Wang Ching-wei offices this morning. He asked at once to see a traitor whom e arrested—whom the Wang police arested—last night."

"He must have been drunk," said Maita. "At one o'clock this morning he nd a drunken Englishman named Dixon were drinking in a gambling-ouse bar."

"It was for Mr. Dixon's late Chinese artner—a Chungking agent—that Mr. Griggs asked," said Yagi.

"I'll fix that," said Makita. "Dixon nust have suggested it. It will be just as easy for me to persuade Griggs to drop it."

Yagi said, "Mr. Griggs is not the easiest kind to handle. He does not even know when he faces danger. He is a child, a problem child, but we dare not at this moment permit his precocious interests to embarrass our relations with the United States."

MAKITA had not regained enough of his customary self-assurance to risk any suggestions. If Yagi had a program, he would state it. But Yagi abruptly ended the interview, handing Makita a sealed letter to a Japanese officer at an address around the corner from Number 76 Jessfield Road.

"Mr. Griggs will be released to your care," he said. "I am sure you will be able to convey Nippon's apologies for the rudeness of the Chinese who detained him."

As he dismissed him, Yagi added: "Come back tomorrow with whatever news you have of Mr. Griggs. It will be interesting to know how he responds to instructions he may receive."

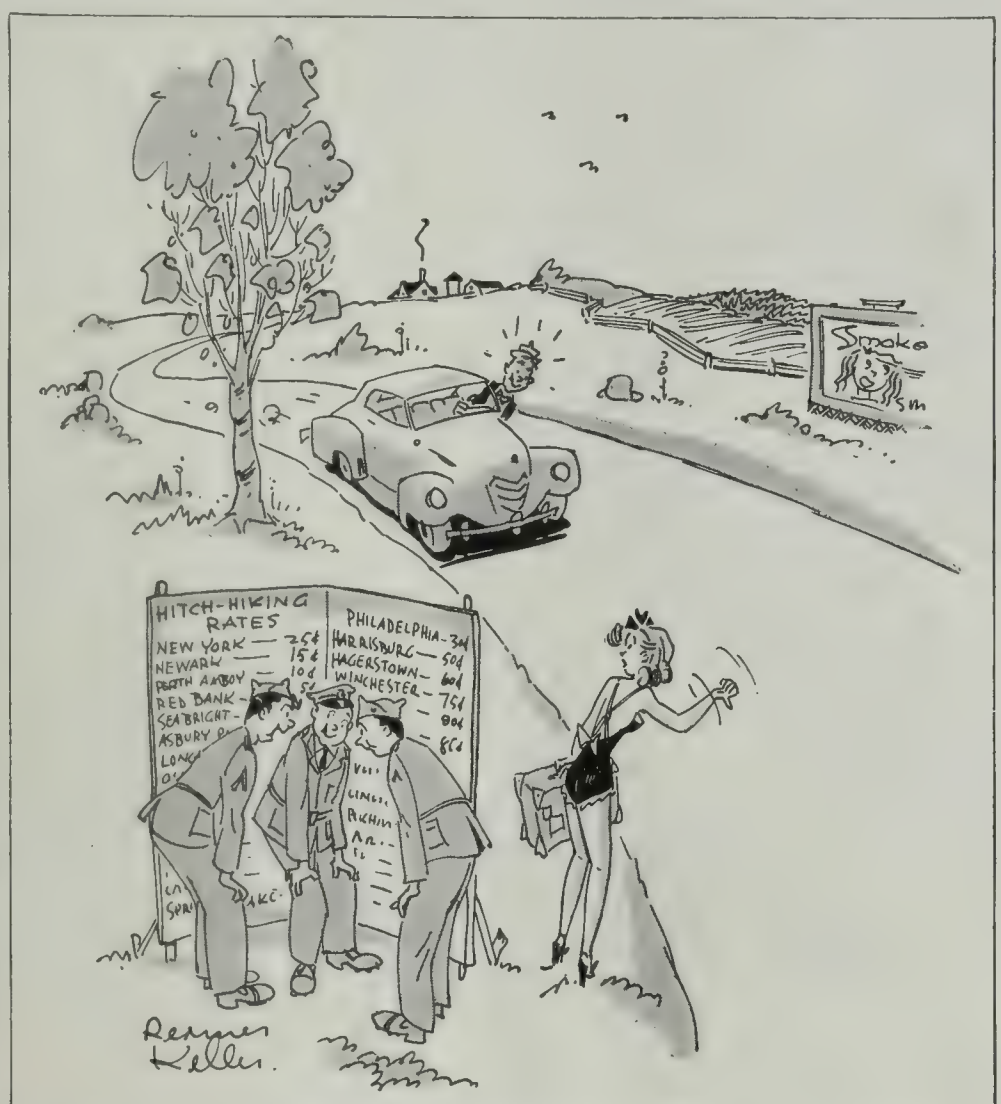
Makita had heard of Number 76 long before he left Tokyo, but he had never visited the place. As the driver of his car dodged in and out between the rickshas, busses and trucks clogging Hongkew's streets, Makita wondered if the Wang headquarters was actually a secret graveyard. That Kwantung army captain who told us one night in Tokyo that the Wang fellows balked at cremation but not at torture, what of his story?

If he was telling the truth, Makita thought, the Wang fellows had finally let an incinerator be installed in the basement. There was no more room in the courtyard for additional graves. Well, now I'll see, he told himself. If the captain was telling the truth, the only access to the basement was through the secretly connected building: the Japanese *gendarmerie* to which Yagi had addressed his letter.

Although the shortest route from the Broadway Mansions to Jessfield Road lay through the International Settlement, Makita instructed the chauffeur to drive out around the North Station before turning south toward the badlands. With a Japanese flag flying above the radiator of his staff car, Makita felt easier outside of areas populated by too many thousands of hostile Chinese refugees, and policed by Europeans.

WHEN he passed Number 76, he realized he would not have marked it except for the two Wang policemen, in their yellowish khaki uniforms, outside the sentry box.

Around the corner, the chauffeur stopped. Makita hopped out of the car, showed a Japanese sentry his credentials, and was passed into the anteroom of the *gendarmerie* bureau.



COLLIER'S "Nice little business she has here" REAMER KELLER

It was immediately apparent that he had been expected. Makita thought: Yagi telephoned. A Japanese soldier whose uniform bore no insignia of his rank, took the letter and disappeared.

Presently he returned with Nick, who looked a little dazed. He gave a weak imitation of a smile as Makita said:

"Hiya, pal."

Nick said, "What are *you* doing here?"

"Who, me?" said Makita. "Oh, I'm just a guide for the Japan Tourist Bureau. They sent me here to show you the way to the Metropole Hotel."

"Quick service," said Nick. Then he looked at Makita with suspicion. "How do we get there?"

"I've got a car outside," said Makita.

Silently, Nick followed Makita to the car. The imperial flag had been removed from the radiator cap, at Makita's suggestion. If he now had to drive into the International Settlement, he preferred to attract a minimum of attention.

Makita was the first to speak, once the automobile had started: "Where did you think you were, in an annex of the Argentina?" His voice was too jocular.

"Sure," Nick said. He stared at Makita. "I still don't know why you're here."

Makita held a finger to his lips, and nodded his head slightly toward the driver's back. It would be just as well, he thought, to let Nick feel that they must be alone before he could speak freely; to give Nick the impression that Makita was his friend, almost a confederate. In a low voice he said: "How about dinner tonight? You know we sort of halfway made a date last night."

"I'll be busy," said Nick. "At least I hope so."

"Keeping right after Madame Vooren?" Makita laughed. "What a man!"

"Well, well, as inquisitive as ever," Nick said.

"You said it." Makita lowered his voice: "What happened back there?"

"They're your friends," Nick said coldly. "Ask them."

Makita leaned toward him to whisper, "Those Wang cops are nuts. You know how people are when they get authority for the first time, they go wacky. Soon as I heard you'd gone out there, I figured they'd be stupid."

"Who told you?"

AGAIN Makita glanced warningly at the chauffeur's back.

Nick said, "At any rate, they weren't all Wang men."

"Yeah, but our Japanese officials can't interfere too much with everything the Wang people do," Makita said. "After all, China's their country."

"Sure," Nick said mockingly. He had a feeling he ought to keep his mouth shut—let Makita do the talking. But Makita remained silent, too, until the car halted before the Metropole.

Then he said, "How about lunch tomorrow?"

Nick hesitated.

"We might have a lot to talk over," Makita added. "Alone."

"Why not?" Nick said. "But give me a ring about 11:30, just in case?"

"Okie-doke," said Makita.

Nick did not notice Tin watching him as he hurried through the lobby to the elevators.

Betty might have been waiting behind her living-room door, she responded so quickly to his knock. For a moment, they clung to each other. Then she pushed him away to look at him and say: "Oh, Nick! oh, Nick! oh, Nick!"

"I approve of this opening," he said, putting his arms around her again. "Let's always ring up the curtain this way."

"Let's *never,*" she said. "Even after Madame Vooren told me it would be all right, I couldn't believe it. At least, not until I saw you with my own eyes."

He said, "Do you mind starting all over again? I've been trying to think in Japanese all morning, so maybe I forgot some of my English."

He winced a little as she told him of Tin's inquiry, of her visit to Madame Vooren's and of Madame Vooren's subsequent call on her, and at the end he said humbly: "Why don't you pitch into me for making you worry that way?"

"I will do so—after we've eaten," she said. "Listen. You invited me to lunch. Or have you forgotten that?"

"No, and a drink couldn't ever be more useful."

In the English-style grill, in the hotel's basement, he found himself shivering. "It's the air-cooling," he said hastily.

BETTY said, "Nick. Did they, I mean, they didn't do anything to you?"

"Of course not," he said loftily. Then he added: "Well, to tell the truth, they didn't have to, I guess, to make me feel creepy." He blew out his breath sharply and gave his head a shake. "I didn't get goose flesh until toward the end of the first hour. Then, I don't know, I think it was their silence that did it. A bunch of Chinese traitors just sitting and looking at you—a bunch of Wangs, you know—smoking one cigarette after another, watching me through the smoke."

"There were only Chinese?" she asked.

"No, every few minutes some Japs would saunter in, chain smokers, too, and just as mum. To tell the truth, I kind of missed them later when they just put me in a room all by myself—and I can tell you I wasn't very cheerful company."

"How could you be?"

"I'd still like to know how and why Makita got there," he said. "Only maybe I should let it ride, as long as he got me out."

"Listen, Nick," Betty said. "I must tell you something else that has happened. Father is to be court-martialed."

"No!" He pressed her hand.

"And soon," she said. "So I am leaving for Saïgon the day after tomorrow, on the *Maréchal Joffre.* It will stop at Manila. Nick, you must take it to Manila!"

"I can't, darling," he said. "In the first place, I'm not going to be an ass around here any more. I'm not going to take any more chances, see? If we're going to get married, I've got to hang onto my job."

"And who said we were going to get married?" she said, her face suddenly rosy.

"Well, I may have skipped mentioning it," he said. "Maybe I had it so much on my mind, I just took it for granted you did, too." He cleared his throat. "So won't we? I mean, will you?"

She began to laugh. "Okay, my little werewolf," she said. "Look, I even try to talk like you." She laughed some more.

"Before we leave?" Nick said.

"I've got to go to Father first," she said. "And right now I beg you not to think of anything but getting out of Shanghai."

(To be continued next week)



BILL JONES is the darndest guy. He's nuts about fishin'. Not that there's anything wrong with fishin'—but to hear Bill talk when things are going right, you'd think blue water and a wet line were all that mattered.

Fact is that fishin' merely expresses a way of life for Bill—the American way. It represents freedom to do the things he likes to do—to work for himself and his family as he chooses—and to enjoy the fruits of his labor in any way that suits his fancy.

But Bill's not fishin' so much today. You see, Mr. Tojo, there are some guys across the water whose ideas about a "new order" threaten to change Bill's way of life. Bill doesn't go for that. So Bill (one hundred and thirty million of him) is pitching in as he never has before—in mills and factories and farms and shops and especially in the armed forces. To knock hell out of you, Mr. Tojo, and get back to fishin'.

Here at Johnson (where we'd rather build outboard motors than eat) we have given up all civilian production. Our Bill Joneses are now devoting their entire time, 24 hours a day, to certain precision items which the Army and Navy need *fast*. But we'll be back at Sea-Horse outboard motors —beautiful models for all the world to copy—as soon as the war is won.

JOHNSON MOTORS • WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS
JOHNSON MOTORS OF CANADA, PETERBORO, CANADA

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES for *DEPEND*ability

★ DO YOUR DUTY—BUY WAR BONDS ★

War in the Heart of Kansas

Continued from page 16

Kansas. First of all it's a huge fleet of gliders—troop-carrying motorless transports, each with a capacity of fifteen men or six men and a jeep. Beech and Boeing are turning these out under government contract and, in their turn, are subcontracting as much of the work as possible.

Incidentally, the glider production program was superimposed suddenly on schedules which called for trainer deliveries at rates that were considered to be the absolute maximum possible for these companies. The additional load was assumed and carried without causing any serious decrease in trainer deliveries.

Most of these training planes, like the gliders, are constructed of welded steel tubing, plywood and fabric, and so offer much the same opportunities for piecework subcontracting as do the gliders. Indeed, it was the experience that the Wichita companies had had in construction of this sort that prompted the government to assign them their important share in the glider program.

A Machinists' Stop-Off

It was the companies' good fortune that in and around the city they had an unusual reservoir of skilled machinists to draw on. For this piece of good luck there was of course a reason. For decades Wichita has been the halfway point for migratory machinists on their treks from one coast to the other. Many of them liked the place and stayed. Today, war work has come looking for them where they live.

This may give you the idea that airplanes and gliders are being manufactured pretty much everywhere you turn in Wichita. And that is just about true —only you have to be told where to look: the subcontracting business is neatly tucked away out of sight. Its extent is very considerable. For instance, one of the three major companies in Wichita, Beech Aircraft, has huge commitments in contracts with a great number of subcontractors—most of them in or around the city. For one type of airplane which it manufactures for the Army a substantial percentage of [illegible] work is subcontracted. Before the pr[illegible] ent acute emergency arose, this co[illegible] pany foresaw that it was going to h[illegible] to produce more planes than any[illegible] had built before and that it was go[illegible] to have to do it faster than would [illegible] possible if it had to build complete n[illegible] factories and install machines for [illegible] job. And so it made a survey of [illegible] machine tools and the floor space av[illegible] able in that section of the country. T[illegible] figures were impressive: the compa[illegible] found and indexed thousands of to[illegible] turret lathes, planers and such, and m[illegible] lions of square feet of floor space. Af[illegible] that it breathed easier. It knew the ab[illegible] ity of the men who owned these to[illegible] and had kept them in A-1 conditi[illegible] for decades, sometimes for generatio[illegible]

To see what that means, take Ent[illegible] prise, Kansas, for instance, a town [illegible] some 700 population. There's a flo[illegible] mill there and a machine shop th[illegible] makes parts for the mill. It makes the[illegible] so well that its milling equipment h[illegible] been in demand in other parts of t[illegible] country. For three generations this sh[illegible] has been turning out machine parts wi[illegible] the same tools. There is no way to ir[illegible] provise three generations of experien[illegible] and craftsmanship, and if anyone b[illegible] lieves that craftsmanship has lost [illegible] place in the machine age, there is plen[illegible] of evidence in Kansas that this is n[illegible] so. The owner of the shop in Enterpri[illegible] —and that town is typical of dozens[illegible] stands next to the top in the social scal[illegible] outranked only by the banker. When [illegible] airplane company contracts with hi[illegible] for parts, it need never worry about d[illegible] livery date. He will borrow his mone[illegible] on a thirty-day basis, for that's the cu[illegible] tom, and delivery will be completed ar[illegible] payment made on the dot.

Twenty-one miles is about as f[illegible] away from a paved road as you can g[illegible] in the State of Kansas, but that's th[illegible] situation of one shop now busily co[illegible] tributing to the war effort. Formerly [illegible] made huge pistons for outsize Dies[illegible] engines. It too had what the countr[illegible] needs—ingenuity, initiative and exper[illegible] ence. They're of enough value to b[illegible]



"Oh, oh! Now they're examining that empty shell I keep my lunch in!"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

potted even when they occur far away rom a highway.

Mr. Lungstrom lives some distance rom Wichita and we didn't meet him. Ve're sorry we didn't. What we heard bout him made us feel we'd missed omething. Not just the fact that he ang in the "Messiah" choir or that he ode a high-wheeled bicycle in parades r had arranged a carillon to play Christmas carols when his telephone ang. Not even the fact that he had uilt a complete miniature automobile. What aroused our curiosity was his earty dislike of repetition. Mr. Lungstrom specializes in hard steel. By all accounts his steel turns out a little harder than anybody else's. Mr. Lungstrom is a Swedish craftsman with the Swedish steelman's contempt for the methods of any other nation. He doesn't care to discuss how he produces the temper of the tools and gauges he turns out. Eye of newt and toe of frog may or may not have something to do with the process. You may think so if you like, for all Mr. Lungstrom cares. What he does care about is variety. He will make you one precision gauge—or two, if you can prove the national safety depends upon it. But that's as far as he will go. The more complicated and difficult the order, the better. But no duplication, if you please. Mr. Lungstrom has no intention of being turned into a production line.

Getting Fine Precision Work

We have singled out Mr. Lungstrom because he is a very clear example of a characteristic you meet everywhere in master machinists, and in some who are just plain machinists—independence. They don't like to be told when or how to work. But they love the work itself and the tools of their trade. You'll find them spending their spare time fixing something they don't quite like. It may be the lathe that doesn't exactly suit them; it doesn't run precisely true. So down it comes to the last screw. What if it does take the whole week end and they get nothing for it? A man can't work unless his tools are right, can he?

This, of course, is the explanation of the precision work we saw being done in the chicken hatchery. It explains how such work is possible on lathes that nobody else would use for any purpose. It also explains the case of the Sunday-school teacher.

He had had no experience whatever with machines, but he wanted to do something to help his country and so he got hold of some vagabond machinists, some of those extra-independent characters who won't work in a factory because there you're always doing the same thing at the same time—even smoking at fixed periods, twice on each shift. With their aid he picked up some secondhand tools and set up a machine shop. Some people might have said the tools weren't worth salvaging, but his itinerant geniuses thought otherwise. There were no restrictions on smoking, so they reassembled the odd lot of junk at their ease. The Sunday-school teacher is now a subcontractor and doing very nicely, thank you.

We have been talking about machines and precision workmanship. That's only part of the problem, though perhaps the most critical part. There's plenty of work that isn't precision work at all. Jack pads, for instance. That's a rough casting job that almost anyone can do. And there's a lot of ground-handling equipment, all of it nonprecision.

In fact there's a place for almost everyone. There's an important place for the company that used to specialize in chandeliers and cast bronze eagles. They're making fuel tanks now. And the furniture manufacturers in Grand Rapids are working like mad turning out wings for planes and gliders. Beech and Boeing sent large crews of experts there to convert the factories and assist with the initial production problems.

But we mustn't get too far away from Wichita. Let's consider Mr. Krehbiel. When Wichita's Municipal Airport was being built, the design called for a large bas-relief of the Spirit of St. Louis in cast concrete as part of the ornamentation. Mr. Krehbiel did the job—and very handsomely, too, as you can see if you care to look. Pouring concrete was Mr. Krehbiel's profession and had been for many years. The way he got into the airplane business was this:

His reputation as an ingenious craftsman was well known to Walter Beech, so when he asked for a participation in the war effort he was given a trial order for tail surfaces, the jigs and tools to be supplied by Beech. The quantity and quality of his output being definitely superior on this lot, he received more and more work. He had been doing a fine job for Beech for more than a year when the glider program hit Wichita. Krehbiel's past miracles of production entitled him to a big slice of the subcontracted business and he got it. He converted his main concrete block plant to glider production in five days but actually started delivering major assemblies from temporary tooling in only three days. He took to the business like a bird to the air, and a number of important new wrinkles in glider production—about which we'd like to tell you but can't—originated in that concrete shop.

Mr. Krehbiel's foreman is an expert in brick. When someone suggested that it might have been wise to choose a man who knew more about aircraft, Mr. Krehbiel replied mildly that to the best of his knowledge his foreman was the best damn' bricklayer alive and there was no reason why he couldn't do other things equally well.

The record bears out his judgment. Assemblies have been turned out on schedule and, as even the Army admits, it was a tough schedule. One day a fire in the paint shop destroyed thirteen stabilizers—beautiful hand-finished jobs, like all airplane stabilizers. But there was no shortage in deliveries that week. The thirteen stabilizers were replaced and the loss absorbed.

Saving a Tree

When we visited the ex-concrete shop, the painting of wings was going on in the yard under electric bulbs strung overhead. In one corner a new building was going up amid slabs of discarded concrete. "It took some figuring," Mr. Krehbiel said. "I was afraid I was going to lose that tree." And he pointed. "But I figured how it could be saved." He looked back into his shop, blazing with light, crowded with men, hammering, sandpapering, molding, and he sniffed the air heavy with the smell that hangs over the shops and factories of Wichita, the smell of airplane dope. "I certainly would have hated to lose that tree," he said.

The word you hear oftenest in Wichita is the word "deal." Everything there from the weather to the state of the nation is a deal. The word doesn't mean exactly what it means anywhere else: it covers all situations, propositions and states of being. "What's the deal?" you say, inquiring about your ticket reservations or how to fly an unfamiliar plane. The deal with Davis, Westholt is as follows. The names stand for two young men who were welders in the Beech plant. The first subcontract they handled was for exhaust pipes for Beech and involved the large sum of $100. This order was turned out in a back-yard garage. They liked working on their own, and now Davis, Westholt is doing a

SMOKING LESS_or SMOKING *MORE*?*

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

WHAT will happen when *you* change to PHILIP MORRIS?

Here's a clue. Reported by eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . their findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

That *proves* PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to the nose and throat. By *tests on actual smokers—not* laboratory "analysis"!

And your own taste will tell you—here's a finer cigarette—better-tasting—more enjoyable. Try it!

NOTE:
We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. *But this evidence clearly proves they're far less irritating . . . safer . . . for your nose and throat!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"

—so—we'll never know how many people have been killed—driving at a high rate of speed—with one hand off the wheel and their eyes off the road—TUNING RADIO!

CAR CRASHES AS DRIVER TUNES AUTO RADIO

While his attention was concentrated on tuning the car radio, the driver lost control of his automobile which struck and knocked down a light post. Driver's left leg was broken and his face cut. (news item)

THIS HAZARD IS ELIMINATED WHEN—

your car is equipped with Zenith Foot Control Car Radio . . . you tune your radio with both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the road—a revolutionary and sensational contribution to safety. You change stations with a pressure of your left foot—you silence radio for conversation or danger the same way—and it resumes without a wait for warm-up.

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS SAFETY FOOT CONTROL RADIO

See the Zenith Foot Control Radio on Fords (sold in 1940-41-42)—Nash (in 1940-41-42)—Mercury (in 1940-41-42)—Lincoln Zephyr (in 1940-41-42)—Hudson (in 1941-42)—Willys (in 1941-42).

Any owner of one of the above cars will gladly demonstrate. Your inspection will be a personal pre-view of post-war car radio—danger-free radio—really safe—radio.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

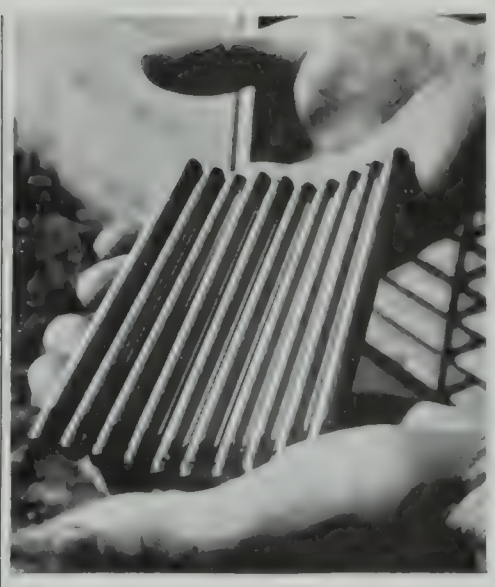
—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS NOW



Above: Ex-chicken hatchery turns out wing-hinge stud bolts, which fasten wings in place on the Beechcraft AT-10 pilot trainer



Right: Drop hammer in another of Wichita's buzzing machine shops forms cowling rings for twin-engined advanced trainers

handsome business and employs more than 300 people. They make exhaust pipes and motor mounts and tail-wheel yokes. If you have never thought about it, this may seem run-of-the-mill stuff. We hasten to assure you—having been assured ourself—that welding stainless steel exhaust pipes is quite a trick. Davis, Westholt, we were told, does more of it than anyone else in the country. A tidy business.

And then there is the company that specializes in sheet metal. It too has all it can handle and is growing fast. But we've said enough to show you that subcontracts come in all sizes, from those handled by Loftin Schmucker in spare time in his garage, with one assistant, his wife, up through such "deals" as Paul Blanchard's, which started as a one-man proposition and now includes ten, to enterprises like that of Mac MacCollough which employs hundreds of men and women.

Mac himself is worth looking at—and hard to overlook. A big man and solid—no one you would care to try to push around. In fact those who have tried, including certain large Eastern companies, have wished they hadn't. He represents a combination of mechanical skill with genius for production, and the products of his drop hammers, machine shops and assembly rooms go far beyond Wichita. He runs a school to train people for jobs, but what we'd like you to look at is the plant where the forming and cutting are done.

Plenty of Everything

We drove a good many miles through the Kansas fields to see it and when we got there it was like something Aladdin had wished up out of the ground. Why there? Well, there's a lake beneath the surface of the ground and so there's plenty of water; there's a railroad, there's a gas line and so there's plenty of power; there's electricity and so what more do you want?

The buildings were all new and more were going up under the glare of floodlights. Where did the material come from? Oh, Mac said casually, it was abandoned oil-well equipment—very useful for reinforced concrete and easy to get if you knew where to look. The steel roof trusses were clever adaptations of abandoned oil-well derrick frames used almost in their original form with added members also made from "scrap."

The stillness of the Kansas prairie was broken by the unsynchronized thunder of drop hammers. Men were strolling about with unhurried purposefulness, carrying sections of engine cowling and sheets of aluminum that would presently be the doors of giant airplanes.

We walked into a barnlike room with an earth floor and looked at a large insulated steel vat in which forged sheets were being steeped in a still, colorless fluid that looked like water. "Heat treatment," Mac said. "Don't put your hand in it." It couldn't be very hot, we thought. It wasn't even beginning to boil. Just then he tossed a ball of paper onto the surface. It instantly burst into flame and disappeared in a small puff of smoke. "Pure salt," he explained. "At 931° Fahrenheit."

We watched aluminum being trimmed like cheese in a series of homemade machines. We looked at the pads and gaskets that kept the temperamental metal from undue strains and tensions while it was being formed. And we thought about something an executive of one of the big companies had said to us: "We're all a lot of farm boys here." If being a farmer means knowing how to do it yourself, then the farming families of Kansas have made a large contribution to the aircraft industry.

Let's make it perfectly clear that ingenuity is not confined to the subcontractors. You find it in the big factories as well—in methods of production, in new gadgets and machines, often invented by the employees. But most of all you find it in the complete intolerance for delay that prevails everywhere. "Make it out of something else" is the standing order when shortages occur. If steel tubing is unobtainable, bore steel bars and machine them to fit. It will cost more, certainly. But the production schedule won't be held up. You'll save the extra cost in time. Cost can be a substitute for time.

When the government wanted gliders and told Beech Aircraft and Boeing what it wanted them to do and how fast, they all agreed instantly. "But," one executive said, "if we do it you'll have to give us a flag with an M on it—for magician."

"If you do it you'll get one with two 'M's,'" they were told, "for master magician."

Here and there, in factories, out in the fields, up alleys, we saw, as we have told you, how they were going about it. And we thought we saw something new in American industry—decentralization on a large scale.

For thirty years Wichita has been the midcontinent center for aviation. In 1929, before depression struck the industry, it was making a bid for first place. The pioneer spirit is still strong there as it was in the men who started the industry in Wichita. And so perhaps it's natural that this new development, wholesale decentralization, should appear most clearly in Wichita.

Freedom for the Subcontractors

It is handled differently by the different companies. One plant trains its subcontractors and supervises their operations. "It's more work," the president explains, "but it enables you to increase production without increasing your plant." Beech supplies all material, assembly tooling, expert production advice, inspection, and also any other assistance that may be required, including liaison with the banks; but gives free rein to the imagination and initiative of its subcontractors.

Many clever production ideas have developed out of this policy. All agree, however, that this is one way the aviation industry can limit the expansion of its factories so that it will not be left with too many huge plants on its hands after the war.

No one questions the long-haul importance of that, but the thing that strikes you at the moment, the thing that almost stops your breath, is the sight of one section of the country completely mobilized, of industry taken into the home, into garages and basements, of shops improvised out of oil-well equipment, of overage tools lovingly restored to perfection, of elderly men working long hours, working after hours; sight of the Wards, Krehbiels, Blanchards, MacColloughs, Lungstroms, Westholts, Schmuckers.

America at work offers a thousand aspects. The one you catch sight of in the machine shops, big and little, of Wichita, is not to be overlooked.

THE END



COMMUNIQUE . . . from the Production Front

As eagerly as we await communiques from the fighting fronts, our armed forces await news of the production front. They know that upon the flow of weapons and munitions depends their success or failure. To them, Martin issues the following communique . . . from the production front:

"Production of Martin aircraft has now risen to figures that only yesterday would have seemed incredible. Daily output is still rising steadily! Plant floor space devoted to 24-hour production runs well into millions of square feet. Automotive and other industries, enlisted as sub-contractors, are loyally using Martin designs and hard-won Martin knowledge to produce parts, even entire sections, for bombers. Thousands of new workers, including many women, are reinforcing Martin veterans of the assembly line.

"Martin is helping win a clear-cut victory in the battle of production."

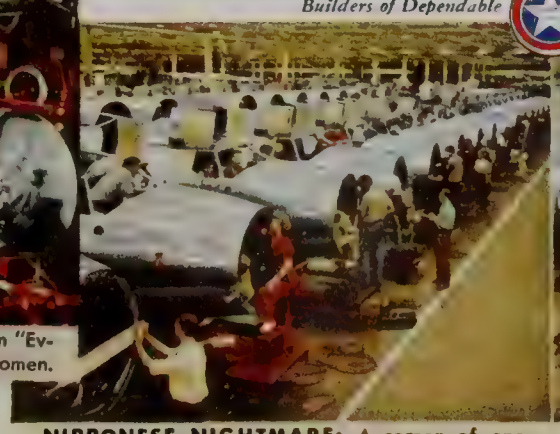
THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, U. S. A.

Martin
AIRCRAFT

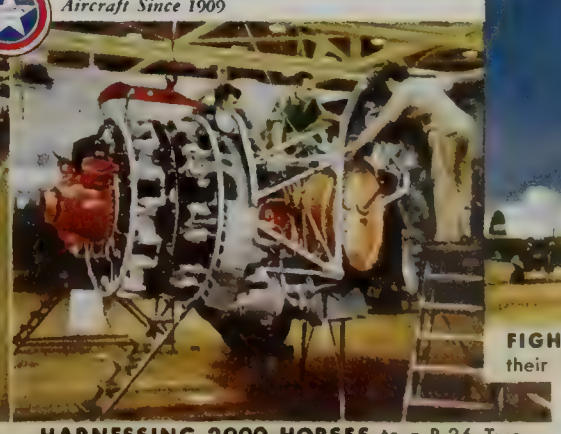
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



MARTINETTE: Opportunities for service in "Everybody's War" attract more and more women.



NIPPONESE NIGHTMARE: A corner of one Martin plant shows what is in store for the Axis.



HARNESSING 2000 HORSES to a B-26. Two such engines give this bomber pursuit plane speed.



FIGHTIN' FOOLS, Martin B-26's have proved their mettle at Midway, the Aleutians, Australia.

GOOD KING JIM

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GRANN



Jim Thorpe: A still-growing legend in American football 30 years after his astonishing career. Today, he's a guard at the Ford plant in Detroit

Football's latter-day heroes come and go, but the incredible achievements of the great Jim Thorpe still stand alone and apart—the classic career of sports

ABOUT this time of year, a lot of football experts proceed to make fools of themselves. The season is nearing a close, excitement has been high, and they begin making comparisons. Not content with saying that Hiram Glutz of Siwash is All-America timber, they proclaim that Hiram belongs among the greatest of all time. Two years ago, they were saying it about Tommy Harmon and John Kimbrough. Last year, they were hinting it about Sinkwich of Georgia and Smith of Minnesota. Several years ago, their champion all-time entry was "Whizzer" White of Colorado.

We don't want to be dogmatic on the point, but all such talk is nonsense. There has only been one All-Time All-Supreme football player on this continent, and his name is Jim Thorpe!

The others may be great, but comparing Jim Thorpe with anybody else in American football is like estimating the respective merits of Michelangelo and Rube Goldberg. The Indian was an absolute genius, and nobody has even remotely approached him. He was the greatest runner, the greatest punter, the greatest drop and placement kicker, and the greatest defensive back, when he wanted to be.

George Gipp was great but he was not in the same class as Thorpe, all claims to the contrary. Dutch Clark was great but he was never more than a junior edition of Thorpe, in many ways a copy of the great man because he was also an all-round performer but he can't be mentioned in the same breath. Red Grange was a great runner but that let him out. Furthermore, he was never any better than Thorpe as a runner. Ernie Nevers was wonderful but Thorpe was miles beyond him. Ted Coy and Tad Jones were greats of the older days but they were never worthy of holding Thorpe's helmet.

Modern coaches are inclined to demur at praise of Thorpe. They don't deny his genius but they hint that he might have been less successful in the game as played today. Lou Little of Columbia was discussing that last year.

"The old-timers had no conception of blocking as we know it today," said Lou.

Back in the Tough Old Days

The answer to that is simple: If Thorpe could run through opposing teams *without* blocking, what would he have done *with* blocking? It would have been a track meet. There may have been no blockers in the old days but there certainly were plenty of tough tacklers.

Think back on Hinkey and Hardwick and Rockne. They literally drove runners into the ground with the ferocity of their charges. Jim never faced Hinkey or Hardwick but he made monkeys of ends comparably as good and, in his professional days, he practically ruined Rockne on one occasion. It was a tale often told by Rockne.

Jim was playing with Canton, and "Rock" was on the other side. The first time Jim came around Rock's end, Rock dragged him down. Jim looked at him kindly and said, "You shouldn't oughta stop old Jim from runnin', boy."

On the next excursion, Rock tackled him again, and again Jim spoke to him gently, "You shouldn't oughta do that, boy," he said.

On the third trip, Rock got set for the tackle and shortly thereafter found himself fifteen feet away, aching. Jim had hit him simultaneously with hip, knee and straight-arm and could be seen now sitting calmly behind the goal posts after a jaunt of sixty yards.

Thorpe's feats are legendary. In a game at West Point with Army, he gathered in a punt and ran ninety yards for a touchdown. However, there had been an offside, and Army kicked again. Jim took this one in approximately five yards farther back and ran almost the length of the field for a touchdown!

In the Harvard game of 1911—and remember that these were the great Harvard teams coached by Percy Haughton—Jim carried the ball seventy yards in nine plays for a touchdown and in addition kicked three placement goals, the longest from forty-three yards away. Carlisle won the game by those feats.

In the Dickinson game of 1912, the score was tied, 0-0, and Carlisle was backed *(Continued on page 56)*

Keep your smile bright . . . but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

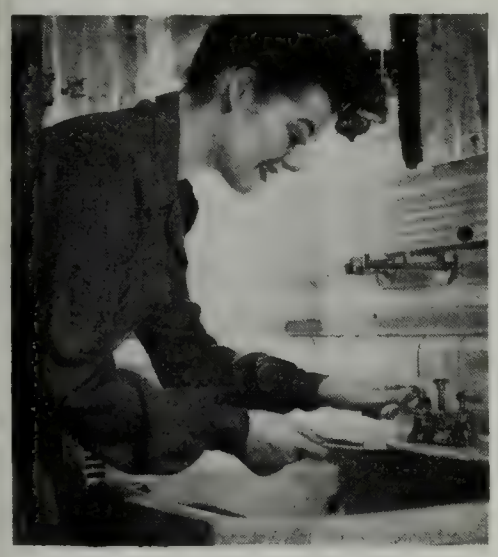


An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



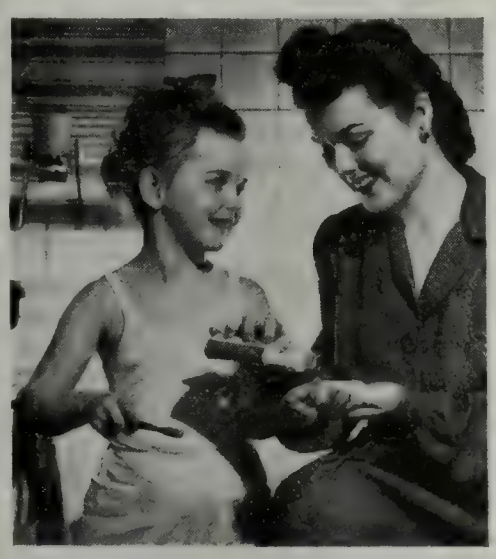
DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.



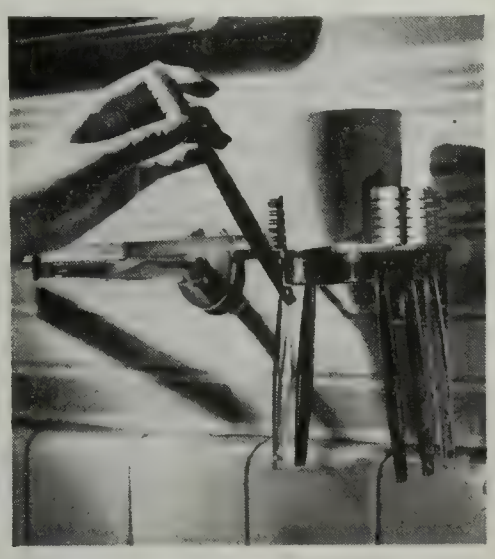
DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.



DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.



DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

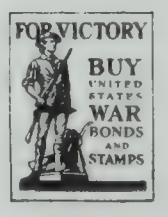
REMEMBER . . .

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.



This shirt saves time—saves choosing—saves guessing. *It's a Manhattan White.* It pals right up with any suit—any tie—any complexion. Its smooth, right, efficient fit assures easy freedom for busy days.

Get a stack of Manhattan Whites today—to see you through many tomorrows... Size-Fixt (average fabric shrinkage 1% or less)... Man-Formed... Collar Perfect. **$2.50** AND UP



Manhattan
WHITE SHIRTS

THE SIZE-FIXT SHIRT FOR THE MAN-SIZED JOB

Sneers for Mr. Sanders

Continued from page 21

the break for freedom, but word leaked out and six other brats joined up. "I put on football shoes," says Sanders, "and we started cross-country for an estate I knew about. I planned to set up headquarters in the gamekeeper's cottage and become a poacher."

The expedition ended in shame. They had tramped thirty miles, eating only potatoes, when they were captured by a portly female on a motorcycle. It was the matron of Bedales.

At Brighton College the Sanders talent for invention and finance flowered. To save his energy and time, he invented a multiple pen. To save his money, he invented cigarettes made from blotting paper; they were economical, all right, but anesthetizing. Turning to commerce, he hired small boys to write down pages from books of history. At Brighton, students who misbehaved had to copy history, so George sold them the stuff already written; thus, the culprits eluded punishment, Sanders made money and children did the work. The racket flourished until, as he explains it, "A bloody fool handed over three pages of the stuff to the proctor while he was still in the act of penalizing him."

Singing Lessons Came First

The way Sanders got around to acting was by a process of elimination of other occupations. Acting was no inner call; it was the only thing left. After being educated, he lolled four years in South America peddling tobacco to Patagonians. Then he returned to England and took a whirl at other jobs but they bored him. He sleeps when he is bored and that makes it hard for him to hold a job. The idea of acting came to him when he could think of nothing else to do.

"I read in a book that voice-training was the thing," he recalls. "I spent six months developing a loud baritone." When the half-year was over he could sit at the piano and sing little songs like Mr. Dwight Fiske does. In this manner he was warbling at a party when a producer heard him and put him into a musical called Ballyhoo. Sanders sang and was part of a three-man piano act. When the show closed he went after chorus jobs, landing them with strange regularity. "The secret of chorus auditions," he reveals sagely, "is volume. The guy that roars loudest is always hired."

Sanders' high-grade sneers and slights show natural talent, to be sure, but it took practice too. Going through the mill of show business gave him that. In three years in London he played 50 radio shows and understudied almost everybody on the English stage, including Noel Coward. "I was even fired as an understudy," he claims, "often considered an impossible feat." Once he got as far as New York with a show. The show perished promptly and Sanders accompanied the remains back to England. British motion pictures were doing pretty well about then, so he landed small parts in them. The picture people put him under contract.

Like most actors with sufficient moola for transportation, George came to Hollywood. Unlike most, he breezed right into a contract. Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox bought up his English contract and cast him as the rascal in Lloyd's of London along with a newcomer by the name of Tyrone Power. That was astute of Mr. Zanuck; he hit the jack pot. In Power he got an epic hero; in Sanders an epic heel. Except for the Falcon series at RKO, Foreign Correspondent, Rage in Heaven and a few others, Sanders has been a stinker ever since. Being low, he does not mind because he feels like a skunk a good deal of the time, especially mornings; afternoons he favors comedy roles.

Probably his best role so far is in The Moon and Sixpence from Somerset Maugham's novel. As a misanthropic, scurrilous, women-hating painter who chucks his wife, children and country to paint in Tahiti, Sanders plays a character he knows well. He dies loathsomely of leprosy for his sins, but not until he has blasted females and their meddlesome ways to his heart's content.

On the set between scenes Sanders could be mistaken for an abandoned body. He is snoozing. By conscientious training he has made himself the classiest free-style sleeper west of Tobacco Road. He can sleep anywhere at any time. He uses sleep as a kind of fender against press agents, visitors and other pests. Waking him for each scene is not perilous; a short scream from the assistant director does it easily. Nor does



"He insists on addressing me as 'Bud'!" DAVID B. HUFFINE



"I was in the Spanish-American War, I had a son in the last one and I've got two granddaughters in this one"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

sleep hamper his acting. "That guy is the quickest study I ever saw," director Irving Reis vows. "We give him his lines for a scene five minutes before it starts and he gives us an intelligent job of acting."

When he is not acting, Sanders avoids the studio as if it had cooties. Many actors loiter in publicity departments, lighting bonfires under the inmates so that they may get their names in the public prints.

Not George. His wife delivers him in the morning and retrieves him at night in an elderly car. Until the next morning that is the last Hollywood sees of him, except for uncommon occasions when he dines out. Once in a while he shows up at Lucey's, a restaurant on Melrose Boulevard in Hollywood. Here he instructs the chef on the preparation of a Sanders dish, bends the elbow with a few amiable friends and upon proper mellowing he will sit himself at a piano and sing somewhat scurrilous ditties about certain famous people.

Short Men Cause World Ills

Having conserved his energy sleeping on the set, Sanders is wide awake at home. His sloth is deceptive. If a thing interests him he will work for hours on end. Reading interests him and he probably knows more about international shenanigans than other actors. Also he thinks. His meditations get pretty spectacular.

The trouble with our poor old planet, according to one Sanders theory, is short men. "The tempo of life is the thing," he points out languidly. "Short men are too frisky. They want to do things faster than other people. They do and the other people have to catch up. It upsets the tempo." At the bottom of any mess there is always a squirt—Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, or some other sawed-off character. Get a tall gent to run things and you got a reliable party. The sponsor of this theory is six feet three.

Sanders is married but he has no children. If he did have one, he has worked out a plan for educating it. He would not send it to school, he would hire a very bright guy to trail around with the offspring from the time it could chatter, answering questions. "For instance," Sanders explains, "if the little blighter asked, 'Why is the sun?' this smart fellow would not have to knock the child over the head. He could tell him. After a while the child would be as clever as Einstein." When the child is ten, Sanders would equip him with a separate income and an apartment to run by himself. "Teach him to handle money through experience," Sanders claims.

When he is not thinking rare thoughts he builds and invents things. The things he invents are calmer than the things he thinks, but not much. After designing and building a boat he discovered he could not play chess aboard it. The chessmen tumbled when the boat tossed. So he designed and built a gyroscopic chessboard, steady in any seas. Then he sold the boat. At another time he and his brother, Tom Conway, built a movie camera. Instead of making a camera that could move about the studio, they anchored theirs in the middle and moved the studio about it—the old "mountain to Mahomet" idea.

"We never used it," George admits, "but it was perfect. It could look down your gullet."

Right now he's moderately busy building model airplanes. But these occupations are definitely extracurricular. Acting and sleeping are his major occupations and the former is merely a means toward attaining the latter end.

Any talk about acting for art's sake gives him a big pain. With him it's strictly the gold he collects that keeps him awake long enough to do his dramatic darnedest in front of a camera. When he has laid away enough coleslaw, to hell with acting, he'll lie down somewhere and sleep.

THE END



There's something so darned American about it

Good old American "know how" has done it again! For this winter—despite the meager allotment of rubber—manufacturers are able to provide rubber footwear for the essential health protection of millions. Necessary W.P.B. rulings have restricted styles, and eliminated colors and frills.

We at Hood and B. F. Goodrich have named this footwear "Duration Quality."

By drawing on our background of experience and ingenuity, we have found ways to give you more service and better looks than would seem possible under the circumstances. And we know you will wear this footwear with patriotic good will till the war is won!

★ ★ ★

NOTE TO GOOD CITIZENS: Buy only what you need—take care of what you have. *And be sure to throw your scrap into the fight!*

FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

Hood Rubber Co.

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



1. Without a single exception, Packard employees have gone all-out for the "Work to Win" program, have voluntarily pledged 60 full minutes of every working hour to speeding up production, proudly wear "Work to Win" pins, have changed the famous Packard slogan to "Ask the Man Who *Wears* One."



2. Teamwork! Packard president Geo. T. Christopher (center) and Union Local president Curt Murdock (left) show army air forces' Commanding General H. H. Arnold and Brig. Gen. B. E. Meyers (right) how Packard management and labor are striving together toward a common objective: Victory!

The kind of story Hitler hates

What Packard is doing is the sort of thing Hitler thought couldn't happen in a democracy

RECENTLY, when Government first recognized the production efforts of U. S. factory workers, nine Packard employees stepped into the limelight to receive awards—the first ones given to workers in the automotive industry.

These awards were given for production shortcuts—fruit of a *continuing* plan of management-labor co-operation that recognizes employees on a man-to-man basis of fair treatment.

Birth of "Work to Win!"

Early in '42, Packard war production reached a new high in output of aircraft and marine engines. But Packard management was convinced it could go still higher . . . through a plan starting with a voluntary pledge from every worker to improve and increase war production by applying shop initiative and ability.

The idea was discussed with union leaders in Packard Local 190 UAW-CIO—men who shared the opinion that one way to win this war is to increase production.

Together, in a series of meetings, management and labor whipped the original plan into Packard's now-famed "Work to Win" program, a plan to speed up machines, not men.



Secret of the new Curtiss (P-40F) Warhawk's spectacular performance is the terrific power of its Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine. Packard craftsmen tool these brute engines to the hairline accuracy of a fine jeweled watch. Pilots who've flown the P-40F say its power plant helps to make this ship a honey to fly—and a high-fightin' fool!

Already, the plan is stepping-up production . . . is bringing a flood of workers' suggestions (8107 to date) . . . is carrying Packard's long-harmonious management-labor relations to new heights of understanding.

Workers give production ideas

Patriotic war-workers have already turned in 646 ideas which company engineers have put to use in increasing output . . . and hundreds more are under consideration for early adoption.

Some of the ideas have resulted in new, ingenious, time-saving tools. Others have enabled one machine to do the work which formerly tied up two. Still other suggestions have brought about entirely new methods and procedures, have greatly improved quality, stepped up efficiency.

Making records . . . then breaking them

As one result of the "Work to Win" program, Packard employees are consistently meeting tough WPB quotas on two of the most complicated and precise jobs in the entire U. S. war production effort.

And there is still another result—one which holds a promise for the *peacetime* era ahead. By helping to develop and perfect the skills and techniques of vast manpower, the "Work to Win" plan is also making a real contribution to the betterment of the industrial future.

But meanwhile, the entire Packard organization—spurred on by cheers from Washington—is out to break still *more* wartime records!



Joint Management-Labor Committee chosen respectively three from com-ny (above left) and three from union (right) steers the program. Separate in func-n from usual shop committees, this impartial group scans every suggestion turned checks it as a workable idea, awards the war worker his coveted "Wings" pin.



4. Citation banners, merit awards, production scoreboards, plant posters, worker written shop slogans, all remind the Packard employee that every idea he contributes speeds up the war effort even more. In the "Work to Win!" program he finds an unusual chance for recognition and advancement.



. These Packard Work-to-Winners' production shortcuts won them the first overnment awards ever given war workers. Left to right: John Hook, Harry ielniak, I. A. Clark, Fred Ospedale, Max S. Harris, Peter Cojei, William H. witzer, George Smolarek, and (*absent*) David Fabert. ***F-L-A-S-H!*** Washington ist advises **11** *more* have been similarly honored!



6. Another honor for Packard Workers. Stephen Kmieciak, veteran marine-engine builder, accepts Navy "E" button from Lt. Cmdr. A. R. Montgomery of an Atlantic PT-boat squadron, on behalf of his fellow workers. Kmieciak, with 38 years of continuous service, is third generation in his family to work for Packard. 531 Packard employees have served the company for 25 years or more.



PACKARD

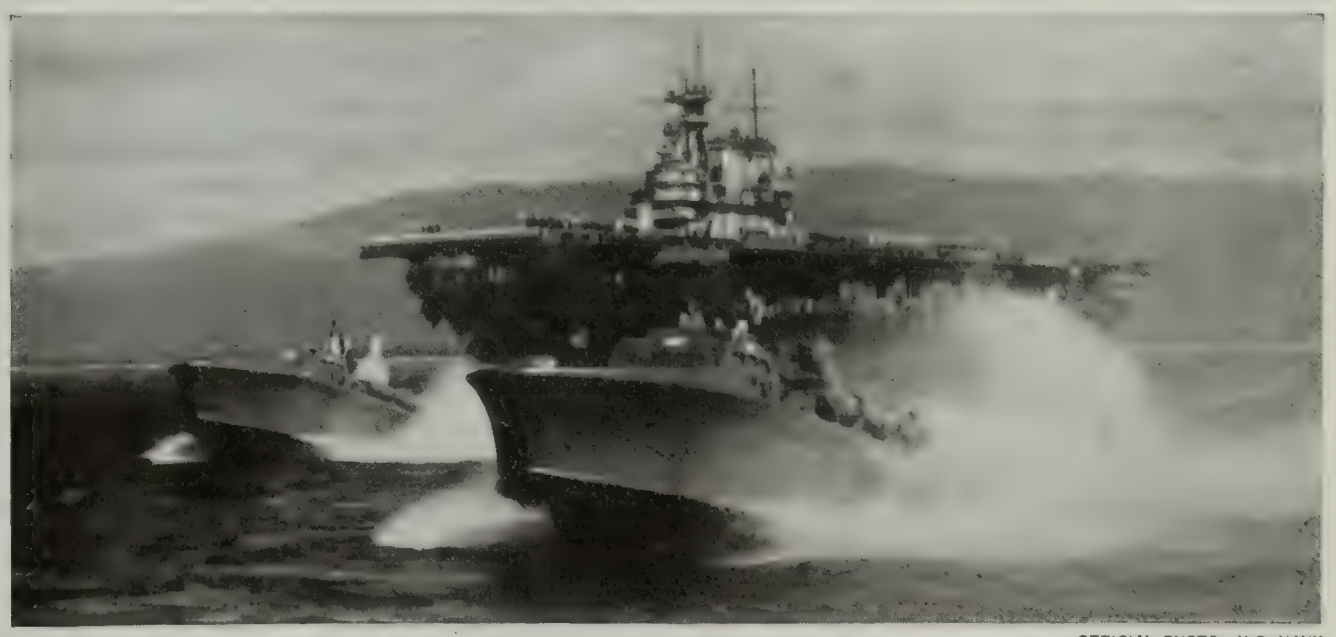
PRECISION-BUILT POWER



★

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

★



OFFICIAL PHOTO—U.S. NAVY

Every Packard Worker is proud of the inspiring performance of the Navy's famous PT-boats. Powered by Packard super-marine engines, these swift, hard-hitting boats have seen plenty of action, have written glorious and heroic chapters in the naval history of the Allied Nations . . . from Subic Bay to the English Channel!

OUR TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



America's Most Famous Name in Jackets

$8.95

ALSO BOYS & JUVENILES

A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
Lined with Brybro Rayon
VARIOUS COLORS, FABRICS & LININGS
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

What a difference!

UNLIKE ANY OTHER PIPE

The SMOKEMASTER side-tracks moisture from the *smoke passage* as fast as it forms—keeps itself clean!

No tricky gadgets; you simply fold and insert an ordinary pipe cleaner under a slotted tube built into the stem. As moisture condenses in the tube, it is absorbed through the slot by the pipe cleaner under it. *Smoke never passes through a saturated filter.* Only fresh, fragrant tobacco smoke reaches your lips. What a difference!

$1 & $1.50 *at dealers*
Full range of models



Moisture is drawn through slot in tube and absorbed by pipe cleaner underneath.

Write for booklet showing 32 shapes

One of the $1.50 Custom-made SMOKEMASTERS — still made of AGED IMPORTED BRIAR

BRIARCRAFT, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
THE PIPE-CLEANER PIPE

Lost September

Continued from page 24

But in a few weeks he was liking it. It seemed to him and to everyone else that he had never played so well, that no one in the school's history had ever played so well. He was the kind of back—had always been—that is called a stamper. That is, he was not particularly elusive, but he was very strong and he ran with a high knee-action, literally running over the opposition.

Bill McArdle, who had been elected captain the previous winter, was in the Air Corps, and Minnihan said they would elect a captain before the first game. Al Barton was the only choice, of course. The other seniors were all gone. He felt good about that, better than he had thought he would.

The headlines in the papers were good, too. About how he was probably the greatest player in the school's history, about how there was going to be no back like him in the country that year. He had never been spectacular in other years. Those headlines, now, after the relative lack of notice in the early years, would have done things to people more sophisticated than a plain young man from an Iowa farm town.

At training table, the others were respectful, curiously so. Neither they nor Al seemed to realize that their respect had something in it that was due to more than his ability. He started to think about this late one September afternoon when he was walking with Ruth Cabot. She was a tall girl. He sometimes, realizing how much smarter she was than he, thought that the only reason she occasionally went out with him was because he himself was tall. They had been sitting in one of the undergraduate hangouts when she remarked that it was getting on to ten and he should be home since he was in training.

"On your way, bum," she said and rose.

They went outside; the hush before rain of the Midwest at that time of year hung in the dusty air. Even as they hesitated, the first large pattering drops fell. "Well," Al said, "I can't let you walk home. Being made of sugar, you'd melt."

"My, my," she said. "Being a big shot certainly makes you say nice things."

"I'm not a big shot yet," he said. "Just potentially. On the way."

THEY were silent going back to the campus. He said, "You want tickets for the game Saturday?"

"I don't know," she said. "I may be downtown at the U.S.O. tea. I guess I could go for the first half."

"They should have had it after the game," Al said. "People would have been thirstier or something from yelling."

"Why? I thought the opener was always with a pushover team?"

"Not this year," he said. "We play a conference team. It'll be tough. I thought you knew. What kind of an undergrad are you, not even knowing the team's schedule?"

"I guess I've been distracted," she said, indistinctly.

They stopped in front of the women's dormitory, and Ruth told him goodnight. He stood there, sensing some change in her. For no reason he could think of, he remembered his own bitterness when he had returned to school a few weeks ago, and could wonder at how it had left him in even that short time.

He said, "What's on your mind?" and she shrugged, standing there as if it were not raining, before she said, "The same thing that's on everyone else's these days—the war."

He was sullen before he knew why he was. "I tried to get in," he said.

She nodded, looking away from him. "I know. It just seems ridiculous that the greatest back in the country isn't in good enough shape to get in the Army. There's such a thing as waivers," she added. "They might be willing to forget about that knee."

NEVER very articulate, he said, finally, remembering Minnihan's words, "I never turn down a break. It's a chance to finish college. Not many guys from my town have done it."

"I know," she said, her voice curious, almost repentant now. "I have a brother in Australia with the Army—oh, I don't know. I think I'd better get some sleep." She turned and was gone, leaving him there, not feeling the rain.

Walking home in it, a nameless annoyance grew in him. It stayed in him as dust hangs in the air, so that even the next day it was there. He was conscious of it even when he could not know the reasons for it. He associated it with the taste of the dust on his lips when he had returned to the school, and it had made him angry the next day in the last scrimmage before the opening game. It was held on the practice field behind the canvas fence Minnihan always had the managers and caretakers put up when he was holding secret practice.

Playing behind the first team, Al moved with a kind of dull fury. The anger seemed objectless and so there was a need to take it out on something, the men playing opposite him. He ran through them behind his interference, and when the interference wasn't good, as it frequently wasn't, he ran over them, his legs rising and stamping, up and down, tossing careless tacklers off through their sheer drive and power.

It got so toward the end of the h afternoon that he could seemingly bre loose and run away from the seco team any time he wanted to. Minnih looked thoughtfully at him and almo shifted him to the second team for th scrimmage to see what he could do ru ning against the first. It was also a d flationary measure for players go arrogant, Minnihan had found out. B for some reason, instead of doing thi he called an end to the scrimmage.

In the dressing room, Minnihan fou Al sitting on a bench in front of h locker. He said, "You're sorta hot t day, aren't you?"

Al shrugged. "When you gotta g you gotta go," he said, in a kind clumsy modesty.

"What gets me," Minnihan said, " how much you improved. I mean, why I suppose the excitement of the war something like that?"

"I guess so," Al said. He stood u proud and awkward. He happened t notice then the sophomore, Martinso who had played on the second team tha day, sitting on the bench across the aisl between the ends of the rows of locker Martinson didn't look very big to b playing ball in this league. Lookin closer, Al saw that Martinson's eye were just a little fixed. Al said to Min nihan, "You better have one of th trainers look at Martinson. Give him whiff of smelling salts or something. He turned and went toward where th steam floated out of the door of th shower room, but only one voice ros in rowdy song, Dee Hanley's, the onl other senior on the first team.

SATURDAY the game was like th scrimmage had been, a field day fo Al. He made three touchdowns in th first half. On the last of these, a sixty five-yard run, with two of the opposition ahead of him and running close together Dee Hanley came up beside Al an



"When I dance with the colonel I'll put in a good word for you if you want me to"

COLLIER'S

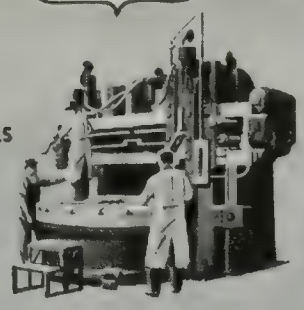
MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

GM
ARMS FOR VICTORY

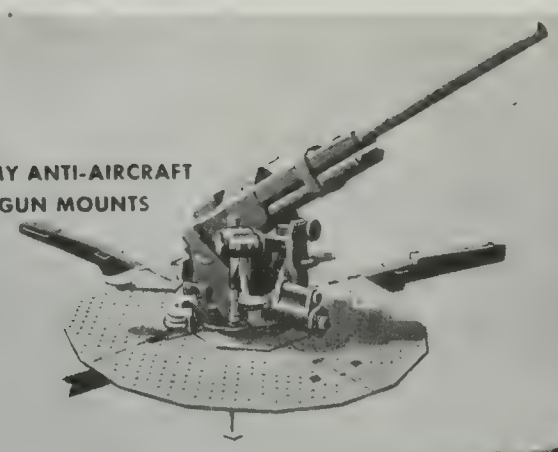


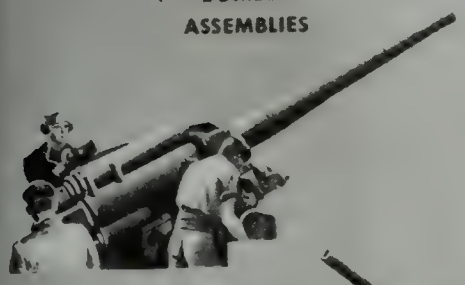
BOMBER ASSEMBLIES

MACHINE TOOLS BORING MILL

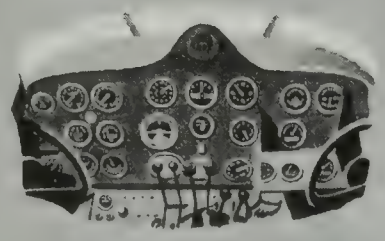


ARMY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN MOUNTS

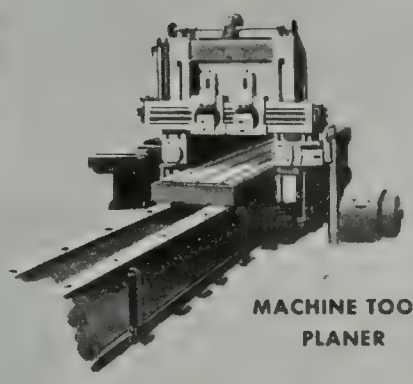




NAVAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN PARTS

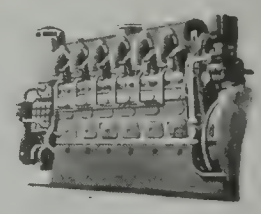


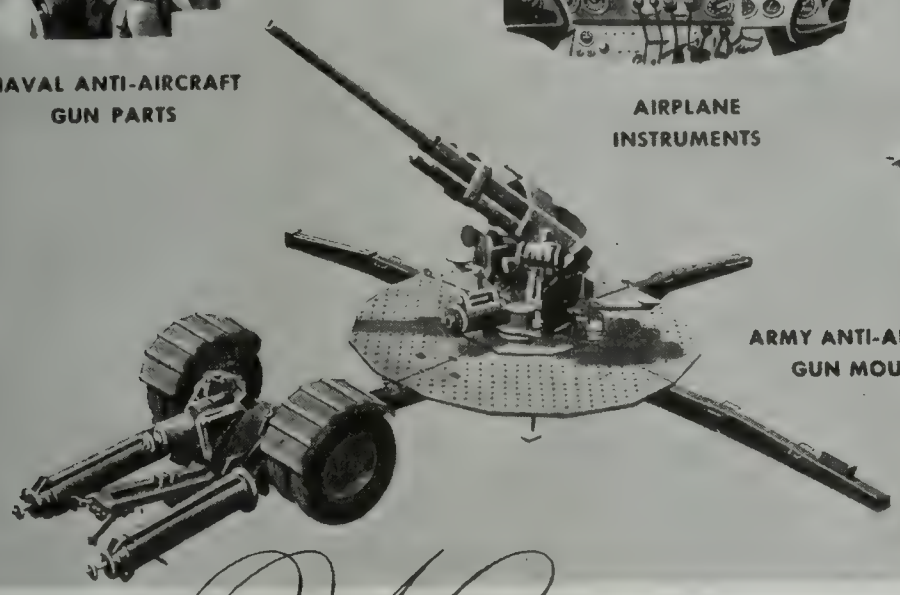
AIRPLANE INSTRUMENTS



MACHINE TOOLS PLANER

DIESEL ENGINE PARTS





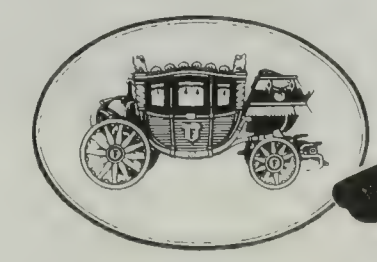
ARMY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN MOUNTS



TANKS

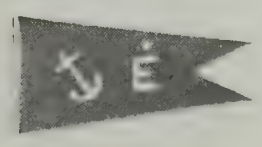
Wherever craftsmanship counts!

The question properly before America today is not who is doing what to help win the war, but how faithfully and well each person and plant is executing its appointed job. There is no single wartime assignment, for example, where any one of Fisher's varied crafts is doing more important work than any other. What really counts is the wide range of jobs on which all our skills find application together—from the building of such heavy armament as bombers, anti-aircraft guns, tanks and naval ordnance to the production of such precision items as aircraft instruments and machine tools. The aim is to perform each task on schedule and with credit to Fisher's name for craftsmanship, to the end that America shall be armed with better weapons in greater quantities than our enemies can hope to match.



armament BODY BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



PROUDLY FISHER FLIES THE "E" FOR EXCELLENCE— *highest service award in the Navy. Fisher, the* FIRST *in the automotive industry to receive this coveted emblem for its ahead-of-schedule production, is also the* FIRST *in the industry to fly the burgee with a star for continued excellence of production.*

The little toy





A partial list of leading stores that share with you the benefits of The Sparton Way—

Akron, Ohio, The C. H. Yeager Company
Albany, New York Albany Garage
Allentown, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Altoona, Pa., William F. Gable Company
Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hemple
Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
Boston, Mass., R. H. White Company
Bridgeport, Conn., General Distributors
Brockton, Mass., Central Radio Stores
Buffalo, New York, Les Wheeler, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass., R. H. White Company
Camden, N. J., Whitehill's, Inc.
Canton, Ohio, Dine-DeWees Company
Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture Co.
Chicago, Ill., Wieboldt's
Cicero, Illinois, Sekera Furniture Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Company
Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostrow, Inc.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Company
Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering Co.
Decatur, Illinois, Gas Refrigerator Sales
Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Company
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
Durham, N. Carolina, R. E. Quinn Company
Elizabeth, N. J., Kresge Department Store
El Paso, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Erie, Pa., Reliable Home Furnishing Co.
Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture Co.
Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Company
Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Company
Hammond, Indiana, J. W. Millikan
Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's, Inc.
Hartford, Connecticut, Tuckel's
Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radio
Holyoke, Mass., Sharpe Appliance Company
Houston, Texas, Bayne Radio and Refrigeration Company
Indiana Harbor, Indiana, Amick Furniture & Radio Sales
Indianapolis, Indiana, Wm. Block Company
Irvington, N. J., Rothauser Radio Company
Jackson, Michigan, Wilks
Jackson, Miss., Rice Furniture Co
Jacksonville, Fla., Glover Weiss
Jersey City, New Jersey, Vim Sto
Johnstown, Pa., Swank Hardwa
Kalamazoo, Michigan, Triestram
Kansas City, Kansas, Mace-Jonet
Kansas City, Missouri, Jones Sto
Knoxville, Tenn., S. H. George &
Lawrence, Mass., Master Tire &
Little Rock, Ark., I. K. Electric Co
Long Beach, Calif., Eastern-Colu
Los Angeles, Calif., Eastern-Col
Louisville, Kentucky, J. Bacon &
Lowell, Massachusetts, Gaumon
Lynn, Massachusetts, P. B. Magr

oldier has gone to war



Yes, America's toys have gone to war . . . along with radios, refrigerators, ranges and many other modern necessities of life. But they'll be back — new, better and more plentiful — in Your Family Store of Tomorrow

SORRY, SON, Santa Claus can't mold any little lead soldiers for you this year. Dad's new radio, too —and the refrigerator mother wanted—have given their steel and copper and aluminum for war.

But don't you worry, peace will bring America's lost comforts back — and more.

Home will be truly a House of Wonders in this after-Victory world. Science already knows how to make it comfortable beyond our dreams. Invention will fill it with conveniences we have never known.

Methods developed by war will improve products and short-cut their manufacture. An abundance of materials, new and old, will make things plentiful.

All Sparton Plants on War Work Now!

Sparton, with the rest of American industry, has shelved all civilian production for the duration — and has enlisted all its plants, in the United States and Canada, in the service of war needs.

So, Sparton-made radios now speak on a dozen combat fronts. Sparton sirens sound their warnings in every corner of the globe. Sparton horns do duty in thousands of military vehicles.

But Sparton is looking ahead. Sparton products will be back — exciting new products, of highest quality, in wider variety. *And a simplified, money-saving method of distribution will bring them to you at amazingly low prices.* That is The Sparton Way.

Rely on Your Exclusive Sparton Dealer

You may plan on these good things from your exclusive Sparton Dealer (only one in each community).

Leading merchants, who are serving you so splendidly today under difficult conditions, are also building for a world of tomorrow that will be worth all the work and sacrifice.

Americans who, before Pearl Harbor, bought beautiful Sparton radios or radio-phonographs know what The Sparton Way means in sensational *savings* on *quality* home equipment.

You may be sure that the new and finer products of Sparton laboratories will come to you under this same distribution plan — at prices within the reach of everybody.

Right now, we are working to win a war. But we are planning for a peace that will bring new security, leisure, comfort and plenty for all.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

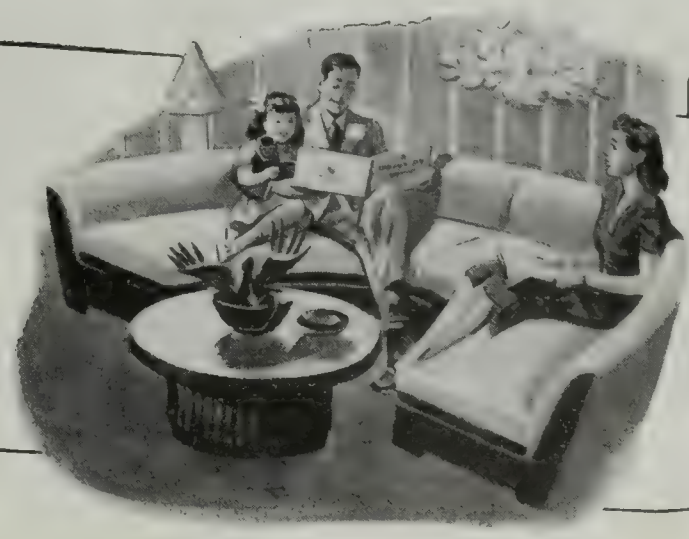
Electrical Products for Industrial, Automotive and Home Use
Precision Builders Since 1900

Home Sweet Home will be a house of wonders . . . in the world of tomorrow

SPARTON

Radio's richest voice since 1926

THE SPARTON WAY . . . a simplified distribution plan . . . pledges you better home equipment at lower prices, through one exclusive dealer in your community.



, Ga., Peeler Hardware Company
on, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Goods Co.
his, Tennessee, Lowenstein's
ukee, Wisconsin, Schuster's
apolis, Minnesota, Dayton Company
e, Alabama, Gulf Furniture Company
gomery, Ala., Montgomery Fair Store
e, Indiana, H. J. Schrader Company
ville, Tennessee, Castner-Knott Dry ods Co.
rk, N. J., Kresge Department Store
Britain, Conn., New Britain Furniture mpany
Haven, Conn., Shartenberg's, Inc.
Jersey, at all Vim Stores
Orleans, La., Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.

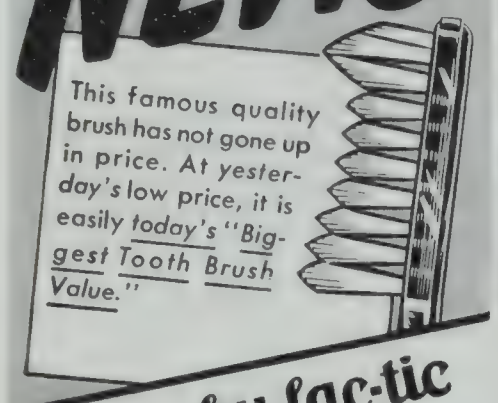
New York City, N. Y., at all Vim Stores, Spear & Company
Niagara Falls, New York, Levy Brothers Furniture Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia, Price's, Inc.
Oakland, Calif., Union Furniture Company
Oklahoma City, Okla., J. A. Brown Co.
Passaic, N. J., Arrow Electric Company
Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Pawtucket, R.I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Philadelphia, Pa., Stern and Company
Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Company
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Kaufman's
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Wood Brothers
Pontiac, Michigan, Stewart-Glenn Company
Portland, Maine, Federal Furniture Co.

Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Company, Inc.
Providence, R.I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Quincy, Massachusetts, Carey's
Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliances
Reading, Pa., Goldman & Adams
Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer
Rockford, Illinois, Rockford Dry Goods Co.
Sacramento, Calif., Eastern Outfitting Co.
Saginaw, Mich., Chapman's Appliance Co.
Saint Paul, Minn., Golden Rule Incorporated
San Antonio, Texas, Joske Brothers Co.
San Diego, Calif., Grand Rapids Home Furniture
San Francisco, Calif., Union Furniture Co.
San Jose, Calif., Union Furniture Company

Santa Monica, California, Frank Furniture Company
Schenectady, N. Y., Breslaw Furniture Co.
Seattle, Washington, MacDougal's
Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.
South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Michigan Supply Company
Spokane, Washington, The Crescent
Springfield, Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.
Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Shop
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Washington, The People's Store
Tampa, Florida, Tampa Radio Sales
Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Company
Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store

Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's, Inc.
Troy, New York, Breslaw Furniture Co.
Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers
Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co.
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company
Waterbury, Conn., Hampson, Mintie and Abbot, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.
Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Company
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Lazarus Store
Wilmington, Delaware, Stern & Company
Worcester Mass., C. T. Sherer Co., Inc.
Yonkers, N. Y., Steadman Music House, Inc
Youngstown, Ohio, The Strouss-Hirshberg Company

BIG NEWS

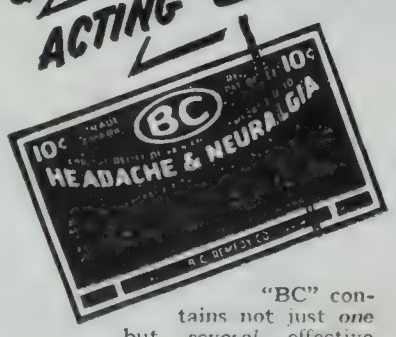


This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL
-Only 23¢



RELIEVE
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA &
MUSCULAR ACHES
WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"



"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

dropped both the others with one savage rolling block. Al just trotted over the goal line.

Dee had never been such a hot guard in other years, Al thought almost absently as they went through the tunnel under the stands to the dressing rooms. He wondered why Dee wasn't in the Army; he couldn't remember hearing why he wasn't. He sat in the long room on a bench between the lockers and didn't hear what Minnihan was saying. Dee was sitting near him and Al said, "What's happened to *you?*"

"I don't know," Dee said. "All I know is I'm not this good."

"That don't make sense," Al said. When Dee didn't reply, Al tried to listen to Minnihan but that didn't seem to make sense, either.

They went outside for the second half, but he felt cold, not hot as he should be on a big day and after Minnihan had talked to them. He thought, I am certainly glad we got a big lead, because I am not going to do much now. But it didn't seem to make much difference. They had been playing about six minutes when he got loose again and when the quarterback on the other team, who was the only one in his way, dived at him, Al could feel the other man just sort of bounce off his own driving knee and he kept on going without losing balance, even. He scored standing up for the fourth time that day.

Walking back, he saw that the quarterback was out cold on the ground and the visiting team's trainer was running out. Al stopped and looked at the form on the turf. Something that was shock but which he didn't recognize, passed through him. He looked up, turning to one of the unconscious player's teammates. "Gee," Al said, "you got kids playing for you this year."

The other player looked at him in a kind of blank surprise, then said, "I guess you're right at that."

Al kept on walking back toward his own goal. He didn't hear the stands yelling. He missed the signals twice during the rest of the quarter. Then early in the last quarter he ran for a fifth touchdown with Dee Hanley moving ahead of him, shoulder-blocking tacklers, never even leaving his own feet.

MINNIHAN took them out after that and sent them, with a friendly slap of his hand, into the tunnel that ran under the crowd.

Dee Hanley said, "We sure got hot, Al."

"You sound like a country boy, Dee."

"Why, you big hick. The part of Iowa you come from—"

Al started to laugh. He was uneasy without knowing why. What he did know was how Dee had changed just in half of a football game. First, Dee didn't know why he was so good and then he figured he just wasn't that good, was playing way over his head for some reason. And now he was convinced he was good. He, himself, Al suddenly knew, was not convinced. He was not sure of anything, now. He went into the dressing room and sat down heavily. He heard Dee singing at the other end of the room. He knew he should feel good, but he didn't.

It took him two hours to catch up with Ruth Cabot that night. He went to the three dances being held on the campus, after going to her favorite eating places. He finally went to the dormitory where she lived. No one had answered the booth phone there for an hour. He stood outside the long building whose inner side formed one of the walls of the Quadrangle. Most of the windows were blank, but hers, on the second floor, was lit. He yelled in an undertone. Ruth opened the window and looked out.

Al said, "What you doing? Why aren't you out dancing or something?"

She said, "I don't feel like it."

Al said, "Could I see you for a while?"

"I don't want to dance," she said.

"Neither do I," he said.

There was a short silence before she said, "You sound worried—particularly for a big shot."

"Something like that," he said.

"Wait a minute. I'll be down."

He stood there, awkward in the shadows. A few people, passing by, thought it was Al Barton, but couldn't be sure, the figure looked so uncertain there in the night.

When Ruth came down she wore a raincoat and a hat with the brim turned down so that its shadow hid her face. She did not take his arm but walked beside him in the rain, which had thinned to a misting.

WORDS, never easy with him, seemed unusually difficult tonight. They walked then in silence through light barred with long shadows, and once on the edge of music and of stronger light, another undergraduate whom Al hardly knew recognized him and said, abruptly, and with something of awe in his tone, "Hey, Al, did you hear about Dee Hanley?"

A little annoyed, Al said, "No. What is it?"

"Why, he's tied on a terrific bender. He rammed a car into that statue in front of the administration building, slugged one of the campus cops and ran off someplace. Minnihan says he's suspended from the squad."

"You don't say," Al said, almost absently. The boy went off into the night.

"Wonder what that means?" Ruth said.

"It doesn't sound like Dee, does it?" Al said.

They walked in silence a while before Ruth said, "What was Dee deferred from the draft for?"

"I don't know," Al said. "It couldn't have been anything important. He runs like a deer."

"He seems to," Ruth said dryly.

Al laughed shortly. The remark seemed inordinately funny but he could not laugh very long at it.

They had walked only a little farther when she said, "What's bothering you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I ought to

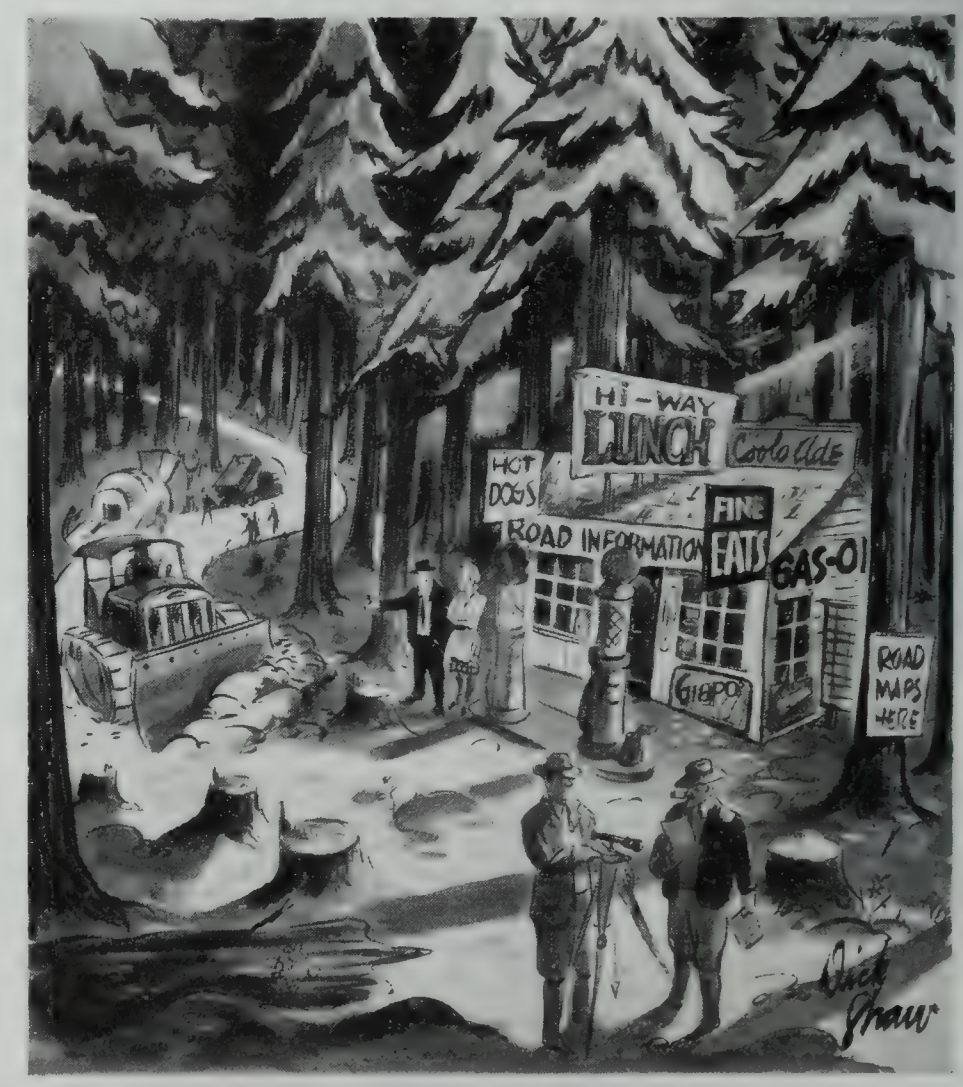
ASIATIC ANTHEM

HEADING home after delivering a load of American soldiers somewhere in the Pacific, an Army transport picked up a bevy of Japs, drifting around after their ship had been torpedoed. The Japs were officially labeled "PW" and placed in the custody of a sergeant. They giggled and chattered nervously for a while; then they became silent and thoughtful. Before long, they were deep in gloom. The sergeant worried, being a kindly lad at heart. None of the Japs could speak English. No one on the transport could speak Japanese.

Officers noticed the heavy brooding and suggested that the sergeant try to cheer them up: "Teach them to sing, or something."

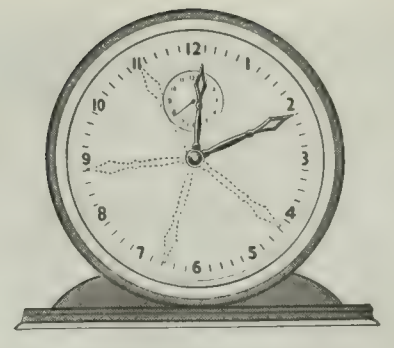
The sergeant tried several ballads, found he knew only a few bars of each. He scratched his head and went over his entire repertoire. The only thing he knew from start of finish was the chorus of one song. He tried it out, gesticulated invitations to the Japs to join in. A few tried to join in and seemed to feel better. By evening, all were learning the song.

Small wonder that Red Cross workers and military authorities felt dizzy when the transport reached a West Coast port. The Jap prisoners shuffled down the gangplank, radiating delight as they caroled hustily: "Gaw Bress Ermerica!"



"How's that, for a hunch?"

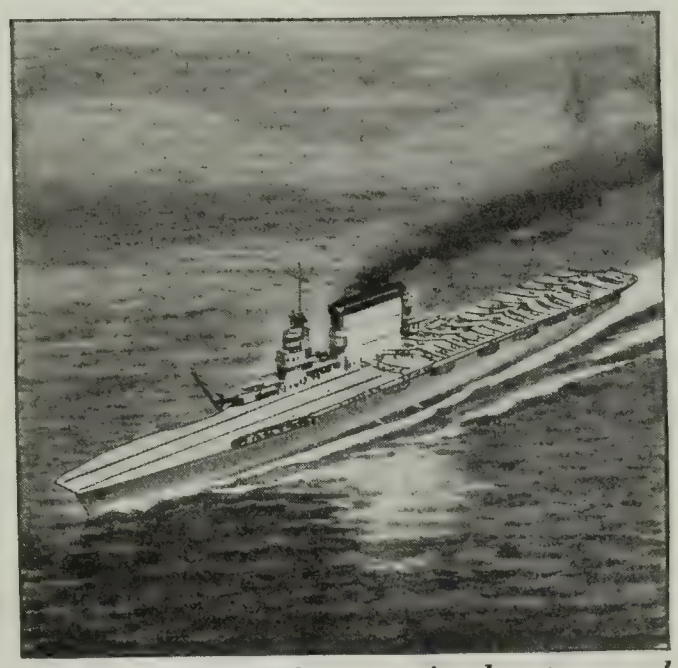
Every 11 minutes —



Here are a few of the Westinghouse war materials being shipped to America's fighting forces—at the rate of a full carload every 11 minutes—night and day!



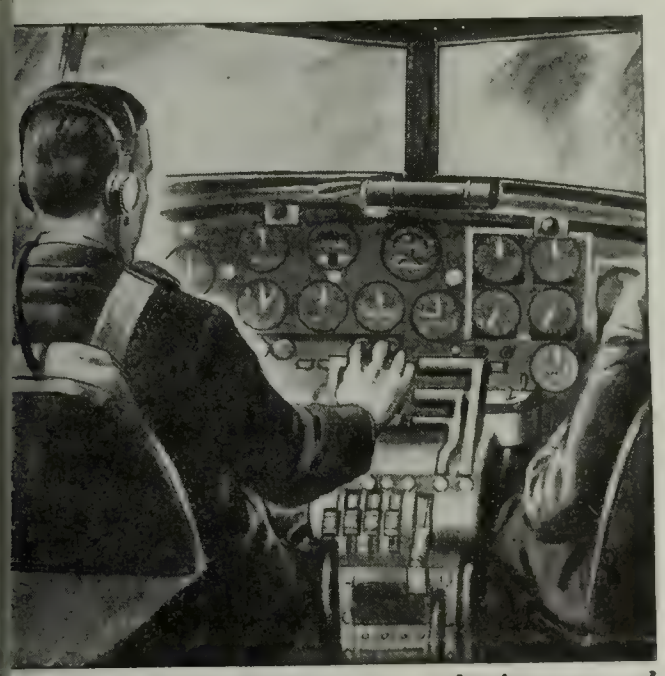
From Westinghouse Laboratories and plants: fire-control devices, instruments for America's tanks.



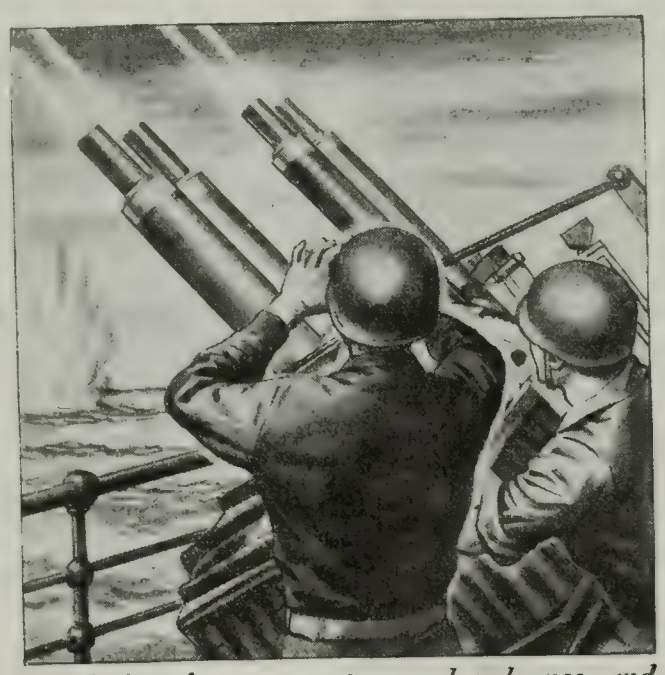
★ *Turbines, gears, elevators, signal systems, and other electrical devices for Navy ships.*



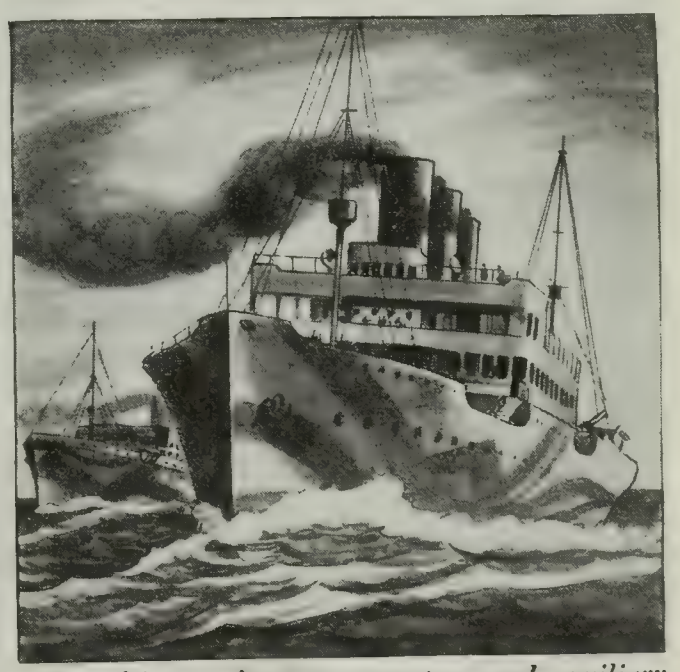
★ *Communications equipment, "walkie-talkie" sets, plastic helmets, binoculars, for ground forces.*



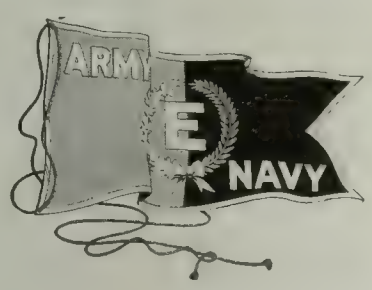
★ *Instruments, radios, generators, plastic parts, and lighting equipment for bombers and fighters.*



★ *Anti-aircraft gun mounts, naval ordnance, and electrical fire-control apparatus.*



★ *Propulsion equipment, generators, and auxiliary motors, for ships of the merchant marine.*



Six Army-Navy Production Awards have now been given to Westinghouse plants.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Plants in 25 cities — Offices everywhere

WESTINGHOUSE is now delivering war materials at the rate of 4000 carloads every month!

This is enough to make a train 37 miles long. It means the production of one full carload of finished war material every eleven minutes, twenty-four hours a day.

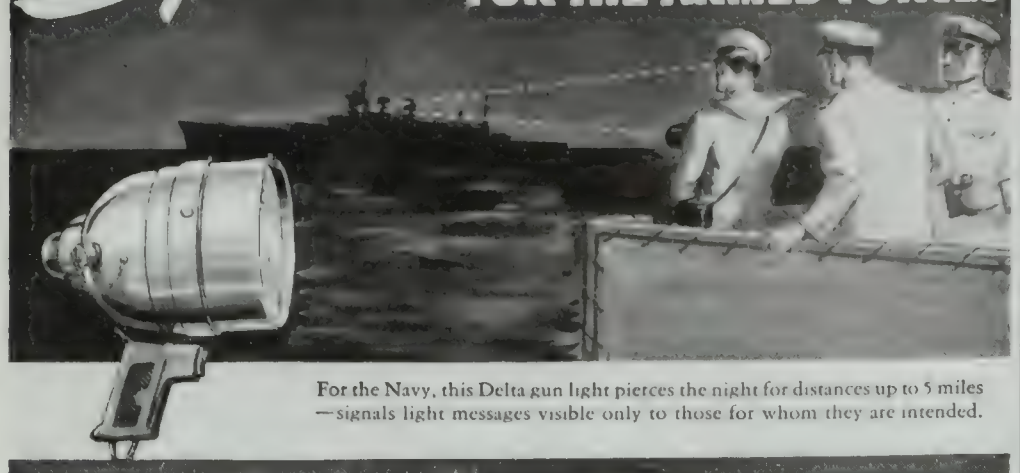
Until the war is won, every last ounce of Westinghouse "know how" in electrical research, engineering, and manufacturing is pledged to a single end:

VICTORY!

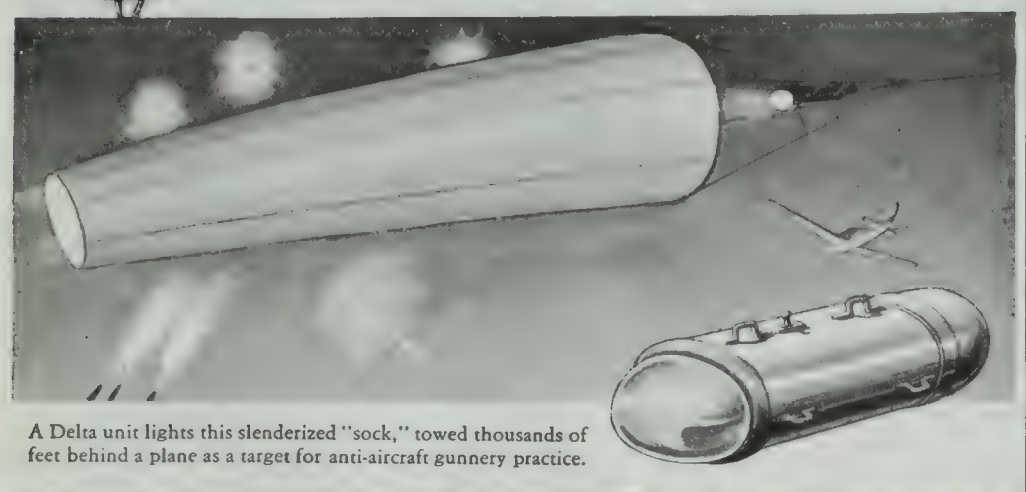
Westinghouse

. . . making Electricity work for Victory

Splitting the Night
FOR THE ARMED FORCES



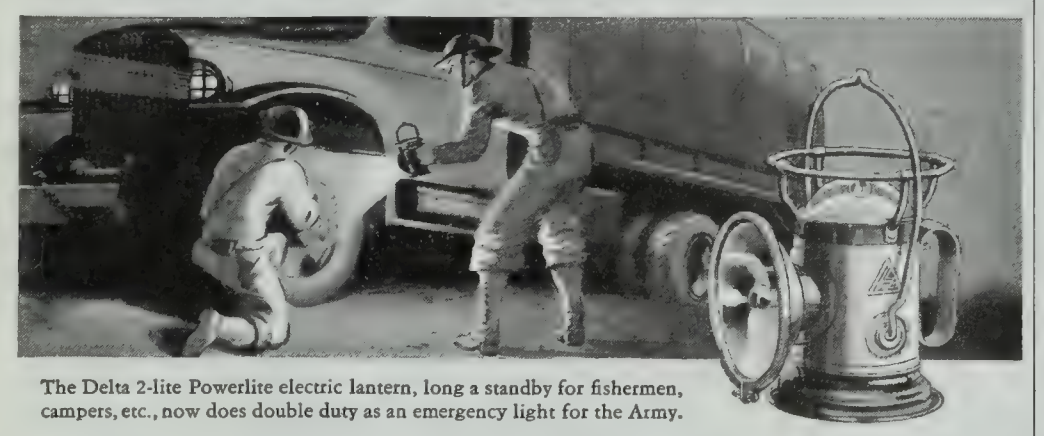
For the Navy, this Delta gun light pierces the night for distances up to 5 miles —signals light messages visible only to those for whom they are intended.



A Delta unit lights this slenderized "sock," towed thousands of feet behind a plane as a target for anti-aircraft gunnery practice.



Here's a powerful, heavy duty Delta lantern that says "there it is" for the Navy and Coast Guard. It's moisture-proof and practically indestructible.



The Delta 2-lite Powerlite electric lantern, long a standby for fishermen, campers, etc., now does double duty as an emergency light for the Army.

Behind the scenes of modern war Delta portable lighting units play an important part. Devices you never knew existed—and didn't exist until Delta originated them in collaboration with government engineers, today are serving our armed forces everywhere. It is another example of American ingenuity—evidence that skill, precision and alertness can produce the unusual when called upon to do so. Today, two Delta plants are producing exclusively for war, with men and management pledged 100% that every pay day is a War Bond day. Until the war is won that is our program. It means few Delta lanterns and bicycle lights for civilians now, but, tomorrow the privilege to buy what you want, when you want it.

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY, MARION, INDIANA

Builders of the famous Powerlite and other electric lanterns; Bicycle lights, Bicycle Horns and varied battery lighted products

Delta

★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★



"It's the landlord, dear. . . . Too bad you didn't look over the terms of the new lease before you signed it"

COLLIER'S IRVING PHILLIPS

feel good, but I don't. I've wanted a day like this ever since I was a kid in grammar school, and now I get it and it looks like I'm going places this year, but it doesn't seem to mean a thing."

He waited for her to speak but after a while all she said was, "Go on."

Al said, "I can't go on. I don't know."

She said, "You know but you won't say it. Stop kidding yourself."

He said, "I—" and stopped. Then: "I kept thinking, underneath kind of, during part of the game and since, that it was like going through a high-school team. The good guys are all away. Between the halves Dee said that he was good but not that good. And that started me thinking about it. But then Dee got over it during the second half. He began to think that maybe he was that good. And now—" He stopped.

She said, "I think maybe Dee thought again."

He said, "I guess I better do something about it. Sometimes I think maybe the draft doctor back home thought I ought to have a chance to finish the year. I'm kind of old, twenty-four."

THEY went on a little way without speaking, coming back to the far edge of the campus and the dark edge of light, when they heard their names called. There was something peculiar in the call and it took them a second to realize that it came from overhead. They looked up and from the tree under which they stood, they saw a pale face looking down at them. Straining their eyes in the dark, they saw it was Dee Hanley's. Dee said, "I'm a kite."

Al said, "Come down, you drunk, the police are looking for you."

"I am looking for the police," Dee said.

"A fine way to be looking for them!" Al said.

"He's looking for them in reverse, aren't you, Dee?" Ruth said.

The face overhead disappeared and they saw the stocky body shin down the tree. Dee stood before them and in the half-light, Al saw that Dee wasn't very drunk at all, but that his face seemed strained. Al said, "What's the matter?"

Dee said, "I knew I wasn't that good. I have it all figured out. It's like playing high-school teams. No sport. I am not going to kid myself."

"When did you discover this?" Ruth said.

"In the tree," Dee said. "I was bothered and I went on a twister and when I finally got in the tree, I knew."

"I congratulate you," Ruth said. "You and this other great mind next to me here reached similar conclusions from the same set of facts. It must be so."

"You sound sarcastic," Dee said.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"I remember," Dee said. "Your brother was a senior here when I was a freshman. He's an Army officer now, isn't he? I will join the Army."

"Don't let me influence you," Ruth said.

"I'm not," he said. "I reached that conclusion in the tree. I won't be twenty until November. I thought I'd take advantage of that and finish the season, but I won't."

There was a moment, hardly more than an instant of silence when Al said, "I guess if we go in to Chicago tonight, we can find a recruiting office open."

Ruth said, "I'll drive both of you in. Some story for the papers, too, in the morning."

"Or some morning," Al said.

"What if they turn you down again?" she said.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "But I have an idea that when they see the morning papers they won't turn me down. But one thing I do know—I'm not coming back here until the war's over." He couldn't tell them, but he saw the kid's unconscious face above the red jersey lying on the sun-dried turf.

Dee said, heavily, "I want to go pack a bag."

Al said, "You aren't going to need any bag. Someone'll send your stuff home for you. Let's go."

The three of them started walking through the rain, which had begun again, toward the car which would take them first to Chicago.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

You may even have to shut off some your instruments before you can ack up. Radio gadgets will surround s with invisible bumpers which will eer us over and around obstacles, even hen we're dreaming most thoroughly. All this is not for tomorrow, but some- me. It's all in the test tubes now, and the aircraft industry stays flexible and rogressive, if it doesn't get stiff from dhering to existing designs and ma- hinery, it will be with us sooner than ou think.

COLONEL DARRYL ZANUCK, Hollywood's gift to the war, recently met Donald Douglas, who makes airplanes. Zanuck's Twentieth Century-Fox movie ot covers acres of ground a few miles rom one of Douglas' big California ircraft plants. Col. Zanuck was just eing neighborly behind the glamor of is new uniform when he told Douglas to peak right up if there was anything he, he colonel, could do to help out.

"There is," Douglas said, thinking of his factory exposed to the ferocity of enemy bombs. "Paint 'Douglas Aircraft' n big letters on the roofs of your buildings at Twentieth Century."

It would just be a different type of camouflage. . . . R. McC.

CONSCIENTIOUS George F. Mitchell, who works at the Omaha Municipal Airport, has heard the decided screech of airplane tires as they meet with the runway on landing and has seen the skid marks on the surface left by the tires in that brief interval when the wheel starts turning. Like many others, he is interested in means for setting the wheel in motion before landing and thus saving precious rubber.

"I have been wondering," he says, "if an attempt has been made to mold cups or flanges into the casing of the tire so that, when the wheels are dropped to landing position, airflow and wind resistance against the cups will cause the wheels to rotate. Main trouble there. I suppose, would be the problem of securing sufficient rotation to do any good."

Both the Army and the C.A.A. have toyed with this problem off and on, particularly with reference to the oncoming giant land planes. Studies have gone so far as to hook up auxiliary motors to the wheels and start them turning at a good speed preparatory to landing. However, the one big drawback to wheels in motion when they touch the runway is that on slippery runways the plane could not be stopped quickly enough; it wouldn't have the advantage of the initial braking effect which results from the stationary wheels. And the answer to that is that nonskid runways can be built, but the time, labor and materials must be used for more pressing needs. However, it is a certainty that something will come of this wheel-in-motion idea, but *when* is an uncertainly.

ARMY and Navy pilots now in high supervisory positions are finding it very difficult to crack down on the youngsters for doing the very things they themselves did two decades ago. They feel like hypocrites, yet they've got to do something to discourage what might be termed reckless flying. We know of one case where a grim, stern operations officer called a gay, young pilot before him for disciplinary action based on a report that he had flown so low over a community of homes along a beach between Los Angeles and San Diego that the squadron markings on the plane could be plainly read. Since his plane was the only one from the squadron in that locality at that time, the evidence was conclusive.

Braced for the extreme penalty (being slapped on the ground for a week or more) the young pilot thought he detected the officer struggling with his conscience. Then the superior spoke: "Once I was 'way out in the country and dived on a herd of cows. I didn't think anybody saw me but the farmer did and reported me. Be a little careful next time. That is all." . . . F. R. N.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

I walked down to OPA. A blast of heat hit me as I entered. The personnel were peeled down to bare decency. The windows were open. It was as hot as Little Rock, Arkansas, in August. Hot! No wonder they're advising us to take cold showers. In one office they had electric fans going. I caught cold. I complained to the guy I had the date with. He said I hadn't seen anything yet, that they were about to ration fuel oil downward again and that the end was not in sight. I was about to write you a letter. I'm glad I don't have to, because three cents is three cents and I'm down to the stamp-saving stage I'll add that three cents to what I've already put away to pay my taxes on this year's income which I won't be able to pay anyway without putting the family on a one-meal-a-day eating schedule. And now tell me. How are you feeling?"

UNLESS Congress is very careful it will soon be in the throes of debate on a bill now being written by Mrs. D. D. Herring of Altoona, Pennsylvania. Foreseeing the day when we shall all be working for the government, being shifted hither and yon with scant notice, Mrs. Herring is worried about the fate of millions of cats, dogs and other domestic pets which will have to be left behind. "I am now writing a measure, soon to be introduced into Congress by a senator in good standing, making the government responsible for cats, dogs, canaries and other domestic pets thus abandoned. The bill will call for an appropriation of an adequate sum of money and the taking over of a large tract of land, supervised by a large corps of veterinarians. On this reservation the government will be required to house and care for such animals until the time when their owners return to take up the old routine of life. Families losing their pets will be indemnified to the sum of not less than five dollars nor more than one thousand dollars." As we say, we won't be at all surprised to find Congress tearing itself apart over this measure soon. And it might end up when some member rises and repeats the words of the late Honorable Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois. One day Mr. Cannon brought a four-day debate to a permanent close with a single sentence. "Gentlemen," demanded Mr. Cannon, "have any of you any information regarding what the hell we're discussing?" . . . W. D.



DRIVE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS SERVICE SIGN

TAKE CARE of your Arvin Car Heater and it will take care of you —keep you warm and comfortable in your car when winter comes.

It's important that you *do* take good care of your Arvin Heater now—for only a few new ones are in dealers' stocks. And there can be no more built until after the war.

Your Arvin Heater provides the safest, most dependable way to heat a car—using free hot water for fuel. Millions are in use. Yours may last for the duration, with reasonable care.

* * *

Drive in where they installed your Arvin—or any place you see the service sign above. There, they will check over your heater completely—make sure that it's operating as efficiently as it should—and help prolong its life.



NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC., COLUMBUS, INDIANA

Before and After the War Manufacturers of These

ARVIN Products

Home and Car Radios • Hot Water Car Heaters
All-Metal Furniture • Bathroom Electric Heaters

MANUFACTURING ONLY WAR MATERIALS NOW



You'll hardly know you have a hat on your head when you wear this comfort-styled Paragon.

The "Lighter Mood" is Paragon's fall special, combining style and comfort to give you that "executive" appearance.

Other Paragons $3.95 to $6.50

Featured in better stores everywhere —

See Your Nearest Dealer

Paragon

314-316 S. Franklin St. CHICAGO, ILL.

If Your Dealer Can't Supply You

ORDER BY MAIL TODAY!

Send order to Paragon Hat Company, 314-16 S. Franklin Street, Chicago

Please send me a Paragon "Lighter-Mood" ($5.50), Size ..... I want color as marked:
☐ Tobacco (Dark) Brown ☐ Steel Grey
☐ Feature (Med.) Brown ☐ Airforce (Med.) Blue
☐ Tunis (Dark Teal) Blue ☐ Army Tan
☐ Check or Money Order; ☐ Cash; ☐ C.O.D. (15c Extra). Money back if not satisfied on receipt. Sizes and colors gladly exchanged. Prices for U.S.A. only.

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... *State*.....

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE
Spotless
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT



Good King Jim

Continued from page 42

against its own goal line, when the Indian center passed the ball miles over Jim's head as he was preparing to punt out. He raced back, captured the ball twenty yards behind his own goal line—and ran for a touchdown!

If we had not seen something of the sort ourselves, we should hesitate to report these miracles. We saw Thorpe first in 1912 when Carlisle was playing Lehigh. Lehigh had great teams in those days and, upon taking the opening kick-off, went to the three-yard line before the Indians held. They were never much on defense, the Carlisle boys. If you scored one touchdown, they scored two; and the scores of their games, even in those days of low-scoring contests, were generally 35-27 and 28-19—things like that.

Well, the Indians held Lehigh for three downs on the three-yard line and then Lehigh tried its famous forward-pass play—the quick pass directly over the line of scrimmage. Pazetti, the Lehigh quarterback, took the ball from between the center's legs, raced back in a wild scramble, whirled and tossed it. Lehigh had won half a dozen games with that play, but this time Jim Thorpe intercepted the pass.

He intercepted it about five yards *back* of the goal line, and anybody in his right mind would have touched the ball down there. That would have made it a touchback, the ball would have been brought out to the twenty-yard line and the Indians could have started anew from there. Now remember, this pass wasn't out to the side. It was directly over the line of scrimmage, and when Jim caught the ball, he was surrounded by players. But did he touch the ball down? Not on your life! He started weaving his way out of that mass of humanity. By the time he reached the ten-yard line, he had dodged all tacklers and was in the clear.

How he did it, nobody but Jim will ever know. But there he was, loping gently down the greensward with Lehigh's fastest man, Pazetti, after him. Jim let him draw to within five feet of him and then he gave a little wave of the hand—and pulled away from Pazetti as if the latter were tied down with a load of bricks. That run covered 105 yards!

In the better sense of the word, the Carlisle Indians were the only amateur team that ever existed. They were the only college team we have ever seen that played football for fun. Anybody who thinks the Indians are a glum people is nuts. They have a truly great sense of humor.

A Redskin Wisecracker

The wit of that club was Garlow, the center. He commiserated with the opposition, kept up a steady stream of conversation and eventually had the game on a nice social footing. When the Indians had the ball on the goal line and there was some doubt of it being a touchdown for Carlisle, Garlow was at his best.

"Gentlemen," he would say, his voice full of sympathy, "this hurts me as much as it does you, but I'm afraid the ball is over. It is not a nice thing to do to a group of fine young men who have treated us so kindly, but the truth must be told. The ball is over and nobody regrets it more than we do. If there was any way of correcting this error on our part, we should be glad to do it. But there is no slightest doubt about the condition that confronts us here. It's a touchdown. The ball is over."

After a minute or two of this, while the officials were peering intently at the spheroid and making their momentous decision, the other team would be utterly changed. Instead of being a dramatic group of young men with set jaws and grief-stricken countenances, they would be turned into happy human beings. The spectators in the stands would look on in wonderment at the sight of a group of defeated boys laughing their heads off. If that isn't the amateur spirit, it has never been seen on this hemisphere.

The Indians had a habit also of not calling signals. They liked to let the other fellows in on the game. That backfield was composed of Welch, Arcasa and Powell in addition to Thorpe, and Jim would stand back of the line of scrimmage and yell in a loud voice, "What about going around right end this time?" And they would prance around right end.

"Left tackle, now, eh?" Jim would holler, and they would go through left tackle despite the fact that the opponents ganged up there in force. The Indians never cared who knew their plays. Their blocking and running was such that they would gain if the whole stadium lined up against them.

Pop Warner once created a great controversy by saying that Ernie Nevers was the greatest player he ever coached. He has since amended that in a talk with Grantland Rice to saying that: "Nevers was a great team player, giving his best all the time; Thorpe never gave more than forty per cent of his best." All that one can say to this is that Thorpe at his 100 per cent best would have made a joke of the pastime.

It is probably true of the Indians that they never broke their necks playing. They always managed to lose one game a year, generally to Syracuse, and on a muddy field. They could never understand why anybody wanted to play in the rain. As Thorpe said once to Grantland Rice. "What's the fun in that?"

Contrary to the rumor that Jim was a finished player when he came to Carlisle, he had never played before a happening in practice made him famous. He was a thin, tall kid in 1907, when one of the coaches kicked a ball to him and told him to run down the field with it. Jim ran through the entire varsity team and planted the ball behind the goal posts.

"No, no!" cried the coach. "This is just for tackling practice."

"Nobody's going to tackle Jim," said Jim, and when the ball was kicked to him again, he repeated with another run the length of the field. After that, they started using him as a regular.

Thorpe could do anything with a football. With our own eyes we have seen him punt the distance of the playing field in the air—hundred-yard punts! Thousands saw him in his professional football days when he used to give drop-kicking exhibitions. He would stand in the middle of the field, face one goal post and drop-kick the ball squarely over it. He would then turn around to the other goal and do it that way.

He was a great line bucker, a murderous runner off tackle, one of the fastest men ever known on the gridiron and absolutely unstoppable in the open field. His straight-arm knocked heads entirely off shoulders, and his change of pace was so subtle that he seemed to float past tacklers.

A Tale of Two Indians

Harold Bruce tells the story of the time Carlisle was to meet Lafayette at Easton in a track meet. When he met the train, two Indians got off.

"Where's the team?" demanded Bruce.

"This is the team," said Thorpe.

"Only two of you?" demanded Bruce, flabbergasted.

"Only one of us," Jim corrected him. "This one is the manager."

Jim took eight first places that day, winning the meet easily. If that seems farfetched, remember that he did equally well at the Olympic Games at Stockholm, making a runaway of the decathlon and giving Europe a thrill which it still remembers. His medals were taken away from him because it had been discovered that he had been playing professional baseball in North Carolina previously, but John McGraw signed him for the New York Giants, where he played for six years. The theory is that failure to hit curve balls finally licked him as a ballplayer, and that is one thing which makes Jim sore.

"I had a lifetime average of over .250," he says sourly. "I musta hit a coupla curves."

Anyhow, that has nothing to do with his football ability. It proves merely that he was a great athlete at anything. But we will thank all concerned if this business about who is the greatest football player ceases for all time. There was Thorpe—and the rest haven't yet appeared around the last turn.

Since his football days, Jim has had a whirl at several careers, being by turn a movie actor, a lecturer and a laborer. He is now in government work around Detroit as a guard. Saboteurs, spies and general nuisances would do well to keep clear of the old gent. He still has what is known as timing and athletic aptitude.

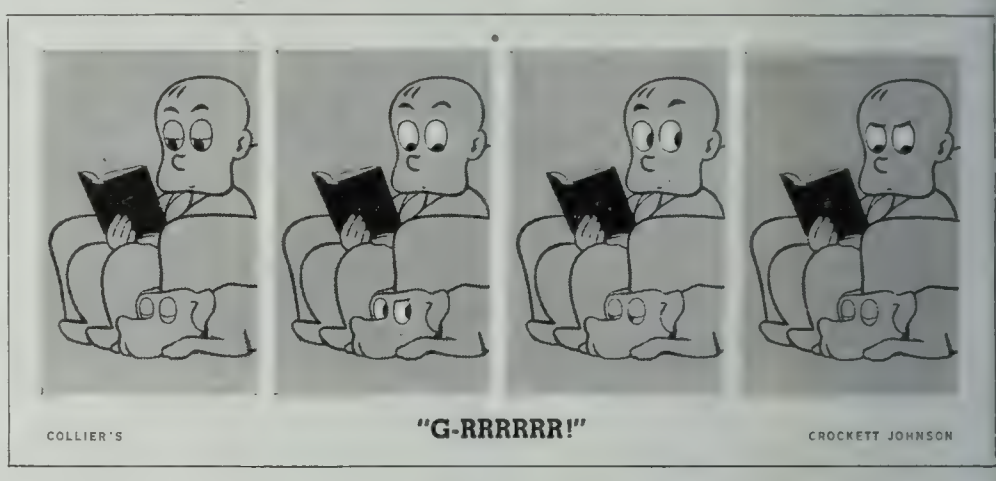
Lately, Grantland Rice was talking to Jim about his career.

"Jim, did you ever get hurt playing football?" asked Grant.

Jim looked at him in honest wonderment.

"How could anybody get hurt playing football?" he asked.

THE END

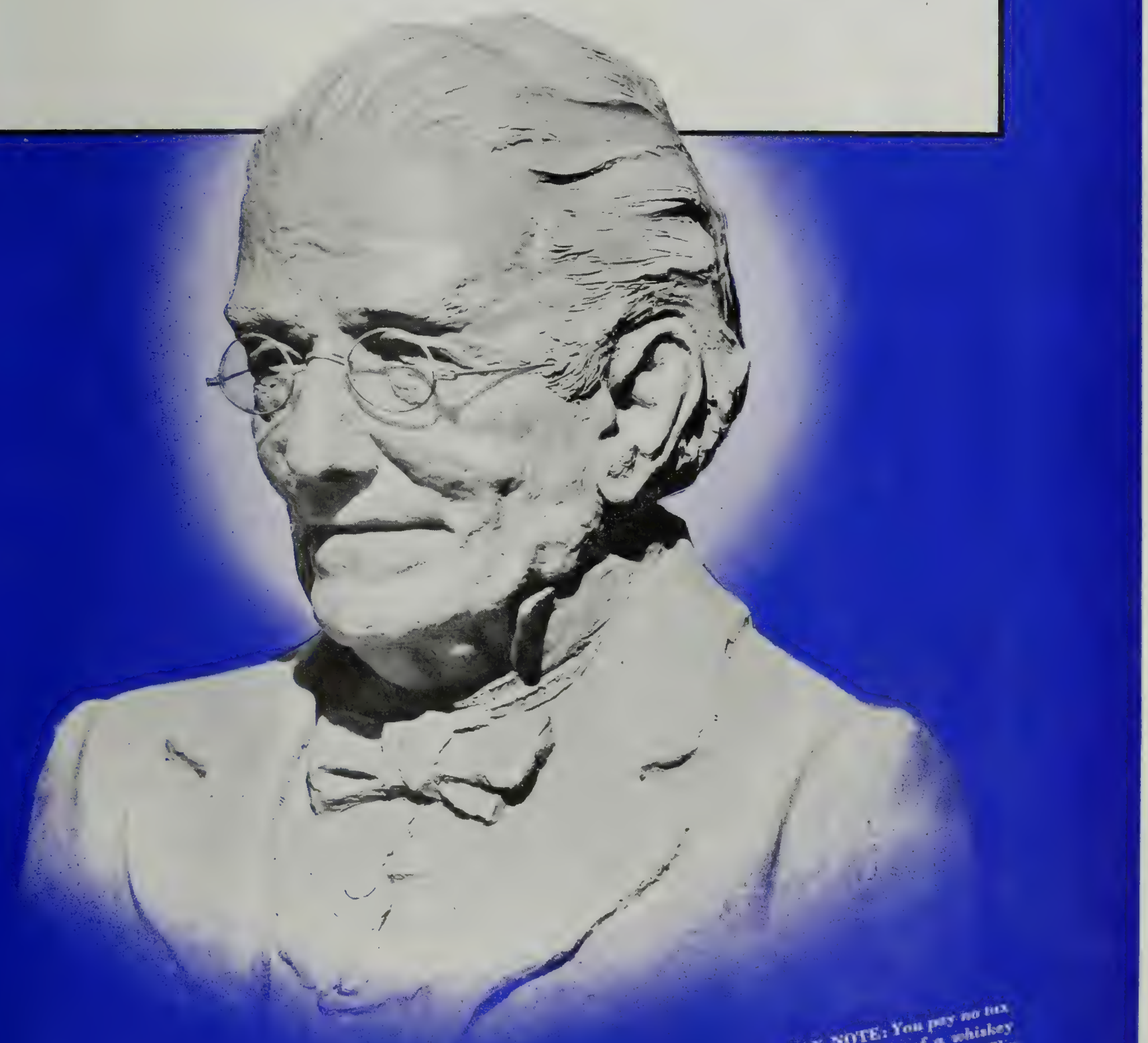


It's good to know there are some things which the pressures of war have not changed, and one of them is

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

It comes to you with the same high quality that made this fine whiskey Head of the Bourbon Family.



TAX NOTE: You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey —only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY . . . BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

PROBLEM AT SEA

By Jacland Marmur



"Full left rudder! Open fire!" The Bane's guns slammed out in salvo. The Jap sub's deck gun flashed

ENSIGN PARKINSON, fresh from a cruiser's eight-inch gun division, was a little impatient with his skipper, Lieutenant Commander Pendleton. As a matter of fact, he didn't approve. The wardroom air of respectful gaiety he thought most unprofessional, and he saw no excuse at all for calling a skipper "Square-root Sam." Ensign Parkinson was still Academy-marked, full of Jomini's tactics and Admiral Mahan's strategy. He was new to the destroyers, especially the Thomas Bane; he had a lot to learn.

The facts of the task seemed simple to him: Jap scouting submarine aprowl in Area BX-4. Damaged by bomber attack and unable to submerge, though her surface speed seemed unimpaired. She had information of Alaskan ship dispositions of the utmost value to the enemy, and she had to be destroyed at whatever cost. That order and report, Parkinson reflected, was direct and to the point. So let's move! he thought. Let's plow the ocean up with both our turbines singing to the hunt. To the devil with this thick Aleutian fog. It was just a minor complication; you had to trust your luck. But the skipper didn't believe in luck. He believed in mathematics. That's why they called him "Square-root Sam."

Behind the thin steel dodger, the dank cold mist kept dripping from his high-boned face, his ship just poking through the blind white pall of Area BX-4 at speed one third. And his fog-weary eyes had that familiar crinkling at their corners Parkinson had seen before from the head of the wardroom mess. That was the skipper's look whenever he gnawed a problem.

"Submarine, sir! Dead ahead!" The lookout's sudden cry was sharp; it caught excited echoes shrilling through the ship. "Sub! Sub, sir! On the bow!"

"One two double oh. Scale . . ."

They were already droning out the range aloft as Parkinson flung up one arm to point what he saw—a dark loom, low on the water, an ugly shadow lurking behind veils of swirling mist.

"Full left rudder! Open fire!" the skipper barked.

That was a fighter's act of instinct; it brought all his guns to bear. But in the same instant he leaped for the bridge wing, thrusting the seaman aside to put his own eye at the instrument and take the bearing himself, as if he had known all along there wouldn't be much time. He was right. The guns slammed out in salvo, rocking the Bane. Long two hundred. Through the heavy fog the Jap sub's deck gun flashed. Once. Twice. Two shells sang over into silence. Then she was gone. Swallowed in the thick Aleutian mists.

Parkinson stormed with impatient inward rage. But the skipper didn't seem at all alarmed. He had expected this. What else—in these latitudes? He seemed satisfied to have so small a fact as a known spot on a vast, invisible ocean drowned in fog. Swiftly, he was fitting it into his mathematical equation of tactics. The Jap, lying with engines dead until discovered, had her deck gun ready-manned; she hadn't swung her bows to launch torpedo attack. That meant she hadn't any fish to waste! She would be rushing off instead. Her speed? Let's say sixteen. The problem was—to where?

"Full ahead all engines. Let her head come three two oh." The skipper eyed his wrist watch carefully. Three minutes. This was the spot. "Full left rudder!" The destroyer dipped steeply to the turn. The skipper kept on clocking her. "Mr. Parkinson," he said with utmost calm, "see the fo'c'sle and both wing messrooms forward are cleared of men at once. All guns at maximum depression. Pass the word. Stand by for crash."

Crash? Parkinson gaped at his commander, checking his startled outburst just in time. The skipper meant to ram that sub. Wonderful! But didn't he have to sight her first? And that amazing fellow wasn't peering into the rushing wall of fog at all! He was staring intently at his wrist watch, calling new courses to the helm at intervals instead! The Bane was goring angularly through the long flat swells, her blowers whining high and thin. Her decks were steeply tipped; she was circling at high speed through thick Aleutian fog.

The skipper was chasing his blooming tail! Like a silly dog. Where was the sense in that, when you couldn't see a cable's length ahead? That Jap sub was clear away in the west for sure by now! That's what the ensign grimly thought, hanging on until the skipper might see fit to quit this foolishness. But he didn't quit; he kept it up, his circles swinging wider, Parkinson's annoyance gnawing deeper all the time. Till suddenly, without warning—it happened.

THE gray shape loomed. Dead ahead. There was only time enough to see a bow wave flash beneath the swirling fog before the Bane smashed into it full speed with a crashing roar, ripping and rending metal as if she'd hit a solid wall. It flung the men headlong. But the skipper was ready; he was on his feet.

"All engines full astern! Full right rudder! Open fire!" he cried.

The guns slammed out. Depressed already and at point-blank range, what was left of the smashed Jap sub went spewing skyward in exploding, debris-clotted jets of flame. That was the end of her. And young Ensign Parkinson was so amazed he never remembered anything else, not even surveying the ship's crumpled bows and all the wreckage forward. But he never forgot the executive, asking the skipper what all hands wanted to know.

"Are you psychic, sir? Or is it an equation in math you use to ram Jap subs in a pea-soup fog when the devil only knows what course they're on?"

"To tell the truth, there is an equation, Joe." The skipper afforded himself a smile. "Sometime I mean to properly figure it out. Point is, chasing her in heavy fog by propeller sound alone would give her all the odds, that's sure. But once we sighted her, I had a starting point. I kept swinging from that in an ever-widening spiral. It seemed reasonable to suppose she'd make as straight and fast a course from there as she could. Now you lay that down on a chart, Joe. No matter which way she goes, her course will look like the spoke of a wheel. Our spiral was bound to cut her in two someplace along the way, our speed being great enough. That gave *us* the mathematical odds. And we ran her down."

"That we did," the lieutenant grinned. "Now what would you say the mathematical odds were, Skipper, to get us home to Dutch Harbor with a shored-up bulkhead and an accordioned pile of steel junk for bows?"

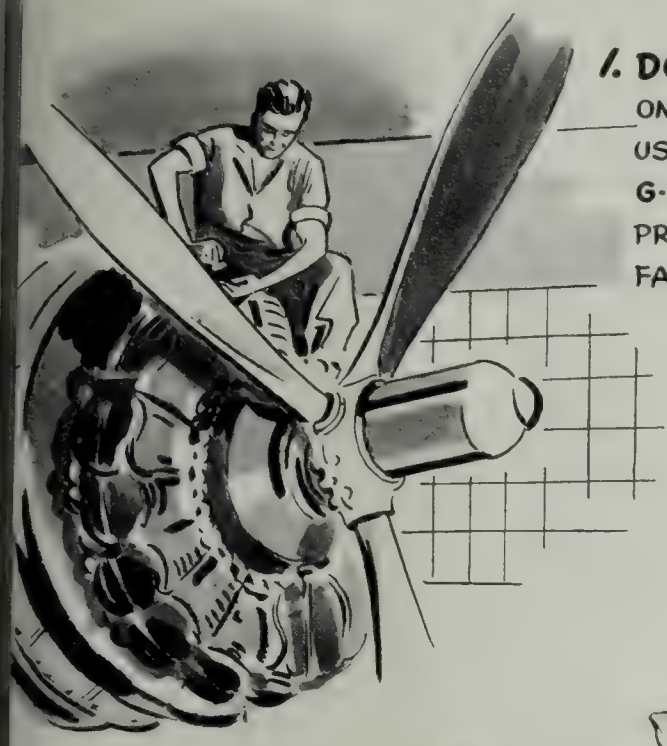
The skipper's weary eyes began to dance. "I think the odds are fine."

It was plain to Ensign Parkinson the executive was satisfied with the mathematical judgment of Square-root Sam. As a matter of fact, it seemed good enough for the ensign too. He was beginning to learn. He might even get to like the destroyers after all, in time.

If you want to see how the skipper's problem was worked out, Collier's will send you a copy of the solution. All you need is a knowledge of simple calculus and plane geometry and patience. Write to Problem Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. There is no charge.

THE FACTS OF LIGHT

by Bob Siemer



1. DO YOU KNOW THAT GOOD LIGHT IS HIGH ON WPB'S LIST OF THINGS INDUSTRY CAN USE TO SPEED WAR PRODUCTION? THAT G-E FLUORESCENT "DAYLIGHT" IS PREVENTING MISTAKES AND LESSENING FATIGUE IN HUNDREDS OF WAR PLANTS?



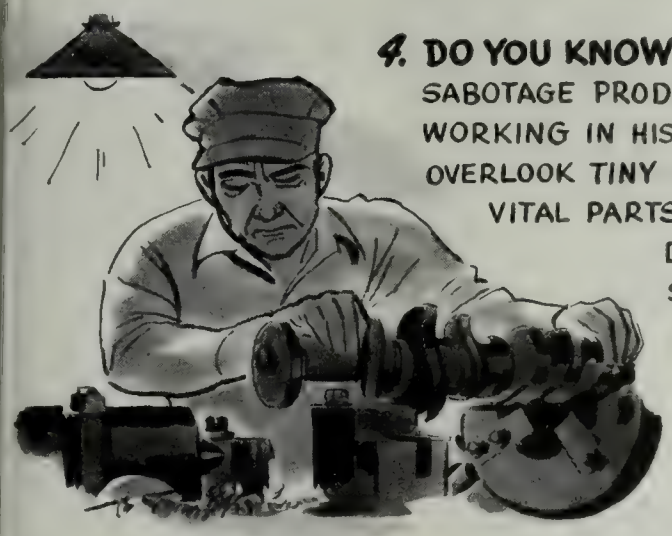
2. DO YOU KNOW THAT THE BEST AMOUNT OF LIGHT NATURE PROVIDES FOR YOUR EYES - IN THE SHADE OF A TREE - IS 100 TO 200 TIMES GREATER THAN THE LIGHT IN YOUR LIVING ROOM? THAT'S WHY **GENERAL ELECTRIC** SAYS "WHEN YOU READ OR SEW OR WORK, BE SURE TO HAVE GOOD LIGHT!"



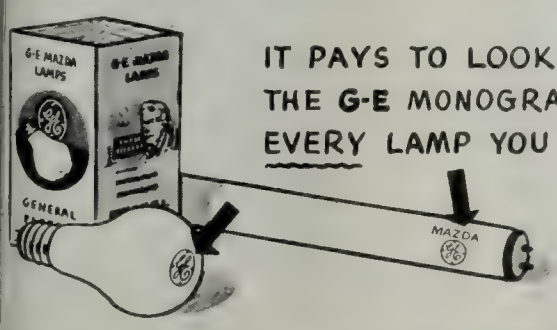
3. DO YOU KNOW THAT G-E SCIENTISTS SAY YOU CAN ACTUALLY INCREASE LIGHT 25% TO 50% JUST BY CLEANING BULBS AND REFLECTORS? THAT GOES FOR BOTH HOME AND FACTORY!



5. DO YOU KNOW THAT GLARE WASTES LIGHT BY MAKING THE PUPILS OF YOUR EYES CONTRACT - LIKE FACING BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS AT NIGHT? LET G-E SHOW YOU HOW TO AVOID GLARE IN YOUR PLANT!



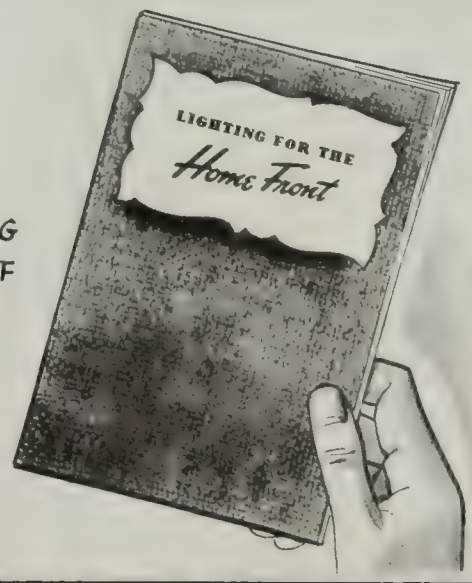
4. DO YOU KNOW THAT SHADOWS CAN SABOTAGE PRODUCTION? A MAN WORKING IN HIS OWN SHADOW CAN OVERLOOK TINY ERRORS THAT CAUSE VITAL PARTS TO BE REJECTED - DELAYING WHOLE SHIPS OR TANKS OR PLANES! ASK G-E TO CHECK <u>YOUR</u> FACTORY LIGHTING!



IT PAYS TO LOOK FOR THE G-E MONOGRAM ON <u>EVERY</u> LAMP YOU BUY!

6. WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET . . .

NEW 16-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET. "LIGHTING FOR THE HOME FRONT" CONTAINS A WEALTH OF USEFUL INFORMATION ON CONSERVATION, BLACKOUTS, REPAIR PROBLEMS, LAMP AND SHADE SIZES, ETC. WRITE TODAY. GENERAL ELECTRIC, NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

At the bar or by the bottle...
GLENMORE IS THE BUY!



Copyright 1942
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

86 Proof

GLENMORE BOTTLED IN BOND
Glenmore is also available in
Bottled in Bond — 100 Proof

P O U R G L E N M O R E . . Y O U G E T M O R E

Autumn Leave

Continued from page 20

the last chapters of *Pride Goeth . . .*" said Mr. Bigelow. "They also had a nice, long chat about war work. Two days later Almendinger went and got a job in a small-arms factory."

"I can see the title of her next book," said Jim sarcastically. "Small Arms and the Man."

"I see that they don't include humor in that officers' training course," said Mr. Bigelow coldly. "I will continue.

"F. J. Cuthbertson was our next casualty. The old gentleman was so inspired by Jennie Bishop's zeal that he and his lumbago went and became a volunteer fireman. Then there is . . ."

MR. BIGELOW continued to catalogue the authors who, drafted by Miss Bishop, were no longer writing.

"Why don't you have a little talk with her?" Jim suggested feebly.

"That," said Bigelow, "is precisely what I was about to say to you. I attempted one little talk with her. It resulted in my having to address a group of Boy Scouts on the subject 'Books are Bullets.'"

"But I don't see what I can do if . . ." Jim began.

"Ah, but you are just the man for the job," Mr. Bigelow interrupted eagerly. He rose and gave Jim's back an urgent pat. "That was always your strong point, my boy—talking to people. I want *you* to talk to Jennie."

Jim shook his head firmly. "Sorry. I'm here for a rest. She doesn't sound like the restful type."

Mr. Bigelow fixed his employee with an indignant eye. "How about your loyalty to the firm?" he asked. "You expect to be with us after the war, don't you? Do you want to return to find grass growing in the editorial workroom?"

"I still don't see what possible good I can do."

"That's your problem," said Bigelow, somewhat irrationally. "I feel certain that, if you put your mind to it, you can convince Jennie that she should spend her five-day week being an editor instead of a recruiting officer among lame, halt and ancient authors. Will you take a shot at it or not? I'm asking it as a favor to the firm."

"Well. . . ." said Jim.

"Good," said Mr. Bigelow. "Jennie spends her mornings at the USO Clubhouse. You'll find her there now." . . .

In one corner of the big room a British sailor with three checkers on his board was striving ineffectually to stop the attack of a Canadian air cadet who had nine of them. In two other corners, members of the U. S. Infantry were writing letters. In the fourth corner, a machinist's mate was eating apple pie. Between these four outposts, several hundred men in uniform were elbowing their ways back and forth, standing in line for movie passes, and giving a general effect of vast and confusing activity.

It took Jim twenty minutes to ferret out the fact that Jennie Bishop was upstairs on the dance floor, and another five to have her located and pointed out to him.

Jim had to ask twice if that really was Miss Jennie Bishop. He had expected something rather forbidding, steely-eyed and jutting-jawed. But the eyes were an entirely different kind of gray than steel. They had a lot of green in them, and they were amazingly large. A crinkly long bob with a lot of red in it completed a general effect that was, in a word, snazzy.

Jim seized her elbow tentatively. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I wonder . . ."

She looked up and smiled at him. It was a thoroughly disconcerting smile. So disconcerting, in fact, that Jim forgot to finish his sentence.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I can't dance with you right now," she said, glancing at her watch. "In fifteen minutes, maybe, when I'm relieved."

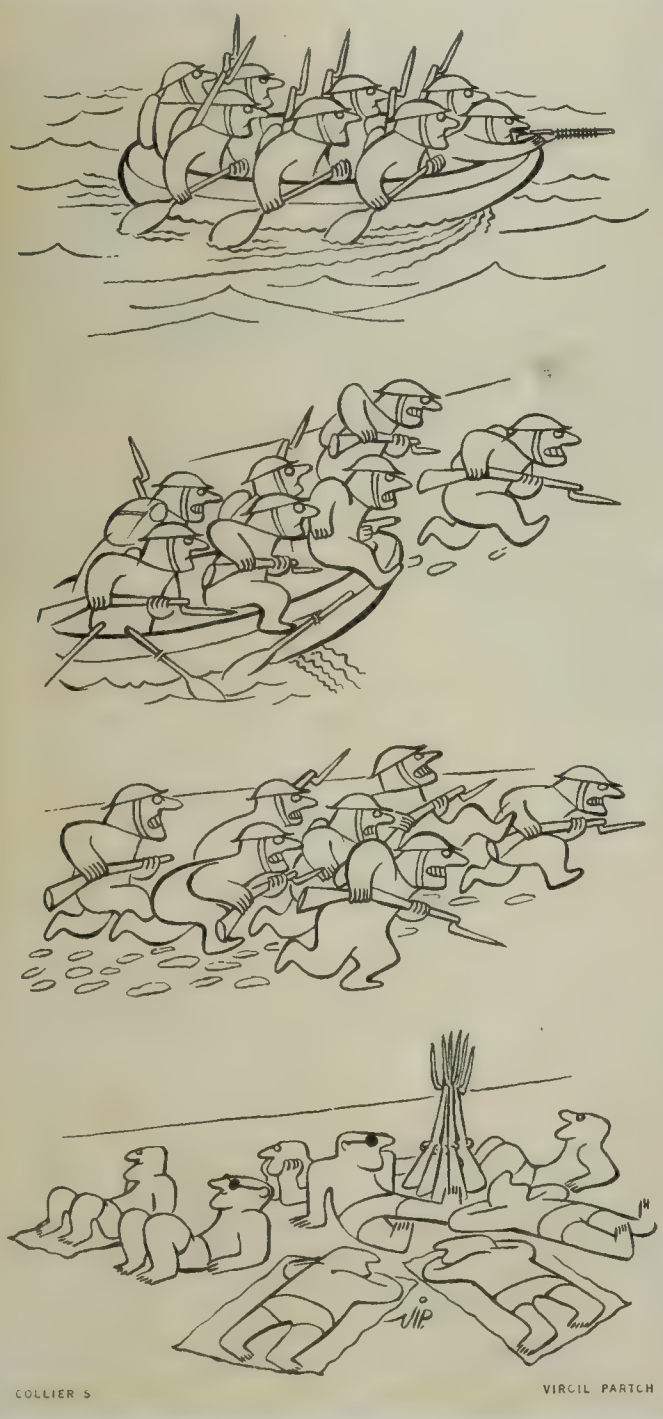
"Think nothing of it," said Jim. "I didn't want—I mean, I'm James Sloan and I wanted . . ."

She smiled again. "I'm Jennie Bishop. And you don't have to feel shy about asking us. We love to dance, really."

"I'm not shy," said Jim with some indignation. "I want much more than to dance with you." He stopped. That didn't sound quite right. "What I mean is . . ."

By this time Jennie had already produced another girl. One named Rita Murch. A girl with an acute case of giggles.

"Pleastameetcha," said Miss Murch, upon being introduced.



Jim swallowed hard. "Hi," he said, and then looked despairingly at Miss Bishop. "Look. You're making a mistake. I—"

Jennie patted his arm comfortingly. "Now you just go right ahead and dance," she said. "You know perfectly well you're dying to. Rita won't mind if you're no Arthur Murray. Her toes have been stepped on before, haven't they, Rita?"

Miss Murch clicked her gum emphatically. And giggled. "By expoits," she said and led Jim, still struggling feebly, away to the dance floor.

Ten minutes passed before Jim was able to look for Jennie Bishop once more. During this interval he learned that Miss Murch could certainly go for Errol Flynn, that she preferred enlisted men from the South because they wasn't so fresh, that the rumba wasn't so difficult, really—"you just got to make right with the wiggle—like this . . ." and that she had an understanding with a sailor who played the ocarina.

AT LAST Jim got away and rediscovered Jennie Bishop. This time she was proceeding cautiously down one side of the room, carrying a trayful of hot coffee.

Fearful that delay might mean another encounter with Miss Murch, Jim sprinted. He was about to tap Jennie on the shoulder when a large sailor, hastening on some errand of his own, jogged his elbow sharply.

Several things then happened quickly. Jim's intended tap became a shove. Jennie, startled, wheeled, and at the same time attempted to balance her trayful of coffee. Only the wheeling was successful. Eight cupfuls of USO coffee made immediate contact with their logical destination, the U. S. Army man.

"Look out!" cried Jennie.

Jim wiped some coffee out of his hair and painfully inquired, "Why? Is anything worse going to happen?"

The sailor, unaware of the little scene, was already far away, pushing other people. The next few minutes were rather hectic. Jim was rushed to a small room on the third floor where an Army doctor, after examination, reported nothing wrong that a dry uniform and underwear wouldn't cure. Following which, the doctor prepared to depart, leaving Jim alone in what former novelists of his acquaintance called the altogether. "Anything you'd like?" the doctor said.

"Yes, sir," said Jim. "Miss Bishop. The girl who spilled the coffee on me. She'll be wanting to see me."

The doctor eyed him dubiously. "She has quite an opportunity," he said.

"It's quite all right," said Jim. Then, as the doctor looked surprised, he added hastily, "I mean, I'll stay behind this screen."

A few minutes passed. Then Jennie appeared, full of apologies. "Thank goodness you haven't even first degree burns," she said finally. "The doctor says you can go right on dancing as soon as your uniform comes back."

"Darn dancing!" said Jim



● Protect health—be comfortable—though fuel is rationed! Balsam-Wool attic insulation will help you keep warm while saving up to 20% in fuel! This sealed blanket insulation is GUARANTEED to give satisfaction in *every* way—or your money back! Application is quick and easy. Made by the world's oldest and largest manufacturer of sealed blanket insulation, Balsam-Wool is low in cost—and you can pay by the month. Be more comfortable, even though fuel is scarce—see your *lumber dealer* about Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation—or mail the coupon for complete facts.

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
Dept. 199-1114, First National Bank Building
St. Paul, Minnesota
Gentlemen: Please send me complete information about Balsam-Wool Guaranteed Attic Insulation.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....



"HAPPY LANDING" place
for a pep-restoring rest on an inner-spring mattress in a noise-proofed, comfortable room . . . then a satisfying meal, and a *fresh start.*
HOTEL Mayfair ST. LOUIS
Over 50% of all rooms $3.50 or less single

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

"I WAS AFRAID YOU'D HAVE TO CANCEL YOUR APPOINTMENT, MISS BLAIR. YOUR NOSE WAS SO STUFFED-UP YESTERDAY."

"IT CERTAINLY WAS! BUT I USED MISTOL*"



*MISTOL DROPS WITH EPHEDRINE

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A HEAD COLD

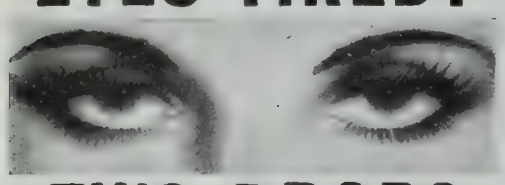
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Copr. 1942, Stanco Incorporated

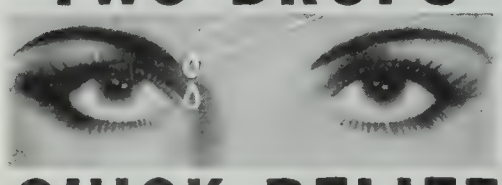
MAKE YOUR GRAVY with GRAVY MASTER HE'LL LIKE IT

EVERY BOTTLE TELLS HOW 15¢

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

briefly from behind his screen. He went on to explain that he was B & B's former head editor, which was why he had been trying to talk to her. She was just about to answer when a regrettable mishap occurred.

Engrossed in what he was saying, Jim had been unconsciously pushing his toe through the niche in a segment of the screen. The niche just fitted his toe. Felt cozy. But it was one of those three-part screens that stay up only when they are set just so. Jim's toe disturbed its delicate balance. It collapsed, just as Jennie Bishop was saying, "Now everything is clear to me."

She followed this accurate comment with a shrill, piercing scream. Jim quickwittedly dove to the floor and rolled himself in the screen as the doctor, accompanied by several husky soldiers, rushed in.

"You're safe, miss," said the doctor grimly. "I was expecting trouble from that bird."

IT WASN'T quite nine-thirty next morning when Jim's phone woke him.

"Hello," the voice at the other end said. "This is Jennie Bishop."

Jim struggled upright in bed and shivered slightly, though it was a warm morning. Any contact with Miss Bishop seemed automatically to breed trouble.

"I was sorry I had to leave right after they—er—let you loose," she said. "I was wondering if you could possibly have dinner with me tonight?"

"Certainly," said Jim. "You bet." He was conscious of a small glow of satisfaction. Obviously, there was something about him which attracted the girl powerfully.

"It's Mr. Bigelow's idea," she continued. "He says you have a great many ideas about the spring list which he wants me to assimilate."

Jim's glow faded. He should have realized that this call was only the result of Clement Bigelow's new role of Machiavelli.

Almost irritably, Jim made arrangement to call for the girl at her apartment—in the East fifties—that evening.

DURING dinner (they went to a little spot off Lexington Avenue that specialized in steaks) Jim couldn't seem to find an appropriate jumping-off place for that talk.

Jennie finally solved the problem for him, just after she had finished telling him about her plan to take a course which would enable her to go into an aircraft plant as a line foreman.

"I have a problem," she said. "You know a lot about the Army, maybe you can help."

"If it's about K. P., I'm an expert."

She stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "It's about Carleton Peevy. He wants my advice on what branch of the Armed Forces to go into and I don't know what to recommend."

For a moment Jim was too stunned to reply. Carleton Peevey was far and away the firm's biggest meal ticket. If Ellen Almendinger was a prop in the house of Bigelow & Bowers, then Carleton Peevy was the whole front porch. Sales of his last three inspirational books had totaled over a million copies.

"Does Mr. Bigelow know about this?" Jim said finally.

"Well, no," said Jennie, biting her lip. "You see, Mr. Bigelow carried on so after Mr. Cuthbertson became a volunteer fireman that we've postponed telling him until Carleton makes his decision."

"Carleton?" said Jim, vaguely disturbed. "I didn't know anyone at the office called Peevy by his first name."

"Oh, yes," said Jennie. "We've been seeing quite a lot of each other lately. Tell me, do you think he's too old for the Tank Corps?"

Jim looked and felt grim. "In my opinion," he said, "anyone with Peevy's cubic content of hot air should enlist as a barrage balloon."

Jennie put her coffee cup down and regarded Jim sternly. "That's not fair. Just because Carleton understands human nature and happens to write one best seller after another is no reason to . . ."

"Human nature!" said Jim. "Hah!"

Jennie looked puzzled. "I didn't know you felt so antagonistic to Carleton," she said. "Forget the whole thing. I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"I do not feel strongly about that four-ply fourflusher," Jim said. "I merely regret, purely academically, that a supposedly intelligent girl like yourself should throw away the best years of her life on a . . ."

"Aren't you leaping at conclusions?" said Jennie. "In the first place, I would hardly call spending a few evenings with Carleton Peevy throwing away the best years of my life. And in the second place, even if I was, I really don't see that it's any concern of yours."

Jim blinked. He had suddenly realized that he didn't see why it was, either. he had sighted Jim at that party was:

"Ah, there, Sloan! Long time no see. Been doing anything I wouldn't do?"

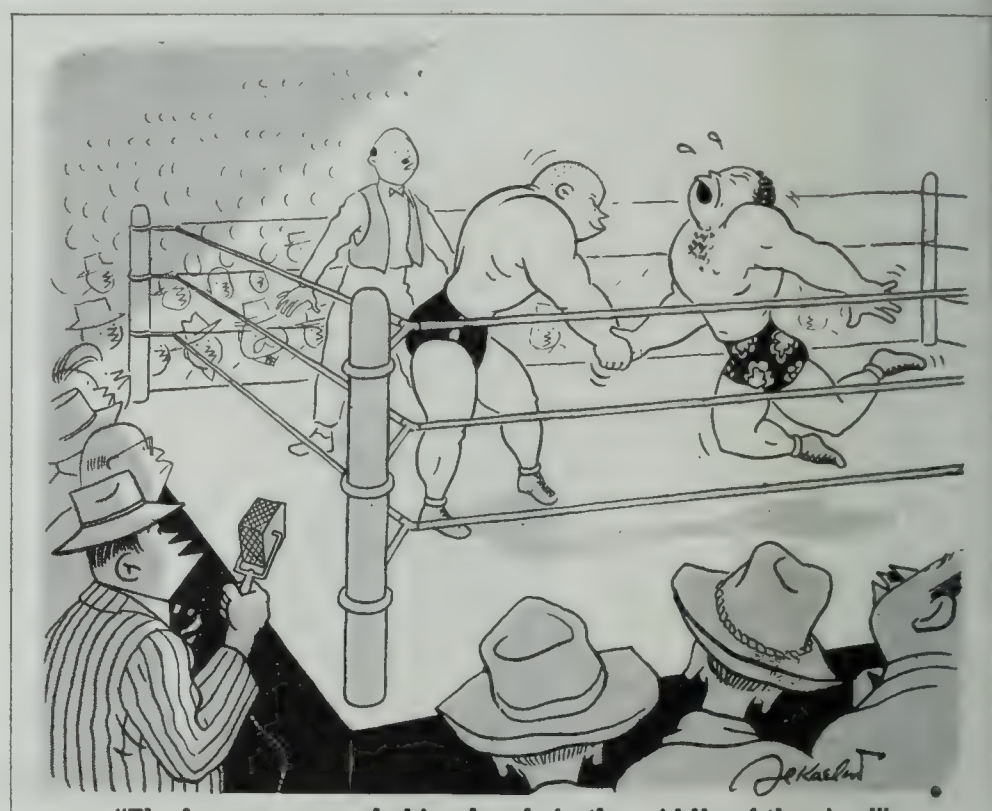
"Probably," Jim had said, his hackles rising.

Peevy threw his beautiful head back and laughed richly, thereby calling the guests' attention to both his profile and his baritone.

"A card, that's what you are, Sloan, a card!" he said. He turned to whoever might be listening. Plenty were. "I'll have you all know that Sloan here is responsible for all the commas in my books. I never know when to put in commas."

THIS happened to be true. What Peevy had omitted mentioning was that Jim was also responsible for the titles, for the complete rewrite jobs, and for the books' original ideas.

Nevertheless, Peevy was a great property. When Jim mentioned to Bigelow the danger that he might be lost to B & B before the completion of his new book, Bigelow turned the color of his cigar ash, swallowed hard several times, and immediately dictated a



"The boys are now shaking hands in the middle of the ring!"

COLLIER'S AL KAELIN

In the course of the next twenty-four hours, Jim came to an important decision. His course was clear. In the interests of his country, of Bigelow & Bowers, and of Miss Jennie Bishop, he would spend as many of his waking hours in the girl's company as was possible.

Jim reasoned everything out prettily. He would be serving his country because Jennie was the influence who was pushing Carleton Peevy toward enlistment. If Jim occupied all Jennie's spare time, Peevy wouldn't enlist. If Peevy didn't enlist, that would be the equivalent of a major victory for the United Nations.

Jim remembered the last time he had seen Carleton Peevy. It had been at a celebration party, after Peevy's last book had passed the half-million-copy mark.

Carleton Peevy was a handsome man. More than that, he was a spectacularly handsome man. People oh'd and ah'd when they saw him. No doubt Jennie had too, Jim thought bitterly. Glossy and wavy, his prematurely white hair gave him a statesmanlike aspect to which the rugged strength of his features lent additional authority. To look at his face was to expect nothing but pearls of great wisdom to drop from those beautifully molded lips. What they said when memo to Jennie telling her to take the whole week off to discuss publishing problems with Jim Sloan.

Jim found his conscience kicking up, however, as far as Jennie was concerned. He told himself that keeping her away from Peevy was an act of common humanity. Nevertheless, he would have felt more altruistic if it hadn't been for the fact that he seemed to *want* to see Jennie.

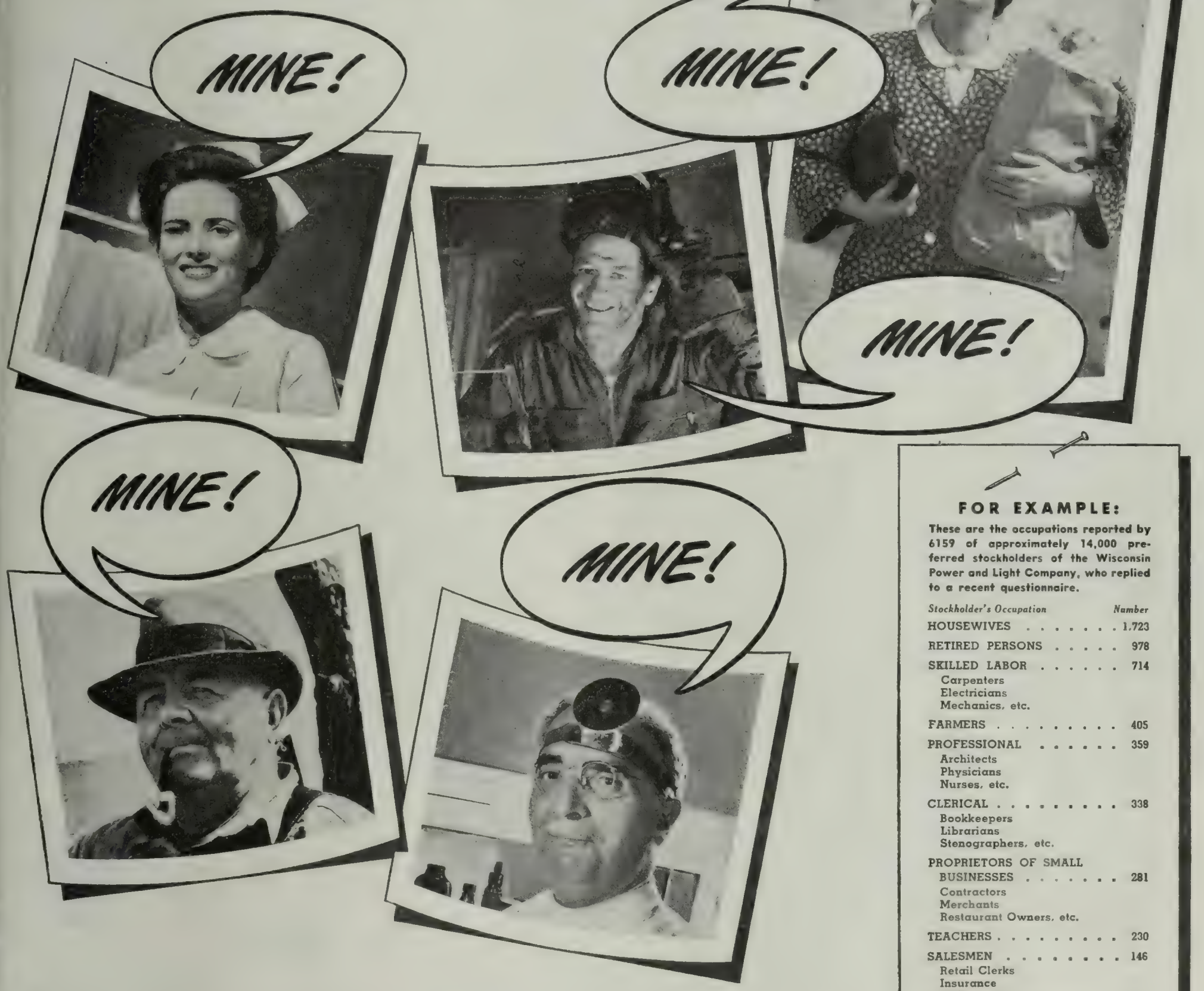
IN GENERAL, his plan of action worked admirably. During the next six days he accompanied Jennie to two first-aid classes (postgraduate); one meeting of air-raid wardens, and two house-to-house canvassings in her neighborhood on behalf of the scrap salvage campaign. On Wednesday, when Jennie worked for the interceptor command, he met her at five in the morning for breakfast.

All of which meant that Jim got practically no sleep. Strangely, though, he didn't mind. Not once did he find himself yearning for those lazy, easygoing fifteen-mile cross-country treks with full pack at Fort Bragg.

On Friday night, miraculously, the meeting Jennie was scheduled to attend was called off. Jim took her to a movie, to a night club and finally for a walk along the drive. There was a little trou-

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

WHOSE SAVINGS ARE IN YOUR ELECTRIC COMPANY?



Look at the stockholder list at the right. It's a cross-section of America. Your local light and power company could show a similar list. Chances are, some of your friends and neighbors would be on it.

Besides these thousands of direct investors, there are millions more whose interest is indirect but no less real. Probably *your* savings bank and *your* life insurance company, for example, put a part of *your* money into sound electric securities.

The rest of America's 45 million depositors and 66 million policyholders have a stake in the electric industry, too. With their families, they include practically the entire population.

In a very real sense, the electric companies represent the savings of the millions of people they serve. These people have entrusted their savings to business management under public regulation—the same business management that has given the average American home *twice* as much electricity for its money in the last 10 to 15 years—and is producing *seven-eighths* of the nation's vast supply of power.

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 98

ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

Invest in America! Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

FOR EXAMPLE:

These are the occupations reported by 6159 of approximately 14,000 preferred stockholders of the Wisconsin Power and Light Company, who replied to a recent questionnaire.

Stockholder's Occupation	*Number*
HOUSEWIVES	1,723
RETIRED PERSONS	978
SKILLED LABOR	714
Carpenters	
Electricians	
Mechanics, etc.	
FARMERS	405
PROFESSIONAL	359
Architects	
Physicians	
Nurses, etc.	
CLERICAL	338
Bookkeepers	
Librarians	
Stenographers, etc.	
PROPRIETORS OF SMALL BUSINESSES	281
Contractors	
Merchants	
Restaurant Owners, etc.	
TEACHERS	230
SALESMEN	146
Retail Clerks	
Insurance	
Milkmen, etc.	
GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES	109
Mailmen	
Firemen	
Policemen, etc.	
JUNIOR EXECUTIVES	97
SENIOR EXECUTIVES	84
STUDENTS	58
TRANSPORTATION	45
Conductors	
Engineers	
Ticket Agents, etc.	
SERVICE MEN (Army, Navy)	15
FOREMEN AND CHIEF CLERKS	10
NO OCCUPATION SPECIFIED	567
TOTAL	6,159



PROMPT RELIEF!
Help Nature drive out Fatigue Acids

● Sore, stiff aching muscles torture you after you do a little unaccustomed exercise? It's probably because of an accumulation of waste products, called fatigue acids, in them! Absorbine Jr. can help you. Its fast, stimulating action increases the circulation in many sore muscles so fresh blood can carry these acids away from this area.

Prompt Relief. Splash those sore, stiff muscles with Absorbine Jr. As it goes to work, muscles can relax. Swelling subsides—soreness and stiffness seem to drift away. It's blessed relief! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at your drug store.
If free sample is desired, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201T Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.





ble finding a bench unoccupied by the Navy but they finally did it.

"When do you suppose you'll be getting another furlough?" Jennie said.

"Leave," said Jim. "Furloughs are for enlisted men, leaves for officers. I don't know. Might be not at all, might be in three or four months."

"That long?"

Jim nodded. There seemed to be a note of disappointment in her voice. This caused him considerable internal agitation. His pulse began to resemble a 50-mm. machine gun. Suppose it weren't disappointment at all? Panicky that it mightn't be, Jim decided the best thing to do would be to change the subject. That way *he* wouldn't be disappointed.

"What do you think," he said, "of the chances of the spring list?"

Although he couldn't see her face very well, he knew that Jennie was looking surprised.

"Spring list?" she said. "Isn't this a rather odd time to think of that?"

It was. But it was what Jim had happened to think of in order to stop that annoying quickening of his pulse, and besides, if he ever was going to talk about the situation closest to Mr. Bigelow's heart, it was about time that he began. He'd been putting it off all week.

"I mention it because I know Bigelow's worried," said Jim casually. "He seems to think, that by some peculiar coincidence, all of B & B's authors are getting in there to form their own paratroop division, or something."

Jennie lit a cigarette with elaborate casualness. "Yes. He also thinks that it's my fault."

"It's not, of course?"

"Well, yes and no. If they come to me for advice, I naturally tell them what I think."

"Naturally," said Jim weakly. He decided he was glad he was in Field Artillery. Not Intelligence. He was finding the going tough. "On the other hand, everyone can't fight, you know."

"Why not?" said Jennie innocently.

"Well, take Ellen Almendinger, for instance. She'd be better off writing books for the home front than gumming things up at a munitions plant."

"You may be right about her," said Jennie thoughtfully. "I got a letter from her yesterday. Her morale is terrible. The factory paper rejected a poem she'd written for it. She has also contracted rheumatism."

"NOW you're being sensible," said Jim, encouraged. "And don't forget that you're an editor. The one thing an editor must have is writers to edit. What I'm trying to say," he added, beginning to flounder, "is that everything would be better off for everybody if you—well, if you saw to it that our few remaining good authors kept on writing books."

"Mmmmm," said Jennie, in a voice full of suspicion. "The voice is the voice of Jim Sloan, but the words are the words of Clement Bigelow."

Jim tried to laugh convincingly. "Don't be silly. That's just an independent opinion of mine. After all, I'd hate to see B & B go under after forty successful years."

"Oh," said Jennie, sounding somewhat reassured. "I wondered for a minute, because this seemed like such a funny time to talk about business."

"I can think of even more unattractive things to discuss," said Jim with a slight touch of malice. "Carleton Peevy, for instance."

This time Jennie simply sounded irritated. "All right," she said. "I saw him today. He's in splendid health."

Jim, even more irritated, said shortly, "That must make him even more obnoxious than usual. If possible."

To his surprise, Jennie laughed.

"What's funny?" he asked.

"You are," she said. "You are also jealous."

"Nonsense," said Jim. "I . . ." He stopped short. There was that pulse again. This, he told himself, was a direct hit at point-blank range The girl was dead right. He was in love with her. Very much so.

"I've read masses of manuscripts on the subject," said Jennie evenly. "And they all say the same thing. Your symptoms are classic. These manuscripts generally point out, too, that if a man's jealous, there's only one way for him to find out if there's any foundation for it."

Jim slid closer to her on the bench. "I once was a manuscript reader myself," he said. "If any character in a novel said that, she'd be a forward hussy. And the man would put his arms around her—" which Jim proceeded to do—"and then he'd say 'I guess I can take a hint.'"

He kissed her.

WHEN Jim awoke next morning there were no nightingales caroling outside his bedroom window. It just seemed that way. He arose, whistling lustily, warbled in the shower, and thought rosy thoughts about the future.

He and Jennie had been talking about that future until four in the morning. Since less than three days remained of his ten-day leave, they had decided against marrying immediately. This hadn't prevented them from doing a lot of planning on an after-the-war basis—plans that involved a farm way up in Connecticut, quite a large family, dogs, chickens, and maybe a cow.

Jim passed the morning with two long phone calls to Jennie and a gander at engagement rings. Then he called at Bigelow & Bowers to take her to lunch.

"She's with Mr. Bigelow," the phone girl said. "Conference—but I guess you can go right in."

Jim hurried down the office corridor. A sudden disquieting thought had overtaken him. Clement Bigelow was not known in the publishing profession for his tact. Once Jennie told him about her engagement to Jim, he was as likely as not to say something incriminating. Jim had a sound hunch that Jennie wouldn't gurgle with delight at the idea that he had been taking her out all week in collusion with Bigelow—it would be hard to convince her that it had also been from choice.

As he entered Bigelow's office, he noted with relief that his fears were groundless. Jennie beamed at him happily. Mr. Bigelow trotted over, pumped his arm, and said he'd just heard the good news. Nothing, he added fervently, could have been better news. Now Jennie could stay at home and concentrate on her job while . . .

"Thanks," interrupted Jim nervously, edging toward the door. "Come on, darling, we'd better be moving. Lots to do."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Bigelow heartily, and began rummaging in a cabinet. "We've got to drink a toast to the happy couple."

"I really don't think . . ." said Jim nervously.

"Let's," said Jennie. "I'm in a mood for celebrating."

They drank the toast. Jim tried unsuccessfully to leave. They drank a second toast. Jim again failed in an attempt to get out. Following which, Mr. Bigelow lifted his glass high for the third and final one.

"To Lieutenant Jim Sloan," he said



COLLIER'S **"I'd like to return this . . . he refuses to use it!"** ADOLPH SCHUS



GUARD THEM! MAINTAIN THEM! USE THEM WITH CARE! ★ ★

American motor transport is *vital to Victory!*

TWO crucial battles of this war are being fought right here at home . . . the battles of production and of Transportation. America cannot lose either of them.

In Production, Diamond T is a recognized leader, building huge military vehicles in greater volume than the normal heavy truck production of the entire industry. Every man and machine is serving the cause of victory.

And to help you, and the thousands of other Diamond T truck operators win *your* battle on the nation's transportation front, Diamond T dealers everywhere are cooperating wholeheartedly in the Truck Conservation program of the United States Office of Defense Transportation. *By all means, enroll every truck you own, every driver in your employ, in this vital patriotic movement.*

Diamond T dealers are prepared to render you the maximum of protective service through our unique Life-Extension Agreement. If you use trucks you need this Diamond T service to protect them. They're precious! They're practically irreplaceable! They've got to last!

Diamond T Motor Car Company, Chicago
Established 1905

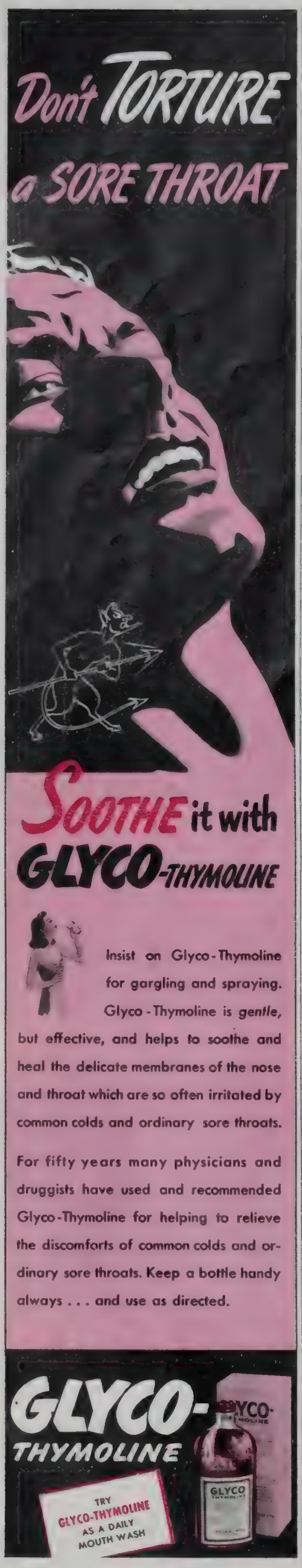


EMBLEM OF EXCELLENCE

Prized beyond price, the famed Army-Navy "E" flag, awarded for distinguished production performance, flies proudly above the Diamond T plant.

DIAMOND T
★ *Trucks* ★

BUY WAR BONDS! THEY'LL PAY FOR VICTORY... AND PAY YOU WITH INTEREST!



affectionately. "The mos' loyal employee a man ever had. Postman? Pooh! Whatsa little ice or storm or gloom of night? Thassall postmen buck up against. But Jim—" here Mr. Bigelow's emotion overcame him and a globular tear coursed down his plump cheek. "—Jim's even willing to get married for the good old firm."

There it was. Jim was suddenly aware just how a squarely hit target must feel at the moment of impact. Horror-struck, he watched the color drain from Jennie's cheeks. There was a silence in which Jim wished he could hear himself drop.

"So that's it," said Jennie softly. "So you two cooked up this whole low, petty, miserable, scheming trick just so you'd still have a few books to publish. That's why you've been seeing me all week—he told you to. I suppose he told you you to propose, too. I suppose—"

"No, it . . . it only started that way," said Jim urgently. "Can't you see, darling . . ."

"Don't you darling me!" said Jennie, her voice beginning to break. "Pretending to be interested in me. Pretending to be jealous. Actually making love, even—when all the time you just wanted to keep Carleton out of the Army so that—"

"Young woman," said Mr. Bigelow, with an absurd attempt at dignity, "there's something you forget."

"What?" said Jennie.

"You forget," said Mr. Bigelow with crushing logic, "that we can get an advance sale of a quarter of a million on Peevy's next book."

"Shut up—you're drunk," said Jim. "Jennie, won't you listen? If you'd only stop and think for a minute you'd realize . . ."

Jennie, however, was not stopping to think. She paused briefly at the door for one last remark.

"Fifth columnists!" she said with tearful scorn. And departed.

THE reader has doubtless heard of the tremendous advance in communications that has taken place in this modern age of ours. There is, Jim found, one grave flaw in it. Modern science knows no way to get in touch with a girl who won't have anything to do with you. During the next forty-eight hours Jim tried every method including telepathy. Registered letters, phone calls, telegrams—all of these seemed to drop into some bottomless void. He even tried camping outside Jennie's apartment. This resulted only in his witnessing the spectacle of her departure for a date with Carleton Peevy—a beaming, triumphant Peevy who quoted a snatch of inspirational verse to her as they swept past Jim on their way to a cab.

Through an elaborate espionage system—based on widespread bribery of cab operators and phone girls—Jim managed to keep at least a partial check on Jennie's activities during these terrible two days. On the afternoon of their fight she had sent in her resignation to Mr. Bigelow via special messenger. She had dined with Peevy on both nights and, so far as Jim could tell, was spending every available waking hour with him.

All of which spelled one incredible thing—Jennie Bishop, rebounding like a handball, was throwing herself into the arms of Carleton Peevy!

JIM'S train for the South departed at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. At one he dropped in to say goodby to Mr. Bigelow.

"You'll probably be interested to know," Clement Bigelow said, "that Jennie sent someone over for her belongings. She's got a temporary job with Watterson. She's joining the Waacs next month."

Jim didn't answer, just looked gloomy.

"See here, Jim," said Bigelow, looking embarrassed. "I can't tell you how sorry I am that I threw a monkey wrench into things. That liquor . . ."

Jim cut him short: "Forget it. If she had really loved me it wouldn't have mattered. Let's chalk it up to fate."

They shook hands gravely. Jim left and started out through the reception room. He had nearly reached the door when the figure in one of the leather chairs rose and headed toward him. Too late for escape, Jim recognized the face attached to the figure.

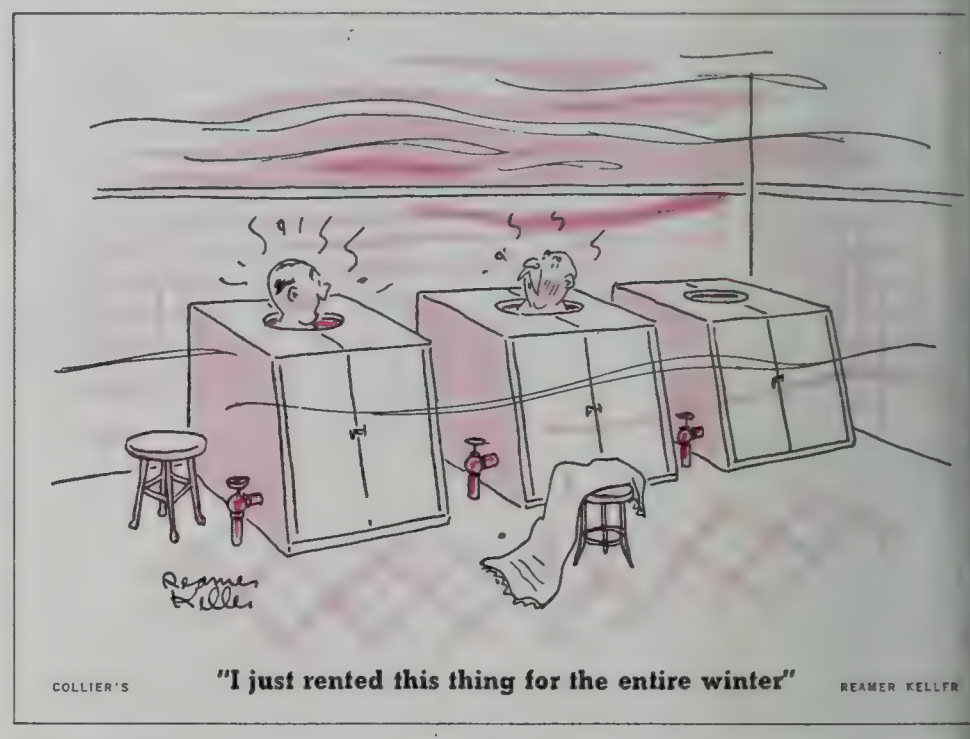
"Ah there, Sloan," said Carleton Peevy, with his usual heartiness.

"Hi," said Jim listlessly, and continued on his way. With one hand on the door, he hesitated. After all, there was no use being a bad loser. The air of blissful content which permeated Peevy's handsome features meant only one thing to Jim. He swung around.

"While I'm about it," he said. "Congratulations. You're a very lucky guy."

Peevy favored Jim with what Jim privately thought of as Beam A—the one reserved for important people or circumstances.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," he said. "Dame Fortune has indeed smiled upon me."



Jim hadn't thought his heart could sink lower than his boots, but somehow it managed another couple of inches. The last possible hope he had been clinging to had slipped away.

"On the other hand," Carleton Peevy continued, it is not well to count one's chickens before they are hatched. No, I am not quite out of the woods yet."

Jim looked puzzled. This wasn't much of a way to refer to high romance.

Jim was still more puzzled as Carleton Peevy suddenly came close to him and, weirdly, opened his mouth wide. With one well-shaped forefinger, he indicated his rear teeth.

"You see, Sloan?" he said happily. "It's my rear molars. They're in miserable shape. Then, too, there's the question of my weight. And my eyesight. Not to mention my dyspepsia."

Jim stared at him. "Look, Mr. Peevy—I don't know what you're talking about, but I don't think it's the same thing I had in mind."

Carleton Peevy raised his famous silver eyebrows. "Indeed? I assumed that you were congratulating me on the results of my appearance before my draft board this morning." He smiled a beatific smile. "I can finish the new book, you see. They've decided to leave me in 4F for at least another six months."

Jim's heart leaped back, this time all the way up to his throat, making him slightly incoherent. He grabbed Peevy's lapels hard. "Tell me, does Jennie Bishop know this?"

Peevy shook his head. "Not as yet. You see, Miss Bishop and I had a slight misunderstanding last night." He spread his hands in a gesture indicative of feminine perverseness. "I had been explaining to Miss Bishop how important it was that I be permitted to remain in New York—as a bulwark of morale and force for good for the home front. I pointed out that if she and I were husband and wife, the draft board might well make an exception in my case and reclassify me in 3A. She was most co-operative. I am about to speak to Mr. Bigelow about this. I believe the author of my reputation deserves . . ."

THAT was all Jim heard. He leaped out into the hall, running hard. He covered the seven blocks to the office of Watterson, Inc., in something under three minutes flat.

"I would like to see Miss Bishop," he told the receptionist.

"What is the name?" the receptionist said.

"Tolstoy," said Jim. "My really close friends call me Leo."

The girl was just about to ring Office 17. She stopped and regarded Jim with some alarm. Jim didn't wait any longer. He started for Office 17 at a brisk canter.

Jennie was sitting behind a desk, staring forlornly at a foot-high pile of manuscripts. When Jim entered she tried hard to appear both angry and busy.

"I came here to remark that I love you," Jim said firmly. "And also to say that I don't care if you induce old Bigelow himself to become a Commando.

"Go away," said Jennie uncertainly. "Go away this instant."

Jim shook his head. "Not a chance," he said cheerfully. "This is the one place I've got to fix up before I leave."

He walked around the desk, took Jennie in his arms and kissed her. At this moment the receptionist opened the door and looked in anxiously. "Is—is everything all right, Miss Bishop?" she said.

"Sure," said Jim. "She's going to publish my book. We are thinking of calling it War and Peace."

Jennie didn't speak until after she had again been kissed. Then she disengaged herself with difficulty, not to say reluctance. "Everything," she said dreamily, although the receptionist had disappeared, blushing, "is lovely. But darling, how could you . . ."

Jim stopped her in the most effective way. A moment afterward, he said: "Save that till after we're married. What's marriage unless you have something to argue about?"

THE END



Enough alike to be Twins

TRIKINGLY SIMILAR in more than appearance are these young mothers busily doing their bit. h have two children; both are married to men who n approximately the same amount of money every r. . . . They live in the same neighborhood; their dren attend the same schools.

Yet if you look closer into their situations, you find important differences. For the first time in life, Mary Blake, wife of an employee of a local k, is doing work outside her home. Marie Carter, the other hand, was a trained nurse before her rriage to a physician.

Similar though their lives may be at present, their blems of readjustment would be sharply different if they were denied the active support of their husbands. One is trained to earn a living; the other is not. One would receive social security benefits; the other would not.

BEFORE PLANNING life insurance for their protection, a John Hancock representative would take into consideration these and many other factors. He knows that no two families are alike. His specialized training based on his company's experience with six million policyholders enables him to search out the important differences in family situations, and to make his recommendations accordingly. The application of this specialized knowledge and training to your particular situation requires an interview which fully respects the value of your time. When he calls on you, take him into your confidence. It will enable him to give you the full benefit of his knowledge and experience and will place you under no obligation.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, *President*

Win a turkey for Thanksgiving . . . *with the Raleigh bet!*



1. "**Jim's dad loves children,** dogs, food—and most of all, an argument! I told him I could tell Raleighs from other brands just by looking at the tobacco. And just as I expected, he bet me I couldn't.



2. "**He took my pack of Raleighs** and some of the other makes and wrapped them all in his big handkerchief, leaving just the open ends of the packs for me to look at. 'Now then, Mrs. Smarty—which is it?'



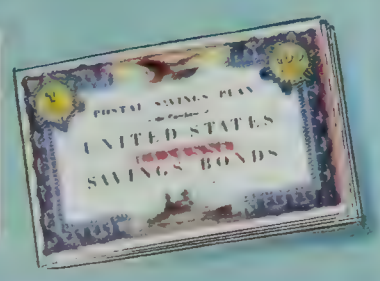
3. "**The old dear** just *couldn't* figure out how I guessed right. Pure luck? No sirree! Finally I told him—the tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden* in color. You can't help but win. You can see it at a glance!"



4. **Golden color** is proof of *quality*. At the great tobacco sales, the ripe and mellow golden leaf always brings top prices. It's the *expert* way to pick a milder smoke.

Tinfoil is out for the duration of the war. Our exclusive new laminated moisture-proof paper keeps your cigarettes fresher than any other package on sale today.

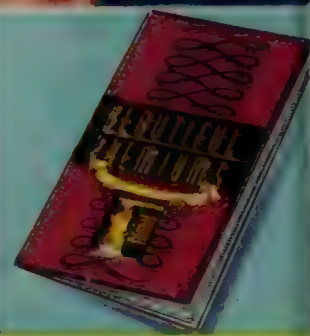
RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B & W coupons (also packed with Kool Cigarettes) are good in the United States for War Stamps, cash or worthwhile premiums like these:











TUNE IN *Red Skelton on Tuesday nights, Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra Wednesday nights. NBC Network.*

U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—any denomination—by redeeming coupons for cash value (¼¢ each). 133 coupons equal $1.00 War Stamp.

COOK BOOK. The New American. Easy-to-follow recipes. Menus. Table settings. Illustrations. Thumb index. 1024 pages.

COFFEE TABLE with inlaid top of fine, matched Walnut and Mahogany. Marquetry stripes. 16¼" high, 26½" long, 14½" deep. Sturdy, handsome.

DELUXE DINNERWARE. Pattern inspired by Colonial Williamsburg. New coral shade shoulder. Floral spray center. Complete service, 4, 8.

FREE! New catalog #21. Color illustrations. Full descriptions. Many premiums. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville,

Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page

'Isn't that what you want me to ow?" I asked her. "Isn't that the siest way to explain the situation?"

'But it's true," she said. "It's . . ."

Shelby interrupted: "See here, Mc-erson, I won't have you talking to her e that." He didn't wear the death sk any longer. The plaster had cked. His eyes were narrow and an, his mouth a tight line.

"Shelby," said Laura, "please, elby."

He stood in front of her. His legs re apart, his fists clenched as if I had en threatening her. "I refuse to let is go on, McPherson. These insinua-ns . . ."

"Shelby, Shelby darling," Laura said. e pulled at his hands.

"I don't know what you assume that n insinuating, Carpenter," I said. "I ked Miss Hunt a question. Then reconstructed a scene which she tells e is accurate. What's making you so rvous?"

The scene was unreal again. I was lking detective-story language. Shelby ade it impossible for a person to be mself.

"You see, darling," Laura said, ou're only making it worse by getting excited."

E SAT down again, Laura's hand resting on his coat sleeve. You could e that he didn't want her to control m. He squirmed. He looked at her tterly. Then he pulled his arm away d moved to the end of the couch.

He spoke like a man who wants to ow authority: "Look here, if you in-lt Miss Hunt again, I'll have to lodge complaint against you."

"Have I been insulting you, Miss unt?"

She started to speak but he inter-pted: "If she has anything to tell, her wyer will make a statement."

Laura said, "You're making it worse, ear. There's no need to be so nervous."

It seemed to me that words were printed on a page or rolling off a sound track. A gallant hero protecting a helpless female against a crude minion of the law. I lit my pipe, giving him time to recover from the attack of gallantry. Laura reached for a cigarette. He sprang to light it. She looked in the other direction.

"All I'm asking from you at this moment," I told him, "is the low-down on that bottle of Bourbon. Why have you told one story and Mosconi another?"

She slanted a look in his direction. He gave no sign that he had noticed, but he could see her without moving his eyes. It struck me that these two were clinging together, not so much out of love as in desperation. But I couldn't trust my own judgment. Personal feelings were involved. I had got beyond the point where I cared to look at faces. Fact was all that I wanted now. It had to be black or white, direct question, simple answer: Yes or no, Mr. Carpenter, were you in the apartment with Diane Redfern on Wednesday night? Yes or no, Miss Hunt, did you know he was going to meet her in your house?

She began to speak. Shelby coughed. She glanced frankly in his direction, but she might have looked at a worm that way. "I'm going to tell the truth, Shelby."

He seized her hands. "Laura, you're crazy. Don't you see that he's trying to get a confession? Anything we say . . . will be . . . they'll misinterpret . . . don't talk unless you've consulted a lawyer . . . you can't hope . . ."

She said, "Don't be so frightened, Shelby. Since you didn't do it, you have nothing to fear." She looked up at me and said, "Shelby thinks I killed Diane. That's why he told those lies. He's been trying to protect me."

She might have been talking about the rain or a dress or a book she had read. Frankness was her role now. She put it on like a coat. "Mark," she said in a gentle voice, "do you believe I killed her, Mark?"

There it lay in the lamplight, solid gold, fourteen-karat evidence of Shelby's treachery. Laura had bought it for him at Christmas, a gift she had to charge to her aunt's account. He had told her he lost it, and on Friday when she was trying to make up for her rudeness to Diane, she had seen it in the green pocketbook.

She had got a sudden headache at lunch that day. She hadn't waited to take off her hat to telephone Waldo and tell him she couldn't keep her dinner date. She hadn't mentioned her change of plans because she hated having people ask her questions.

It was still Thursday. Thursday, ten-fourteen P. M. They were to have been married by this time and on their way to Nova Scotia. This was the bridal night.

The lamp shone on her face. Her voice was gentle: "Do you believe I killed her, Mark? Do you believe it, too?"

LAST week, when I thought I was to be married, I burned my girlhood behind me. And vowed never to keep another diary. The other night when I came home and found Mark McPherson in my apartment, more intimate than my oldest friend, my first thought was gratitude for the destruction of those shameful pages. How inconsistent he would have thought me if he had read them.

I can never keep a proper diary, simmer my life down to a line a day, nor make breakfast on the sixteenth of the month as important as falling in love on the seventeenth. It's always when I start on a long journey or meet an exciting man or take a new job that I must sit for hours in a frenzy of recapitulation. The idea that I am an intelligent woman is pure myth. I can never grasp an abstraction except through emotion, and before I can begin to think with my head about any fact, I must see it as a solid thing on paper.

At work, when I plan a campaign for Lady Lilith Face Powder or Jix Soap Flakes, my mind is orderly. I write dramatic headlines and follow them with sales arguments that have unity, coherence and emphasis. But when I think about myself, my mind whirls like a merry-go-round. All the horses, the bright and the drab, dance around a shining, mirrored center whose dazzling rays and frivolous music make concentration impossible. I am trying to think clearly of all that has happened in the last few days, to remember the facts and set them upon the horses and send them out in neat parade like sales arguments for Jix or Lady Lilith. They disobey, they whirl and dance to the music, and all I remember is that a man who had heard me accused of murder was concerned about my getting enough sleep.

"Sleep," he said to me, "get some sleep." As if sleep were something you could buy at the dime store. After he'd been gone for a little while, he came back with a package from the drugstore. They were pills to make me sleep, but he would only leave me two because he knew how sick I was with fear and worry.

"Do you believe I killed Diane?" I asked him again.

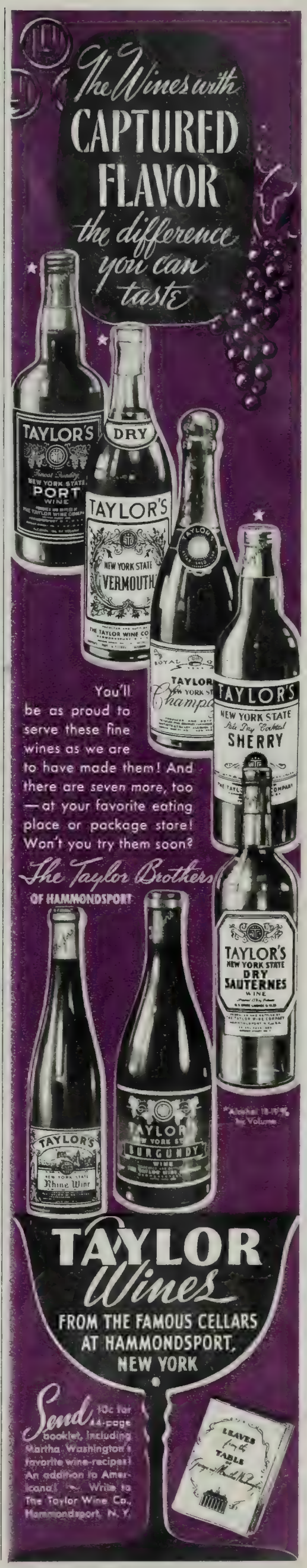
"It doesn't matter what I think." His voice grated. "It isn't my business to think, it's only facts I want, facts."

Shelby watched. He looked more than ever like a beautiful tomcat, ready to leap. Shelby said, "Be careful, Laura. Don't trust him."

"Yes," he said, "I'm a cop, you



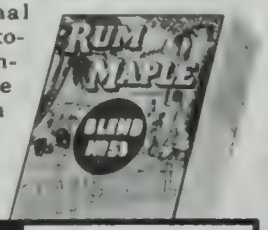
COLLIER'S "We decided to give you service for seven . . . after all, we'll be visiting you most of the time" LEONARD DOVE





Try it...at No Cost!

The secret of Rum and Maple distinction lies in the exclusive blending process by which I combined four carefully aged tobaccos (one of which is rare Syrian Latakia) with mellow imported Jamaica Red Heart Rum and pure Vermont Maple . . . producing an extremely mild, fragrant smoke completely unlike anything else you've ever tried. So clean and aromatic it's a sure hit with everyone — even the ladies! Ask your dealer for Original Rum and Maple today — or for a generous free sample package—write Rum and Maple, Dept 2C, 191 — 4th Avenue, New York City.



RUM and MAPLE PIPE MIXTURE

Ideal Xmas gift for men in the service is this grand tobacco in a handsome and distinctive Rum Barrel Humidor Package.

Wipe out those worms!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

You gotta *fight* worms. I know — they're the worst fifth column my outfit has to face.

But we've got the answer—an attack that wipes 'em out quick—and sure. It's Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for pups and small dogs). Then a daily ration of Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) to help build the patient's health to normal.

Get the famous *free* Sergeant's Dog Book—and Sergeant's Medicines—at drug or pet stores.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 2-L, Richmond, Va.
Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

Print
Name _____
Address _____
City State

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

mustn't trust me. Anything you say might be used against you." His lips were drawn hard over his teeth, he spoke without opening his mouth.

"Are you going to arrest me?" I said.

Shelby became very man-of-the-house, protector of frail womanhood. It was all pretense, his courage was as thin as tissue paper, he trembled inwardly. Shelby used phrases like false arrest and circumstantial evidence, you could tell he was proud of displaying technical knowledge like when he could explain to people about the rules of fencing or backgammon. Auntie Sue once told me I'd grow tired of a six-foot child. Auntie Sue said that when a woman feels the need for a man that way, she ought to have a baby. I kept thinking of Auntie Sue's remarks while Shelby talked about circumstantial evidence and Mark walked around and around the room, looking at things, at my autographed baseball and my Mexican tray and the shelf where I keep my very favorite books.

"She'll get in touch with her lawyer," Shelby said. "That's what she'll do."

Mark came back to me. "You mustn't try to leave here, Laura."

"No, I won't leave."

"He's got a man outside. You couldn't leave anyway," Shelby said. "He's having you watched."

Mark left without another word, without telling me to sleep again or goodby.

"I don't like that fellow. He's a sly one," Shelby said as soon as the door had closed.

"You said that before."

"You're gullible, Laura. You trust people too easily."

I STOOD with my back to Shelby, looking at the shelf with all my favorite books. "He's been very kind," I said, "considering. I think he's nice. You'd never think of a detective being like that."

I felt Shelby's hands stretching toward me and I moved away. He was quiet. I knew, without turning, how his face would look.

He picked up the two pills that Mark had left on the table. "Do you think you ought to take these, Laura?"

I whirled around. "You don't think he's trying to give me poison!"

"He ought to be hard-boiled. You'd expect him to be tougher. I don't like his trying to act like a gentleman."

"Oh, pooh!" I said.

"You don't see it. The man's trying to make you like him so you'll break down and confess. That's what he's been working for all along, a confession. Darned caddish, I'd say."

I sat down on the sofa and pounded my fists against a pillow. "I hate that word. Caddish. I've begged you a million times to quit using it."

Shelby said, "It's a good English word."

"It's old-fashioned. It's out of date. People don't talk about cads any more. It's Victorian."

"A cad is a cad, whether the word is obsolete or not."

"Quit being so Southern. Quit being so righteous. You and your gallantry!" I was crying. The tears ran down my cheeks and dripped off my jaws. My tan dress was all wet with tears.

"You're nervous, sweet," Shelby said. "That cad has been working on you subtly, he's been trying to wear you down."

"I told you," I screamed, "that I wish you'd stop using that word."

"It's a perfectly good English word," he said.

"You said that before. You've said it a million times."

"You'll find it in any dictionary," he said.

"I'm so tired," I said. I rubbed my eyes with my fists because I'm never able to find a handkerchief in a crisis.

"It's a perfectly good English word," Shelby said again.

I jumped up, the pillow in my arms like a shield against him. "A fine one you are to talk about cads, Shelby Carpenter."

"I've been trying to protect you!"

When he spoke like that, his voice deep with reproach, I felt as if I had hurt a helpless child. Shelby knew how his voice worked on me, he could color his voice with the precise shade of reproach so that I would hate that heartless woman, Laura Hunt, and forgive his faults. He remembered as well as I the day we went duck hunting and he bragged and I said I despised him, and he won me again with the tones of his voice; he remembered the fight we had at the office party and the time he kept me waiting two hours in the Paramount lobby, and our terrible quarrel the night he gave me the gun.

All of those quarrels rose in our minds now, there were almost two years of quarrels and reproach between us, and two years of love and forgiveness and the little jokes that neither could forget. I hated his voice for reminding me, and I was afraid because I had always been weak with a six-foot baby.

"I've been trying to protect you," Shelby said.

"We're right back where we started from. We've been saying the same thing over and over again since five o'clock this afternoon."

"You're getting bitter," he said, "terribly bitter, Laura. Of course, after what's happened, one can't completely blame you."

"Oh, go away," I said. "Go home and let me sleep."

I took the two white pills and went into the bedroom. I slammed the door hard. After a while I heard Shelby leave. I went to the window. There were two men on the steps. After Shelb had gone a little way, one followed hir The other lit a cigarette. I saw the mat flame and die in the misty darknes The houses opposite mine are rich pe ple's private houses. Not one of m neighbors stays in town during the sun mer. There was only a cat, the thin, ye low, homeless cat that nuzzles agains my legs when I come from work at nigh The cat crossed the street daintil pointing his feet like a ballet dance lifting them high as if his feet were to good for the pavement. On Friday nig when Diane was killed, the street wa quiet, too.

SLEEP, he had said, try to get som sleep. Two pills weren't enoug When I turned out the lights, the dark ness whined around me. The old dea tenants came creeping up the stairs, the footsteps cautious on the tired board They sighed and whispered behin doors, they rattled the old latches, the plotted conspiracies. I saw Diane, to in my aquamarine housecoat, I saw h with dark hair flowing about her shoul ders, running to answer the doorbell.

The doorbell had rung, Shelby tol me, and he stayed in the bedroom whil she ran to answer it. As soon as she ha opened the front door, he heard the sho Then the door snapped shut. After time that might have been thirty sec onds, or thirty years, Shelby said, h had left the bedroom. He tried to spea to her, his lips framed her name, but hi voice was dead. The room was dark the light came in from the street lamp i stripes through the Venetian blinds. H saw the pale silk of my robe spread about her on the floor but he could no see her face. It seemed gone.

When his blood had thawed, Shelb said, he had stooped to feel for the plac where her heart should have been. Hi hand was paralyzed, he felt nothing, h knew she was dead. He went to th



"You go straight until you come to a battalion of burned-out mark 4 tanks; turn sharp left and then right at an exploded ammunition dump, and straight ahead to a wrecked Messerschmitt. . . ."

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE



1865 1942

A style as American as the red, white and blue feather in the band—with emphasis on quality and accent on wear. This is another Stetson original, made by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt process, shown in the new "Freedom Blue" color.

The STETSON *Eagle* $7.50

OTHER STETSONS $5 TO $25 • STETSON HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

Enlist your dog



Blackie: "Every defense plant needs careful watching, Whitey."

Whitey: "That's one of the reasons why the Government is calling for thousands of sentry dogs, Blackie."

● To guard defense plants and isolated points of our long coast line, sentry dogs are urgently needed! If your dog is pure-bred or cross-bred, has the characteristics of a watch dog, is over 18" shoulder high, and 1 to 5 years old... enlist it for vital army training and service. Write to Dogs-for-Defense, Inc., 22 East 60th Street, New York City.



EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

telephone, meaning to call the police. When Shelby told me about that part of it, he stretched out his hand as he had stretched it toward the telephone, and then he pulled his hand back quickly just as he had done that night. If the police had known he was there in my apartment with Diane, they would have known, too, who had killed her, Shelby said.

"That was your guilty conscience," I told him. "Guilty because you were here. In my own house with her. You wanted to believe *that*, because you were ashamed."

"I was trying to protect you," Shelby said.

THIS was early in the evening, after Mark had gone off for dinner with Waldo, and before Mark came back with the cigarette case.

Auntie Sue told me I was a fool when I bought that cigarette case. I am so gullible that I trust a detective, but Auntie Sue didn't even trust Uncle Horace to make his will; she sat behind the curtains while he and the lawyer figured out the bequests. Auntie Sue said I'd always regret the cigarette case. I gave it to Shelby because he needed grandeur when he talked to prospective clients or had drinks with men he'd known at college.

Shelby had his airs and graces, manner and a name that made him feel superior, but these were things that mattered in Covington, Kentucky, not in New York. Ten years in and out of precarious jobs hadn't taught him that gestures and phrases were of less importance in our world than aggressiveness and self-interest; and that the gentlemanly arts were not nearly so useful as proficiency in double-dealing, boot-licking and pushing yourself ahead of the other fellow.

The tea was pale, pale green with one dark leaf curled in it when I saw the cigarette case in Diane's hand. I saw Diane's pointed magenta nails curving over the edge of the gold case, but I could not look at her face. The tea had a delicate Chinese smell. I did not feel pain or anger, I felt giddy, I said to Diane, "Please, dear, I have a headache, do you mind if I leave now?" It was not like me to be calm. I tell the truth shrilly, and then I am sorry. But this was deeper, so deep that I could only watch the leaf floating in the teacup.

Shelby had given her the cigarette case so that he might feel rich and generous, too. Like a gigolo seeking revenge against a fat old dowager with a jet band binding the wattles under her chin. It was all clear then, as if the tea leaf had been my fortune in the cup, I knew why Shelby and I had quarre so that we could go on pretending love. He was not sure of himself, he needed the help I could give him, but hated himself for clinging to me, hated me because I let him cling.

They had been lovers since A eighteenth. I remember the date cause it was Paul Revere's ride Auntie Sue's birthday. The date sm of cleaning fluid. We were in a taxi the way to the Coq D'Or where Aun Sue was having her birthday party wore my sixteen-button fawn glov they had just come from the cleaner the smell was stronger than the odor taxi leather and tobacco and the T with which I had scented my handk chief and my hair.

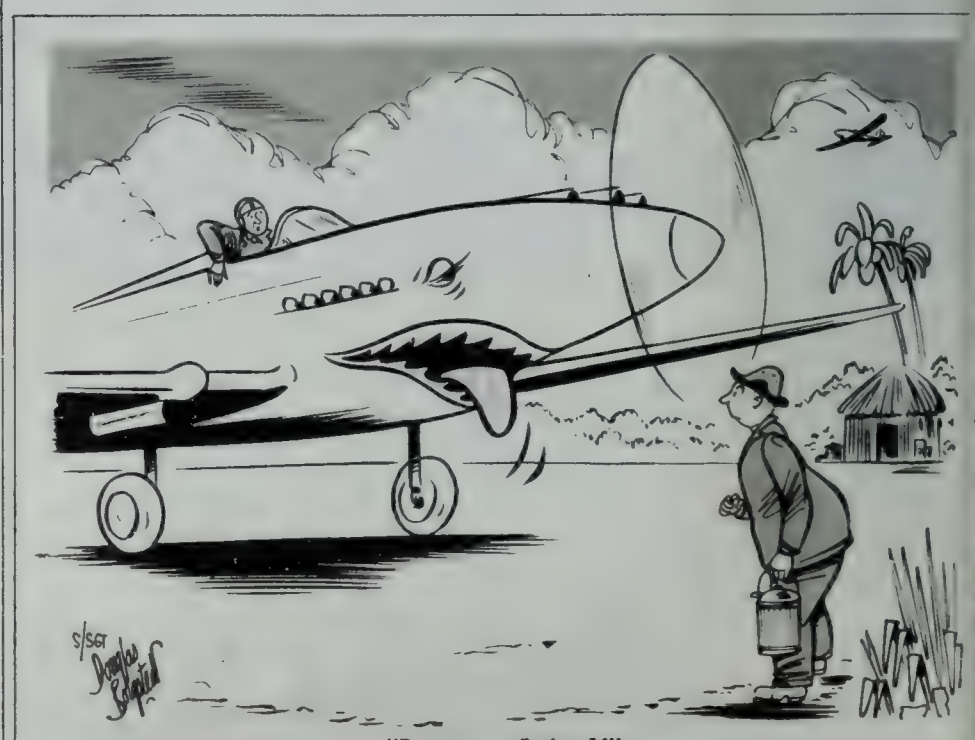
That was when Shelby told me ab losing the cigarette case. He used hurt voice and his remorse was so that I begged him not to feel it deeply. Shelby said I was a wonder woman, tolerant and forgiving. tronizing fool, he must have been thi ing as we sat in the taxi, holding han

Lovers since April eighteenth. A Friday was the middle of August. ane and Shelby had been holding han too, and laughing behind my back.

When I walked through the off after lunch, I wondered if all the fa knew and were hiding themselves fr my humiliation. My friends said th could understand my having fallen love impulsively with Shelby, but th did not see how I could go on cari This would make me angry. I would s they judged unfairly because Shel was too handsome. It was almost as Shelby's looks were a handicap, a s of deformity that had to be protect

USUALLY I anger quickly, I fla and burn with shrill vehemence a suffer remorse at the spectacle of petty female spleen. This time my fu had a new pattern. I can feel that fri fury now as I remember how I count the months, the weeks, the days sin the eighteenth of April. I tried to member when I had seen Diane alo and what she had said to me; and thought of the three of us together, wi Diane humbly acknowledging Shel my lover; and I tried to count the ev nings that I had spent alone or wi other friends, giving Shelby to her those evenings. How tolerant we we how modern, how ridiculous and pi ful. But I had always told Shelby abo dining with Waldo and he had nev told me that he was seeing Diane.

"Desperate," my mother used to s "I'm desperate," when she locked hers



COLLIER'S "Boy—am I tired!" ST. SGT. DOUGLAS BORDGSTEDT

n her bedroom with a sick headache. I always envied her, I wanted to grow up and be desperate, too. On Friday afternoon as I walked up and down my office, I whispered it over and over. "Desperate, desperate, at last I'm desperate," I said, as if the word were consummation. I can see the office now, the desk and filing case and a proof of a Lady Lilith color ad with Diane on a couch, head thrown back, breasts pointed upward like small hills. I feel, rather than smell, the arid, air-conditioned atmosphere and I tense my right hand as if the letter opener were still cutting a ridge across my palm. I was sick, I was desperate, I was afraid, I hid my face in my hands, my forehead against the wood of my desk.

I telephoned Waldo and told him I had a headache.

"Don't be difficult, wench," Waldo said. "Roberto has scoured the markets for our bachelor dinner."

"I'm desperate," I said.

Waldo laughed. "Put your headache off until tomorrow. The country is a good place for headaches—that's all it's fit for. Have your headache among the beetles. What time shall I expect you, angel?"

I knew that if I dined with Waldo, I should tell him about the cigarette case. He would have been glad to hear that I was done with Shelby, but he would have wrapped his satisfaction elegantly in sympathy. Waldo would never have said, "I told you so, Laura, I told you at the start." Not Waldo. He would have opened his best champagne and, holding up his glass, would have said, "And now, Laura, you've grown up, let us drink to your coming of age."

No, thank you, no urbanity for me tonight, Waldo. I am drunk already.

When Shelby came to my office at five o'clock, I rode down in the elevator with him, I drank two dry Martinis with him, I let him put me into the cab and give Waldo's address to the driver just as if I had never seen the cigarette case.

ON SATURDAY I thinned my sedum, transplanted primroses and started a new iris bed near the brook. On Sunday I moved the peony bushes. They were heavy, the roots so long that I had to dig deep holes in the ground. I had to keep myself occupied with hard physical work, which soothed me and emptied my mind of Friday's terror.

When the gardener came on Monday, he said that I had moved the peonies too early, they would surely die now. Twenty times that day I went to look at them, I watered them gently with thin streams of tepid water but they drooped and I felt ashamed before the victims of my impatience.

Before the gardener left on Monday, I told him not to tell Shelby that I had killed the peony bushes by moving them too early. Shelby would never have mourned the peonies, but he would have had cause to reproach me for doing a man's work in the garden instead of waiting until he came. It was curious that I should say this to the gardener because I knew that Shelby would never dig and mow and water my garden again. I was still defiant of Shelby, I was trying to irritate him by absent treatment, and provoke imaginary argument so that I could hurt him with sharp answers.

Challenging Shelby, I worked in my house, washing and polishing and scrubbing on my hands and knees. He always said that I shouldn't do menial work, since I could afford to hire servants. He could never know the fulfillment of working with your hands in your own house. My people were plain folk, the women went west with their men and none of them found gold, but Shelby came from "gentle" people, they had slaves to comb their hair and put on their shoes. A gentleman cannot see a lady work, a gentleman opens the door and pulls out a lady's chair and brings a cutie into her bedroom.

I saw then, working on my knees, the patterns our marriage would have taken, shoddy and deceitful, taut emotion woven with slack threads of pretense.

The fault was mine more than Shelby's. I had used him as women use men to complete the design of a full life, playing at love for the gratification of my vanity, wearing him proudly as a chorus girl wears her silver foxes to tell the world she owns a man. Going on thirty and unmarried, I had become alarmed. Pretending to love him and playing the mother game, I bought him an extravagant cigarette case, fourteen-karat gold, as a man might buy his wife an orchid or a diamond to expiate infidelity.

And now that tragedy has wiped away all the glib excuses, I see that our love was as bare of real passion as the mating of two choice vegetables which are to be combined for the purpose of producing a profitable new item for the markets. It was like love in the movies, contrived and opportune. And now it was over.

TWO strangers sat at opposite ends of the couch. We tried to find words that had the same meaning for both of us. It was still Thursday evening, before dinner, after Mark and Waldo had left. We spoke softly because Bessie was in the kitchen.

"This will all blow over in a few days," Shelby said, "if we sit tight and match our stories properly. Who'll know? That detective is an ass."

"Why must you keep on calling him *that detective?* You know his name."

"Let's not be bitter," Shelby said. "It'll only make it more difficult for us to go on."

"What makes you think I want to go on? I don't hate you and I'm not bitter, but I couldn't go on. Not now."

"I tell you, Laura, I only came because she begged me so. She begged me to come and say goodby to her. She was in love with me. I didn't care two hoots about her, honestly, but she threatened to do something desperate unless I came up here on Friday night."

I turned my head away.

"We've got to stick together now, Laura. We're in this thing too deeply to fight each other. And I know you love me."

"Shut up! Shut up!" I said.

"If you are innocent, then how could you have known about the Bourbon bottle, how could you have responded so instinctively to the need to protect me?"

"Must we go over it all again, Shelby? Again and again and again?"

"You lied to protect me just as I lied to protect you."

It was all so dreary and so useless. Three Horses had been Shelby's brand of Bourbon. He had been buying it for himself when he started coming to my house, and then I began buying it so he'd always find a drink when he came. But one day Waldo laughed because I kept such cheap whisky on my shelves. He named a better brand, and I tried to please Shelby with expensive Bourbon. His buying the bottle of Three Horses that night, like his giving Diane the cigarette case was defiance. Shelby's defiance of my patronage.

Bessie announced dinner. We washed our hands, we sat at the table, we spread napkins in our laps, we touched water to our lips, we held knives and forks in our hands for Bessie's sake. With her coming and going, we couldn't talk. We sat behind steak and French fries, we dipped our spoons ceremoniously into the rum pudding which Bessie had made, good soul, to celebrate my return



PARTY_

Peach Short-Cake with Gingerbread layers. M-m-m! Add water to mix . . . bake layers . . . spread with whipped cream and fruit.



LUNCH BOX_

Hearty, wholesome dessert for young or old. Use greased muffin pan (or line with paper cups). *Extra-delicious* with frosting.



AFTER SCHOOL_

Mouth-watering gingerbread, and a glass of milk . . . real *nourishment* there! Only the choicest ingredients in Dromedary mixes.

HOT GINGERBREAD

LIKE YOU NEVER ATE BEFORE!

Just add water to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix!

(needs no sugar)



FOR TONIGHT'S DESSERT serve a piping hot square of this fragrant, melt-in-your mouth gingerbread, topped and filled with whipped cream. If your folks don't throw their arms around your neck, they just aren't human!



2-MINUTE RECIPE FOR

CHOCOLATE STUDDED "GINGIES"

with whole pieces of chocolate!

You'll want to send them to boys in the service, children at school — they're so tasty, so easy to make.

Just add 1/3 cup water and a 7 oz. package of semi-sweet chocolate pieces to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven — 350°.

BEATS ANY HOME RECIPE

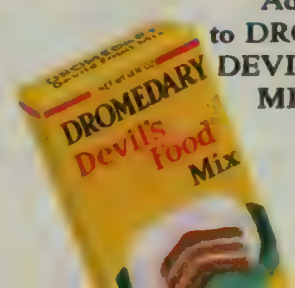
. . . yet costs you less!

• Even the best cooks admit Dromedary gingerbread mix beats their own! And it comes out *perfect* every time! *Yet it actually costs less than mixing at home!* Made from the private recipe of George Washington's mother.

DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX



AND HERE'S HOW TO MAKE RICH CHOCOLATEY DEVIL'S FOOD.



Add water to DROMEDARY DEVIL'S FOOD MIX



Bake 35 to 40 minutes and look what you get!



Dark delicious cake . . rich and chocolatey . . tender and velvety . . . Makes cookies too. Try it!



What's good for COLLYWOBBLES?

When eyes are bigger than stomachs, and youngsters overeat, they often get "colly-wobbles"—the stomach distress that follows too much of a good thing. Such a stomach needs gentle treatment. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!



Never Upset an Upset Stomach!
Don't pile more trouble on an upset stomach by *adding* to its upset with overdoses of antacids, or harsh, drastic physics!

Take PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls... thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Ask your druggist for a bottle today!

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL
... to relieve sour, sickish, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn ... *And to retard* intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea.



Makers of Unguentine®

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Norwich

PEPTO-BISMOL FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

from death. After she had brought the coffee to the table before the fire and we had the length of the room between us and the kitchen door, Shelby asked where I had hidden the gun.

"Gun!"

"Don't talk so loud!" He nodded toward the kitchen door. "My mother's gun; why do you suppose I drove up there last night?"

"Your mother's gun is in the walnut chest, just where you saw me put it, Shelby, after we had the fight."

The fight had started because I refused the gun. I was not nearly so afraid of staying alone in my little house as of having a gun there. But Shelby had called me a coward and insisted upon my keeping it for protection, had laughed me into learning to use it.

"The first fight or the second fight?" he asked.

The second fight had been about his shooting rabbits. I had complained about their eating the iris bulbs and the gladiola corms, and Shelby had shot a couple of them.

"Why do you lie to me, darling? You know that I'll stick with you to the end."

I picked up a cigarette. He hurried to light it. "Don't do that," I said.

"Why not?"

"You can't call me a murderess and light my cigarette."

NOW that I had said the word aloud, I felt freer. I stood up, stretched my legs, blew smoke at the ceiling. I felt that I belonged to myself and could fight my own battles.

"Don't be so childish," Shelby said. "Can't you see that you're in a tight spot and that I'm trying to help you? Don't you realize the chances I've taken, the lies I've told to protect you, and last night, driving up there? That makes me an accomplice after the fact. I'm in a bad spot myself, and for your sake."

"I wish I hadn't phoned you last night," I said.

"Don't be petty, Laura. Your instinct was sound. You knew as well as I that they'd go up and search your place as soon as they discovered that you were back."

"That's not why I called you."

Bessie came in to say good night and tell me again that she was happy that I had not died. Tears burned the edges of my eyes.

WHEN the door had closed behind her, Shelby said, "I'd rest easier if I had that gun in my possession now. But how can we get it, with detectives on our trail? I tried to shake the fellow, I took the back road, but the cab followed me all the way. If I'd as much as searched the place, I'd have given it away instantly. So I kept up the pretense of sorrow, I stood in the garden and wept for you, I called it a sentimental journey when that detective . . ."

"His name is McPherson," I said.

"You're so bitter," Shelby sa "You'll have to get over that bitterne Laura, or you'll never be able to fight out. Now, if we stand together, r sweet . . ."

Mark returned. I gave Shelby r hand and we sat on the couch, side side, like lovers. Mark turned on t light, he looked into my face, he sa he was going to speak the truth direct That was when he brought out the cig rette case and Shelby lost his nerve a Mark's face became the face of a stra ger. It's hard to deceive Mark. He loo at you as if he wants you to be hone Shelby was afraid of honesty, he ke losing his temper like a schoolboy a it was, in the end, Shelby's fear that to Mark that Shelby believed me guilt

"Are you going to arrest me?" I aske Mark.

(To be continued next week)

TOO MANY COOKS

NOW that members of Civilian Defense first-aid classes are going to Northwestern University football games in Evanston, Coach Lynn Waldorf has to admit that their presence has complicated things an awful lot.

There was the injury to Bill Schatzer, for instance. Bill plays halfback for the Iowa Naval Preflight School team, the Sea Hawks, coached by Bernie Bierman. In the course of the game that Northwestern played with the Sea Hawks, Schatzer was hit with a resounding thump and stayed down. The Northwestern trainer came trotting out, found the player was merely stunned, so he waved four huskies onto the field to cart Schatzer to the dressing room.

It was midnight that Saturday before Northwestern's telephone quit ringing. Two hundred calls came in, all carrying the irate complaint: "You should never move an injured man until a physician examines him for breaks. A stretcher should be used. You can do more damage than the original injury by moving a victim and hauling him around by the legs and arms."

When the first-aiders finally subsided, Northwestern's Sports Publicitor Walt Paulison made his weary way home. At the front door he was met by his spouse.

"Oh, so you're home, eh?" she greeted him. "What an idiotic thing that was this afternoon! Why, you folks might have killed that boy!"

With a sigh for the good old days, Messrs. Waldorf and Paulison have been heard to murmur, "There was a time when only the alumni jumped on you."

The Letter Box

Continued from page 11

a pocket handkerchief when not in use.

The material was shot silk of green and amber, and the effect against the golden tan of her slender limbs was enough to make any ordinary man want to turn cart wheels. Perched on her head was a floppy nonsense in straw, like an umbrella that had lost its ribs, and she wore large dark glasses with white rims, which made Dennis positively crazy to know what went on underneath. In choosing a nose she appeared to have taken the first thing to turn up over an insolent mouth of geranium red.

As he approached she was eating grapes dipped in toffee, which she had just acquired from a white-aproned vender who was retiring from the presence uttering a strange cry that sounded like "Walla-guimot."

With her mouth full she looked up and said, "So you're Dennis the Stout of Heart. I won't shake hands because I'm eating a walla-guimot."

Unable to command any reply adequate to either of these observations Dennis smiled largely and, scaling the ladder to the top board, performed a classical swallow dive into the sea. Being embarrassed he remained under water until he reached the raft some distance from the shore. On the raft was a giggle of lovelies, kicking the sea about with pink and crumpled toes. One of them said, "What a heavenly dive! Will you teach me to do it?"

As there appeared to be no safety at sea, Dennis betook himself shoreward for another look at Joan. "What are they?" he asked.

"What are what?"

"Guillemots."

"Oh, walla-guimots, you mean. Just fruit dipped in toffee. Sometimes he does nectarines instead of grapes."

"Good heavens," said Dennis, "what an amazing idea!"

JOAN'S brow creased and she asked if he was trying to be funny. He said he wasn't, so she asked why he didn't ask when first she mentioned them.

"I don't suppose I had quite worked it out," he replied, staring at the concrete blocks beneath his feet, "and I was half afraid you were pulling my leg. How'd it be to tool along somewhere and have a drink?"

Joan said she was in favor.

Dennis' spirits soared. "Then I tell you what, you see that little brassard over there?"

"Little what?"

"Brassard—with the colored awning and tables under it."

Joan valiantly swallowed a great shout of laughter and inquired seriously, "Don't you mean *brasserie?*"

"What's the difference?"

"Well," she replied, "the one keeps people under control and the other doesn't. But what about it, anyway?"

"I'll bet I swim there under water quicker than you can walk."

"All right," said Joan, "that's wha you bet."

He took it for granted that the b was on and disappeared into the se with hardly a splash. Emerging breati less but triumphant at his goal he wa dismayed to observe that she was sti sitting on her deck chair, ironicall clapping in a way painfully suggestiv of a nurse applauding the fatuous pe formance of an infant. He could n understand why, until she explained, few moments later, that drinking was sociable business, and seeing who coul get one first did not appeal to her. H saw the point but was astonished tha such a girl should prefer walking alon the *plage* with him to making a joll event of the business.

At her suggestion they ordere "*champagne naturel,*" and uncommon good it proved to be. In the shade the awning she had removed her sun glasses and revealed a pair of gentia blue eyes. Until she asked what wa the matter Dennis did not realize tha he was staring at them as if under hyp notic influence.

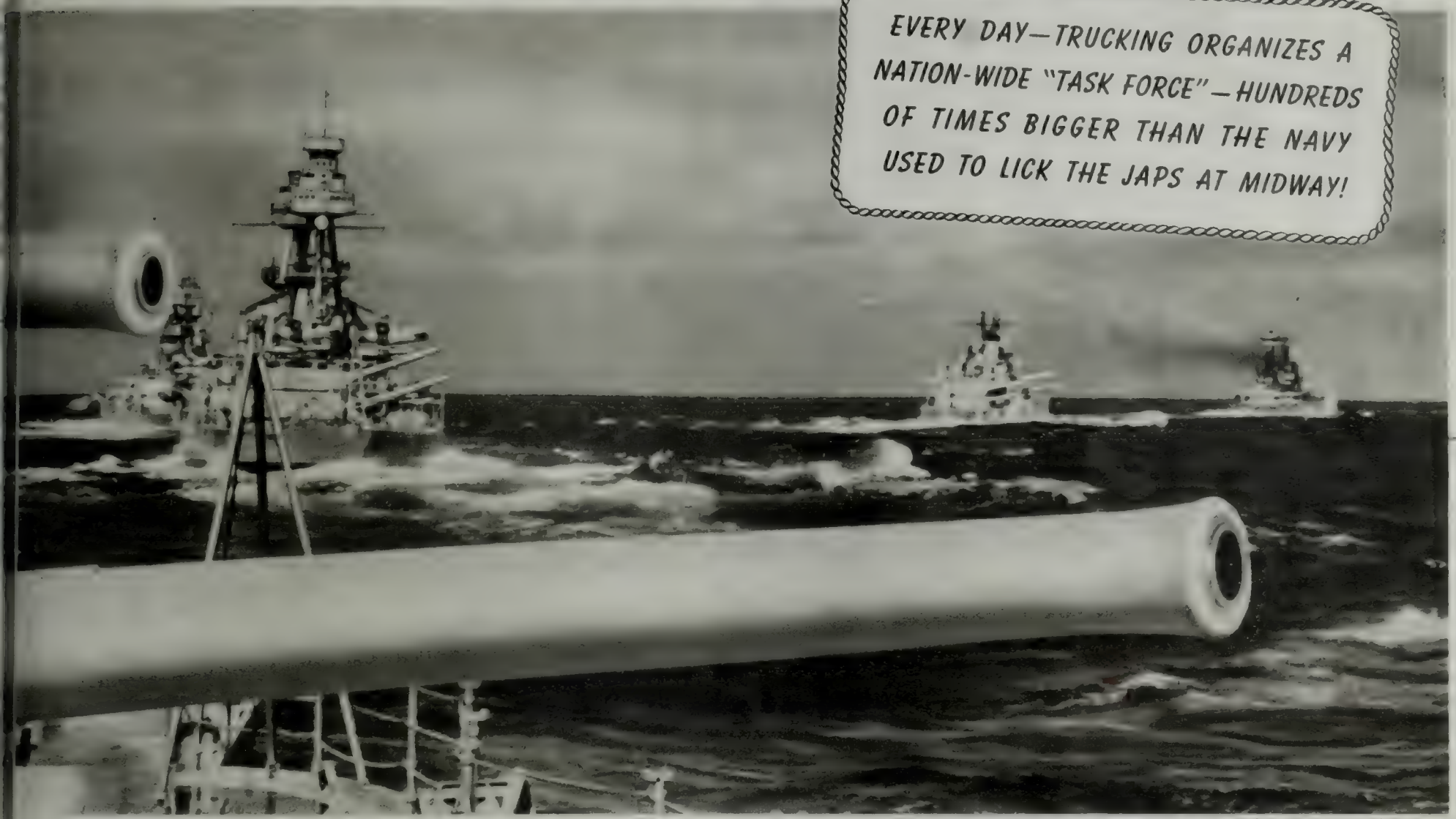
"It's—er—your funny-colored eyes, you don't think me frightfully rude."

"Why, what's so funny about them

"Oh, I didn't mean funny ha-ha, bu the fact is they reminded me of a swim ming pool I saw in Miami when I wa playing golf with an English team. belonged to a millionaire who'd made packet out of importing dates of a

TASK FORCE?

EVERY DAY—TRUCKING ORGANIZES A NATION-WIDE "TASK FORCE"—HUNDREDS OF TIMES BIGGER THAN THE NAVY USED TO LICK THE JAPS AT MIDWAY!



Official U. S. Navy Photo

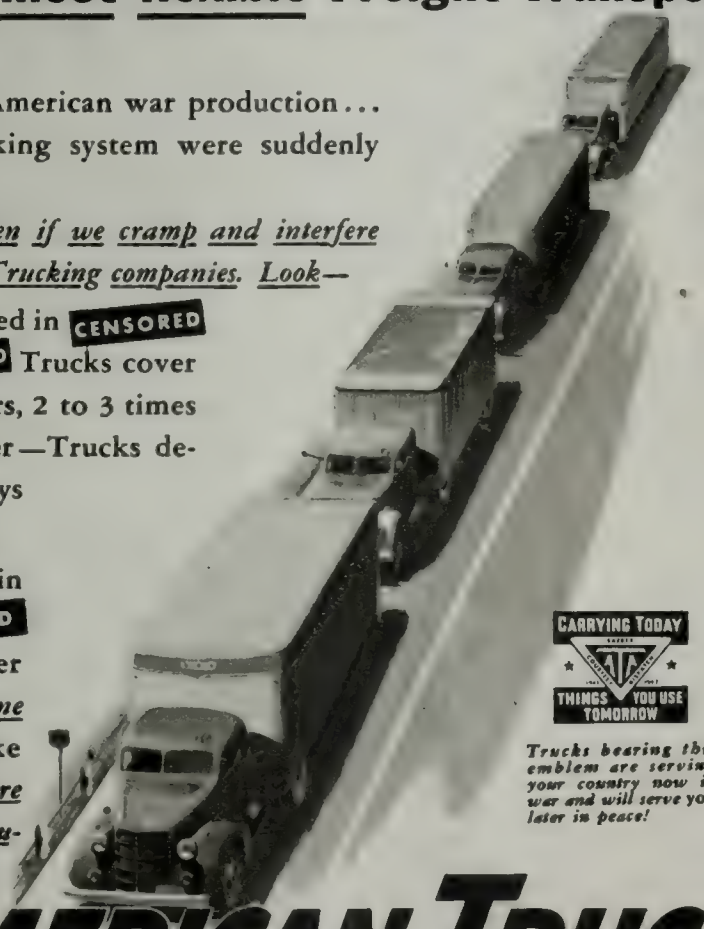
Behind all the Truck Shipments of Vital War Material, there's a vast, highly trained, team-working Organization . . . that makes America's Trucks the fastest, most flexible Freight Transport System in the World!

Can you imagine the chaos in American war production . . . if the superbly organized Trucking system were suddenly broken up!

Yet—that's just what will happen if we cramp and interfere with the operations of the nation's Trucking companies. Look—

Manufacturer CENSORED located in CENSORED has to ship CENS parts to CENSORED Trucks cover this 900-miles distance in 50 hours, 2 to 3 times *faster* than by rail! And remember—Trucks deliver goods over super-highways built largely by Truck taxes.

Plane-manufacturer CENSORED in CENSORED receives raw CENSORED from U CENSORED o. Trucks deliver these vitally needed materials in *one* day. Ordinary freight would take three full days! *Actually—if it were not for Trucks, this important manufacturer would be compelled to shut down due to lack of materials!*



CARRYING TODAY THINGS YOU USE TOMORROW

Trucks bearing this emblem are serving your country now in war and will serve you later in peace!

And so it goes . . . on long or short hauls—Trucks accelerate America's war production—thanks to the "know-how" organization and skill *back of* America's trucks!

The nation's truck drivers—and the men *behind* the drivers—are doing one swell job in helping America win this war. Let's *defeat—immediately*—any attempt arbitrarily to limit the smooth working of this great freight transportation system!

NOT CENSORED

. . . but open for your inspection in the files of ATA are hundreds of letters from war plants telling about the irreplaceable service rendered by trucks. The keynote in all of them is this: "Reduce trucking company service—and our whole war program will bog down. Our production system is built on truck transportation."

THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



How to lift a man's spirits If that hard-working husband of yours sometimes comes home these days with his smile turned upside down, here's something to lift those drooping corners into a cheery grin: Food . . . a cheerful word . . . and a breezy, brimming glassful of brightly bubbling Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Here's tang that makes you sparkle—with an *invigorating* lift that makes any world seem brighter. Try it on the next frown he wears and see if it doesn't turn on your favorite smile!

If sometimes you can't get all the Canada Dry Ginger Ale you want, please don't blame your dealer. Wartime restrictions on bottle caps, sugar, and particularly on fine imported ginger make it difficult for us to keep up with the growing popularity of Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

things but who played a darn' good game in spite of it. If he hadn't cut his drive on the seventh and been trapped short of the green on the long sixteenth I honestly believe he would have run away with the match."

"What a ghastly thought!" said Joan. "But tell me about the pool. What was so funny about that?"

"Well, nothing, except the color—a most extraordinary blue. I got the idea they must have dyed it with sulphate of copper."

Joan was watching him with her chin buried in her hands. "That's what I do with my eyes," she said. "Every morning, regular as clockwork, with sulphate of copper. It hurts dreadfully, of course, but I think it's worth it."

All through that perishing tale about the swimming pool Dennis had known he was talking drivel, but concurrent with that knowledge was a forlorn hope that she might not rumble the fact. In desperate need of some avenue of escape his eyes fell upon a number of skipping ropes, supplied by the management for the entertainment of their guests. Seizing one, as a dying man grasps at a straw, Dennis started to skip with furious speed and agility. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry at the sudden appearance of the rest of the party, who paused, in dismay, to behold his antics.

"Is there any charge for looking on?" one of the girls inquired sweetly.

Dennis' reply, "Just doing a bit of a workout. Finest exercise in the world," in no way restored his self-confidence.

Carlton Grey, a clever devil who wrote novels, looked from Joan to Dennis and back again. "They tell me," he said, "that in the mating season the male mandrill not only assumes prismatic colors, but performs, in the sight of his adored, antics of a most surprising nature."

He was never nearer getting a punch in the nose than at that moment.

Joan had risen and her cheeks were red under their tan. "Time—for lunch," she said shortly.

IN THE glorious, sun-drenched days that followed, Dennis suffered torments from his lack of words. He was in love but failed to discover any means of conveying the fact to Joan. A girl who presents a dead serious pan, with a hint of suppressed laughter behind it, is a dangerous subject to approach with a declaration of passion. He had considered resorting to the time-honored practice of saying it with flowers but he feared that they might be received with hoots of derision. Now and then he summoned up courage to buy her candied fruits from the "walla-guimot" man, or comfits from his heavily mustached rival.

But these offerings failed to bear to her the message of his heart.

There were times when her still look became almost petulant, like the expressions worn by an audience at a tedious play who are waiting for something to happen. On the whole, however, she endured his society without spoken or tacit complaint. Funnily enough, she was at her most sympathetic when other members of the party tried to make him look a fool.

In this agreeable diversion Carlton Grey excelled. Dennis understood why, for it was clear that he had a yen for Joan; but what was not so clear was the drift of his remarks. In the handling of words Grey was as tricky as a conjurer. What, from an ordinary person, might sound like a pat on the back, was a kick in the guts by the time Grey had done with it. But although Dennis developed a profound hatred for Grey, from the fact that gusts of laughter followed every crack he made, it was vain to deny that he was amusing.

Apart from his own inventions, and they were bad enough, the beggar indulged in the practice of spouting bits of poetry. He lacked the common decency to wait for a moon before doing so, but would wreck what otherwise might have been a pleasant sun bath after lunch under the cliffs with streels of stuff that would make a healthy minded individual blush to the roots of his hair.

On either side of the valley in which the village nestled, the cliffs rose sheer to a height of two or three hundred feet. Viewed from the beach they appeared to be unscalable, but at one place what looked like a goat track ribboned down in zigs and zags to a wedge of rock jutting out into the sea.

DENNIS was stretched on the shingle when first he noticed the track, and wondered if there would be any chance of clambering up that way. His reflections were disturbed by that appalling blight Grey declaiming a verse the author of which deserved to be shot:

" 'Who were your lovers? Who were they who wrestled for you in the dust?' "

"Draw it mild, old boy," said Dennis. "There is a limit."

It was one of those well-intentioned remarks which, although inspired by chivalry, make everyone feel uncomfortable. One or two of the girls picked up handfuls of stones and threw them at nothing, while an immediate desire for cigarettes overtook the men.

Carlton Grey rolled over and looked at Dennis with innocent astonishment.

"But I would have thought that wrestling for your beloved in the dust was right down your street, Wakefield."

"Even if it were, I shouldn't make a song about it," said Dennis stiffly.

Grey pointed an accusing index finger at Joan and demanded in ringing tones:

" 'Did monstrous hippopotami come sidling toward you in the mist?
Did gilt-scaled dragons writhe and twist with passion as you passed them by?' "

Dennis sat up, yawned and stared at his beach shoes.

"Quite candidly," he said, "you're not half as funny as you think you are."

"Now that," said Grey, "is a challenge; for no man criticizes another's humor without believing his own is superior."

Joan said, "Why not give it a miss?"

But Grey waved her suggestion aside, and went on:

"I have never doubted that our friend Wakefield is a positive scream, but whether his sense of humor is keener than mine is an open question." He drew from his pocket a biscuit-thin platinum watch and looked at the dial. "But knowing his competitive instincts, I suggest that each of us has five minutes to prove which is the funnier. Joan shall be timekeeper and the rest will act as judges. Give her the watch, Wakefield, wait for the gong and seconds out of the ring."

Dennis took the watch but did not pass it on. With his eyes on the cliff he appeared to be lost in thought. Halfway up was a cavity in the chalk oddly suggestive of a letter box. Having taken stock of its position he turned to Grey with a smile.

"I'm game," he said, "quite game. By the way, are you fond of this watch?" And he compared the time it registered with the one he wore on his wrist.

"Next to my mother," said Grey, "it is my dearest possession."

"Right. Then I'll put it in a safe place."

To their general astonishment he

vanished round the jut of rock and reappeared a few seconds later, on top of it. Here he paused to examine the cliff face, then started to scramble upward like a chamois.

"No—don't!" cried Joan, and from Grey came a startled, "What's the idiot think he's doing?"

Viewed from the beach, that climb was one of those crazy, breakneck adventures that seem as if they must end in disaster. Dennis, moreover, did not appear to exhibit even average precaution. Clinging to the brittle chalk he went up like a fly on a wall, pausing at the letter box to grin down and shout to them, "It'll be safe as a bank in here, old boy."

They saw him thrust the watch into the cavity and complete the climb to the top as though the devil was behind him. Arrived there, he sat for a moment swinging his legs over the void and looking at his wrist.

"Two minutes and forty-eight seconds," he sang out. "Bet you a wallaguimot, Grey, you can't do it in less."

But Carlton Grey made no reply—he was feeling too sick. One of the girls was laughing hysterically and Joan got up and started to walk away, quickly.

"Wait for me," Dennis called and started the descent.

No one dared watch that fresh insanity, but Dennis was not even out of breath when he rejoined them.

"Two seconds under the five minutes, Grey," he said. "Well, that's my idea of humor, now go ahead and be funnier."

But since Grey manifested no inclination to do so, Dennis shrugged his massive shoulders and set off in pursuit of Joan.

He overtook her where the brook, which scurried through the village of Veules les Pervanches, was swallowed up by the shingle. Joan's face was dark with anger and her eyes blazed reproachfully.

"I'm not speaking to you," she said, "and if I did you would hate it."

"I can't see what I've done to deserve that."

"You can't, but we did. People aren't frightfully keen, during a summer holiday, on having corpses hurtling down on them from a couple of hundred feet."

"But there was nothing in that climb," he protested. "Matter of fact, I rather enjoyed it."

"All right, you enjoyed it—but as the only one who did, you can go on enjoying yourself by yourself for the rest of the time you're here."

And with her nose more than ever in the air she left him—flat.

That night Dennis smoked a pipe, all by himself and a lurk of spiders, in the summerhouse. In a mood of blue despair he told himself that the wise thing would be to pack his traps and melt silently away.

At this point in his reflections he heard the voices of Joan and Carlton Grey approaching the summerhouse. His obvious course was to sheer off, but, as he rose to his feet, his motor senses were paralyzed by the realization that Grey was proposing. The proposal was couched in terms that no girl could be expected to resist, and Dennis was holding his breath in the certainty her answer would be yes, when Joan said a most astonishing thing.

"If I say yes, Carlton, will you give me a present?"

Clearly Grey was suffering from a nasty jar but he managed to reply. "You shall have a single-stone diamond ring as big as an acid drop."

"I wouldn't like that," said Joan. "I want something personal."

"Give it a name," he said.

"Your watch," said she.

There was a moment's hesitation, then: "Don't be silly, darling; you know perfectly well where that fool put it."

"Perfectly," she agreed, "but without your watch how can I tell the right time to say yes? Well, I'll be seeing you at the Casino, perhaps."

The remark was followed by the light rustle of retreating footsteps and, a moment later, by a quiet but forceful imprecation.

DENNIS held his ground in a state of profound bewilderment. Joan's attitude was a puzzle for which a drink might possibly supply the solution. Apparently Grey had the same idea, for when Dennis arrived at the American Bar, Grey had got there first and was lowering a stiff one. He looked up with a friendly smile and asked what Dennis would have.

Dennis accepted the offer warily and they took their drinks to a table in the window bay.

"To the better man," Grey toasted him, "for you put it across me very neatly this afternoon."

"If so—sorry," mumbled Dennis, "but the truth is I was rather riled."

"And not without reason," was the generous rejoinder. "So how about getting me back my watch and calling it a day?"

Dennis Wakefield gave a low, mirth-



"Shall I tell you when the speedometer gets to thirty-five?"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



UNION PACIFIC

Furnace fires glow and smoke surges from the stacks of thousands of industrial plants producing an ever-increasing quantity of planes, tanks, guns and other implements of war. That's the smoke that gets in the eyes of the Axis.

Raw materials and completed units are loaded on long rows of freight cars, go rumbling across country in a never-ending procession, hauled by gigantic locomotives followed by trails of smoke—smoke that smarts the eyes of Hitler and Hirohito.

Smoke 'em out!—that's our job. Union Pacific, the Strategic Middle Route connecting West with East, is doing its part by "keeping 'em rolling." Thousands of Union Pacific employees are working tirelessly—and buying War Bonds generously—for victory!

★ ★ ★

The Progressive
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
The Strategic Middle Route



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

THE GROVE LABORATORIES, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.



QUICK, SLICK SHAVES

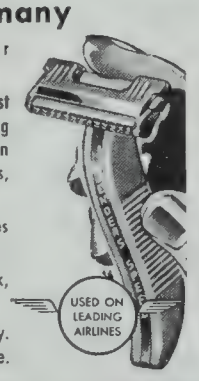
3 times as many

Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Kit:

1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade clicks in instantly, nothing to take apart. New type head gives clean shaves first time over. Prevents nicks, scrapes, razor burn.

2. Semi-automatic leather strop. Triples life of blades.

3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick, comb, serviceable compact case.



$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for **only 35c.**

less laugh. "Nothing doing," he replied.

Grey tried to preserve his good humor and asked if it wasn't a mistake to carry a joke too far.

"I didn't carry it as far as all that," said Dennis, sweetly. "Wouldn't take ten minutes to get it back yourself."

"No—probably not, but—er—it was you who put it there."

Dennis nodded and became suddenly grave. "I know, and it was a darned silly thing to do. Between you and me, old lad, that climb was a stinker. I was never more scared in my life. But I'll give you a check if you'll let me know what the watch cost."

Grey jumped to his feet. "It's cost me more than you'll ever repay, you—cretin."

"Good," said Dennis and went out laughing.

The last three days of the holiday were like sitting on a volcano on the eve of an eruption. Once or twice Dennis contrived to get Joan to himself but the mere act of doing so was like putting a gag over his own mouth.

Before breakfast on the last morning he decided to recover the watch and set off, sulkily, to do so. On the beach he met Joan coming back from the direction of the cliffs.

"Sorry you won't be with us on the boat," he said, for she was going to join her mother in Paris.

"I can't see that it would have made much difference," said she.

"No—except to sort of round things off."

She looked at him gravely and critically, then sighed. "But I've an idea that you're the kind of man who never will round anything off—without a lot of help."

"'Fraid I don't follow."

"You follow, all right, but you never lead. That's why I wrote," said she.

"Wrote?"

"Um, a letter. I posted it a few minutes ago."

"To me?"

"To you—though when you'll get it goodness only knows."

His heart missed a beat. Then he saw that she was smiling and knew that the whole thing was a leg pull.

"Would you like to do me a favor and get back that watch of Carlton's?" she asked.

Dennis' face turned from butter to rock. "No, I wouldn't because I know what you want it for," and in a torrent of angry words he repeated what he had overheard from the summerhouse.

As she listened, Joan's eyes and mouth hardened and when she spoke, her words were like a shower of sparks from a whetstone:

"You blithering idiot, as if that watch makes the smallest difference to my feelings for him!"

That was the last thing they said to each other and she did not even wave from the carriage window of the Paris express.

But on the Channel steamer, something absolutely mystifying occurred, for Carlton Grey took from his pocket a biscuit-thin, platinum watch to look at the time.

The letter Joan said she had written to Dennis never arrived.

AS THE invasion craft neared the French coast a silhouette of cliffs appeared against a rift in the night rack. Then, with a howl like souls in purgatory, the fighters and bombers swept over and the fun began.

For twenty minutes the strafe lasted and spouts of flame greened and crimsoned the sky. Then, like the start of a marathon, the commandos made for the beach.

As Dennis went overboard and splashed through the shallow water, he heard Kenrick sing out, "Looks like a picnic, boys!"

He spoke too soon for, from the cliff top on the right, a single machine gun stammered into action and raked the *plage* with bullets. Its fire concentrated on the narrow gut leading to the village, and to have passed that way might easily have cost a hundred lives. An order was shouted to take cover, and the landing party backed up against the breakwater while a battery of trench mortars went into action from behind a jetty.

Kenrick was cursing that his timetable would be thrown haywire, but his lamentations were drowned by the barking mortars and the grump-grump of their projectiles searching the cliff top for the machine-gun nest.

DENNIS marked the flash and made for Kenrick at the double. "Look, sir," he shouted, "I know this coast like the back of my hand. There's a scramble up the cliff to the spot where those beggars are shooting from. Say the word and I'll see what I can do about it."

"How long'd you be?"

"Well, my best time was two minutes, forty-eight seconds, in daylight. Say three and a half from scratch and have the toc-emmas lay off while I do the doings."



Kenrick, who had eyes like a cat, saw he was in earnest. "What are you waiting for—a letter from the War Office?"

Dennis waited just long enough to set his watch and was off like a rocket.

"And come back the same way," was yelled after him.

In making the ascent Dennis took a few hair-raising chances, for it was no time to be overparticular about personal safety. His danger was increased by falling chalk dislodged by the explosions above. Halfway up, something struck the cliff face and a whole avalanche roared down. Dennis thanked God for the letter box at that moment, for it gave him something to plunge an arm in and steady himself against the blast. Within the cavity his fingers closed round what felt like a tobacco tin. "Put me in your pocket," it seemed to say.

"Holy smoke!" Dennis gasped, "I s'pose it couldn't possibly be . . . ?"

But this was not the moment to satisfy his curiosity. He had a job to do.

Just under the brow of the cliff he flicked up the shutter of his wrist watch to see the time. He had done the climb in three minutes sixteen seconds, which meant that there were fourteen seconds to go before the trench mortars ceased firing. He resolved not to wait a second longer than the agreed time, for his faith in Kenrick was implicit. The last of the crackers exploded precisely on time and his head popped over the top of the cliff as a rain of muck showered earthward.

He had chosen an unlucky moment, for the machine gun, artfully concealed in a turf-covered pillbox, less than fifteen yards away, sent a stammer of bullets screaming past his ears. Unwilling to be shot to bits at point-blank range he edged along under the cliff edge and did not reappear until he was just behind the post.

From the fact that the machine-gun crew were laughing excitedly when Dennis lobbed in a couple of Mills bombs, they may be said to have died happily.

In the silence that followed those twin bursts, a cheer was raised from the beach below, and by the light of the burning village he saw single shapes merge into a solid mass that surged through the gap. Then, turning his back on the whole adventure, Dennis opened the tin to find out how much Joan had or hadn't pulled his leg.

The letter was written in pencil on notepaper of the hotel which was now blazing so merrily that he could read every word:

"Oh, you awful, awful wet! Oh, you appalling dumbbell! Must a girl shout it aloud before you know she loves you? Must she put her arms round your silly neck and kiss your idiotic mouth before you find it out? You are the best and worst thing that ever happened to me and I hope you die miserably and alone in a padded cell.

"July 22d, 1938. JOAN."

TWO minutes and nineteen seconds later somebody seized Kenrick's arm and shook him violently.

"Go away, whoever you are," he shouted.

"B-but that's just what I want to do," sobbed Dennis. "I want to go away—now. I want to go home this very instant."

Kenrick turned an astonished face. "Are you up the pole, Wakefield? Lost your nerve or something?"

But Dennis was fairly dancing with excitement.

"Lost my nerve—nothing. I've just found it, you fathead. But I want to go home. I want ten days' leave. I'm going to be married. Let's get out of this blasted place—now!"

THE END

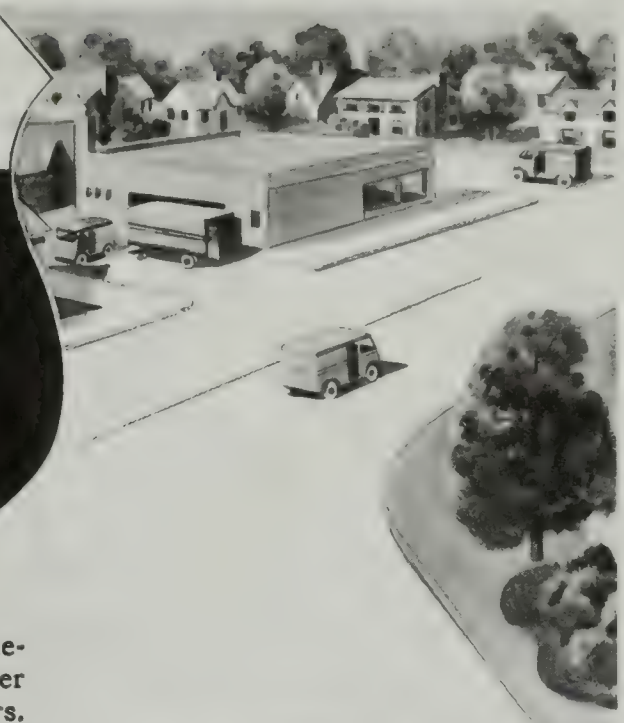
★ TRUCK-TRAILERS ★

Chosen by

UNITED PARCEL SERVICE *in* PEACETIME

are Doubly Valuable Now!



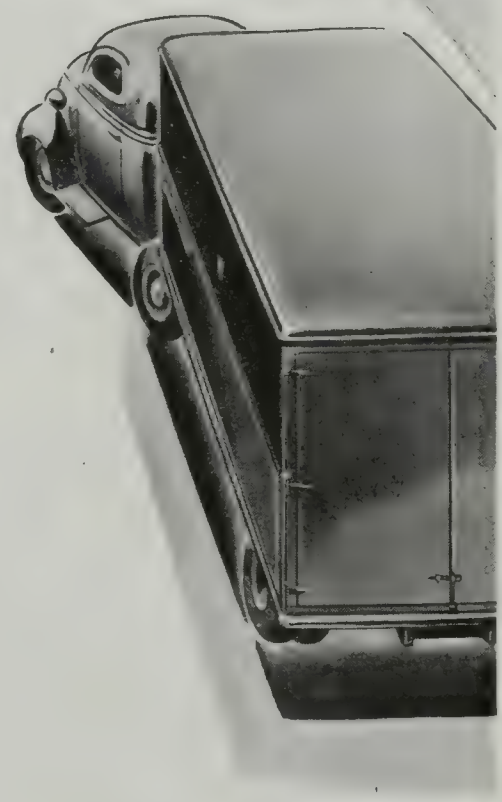




In ordinary times, delivery service such as United Parcel Service renders in Chicago, New York and other large cities is a tremendous public convenience.

But in war-time, it's much more than that. It's a big aid toward winning the war, because it conserves so much gasoline and precious rubber. Serving many stores and shops, it prevents a wasteful duplication of delivery mileage. Too, one delivery by the U.P.S. saves trips . . and rubber and gasoline . . for hundreds of householders. Such consolidation is advocated by the government as an emergency measure.

U.P.S. goes still farther, though, in conserving not only rubber and gasoline, but also steel and motor power. Here's how: In Chicago, for example, where it serves three of the largest department stores and more than 150 shops, a fleet of fourteen Fruehauf Trailers is used . . . .



- **RUBBER AND STEEL ARE CONSERVED** because a Truck-and-Trailer combination uses about 10% less weight of tires and 25% less steel than do the two trucks required to carry the same payload.
- **FEWER TRUCKS ARE USED** because any truck, *pulling* a Trailer, can haul two or three times as much as it is designed to *carry*.
- **GASOLINE IS CONSERVED** because each U.P.S. truck, pulling a Trailer, uses far less fuel than would the two or three trucks it replaces.

If there's a hauling job where costs must be figured under a microscope, it's parcel delivery. Fractions of pennies add up fast!

That's why U.P.S. decided to try Trailers. And it's why, in less than two years, it purchased a total of fourteen . . all Fruehaufs.

U.P.S. uses the "shuttle system" . . one truck handles three Trailers. While the truck is pulling one Trailer, the two others are being loaded and unloaded. Truck and driver are never idle. That's a further big economy . . and conserves still more rubber, steel, gasoline and motive power for the war job.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY, DETROIT

Sales and Service in Principal Cities

Make your present trucks do twice . . even three times . . as much work as they've been doing. Convert them into tractors, to pull Trailers. Any truck can *pull* far more than it is designed to *carry*. Conversion is simple and inexpensive. Ask your Fruehauf Branch. Any Fruehauf service station will do the work.



FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

SILENT FERRIES

By Robert McCormick



Gliders in close formation behind a towing plane (still on the ground) of the Marine Glider Detachment

Getting soldiers and equipment to the middle of the fighting in a big hurry is the job of the troop-carrying gliders. Here's what our motorless transports can—and can't—do

WHEN you watch the big gliders swoop down with the silence, grimness and accuracy of an eagle pouncing on a rabbit, you think of invasion. Gliders and invasion—it's a matter of simple association, like bread and butter.

The Army once gave no official encouragement to such an idea, but it became so obvious that the principal function of gliders would be toting men and weapons on short hops—perhaps across the English Channel for a second front—that even the Army finally admitted it. Some day gliders may be good for other things, but much of what you hear these days of the "unlimited possibilities" of gliders is flapdoodle. Their limitations, as of this moment, are greater than their possibilities.

Anyhow, the gliders are coming; big fellows capable of carrying astonishing quantities of troops and equipment. The Army Air Forces have a 15-place job and are undoubtedly working up to larger craft. The Marines talk quite freely of motorless ships capable of carrying one dozen or two dozen fully equipped troops.

Several big gliders ready for test flights were lined up at Wright Field when we got there. Two of the larger, loaded with nine soldiers, squatted behind a C-47, the equivalent of the DC-3, the most common commercial airliner. Although the gliders were just about the size of the transport, they looked less substantial. They were made of wood and canvas, and painted bright blue and yellow; and the absence of propellers allowed them to squat low on the ground.

The C-47 was warming up, and just as we approached, it cut loose. Straining like a small mechanical tornado, it yanked the gliders behind it into a long and noisy run. The gliders soon rose a few feet in the air but the bomber was still roaring along the earth, showing no signs of leaving; it must have covered twice the distance it would need to get up alone before its own wheels finally lifted from the ground. It flew almost flat far into the distance, struggling to get enough speed and altitude to bank into a wide circle around the field.

After the C-47 got off, an observation plane taxied along towing three two-place training gliders, buglike little fellows also frivolously done up in blue and yellow paint. All four got up with much less trouble and were followed by another similar formation. Last came an antique bomber of uncertain designation, pulling a single 15-place glider, The whole conglomeration pushed up to six thousand feet, and the gliders cut loose.

A Silent Maneuver

We were installed in a tent somewhere near the middle of Wright Field, representing the enemy to be attacked by glider-borne troops. If we had relied upon sound detectors for warning of the attack, we would have been surprised right out of this world, for in all their maneuvering the gliders were silent as clouds. They had been detached from their towing planes well out of reach of the sound-detecting devices. During their minutes aloft, they kept their formations almost as well as skilled pilots in power-operated planes.

The first audible signal we got of the approach was a high-pitched swish a the hardwood runners of the big job hit the grass at something like fifty mile an hour, but by that time the gliders were only a few feet from our canvas bastion pouring armed troops all over us.

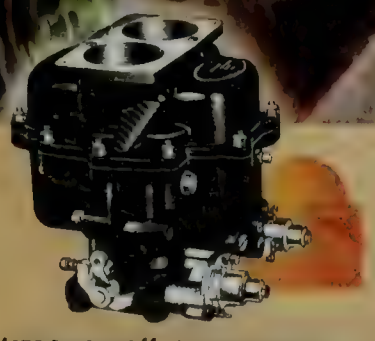
The Germans snatched many a bridgehead in their march through the Low Countries with just such attacks.

They used gliders in at least four ma jor battles: the capture of the Belgian fort Eben Emael, in Crete, in the Mid dle East, and in Russia.

Even at Crete, where the gliders were expected, they were successful because the British were unprepared for the quantities of soldiers they belched out. Yet they were small, compared to what the Germans have now. They had wing spans of 80 feet, and carried from twelve to fifteen fully armed men. They came down anywhere. One whisked down in the royal palace grounds a Canea in an attempt to capture the king of Greece, who had already fled.

Bigger ships were used in carrying men and supplies to General Romme in Libya and Egypt. Some bore more than twenty men, or more than two tons of cargo, slowing the tow planes down to

(Continued on page 90)



"STROMBERG" CARBURETORS turn gasoline into the 'breath of life' for engines which drive our mechanized fighting equipment. Miserly with fuel, they're lavish with power.



"BENDIX-WEISS" Universal Joints transmit the vital torque from the crankshaft through varying angles to wheels and sprockets, delivering constant speed over the roughest going.



"BENDIX" BRAKES give drivers of combat cars and ordnance vehicles positive control for descending steep grades and making sudden stops without shock or damage to vital equipment.

COPYRIGHT 1942, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

"The Invisible Crew" of Our Bullet Belching Monsters

From Libya to the Solomons, in every battle, America's mechanized monsters roar into combat like steel-clad dragons. In many tanks and combat cars, there are two crews: a crew of courageous American fighting men, and with them, sharing in every action, *The Invisible Crew* — precision equipment built by Bendix.

The Invisible Crew gives breath to the engines of these monsters. It carries their brawn to wheels and treads. *The Invisible Crew* steadies and controls the weight and momentum that otherwise would make them blundering, senseless giants.

On every front — land, sea and air — thousands of other Bendix members of *The Invisible Crew* perform vital war tasks of control and instrumentation for the invincible crew, America's fighting men. And as this war for peace and freedom reaches 'round the globe — the heart and skill of thousands of Bendix workers are poured into the fighting perfection of America's war machines.

BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION

Back America's invincible crew ... our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants Are Speeding Members of "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts

BODY MECHANICS

By Phoebe Radcliffe

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY MONAHAN AT THE SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY

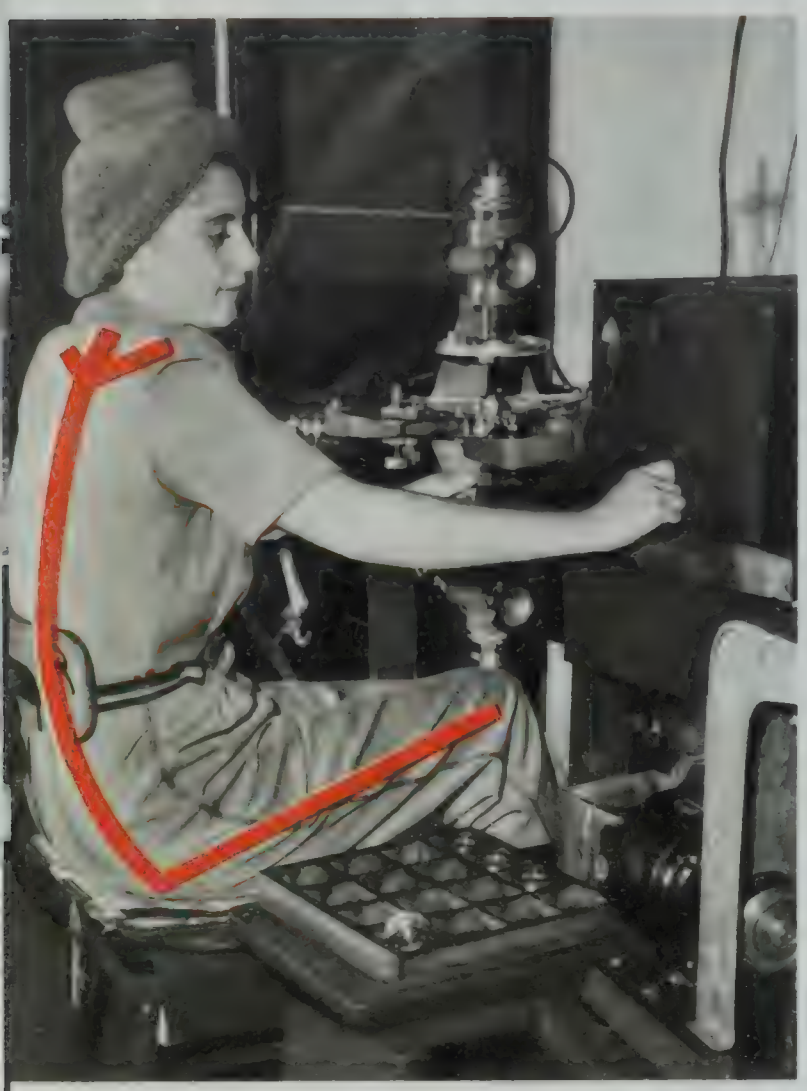
GIRLS from office, home and school are pouring into the war plants. They are being trained in the use of machine tools, drills, presses, torches. They'll learn to work well and fast. But if they would take time out now to study the machine that runs the machines—the human body—they'd save themselves a lot of unnecessary strain and fatigue.

Once you put your mind on it, the theory of body mechanics is simple. It's just this: The body should be held straight, but relaxed. Imagine that the parts of your body are blocks piled on top of one another. Keep one part directly above the next, but don't stiffen. It takes steady, everyday attention to get this good habit. The following easy exercises, practi will help you to it by stretching taut muscle all tension.

For strengthening back and abdominal m be done on the floor or in bed):

1. Lie on your back with knees up, feet out your abdomen as far as you can, keeping flat. Then draw it in. Do this four times. up the tip of your spine, forcing your bac waistline to hug tight to the floor. Four time both four times, doing them alternately.

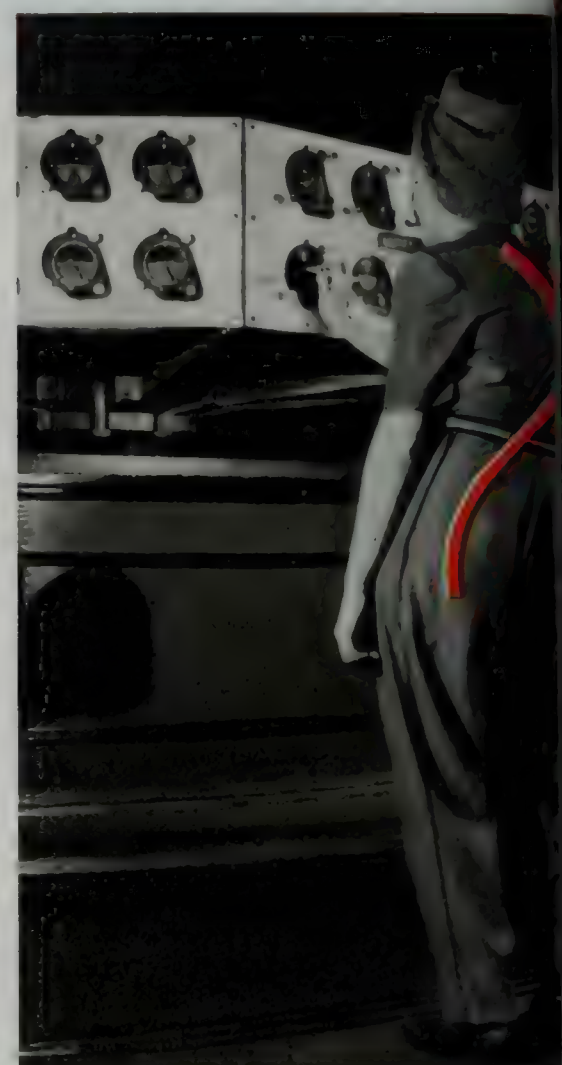
2. Lie on your back, folding arms over y with knees bent, feet flat. Raise your hip



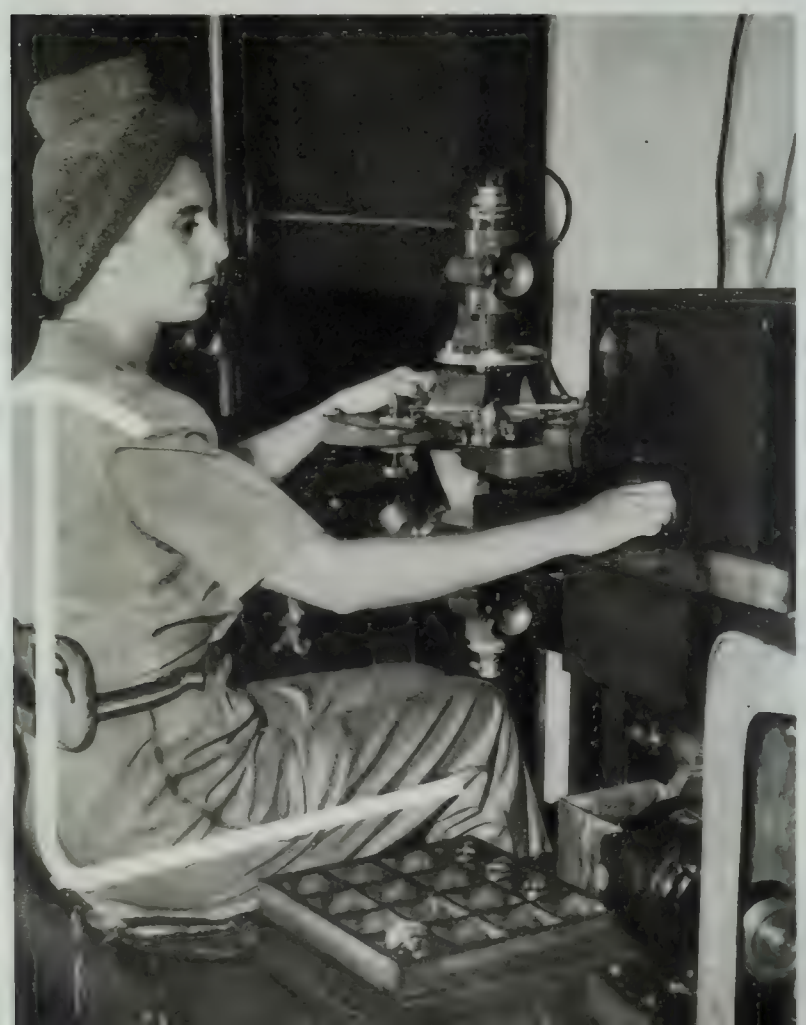
The earnest young woman above probably will wake up tomorrow morning with a nasty little crick in her back. She is concentrating on a precision job and has managed to squinch herself so that her shoulders are tensed and her back bent. She should relax as below, keeping straight but not stiff. Note the easy downward slope of shoulders, the nice flat back. Change your position whenever you like



Don't laugh at the peculiar stance on this young lady. You probably look sway-back yourself in similar situations. We all have a tendency to buckle at the waist when reaching up, throwing our hips out of line, straining our backs. Safe way to reach is shown below. Keep your back flat, carry your hips well forward, clinching them together. Free your head, keep a lift in your chest



The debutante slouch, as you can see, is harmful, but also most unattractive. It thre body out of line, jumbles your insides a bit, friction and strain. You must keep the part body in a direct line, one above the next way you maintain natural balance. You c for hours with a minimum of fatigue and no





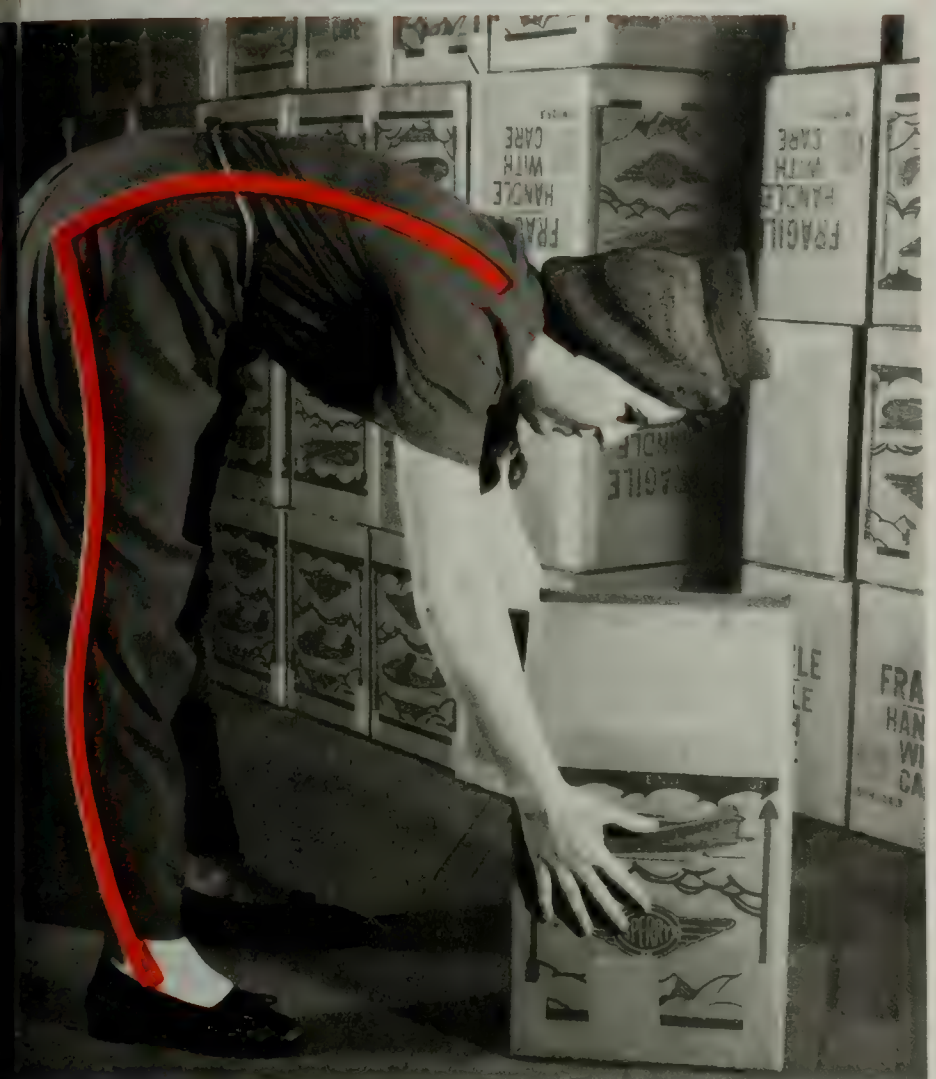


lers touching the floor, until
orms an unbroken line from
oulders. Eight times.
on back, arms folded above
back until it is four inches
and body is supported by
and heels. Clinch hips to-
rn to floor. Eight times.
eloping chest:
d erect, inhale, rising on toes.
ls to shoulders, then extend
your head. Exhale, lowering
ng to heels. Eight times.

For relaxing:

1. Close eyes and roll head slowly in a deep circle, freeing all tension. Circle with your shoulders slowly, in a shrugging motion. Eight times.

2. Stand tall, then slowly curl up caterpillar-fashion. Begin by dropping head on chest, letting arms fall loose. Keep on curling until head reaches knees. Head, shoulders and knees must be completely relaxed. Straighten up slowly, beginning at the back, until erect, head coming up last. Three times. ★★★



ak and groan before you can bend from the waist and get as close to the he worker above, that's fine, because you shouldn't do it. Bending in o pick up heavy weights is dangerous—it creates a disproportionate pull ck muscles. The trick is to squat down beside your heavy weight, one ly in advance of the other, knees turned outward. By doing this, you leg and thigh muscles do all the hard work. If these muscles have been , practice deep knee bends at night to get them back in good shape





THE TRAIL BLAZER
Handsome, durable smoke-tan gabardine, with alpaca pile lining and collar; Action-Fit; full belt; roomy pockets.



THE ARGONAUT
Men's celanese-lined leather sport-coat (capeskin, suede or goatskin). Shirred back; padded shoulders; full belt (front removable).

Albert Richard Action-Fit* Gloves a "must", too!

Yes, gloves with Action-Fit*, too! Smartly-styled, soft-tailored leather gloves that go every place. Ask for them by name!



Man! Now it's a "Must!"

. . . an ALBERT RICHARD Action-Fit* Coat for More Comfort! More Style! More Wear!

You can afford to be particular when you buy a sports coat today! And because you want the most in comfort, the most in style and lasting quality—be practical and insist on an ALBERT RICHARD Coat. These handsome coats have everything you demand—sturdy, quality materials . . . expert styling, accurate fit. Furthermore, you get the exclusive features of Action-Fit*—Albert Richard's unique tailoring feature that gives you extra roominess across the shoulders, freedom-of-arm action combined with plenty of style. Yes, for real knockabout, gadabout wear—be the man who wears an Albert Richard Coat . . . the sports coat chosen by so many outstanding athletes. Thousands of U. S. army and navy flyers are wearing outfits made in our factory. A wide selection . . . in quality leathers, gabardines, poplins and woolens. At your favorite store; or write to ALBERT RICHARD COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Know Your America! Ask for the Thrilling New PATRIOTIC PANORAMA FREE!

All about your America! Exciting, full color, wall-size map depicting thrilling events, dates, places! Things you want to know, should know about your country. Free at your Albert Richard store. Write for name of store or send 10c (no stamps, please) to cover mailing and handling.
Dept. J, ALBERT RICHARD COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



* REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

ALBERT RICHARD
Action-Fit* Sportswear

HELP UNCLE SAM conserve precious wools. Wear durable, weather-resistant *outer garments* that will take long, hard wear. You'll walk more, too—saving tires and oil. Remember: "Get in the scrap"—and buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.



A Little Worse Than Peace

Continued from page 19

is carrying a baby up and down the path. He amuses it by walking and he uses up his own heavy time. A little boy of three hangs onto him. The mother is washing on their front porch. The front porch is a concrete strip, sunken below the path; the room where they live is a basement; it costs $4 a month. They would like to live in one of the wonderful government housing developments but somehow that never happened. And now with the war, and the materials not coming—"Only $20 a month now," he says. Then he asks, "Is it true the Navy is going to take over the Falansterio?" That is a great modern, clean, government-built apartment block, an escape from The Pearl, from the Little Mud. "If they do, then we have no hope; then there is no place to go."

We say they surely won't, knowing nothing about it. He seems happier and tells his wife that the war is not so bad, and you would think they were going to move tomorrow.

Two little Puerto Ricans have just come in on the plane from Santo Domingo. The woman had never been in a plane before and was sick all the way. They saved up their money and came by plane since the sea is not safe. Now they are opening their possessions for the customs inspection. They have come home because it is better to be at home in time of war, it is safer and it is the right thing to do. In Santo Domingo they heard fine stories of all the work here, how everyone had a job and, with the war, wages had gone up.

They brought back treasures: a handsome new saddle, a biscuit tin full of fresh eggs, a cheese wrapped in a newspaper. These are all solemnly inspected, and they get into the car which will deposit them at the airport gate. At the gate they must take a taxi, but there are no taxis, so they take their things across the road to a bar and leave them with the boy who washes the glasses. They will just go for a walk and see the town. It has been such a long time since they were here.

Pride in Their Preparations

They see mounds of dirt which they are told are air-raid shelters. The man who tells them this is very proud to show off his knowledge; they have everything here, guns and air-raid shelters and everything. They have even had blackouts.

The populace has used the air-raid shelters now, for some time, as comfort stations or lovers' lanes; but the little people coming home know none of this.

They see for the first time the guns. They are walking hand in hand now, and a jeep comes by, and then they step back on the pavement quickly as a great Army truck lumbers past. There never was so much traffic. And all these new things!

"To carry the cannons in," the man explains learnedly, pointing to a wrecking truck.

His wife admires his knowledge. They stop to watch a home-guard outfit drilling and they stand and admire a group of American soldiers, immaculate in that shiny sateenlike khaki of the new uniforms.

"How pretty!" the woman says, looking after them. The war seems terribly exciting.

The woman's family live in the Eleanor Roosevelt Homes. They will take a taxi out there, though it is expensive, because this is a homecoming. As they drive up, they see the little stucco houses — blue, white, yellow modern boxes, like a large permanent touri camp. The church and the school a tall and very impressive. The stree are wide, paved and clean. Each litt house is smothered in its own greener They both think this is beautiful b yond words. They remember where t family lived before the government bui these houses.

Now there are cries of welcome an kissing all around and they can scarce manage to get the things out of the ta and into the house, for embracing on another and asking questions and a telling one another how wonderful the look. The eggs are handled very care fully. Eggs cost 70 cents a dozen, i case you can get them. The cheese wi be fine on bread, in place of the butte you cannot buy. The saddle is admire and touched. They look at the house there are two small bedrooms and a liv ing room and a kitchen and runnin water.

Houses Hard to Get

The woman studies all this most care fully. Only $9.50 a month for such place? They will have to rent a hous here right away. But that is not so easy her mother says; many people want t live here; there are not enough house Since the war, no more can be built. Th boats do not bring the things to buil with, the mother explains.

Then they are all sitting in the livin room, rocking in the fine cane rockers They talk of work. A cousin has com to welcome them. He is very lucky, h says; he has a good job working for th Army. The newcomers are impressed

"Yes," he says, "the Army and th Navy are building many things." H earns $1.60 a day. There are men, edu cated in this trade, who earn as much a $8 a day.

"Don't tell me!" the woman says wide-eyed, amazed. Then of course he husband will get work with the Army too.

"It is not so easy," the cousin says "We have all the people we need now Maybe you can, maybe you can't Don't be too sure!"

They sit and rock, talking of work and the war, how much more food costs what you can buy, who has gone into the Army. Oh, yes, some of the neighbors boys are away being soldiers. They tal of the great scare right after war started and the blackouts and how everyone thought the Germans were coming They can laugh about that now, but it wasn't funny at the time. They talk o the people who have lost their jobs and the people who have got other jobs and are paid more. *La guerra*, they say to one another. But where the war is, o who is fighting it, or what it is about they do not yet know. The two little people are happy to be home anyhow That is the main thing. This is the place they really love.

Outside, a young girl is walking up and down holding a fat, blond, happy and very ugly baby in her arms. She would like to have someone to talk to. If you are only eighteen you cannot sit home all day with the child and do housework; you want a little company, a little excitement. She lives just down the street in three rooms, and her husband does not get home until late.

"Why don't you come in," she says, "and talk a while?"

On the table, there is a picture of herself in white satin, and her husband, just as small and young as she is, with a tiny black mustache and an earnest expression and a rented tuxedo. That was taken when they were married.

"Do you want to see the dress?" she ks. She brings it out of a closet. The baby, Johnny, has been parked on cushion and is happily tearing up a wspaper.)

The dress is a little yellow now, rumled and somewhat soiled. It cost $22 hd it was very fine. She has rented it ree times already and loaned it free some other girls. She got $6 the rst time she rented it and $4 the her two times. It must be nervous or bt work, getting married in these parts; he dress is a little sweaty, too.

"I'd make it into a dance dress," she id, "if we ever went dancing; but you now how it is when you get married. ou don't go out much any more. Beides, I won't have anyone to dance ith. My husband is crazy to go in the rmy. He doesn't know how long there ill be any shoes left to sell, he says; ut mainly he is just crazy to go in the rmy."

"Why?" we ask.

She tells us naïvely and perfectly honstly: "Because he thinks it will make im so strong." (And many think it will e three good meals a day and a pair f shoes. And they are all correct.)

She herself studied in the first-aid lass; a lady here taught them. It was ery, very interesting; you learned bout bandages and how to make soap. he would like to do anything at all in he Civilian Defense, anything she could or the government.

"Why?" we asked again, not knowing hat the answer would be this time.

"Why?" She smiled—lovely blue yes, lovely little freckled face and urned-up nose—and said shyly, as if it ere a very private and secret confesion, *"Por la patria!"*

If her husband did volunteer for the Army (and there has been no draft, here are more volunteers than can be sed), he would go out to the induction center at Fort Buchanan and squat n the shade alongside a hut with other oys and men, waiting to take his inelligence tests and his physical examiation. Perhaps he would find the tests asy and perhaps he would find them mpossible. The tests are in Spanish, since only a fourth of the Puerto Ricans speak English at all. Perhaps the doctor would say he was all right, but erhaps the doctor would find he was oor material.

Why They Like the Army

There is some poor material, pitiful material, volunteering so gladly and being unacceptable. The long years of peace were not rich years. Semistarvation and overcrowding and dirt and disease leave a dreadful mark. Schools have not been too plentiful and if there are schools, you must have time to go to them, and time means not working in the sugar fields or on the tobacco or coffee plantations or in the factories. Time for schooling means less food for the home.

"Children are the wealth of the poor," someone said. They are about all the poor have, and here they have them at the rate of a 25,000 net increase in population each year. There are too many people for the island to support—hundreds of thousands of them. Only those who have best survived the peace can hope to get into the war.

After a few days at Fort Buchanan, these boys move on to Camp Tortuguero where they are trained for eight weeks —and again weeded out. Tortuguero looks new and raw, a rash of hutments and barracks and tents sprung up out of the red clay. The Puerto Ricans try very hard to stay in the Army. The Army is wonderful. You are somebody when you're in the Army and you earn $50 a month and can send money home to your family. If you have a wife, she gets money too, and there is more money if you have a child. You are doing important work and you don't have to worry for anything, and neither do the old people or the wife at home. Besides, there are pleasures—movies, sports, a USO club. It is something extraordinary to be a soldier.

Eight men, wearing the blue fatigue uniform, were waiting near the colonel's office. They seemed very sad; they knew they were going to be sent home because they could not make the grade. Was the work hard? Oh, no, the work was easy, the work was good.

"I always wanted to be a soldier, since I was a child," one said.

"What counts here is character," another said hopefully. In Spanish that would mean many things: good will, obedience, devotion, honesty. Character, unfortunately, was not enough; he had to understand a Garand rifle and apparently he could not.

Lure of the Army

"Better than working in the sugar fields?" we said.

"Man," one of them said, "it is much better than anything you will ever know."

But now he would have to go back to that. In a year he can earn about $150 cutting cane. It is back-breaking work and $150 is not much, anywhere you live. He would go back to a red-mud-colored house near the fields, with a gas drum to catch water in and a gas drum to use as a cookstove. He would live in that shaky house, two rooms of it, with his family and relatives.

As you pass on the road in the evening, you can see, in all the houses, someone swinging hopelessly in a hammock in one room, waiting for night and then for the next day. There is one hammock and one bed usually, and then there is also the floor to sleep on.

This boy wanted desperately to stay in the Army. The war for him and for those like him means escape, means at last a chance to learn, to move, to see things, to handle something other than a machete. It means being somebody and it means eating all you want.

But there are other young Puerto Ricans who are smarter and more fit, and they can stay in the wonderful Army. (How well they look, you think, how bright and alert and well fed and clean! It is amazing to think of a war as a health cure.) These four boys are almost old soldiers by now, having been seven weeks in the Army. They have gentle voices and shy, gentle manners and they are surprised by every question, because they have never thought about themselves before.

Why are they in the Army? It seemed a good thing to do and they like it. You work very hard all day and it is quite interesting. Sometimes, in the evening, when you have time to think, you are homesick. Sometimes, reading the paper, everyone gets excited and thinks: Oh, if we could only go out there (though they do not exactly know where "out there" is) and kill the enemy! But, of course, they say shyly, that is only the excitement from reading the papers. What they are doing is defending their homeland. After the war? Oh, after the war they will do whatever they can. Meantime they send money home and they are defending the country. The money is needed at home. One has many brothers out of work, and his mother is old. There is his money and the money his sister earns doing needlework. Then we talk about this needlework.

The women are waiting in the hall of a factory. This factory says that it is the "Tiffany of the Needle." The women came on Friday and Saturday and there was no work, and now they

YOUR KEY TO *ALL WINTER* STYLE AND COMFORT . . .



● Neither snow nor rain nor wintry winds can keep these sturdy Fortune brogues inside! They're styled for wear in any weather, built of "Rugged Grain" leathers *to take it*—all winter long. You'll be wise to think about the *extra* mileage you will walk this winter, and the need for *extra* protection. You'll be smart to step into a Fortune!

Above: Style No. 6715. An authentic wing tip brogue in Scotch Grain. Below: Style No. 6709. Moccasin type blucher in Scotch Grain.

FORTUNE

Shoes for Men

STEP INTO A FORTUNE — YOUR KEY TO A WEALTH OF SATISFACTION

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE • TENN.

A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

Dressing for Thanksgiving is an American Custom



Wear LONG'S Hats

Pride in appearance . . . an American custom on Thanksgiving . . . on every occasion. Long's Hats impart distinction with superbly styled fur-felts . . . custom detailed, unsurpassed quality . . . truly the Aristocrat of Men's Hats.

Longworth $4.40

Long Royal $6.00

LONG'S HATS "Wear like the Name"

Featured at all ADAM HAT STORES and other fine Shops Everywhere

are waiting again, on Monday morning. It is because of the war. The cut cloth is not shipped in from New York; there is no shipping space anyhow to send it back finished. The needlework industry was ruined before the war when wages were raised to a minimum of $8 a week. But some of it goes on, and piece-workers can take the children's dresses and the underwear and nightgowns home, and if they work very hard, maybe they can make $1.25 a day when there is anything to sew.

"But what do you do if there is no work?" we asked.

One girl was bold; she said, "We do without necessities."

The others laughed at this, when she spoke, embarrassed, as if she had said something vulgar or shocking.

Another woman spoke up. "There is much hunger," she said, and the others all looked down at their hands, as if one should not mention these things. The sister of the soldier was twenty and had done piecework for five years. Their eyes look very tired, all of them, and their bodies are bent. One woman wore a needle stuck through the collar of her dress, like some awful sign of service.

"We get along as best we can," one of them said; "it may be better after the war."

The war! The war is a strange thing. For some, it has meant work and wonderful wages, or a chance to be in the Army. For many, it has meant the jobs disappearing. Stores must shut when no new goods arrive; gasoline stations and garages cannot continue when gasoline is rationed and tires are irreplaceable; the island government cuts down on employees when taxes from automobile licenses and rum do not come in; construction stops when there are no materials. For everyone, it means less and more expensive food.

The thin top layer of society has not been seriously affected by the war. If you have money, you can buy what you need to eat except butter, always. I was constantly told there was no butter but had it at every meal—very yellow, very strong, but still butter. Not much meat, though at the two best grocery stores they had a plentiful display, and in one store they had a two months' supply of beef.

There is gasoline rationing, but it does not seem to have worked any great hardship, and the streets are still crowded with private cars. You are reduced to smoking terrible cigarettes unless you have friends in the Armed Forces who will give you a pack of American cigarettes now and then.

Daily life seems to go along, almost untroubled, and—with exceptions—the upper classes seem as unaware of the war as previously they were indifferent to the conditions of peace. With exceptions again (and the exceptions are fine people), the upper class of Puerto Ricans has chosen to inhabit a self-centered world where the two main occupations are making profits and making politics. Someone said ironically that the budget of the insular government was the second largest industry on the island, giving employment and profits scarcely less than the sugar industry.

Political War Against Tugwell

The politics are a peculiar, unsavory local product, for which the Puerto Ricans themselves are entirely responsible. If you see only the front pages of some of the papers, you would think that this war was not a war against Fascism, but a special little private war against Governor Tugwell.

This amazing performance, this loud, violent and libelous kind of political attack, which seems to me to be comparable only to the carryings-on in France before the war, astonishes Americans who are newcomers to the island and depresses and disgusts those Puerto Ricans who care deeply for the welfare of their country and not for any special interests of their own.

Informed, responsible Puerto Ricans will tell you that 90% of the population live on an average yearly income of $340 for a family of six and will then point out that the 10% must obviously make sacrifices to correct this. They will tell you that 50% of the island receives government relief in some form. They will tell you that 50% of the foodstuffs of the island are imported. In time of war, this is disastrous; at all times, it is unsound. They will tell you that out of 325,000 school children examined, 200,000 were found to suffer from malnutrition.

The basis of all the trouble, they say, is that 1,887,000 people live on 3,400 square miles of this island (in the United States, the population density for a like area would be 139,400) and there is therefore less than one acre of land per person. They say that the governor is earnestly and steadily trying to improve the lot of the Puerto Rican people, and if the war hadn't come, his work would be much further along.

You feel that they are all waiting for the war to be over, this great catastrophe of the whole world, so that they can get back to work on their own catastrophe: a homeland which they love but which does not provide its people with a decent chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Army Gets on Well

Despite all this, Puerto Rico is far from a bad post, from the point of view of the American boys. They get on easily with the Puerto Ricans, who are courteous and kind; and the Puerto Ricans regard them as an amazing phenomenon, a privileged, joking, healthy horde swarming over the island. Of course, Puerto Rico is a foreign country.

"Sure, I know it's American territory," said the soldier from Ohio. "But it's not like the old U. S., see what I mean? And they don't speak Spanish where I come from."

The soldiers and sailors are very funny about it: they take everything as it comes, using a favorite expression when anyone is baffled or sore because of the differences between here and home.

"You'll get used to it," one will say to another. "You'll get used to it, buddy."

They say this with cheerful resignation when they see the San Juan streetcars that run only in one direction, when a policeman cannot give street directions in English, when the torrential tropical rain turns their barracks into moored houseboats standing on stilts in a muddy lake, when they ask a girl to go out to the movies and find they are taking along a chaperon, too.

They have come to do a job which they are doing well and about which very little can be written. When they are off duty they have a good time, in a climate cooler than Florida, and they talk about home. "Where'd you say you came from? Say, have you ever been to Springfield?" . . . "Did you ever get to Montana?" . . . "What's going on in L. A.?"

In San Juan, the enlisted men's club at the Naval Air Station is a great modern building with a swimming pool, a movie theater, a library, a bowling alley, a soda fountain, a barbershop, a store, a tailor, writing rooms, tennis tables and a boxing ring. The Army post has a golf course (with one green inside the moat of the 16th century Morro Fortress), an outdoor movie, a swimming pool and an enlisted men's club as well. The USO is a palatial building where dances are held every week so that Americans can meet Puerto Ricans; and there are a few attrac but quite expensive night clubs, as as colorful but less stylish places wl beer costs ten cents.

The Naval Air Station has worke a troupe (to the immense pride of recreational director) which can pu an hour and a half of vaudeville and they travel about giving spe shows at other stations and car Though they are not able to leave t post, mobile movies and mobile libra serve all detached units. There are terservice boxing matches and te tournaments and in season, all over island, everyone goes in for the g passion of Puerto Rico—baseball.

It is not bad here at all, but they the planes flying over, destinations asked but pretty well guessed, and t

NOT WANTED for the Duration



SOLDIER HECKLE

Gal who writes her drafted boy friend all about the wonderful times she's having; and if she isn't, cooks up wild tales to keep him jealous.

wish they were going where the tion is.

From the land, you scarcely feel action that is going on right here— intense and steady war on submari You see the patrol planes go out, you see the inshore patrol—small g boats with a white stripe down the s —plodding like watchdogs around land, and you see the convoys co safely in. This close submarine makes no noise at all and is not tal of any more than it is seen. In fact some strange way, the war is not tal of—it exists.

Russia and Australia and Engl and Egypt are oceans away, and th are hundreds of thousands of people Puerto Rico who have never heard them. What happens in those count decides what can happen here. But war here is like a powerful force, the weather itself, like the hurrica this island knows so well. It has chan the looks of the land, and touched shaped all these lives, and it is eve where and inescapable, yet somet remote.

From the sea or from the air, Pue Rico still looks like a green and pea ful paradise.

THE END

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...



...*that he faces the future* with the shining courage that built America's past... that he realizes how much we still have to be thankful for, and expresses it with flowers for her and with the time-honored dinner for their guests!



...*that on this special occasion* he chooses the "fixin's" with special care... that he makes "First In Quality" his first consideration ...that he does her proud as a host by serving Old Schenley, *mildest of all Bottled-in-Bonds!*

t of 6 full-color flower reprints for framing, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢ . . . Copr. 1942, Stagg-Finch Distillers Corp., N. Y. C., Dept. C . . . Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof

Beau Pummel

Continued from page 14

Beau Jack was always there, trying to keep his eyes open and staying with me to the bitter end."

One of the rewards for this loyalty was the chance Milligan gave Beau Jack to fight in a battle royal, when Milligan was ordered to stir up some entertainment for the members just before the 1936 Masters'. Beau Jack was the youngest and lightest fighter in the mad mob scene that night, but to the surprise of his mentor and the delight of the members, he cleaned up.

In the late spring of 1940, Milligan brought Beau Jack up North with him when he took over his annual summer job at Long Meadow Country Club, near Springfield, Massachusetts. It was a memorable milestone in Beau Jack's career. Earlier, Milligan had approached Clifford Roberts, a New York broker, who is president of the Augusta Club, and suggested that Roberts underwrite Beau Jack's argosy.

Roberts wasn't especially interested at first, but his friend Richards Vidmer, then sports columnist for the New York Herald Tribune and now a major in the U. S. Army Air Forces in London, told him he thought Beau Jack was a fine prospect. Vidmer had not seen him fight but was impressed by Milligan's account of his prowess. Besides, Vidmer had a friend named Chick "Hercules" Wergeles, a voluble little New York sports figure who wanted a fighter to manage.

Beau Jack, Incorporated

It was agreed to raise $500 to get Beau Jack started. Twenty-three men, most of them members of the club, chipped in, and Milligan gave them all a written promise that they would be paid back out of the first profits Beau Jack accrued.

Besides Roberts, the stockholders were Bartlett Arkell, founder of the Beech-Nut Company and its president for fifty years; Clarence J. Schoo, a Massachusetts box manufacturer; Dwight Ellis, New England textile man; Frank Crumit, the actor; Billy DeBeck, the cartoonist; Vidmer; Bobby Jones, now Captain Robert Tyre Jones of the Air Forces; Alvin O. Holder, president of a Buffalo department store; J. Gordon Gilfillan, retired president of Jell-O; Alfred Severin Bourne, the sewing machine heir; Burton F. Peek, an executive of the John Deere Plow Company; Frank A. Willard, a partner in Reynolds and Co., New York brokerage; Louis H. Brush, Ohio newspaper publisher; William E. Robinson, advertising manager of the Herald Tribune; E. D. Slater and James E. Brownlee, executives of Frankfort Distilleries; Grantland Rice, dean of American sports writers; T. Suffern Tailer, young New York social figure who is now Lieutenant Tailer; Henry A. Hurst, Philadelphia linen merchant; L. B. Maytag, of the washing machine company; Charles Green, Laurel, Mississippi, lumberman; and E. R. Fitzgerald, Chicago traction magnate.

Honorary shares in Beau Jack were gallantly presented to Mrs. Tom Yawkey, wife of the millionaire owner of the Boston Red Sox, and to Mrs. Grantland Rice. As for Beau Jack, when word leaked out that he had that kind of backing, some of the boxing writers dubbed him the Stork Club Slugger or El Morocco Mauler, both of which terms confused him mightily.

In the bewildering North, Beau Jack met and was immediately stupefied by Hercules Wergeles. In all his born days, Beau Jack had never heard anybody talk as fast or as much as Wergeles.

Wergeles converses with every movable part of his body. His main job is that of publicity man for the New York Football Giants and anything else nice that comes along. He's a square guy and has steered Beau Jack into a lot of nice touches, kept his name in print, upped his purses from $25 to $1,500, and now has him on the verge of title fights and big dough. Most of all, Wergeles caused Mike Jacobs to like Beau Jack.

"Everything's according to Herle," Wergeles told us, as he moved around his office like a broken-field runner. "Beau Jack don't need no tankers. He's fought forty-five times and he win forty of them. Throw out the first three loses. He was a baby. He didn't want to hoit the bums he was fightin', because they were nice to him. Ain't that crazy?

"That leaves Freddie Archer. Archer win twice from Beau Jack here in New York, the end of last year. The first time is December eight'. Throw that out. How's a guy gone to fight when Poil Harbor's on fire? The next time is December twenty-nint'. Throw that out. The judges get struck blind, or something, for Beau Jack win by a city block. Besides, he had pneumonia."

Beau Jack carried his pneumonia back to Augusta, after the two losses to Archer, who now is campaigning in the welterweight division. It was Beau Jack's first trip home since becoming a city boy. With him, he took a bare minimum of clothing needs: two steamer trunks, a battery of suitcases and a battalion of hatboxes for his pork-pies, all of which are equipped with feathers.

Uncle Jesse busted out laughing at the first sight of him, but he became a doddering hero worshiper when Beau Jack began distributing largesse. At Palmetto Pond, Beau Jack appeared one night in his zoot suit and brought down the house with his high dicty splits, bounces and *entrechats*, while his favorite orchestra, Cab Calloway, pounded out something elemental on the juke.

But the thought of being near the golf club and not working never entered Beau Jack's mind. Let the silk-hatted customers in Madison Square Garden demand him; he had some bootblacking to do for Mr. Bowman. There were tables to wait on, and golf bags to tote. And so Beau Jack, who had been making between $500 and $1,000 for a comparatively few minutes' work in the ring, readily went back to working for dime and quarter tips.

The Pin-Money Boy

He can do this because he has no concept of money. When he slapped Billy Murray dizzy at the Garden last August—Murray later swore that Beau Jack had eleven arms—he made $1,500 for thirty minutes of work. Wergeles was so overcome by his performance that he gave Beau Jack five dollars of the $1,500. Beau Jack was deeply touched. It meant a heavy raise in his allowance. The bulk of his purse, as usual, was banked for him.

Beau Jack's allowance was $1 a week during his first year (1940) in the ring, when he fought sixteen times and scored eight knockouts. In 1941, when he fought twenty-one times and scored eleven knockouts, Wergeles gave him $2 a week. He stayed on the $2 allowance until the Murray fight when Wergeles, mellowed by the fact that Fight Manager Al "Weskit" Weill bet and lost money on Murray, volunt[eered] jumped Beau Jack's income. Wer[geles] was pleased, too, because Jim Grippo, the magician who man[ages] Murray, tried to hypnotize Beau before the bout. Beau Jack just st[ared] back, quizzically, nearly hypnot[izing] Grippo.

Friday, November 13th, may b[e a] lucky day in Beau Jack's life, as he then meet Allie Stolz, No. 1 lightwe[ight] contender, at Madison Square Gar[den]. And that means a shot at Cham[pion] Sammy Angott's title for Jack—i[f he] wins from Stolz.

Despite his clothes, Beau Jack l[eads] a quiet life. He isn't going the wa[y of] many hot-shot Negro fighters.

"I can't bother with no girls," he t[old] me seriously. "They liable to mess up."

No Fleshpots in Flatbush

Harlem is too gay for him, so he l[ives] in Brooklyn at the home of his col[ored] trainer, Sidney Bell. They jog five m[iles] through Brooklyn streets as early as four o'clock each morning. Beau Jack is always in good condition. Before he left Augusta, the members lectured him on the joys of the Spartan life. He was warned against every known fl[esh] pot, so much so, in fact, that one of the counselors recently wheezed, one morning after celebrating a Beau Jack victory, that *he* had listened to the advice he gave Beau Jack.

"We owe a lot to Henry Armstrong," Milligan told me. "Henry permitted Beau Jack to train with him when he first came North. He gave Beau Jack a lot of confidence and warned us not to try to change his battle-royal style. Henry figured that it would confuse a lot of fighters to have Beau Jack throwing punches at them from all positions, and it turned out just as Henry said it would."

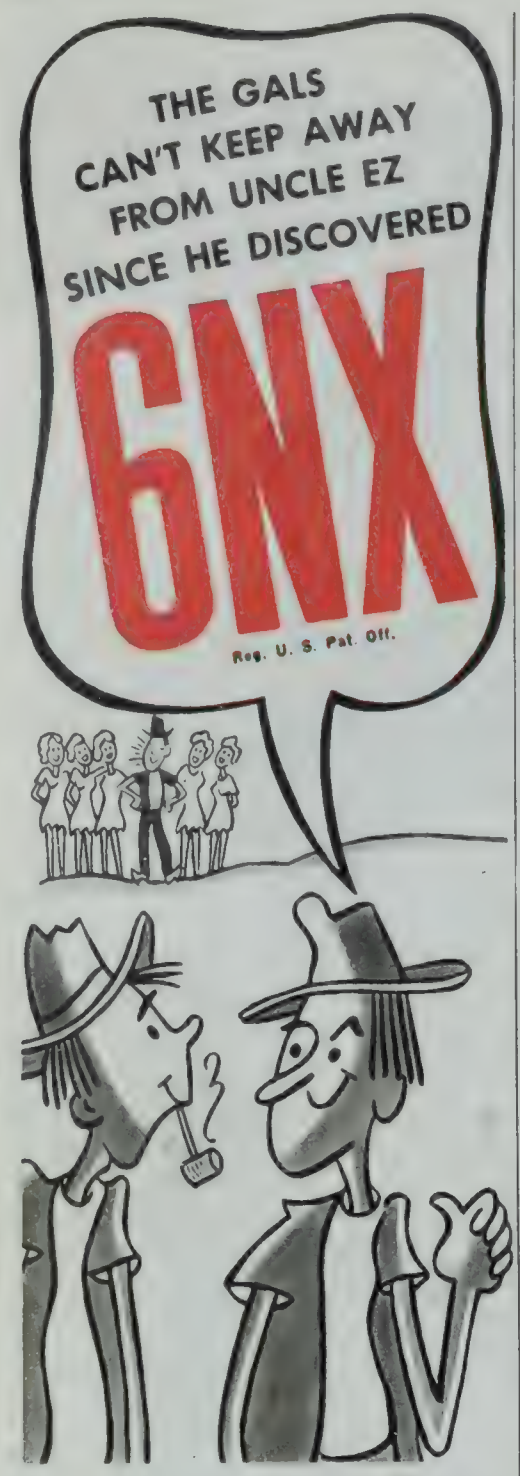
"He never tried to hurt me when we worked together," Beau Jack suddenly said, quite excited at the memory of his association with the poetry-writing little Negro who simultaneously held the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight championships. "He'd dig me good in the belly now and then, to see if I'd moan, but I wouldn't. Once he told me, 'Beau Jack, you's the strongest kid for being so young I ever did see.' Did he say that, Mr. Bowman?

"I figga like this when I fight," Beau Jack ran on. "If I figga I can't out-box a man I try to out-*fight* him. And if I figga I can't out-*fight* him, I try to out-*box* him." He leaned back, breathing from his long speech, and inspected the pork-pie.

Beau Jack's fights in New York are almost society news. A dozen or so of the stockholders are usually in New York when their charge does battle. They dine together before the fight, often in black tie, take a box at the Garden and have a party after the fight in Roberts' suite in a hotel just off Fifth Avenue. They are justly proud of what they have enabled their shoeshine boy to do for himself, and when Beau Jack isn't thinking about his zoot suit and his hawg farm, he is mighty proud of them, too.

Beau Jack doesn't want much else out of life. He has shaken hands with Joe Louis. He was so overwhelmed that, to his everlasting regret, he forgot what Louis said to him during their brief chat. Also, he has seen Satchel Paige pitch. If he has a formal ambition, it is to meet Paige socially, and Sammy Angott, the lightweight champion, professionally.

THE END

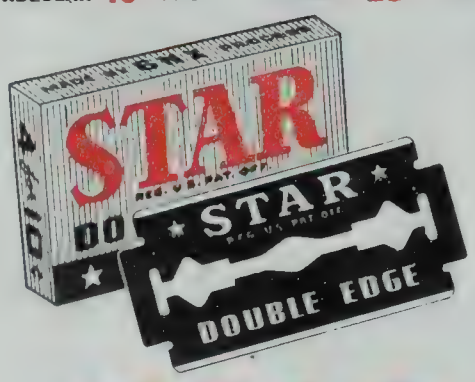


★ The superbly keen, extra-durable edges of famous 6NX Star Double Edge Blades are the result of special steel, new machines, new sharpening methods. They make your double edge razor perform miracles!

Make your blades last longer by careful handling. Dry thoroughly. Protect the edges.

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

REGULAR 10¢ PACK ... ECONOMY 25¢ PACK



STAR
DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
For Double Edge Razors!



Still working together!

Bill is still giving more than he promised—and so is Dad!

IRING line and production line—the old Studebaker father-and-son combination till clicking!

t seems only yesterday that Bill and his her were working side by side.

oday Bill has a more pressing job—the st urgent job any man could have—he is ting for Uncle Sam!

ut how could Bill fight, if he didn't have thing to fight *with?* And that's where Dad comes in—along with thousands of others in the Studebaker plant, Dad is doing his share to make sure that America's fighting forces are *the best-equipped in the world!*

The same skill—the same Studebaker plus—which have gone into every Studebaker motor car and motor truck—are today going into every implement of victory that's being produced by Studebaker.

The Studebaker watchword—*always give more than you promise*—means more today than ever. Studebaker is proud of its assignments in the arming of our Nation and its Allies.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Wright Cyclone Engines for the Flying Fortress . . . Military trucks for the fighting fronts and supply lines of the United Nations . . . and other war matériel.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

STUDEBAKER'S 90TH ANNIVERSARY 1852-1942

Silent Ferries

Continued from page 80

around a hundred miles an hour. Fighter-plane escorts frequently went along to protect the lumbering air cargoes, flying over strong units of the British navy patrolling the Mediterranean below. One type of Nazi glider has a wing span of 180 feet, almost as great as the span of Glenn Martin's famous flying boat Mars, and greater than that of Boeing's Flying Fortresses. The British also have successful large craft. One is capable of carrying a light tank.

These military gliders bear no more relation to the spindly sailplanes used by amateur glider enthusiasts than a thin-shanked jumping mare bears to a Percheron. The military ships are air trailers, made for heavy work.

We Mustn't Expect Miracles

Such air trailers have definite military uses, which we were slow to recognize. But in our belated enthusiasm for them, we have probably gone slightly berserk and glorified them as miracle weapons out of proportion to their actual value. The vision of long trains of big gliders, for example, is strictly a vision. Small ships can be towed en masse, but not the big babies. Not now or soon. A plane can tow more than it can lift, but there are limits. While the whole business in this country is still so much in the experimental stage that the limits aren't yet very clear, it seems at present that a tow plane can best haul 50 to 75 per cent of its own gross weight, which means that the B-19 could tug between 40 and 60 tons. But of this, maybe half would be the weight of the gliders themselves (if we had gliders that big), leaving a maximum useful load of about 30 tons, the weight of just one medium tank. And we have only one B-19.

A plane with an excess of take-off power, like one of our interceptors, could probably haul two or three times its own weight. But it weighs relatively little to begin with, so it still wouldn't carry much, and the gliders would have to be designed for high speeds in the air, which means they would land too fast to be safe.

You don't get something for nothing when you hitch gliders behind a tow plane. The plane slows down and uses more gasoline in direct proportion to the weight it hauls. Some figures indicate that bomber ranges can be enormously increased by carrying gas in gliders.

The rosiest statistic pictures a plane towing an amount equal to its own pay load—doubling its capacity—with a loss in efficiency of only 12 per cent. But that's on paper.

In one actual test case, a particular bomber was assigned to carry an extra 500 pounds of cargo. First, it was put in the plane itself, and 500 pounds less gasoline was carried to balance it off. Then the 500 pounds of gasoline was put in a glider and sucked down into the tow plane as needed. The bomber had almost exactly the same range with both stunts. If the gas in the glider were used up first and the glider thrown away, you gained something, but it was a trifle wasteful. Also, nobody has yet figured out how to blind-fly a glider while it's being towed.

Such is the situation now. We are moving fast, however, and we no doubt will sometime do things with gliders that seem dreamy at present. More efficient gliders are coming up; tow planes will become aerial locomotives, carrying no more freight themselves than do normal truck tractors; wonderful progress is being made in evolving blind-flying technique and equipment. The future of gliders rests on the basic fact that it's easier to tow than to carry.

On the basis of glider performance known positively to be practical today, many aeronautical experts consider the ship immediately valuable in only a few specific situations. If the haul is short enough so that the weather is known ahead of time, and a plane can carry more gas than it needs, the extra fuel can be put into hauling gliders. And if the plane has more power on the take-off than it actually requires to get into the air, that surplus power can likewise be devoted to lifting air trailers. If the cargo is too bulky to fit in a conventional airplane fuselage, a fat glider may be able to handle it.

These considerations, plus the quietness of the air trailer and its ability to land where airplanes fear to venture, explain why it fits so cozily into the pattern of Allied invasion. The English Channel is a short hop; jeeps, guns and men could be dumped quickly in isolated spots behind French coast defenses; the landing parties could get a measure of air protection from English-based planes.

Both the A.A.F. and the Marines are campaigning for glider pilots, invasion or no invasion. But there's some question of how difficult it is to fly one of the things. When recruiting began, the A.A.F. thought glider pilots need know only a few fundamental facts about handling power planes. Now they consider their first program inadequate, but even so, a candidate must have only a private flying license or go through eight weeks' primary training at a Civil Aeronautics Administration school. Then the A.A.F. gives him four weeks of elementary dead-stick landings in cub-type planes, another four weeks in small gliders, and four additional weeks in 15-place troop-carrying gliders—a total of 100 hours in the air.

The Marines are different. They figure a glider pilot should be able to handle a power plane of the same size as the glider he will use, which means he must have experience in multiengine ships. All Marine glider pilots are regular Navy fliers, although recer... Corps began taking enlisted me... trained as copilots.

Piloting a glider is simple in ... spect—the tow plane does the ... ing. Otherwise, the glider m... precisely what the plane does. T... that the glider just bumps along ... letting the plane do all the work ... easy to be true. On the take-... glider gets up first and must rac... a few feet off the ground at hig... while the tow ship finally overco... extra drag and gets up.

Mistakes Are too Costly

In flight, the pilot has to foll... actly the right place behind t... plane. If other gliders are in t... must also keep his place in form... no child's task in itself.

In a landing, the glider pilot ha... right the first time. If he undersh... overshoots the field, he can't gun ... gine and try again, nor do his ski... brakes to control the run. He's d... stay, for better or worse. The ... saw at Wright Field and the M... Parris Island training center rep... brought their powerless ships d... within inches of where they ... them, but they were all exper... airplane pilots.

Many veteran fliers believe si... that the only difference between ... gliders and power planes is that ... you haven't a motor, you have ... less control over gliders, and ... quently you must have greater sk...

Much is made of the fact tha... many trained large groups of ... pilots in gliders, but rarely are ... minded that she was forbidden t... power planes, and that if she ... used sailplanes as trainers, she w... have had anything faintly reser... pilots.

At any rate, pushing a glider a... is no job for a sissy. Before the ... over, glider pilots will probab... among the romantic groups of the... ices. They will be in the exact ce... things most certainly and will get... fustest, with—we hope—the most...

THE END



American glider-borne troops practice an invasion maneuver



PAPER WORK

Speeds them down the Ways

Colored pencil markings . . . a most important part of all **paper work** . . . . specifications, progress charts, payrolls and hundreds of other detail office forms that must all be checked without waste of time or effort. That's where **MONGOL** Colored Pencils give greatest satisfaction.

Strong, thin leads — and non-wasteful, as your pencil sharpener will quickly demonstrate. Red and Blue available in 3 degrees of hardness. Clear, brilliant colors that make for inescapable legibility . . . and for maps, charts or illustration work they're truly "tops". Used with brush and water for wash effects.

By all means "Say **MONGOL** to your Stationer".

☆ ***24 Colors, Singly or in Boxed Sets of 12 or 24 Pencils***



EBERHARD FABER

Leadership

IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

MAKERS OF THE FERMAPOINT FOUNTAIN PEN

She knows all about Love-potions and Lovely Motions!

CINEMA GUILD
presents

"I MARRIED A WITCH"

Veronica does strange things to men. Like appearing in their homes at midnight. Or breaking up their weddings to other girls. Or making them love her — even when they don't want to. Yes sir, when this 1942 witch charms 'em — brother, they stay charmed!





"She's got him so he doesn't know which is witch!"

STARRING

FREDRIC MARCH

AND

VERONICA LAKE

with

Robert Benchley · Susan Hayward · Cecil Kellaway

A RENE CLAIR Production • Directed by Rene Clair

Screen Play by Robert Pirosh and Marc Connelly

Released thru United Artists





Thorne Smith's raciest story is now the year's *different* comedy-romance!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG HIT IS COMING



Luis stood in his stirrups and shouted "Abigeos!" as people came running from their houses

Pancho is Dead

By Robert Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The education of a young man. There was never another teacher like his

PANCHO is dead. There are many who say they saw him so, an old man whose mustaches had turned white, very dead in a wretched little white room.

But it was always hard to tell about Pancho Villa. When General Pershing, with an army at his back, looked for Pancho through the border country, they say all he found were the tracks of Pancho's horse, and those three days old.

When the Gringo picket, cold in the Mexican night, would challenge a moving shape in the dark he would say, "Where's Villa?" And the shape would pause and answer, "God knows." "Pass, friend," the picket would say, tugging at the sleeves of his army coat and hunching his shoulders against the chill.

Just last night the wealthy *haciendado,* who lives in an outlying province and owns too many cattle for his own good, bolted his windows and went to sleep with his carbine under his bed. "Pancho is dead," he said aloud, as though trying to convince himself. But when he looked out at the prairie, at the cactus that seemed to move in the moonlight, he made a hurried addition: "God rest his soul!"

But it was always hard to tell about Pancho Villa. He set fires in the night and hung his enemies on trees, and often, where he went, one could hear the forlorn crying of women. But no one ever heard that he shed the blood of a poor man. And if there are many who say he is dead, there are many who swear he is not. Tonight I think the *haciendado* will sleep again with his carbine under his bed.

SONORA province is mostly desert, and what is not desert is mountain. The Rio Yaqui divides the two, and it is near the Yaqui that there are cattle. Not the great cattle of La Laguna, perhaps, but still animals that people eat. It is not often that a bull from the Yaqui district graces El Toreo in the capital, but the cattlemen of Sonora are as attached to their animals as any cattleman anywhere.

That is why, when their scraggly bulls and their small heifers began to disappear faster than the natural death rate on the range would carry them off, they began to talk among themselves of unpleasantness.

"I, for one, am convinced that there are *abigeos,* thieves," said Osorio Carrasco, from whose herds fifteen head had vanished in the last month.

"I shall undergo six hundred penitences," said José Osorno, "but I am obliged to differ with you. It is the disease only." But when he spoke he did not look at Osorio Carrasco.

"I agree," said Luis Guzman.

Osorio Carrasco shook his head. "Thieves," he said.

The others looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. "The trouble, I don't want it," said Luis Guzman.

"Nor I," said Osorno.

After a few moments of discussion they agreed to wait. If waiting would not cure the trouble, then it must be trouble of great stature.

But after a month's time, during which more cattle bearing the brand of Osorio Carrasco had disap-



YOU will fly in tomorrow's *Age of Flight*

Today there is Victory to be won, and our nation is flying men and cargoes to far ends of the earth on business of war. But with tomorrow's peace will come a new era to challenge the imagination of men—the Age of Flight. Truly a new world with freedom for all—a world well worth fighting for.

Who rides the skyways now?

The Army and the Navy officer, crossing a continent overnight. The production chief, speeding the output of vitally needed military supplies. The business man, multiplying his own efficiency.

These all take to the skies, as giant United Mainliners weave ceaselessly between strategic points.

• • •

Airplanes today, because of war, are swifter, stronger, larger than ever. Tomorrow's planes will carry ten times the freight of those you know today, and many times the number of passengers; and they will go to parts of the earth forever hidden from highways, ships and railways.

Once passengers paid $400 for riding coast to coast in two days. Today you can cross the continent overnight for $150. Tomorrow's faster planes will offer even lower fares.

Perhaps you are using the airlines today to save priceless time. Or perhaps you have never flown.

But in the free tomorrow, every one will fly. For with tomorrow will come the Age of Flight, in which the bonds of earth will no longer hold you.

Today, like all airlines and other forms of transportation, United's single purpose is Victory. And to its twofold task, performing military missions and maintaining the essential passenger, express and mail service, United brings the unequaled record of 250 million miles of flight experience.

★ BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY ★

UNITED AIR LINES

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

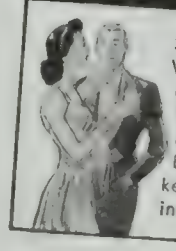
TASTE THE DIFFERENCE TONIGHT

Feel the Difference Tomorrow!

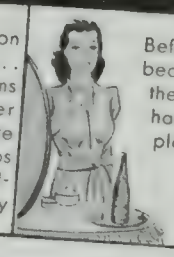


ADRIENNE AMES
screen and stage star, now devoting all her time to radio, uses White Rock to help keep fit.

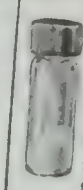
What Adrienne Ames always does:



She insists on White Rock . . . always. Claims it makes her highballs taste better. . helps keep her feeling fit next day



Before going to bed and again in the morning, she has a glass of plain, sparkling White Rock



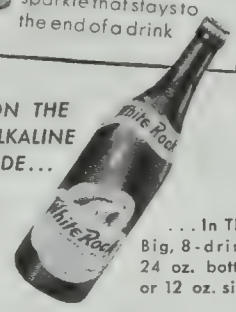
Its beneficial natural mineral salts improve flavor, combat acidity, help make you feel better next day. It's SUPER-CHARGED with a sparkle that stays to the end of a drink

FEELING FINE THANKS TO

White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE...



. . . In The Big, 8-drink 24 oz. bottle or 12 oz. size

Try White Rock Sarsaparilla and White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale. Both made with White Rock care.

"Tae your tr-r-uly Scotch weelcome ..an' your tr-r-uly weelcome Scotch"

He who serves Teacher's is assured that his guests will appreciate his choice of Scotch.

"It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

16 Proof

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

peared, he rode into town with a rifle slung across his saddle. His boy Luis was with him, carrying a gun also and it was not difficult to see that they had made up their minds. Their home was far from the town, farther than those of Osorno and Guzman, and they had not ridden that great distance merely to talk further.

"*Abigeos!*" shouted the elder Carrasco down the long and dusty street. "*Abigeos!*" shouted the son.

Heads poked out of windows. Figures appeared in vacant doorways. "Oho, the trouble," sighed José Osorno. The Carrascos were not known for their ability to leave well enough alone. Certain evil tongues even whispered that they kept only half, the first half, of the siesta.

OSORNO and his friend, Luis Guzman, went to speak to them. It would be better if they were told now, before they made trouble for themselves and the town.

"Don Osorio," began Luis Guzman, "how many beefs have you lost in the fortnight? A few, yes?"

Carrasco nodded, his face expressionless. "Go on, Don Luis," he said.

"A few, only, here and there. A few from so many," inserted Osorno.

"I will tell you, Don Osorio, the plain and simple truth of the matter, and there will be no trouble about it. There are what you call *abigeos*. I myself have seem them and talked to them."

Osorio Carrasco looked at his son. The boy was perhaps sixteen, very brown, with close-cut black hair. The morning sun was in his eyes, but he did not blink. "Go on," said the elder Carrasco.

"But I should hesitate, in fact I might say that it would give me pain, to call them, as you say—*abigeos*. That is a hasty word, Don Osorio."

Carrasco had known Luis Guzman for many years. He knew when the man was frightened.

"How long, Don Luis?" he said.

The other scraped in the dust of the street with the toe of his boot. "Two, three months," he said. He knew what Carrasco was thinking. "Don Osorio, please," he said. "As Don José Osorno says, only a few from so many."

Carrasco repeated the sentence slowly: "A few from so many." He was thinking about the uneasiness in the eyes of Luis Guzman. "You have seen them, Don Luis, and talked to them. I understand what you mean." Then, for the first time, he grew angry. "Am I to understand also that each has three heads, and the strength of the devil in each of his ten hands?"

Guzman and Osorno shrugged.

Carrasco looked again at his son. The boy looked back stolidly for a moment and then grinned, showing his white teeth.

"I ask you both, as friends and gentlemen," said Carrasco. "Will you come with us, yes or no?"

The two men shrugged their shoulders again. "My wife is for the fourth time about to bear me a son," said Guzman. Osorno said nothing.

"It is good to be a provident father," said Carrasco. He was smiling because he had been insulted. Everyone in the village knew that the Señora Carrasco was the mother of three daughters and only one son. "So you will not?" he said at length.

"For the love of God, have a care, Don Osorio," said Luis Guzman. He extended his hand and Carrasco shook it. "I might say," Guzman added, glancing to left and right, "that these men, whom you call by that word, do not ride horseback, Don Osorio."

Guzman stood in his tracks watching the man and boy ride off. "A few from so many," he muttered. "And now it begins, the trouble."

Carrasco and his boy Luis were s with waiting, lying flat on the past land. For three nights they had watc and not once had the fences b crossed.

Luis was asleep when his fat plucked at his shoulder. He woke quickly and felt for his rifle in the d

They were there in the moonlight, two hundred yards away. A truck, to be precise, a van had backed up the fence. One or two men were sta ing beside it, waiting, and in a sh time others came out of the darkn leading a few cattle. The fence been cut and a board ramp had been down for the animals to climb into van. Luis raised his gun.

"Hsst!" said his father. "Soft softly. There is no need to shoot." stood up then, in plain view under moon, and shouted. The boy could the men near the truck scurry to co behind it. "They will go away," s Osorio Carrasco. However, he flick back the hammer of his gun with finger and stood with it in his hand.

For a moment nothing happen Then a great light shot out from the r of the van. It was a powerful searc light, and, as the Carrascos watched, prowled close past them and then turned, stopping. The elder Carra shouted again and waved his gun.

The boy stared at the source of t light, blind to everything else. Sudden he heard a noise, a savage noise th boomed out across the whole prair and beside the light he saw a small vicious orange flame that flickered.

"Run!" shouted his father. "*Run!*"

Luis got up and staggered out of t blinding light, ran a few steps a turned to look for his father.

The man was still in the center of t light, dodging and twisting. As he rac over the pasture the light followed r lentlessly, never leaving him for a m ment. His father emptied his gun at t searchlight. Luis raised his own g and shot at the light but, when he hea his father scream, he stopped firing.

The man was standing still, or at lea it seemed to the boy that he stood st for a long minute. Luis could see litt patches of his father's coat flapping though plucked by a wind. Then Osor Carrasco fell backward, the light still him. The gun in the truck continued fire.

Luis shut his eyes and screamed.

Then the gun stopped firing and th light moved on, fingering among th cactus. Back and forth it went, pausin at each object that could be a man, could hide a man. Luis knew they we looking for him.

There was no moisture in his mouth He ran as fast as he could, away fro the light, and at length he found stone and hid behind it.

The light swung back and forth fo some minutes more. Then Luis hear the van's motor start and saw it swin away from the fence. He followed with his eyes as long as he could, the lost it in the night.

He got up and stumbled across th pasture toward the spot where he ha seen his father fall.

ALL he could do, he knew, would b to shame them. He looked from fac to face, staring deep into their eyes looking for what he hoped was there Luis Guzman, José Osorno, José an Mario Sanchez, all of them were in fron of him. All of them had known his fa ther well, had called him their friend.

They stood before him in a semi circle, grown men listening attentively to a sixteen-year-old boy. He told them simply and quietly what had happened Toward the end of his story his voic broke and he did not finish. Instead h stretched out his hands toward them.

Slowly, in groups of two and three, th

turned their backs on him and ked softly away, shaking their heads whispering among themselves. Only s Guzman remained at the end.

For the love of God, Don Luis Car-o," said Guzman, "and I shall call Don Luis now, for you are a man, e a care. It is sometimes wise to t, and wiser sometimes to bear in si-e." He put his hand on the boy's ilder. But the boy pushed it away agely and turned his back.

a week's time everyone knew of it, nd if they forgot, for a moment, the nory of the recently deceased, they kered. "Oh, *si, si,*" said Luis Guz-n, "he was standing there like a ng rooster who would fight the world. le Luis Carrasco will kill all the *geos,* if someone will be so good as e of assistance. Otherwise, he will them himself."

veryone laughed, and the more they hed the farther the news spread, un-he whole province knew of it. Prob-even the *abigeos,* who must have hed as hard as the rest.

hen Luis bought cartridges and a er canteen in the town it was not before everyone knew the caliber his gun and the size of his thirst. en he had his horse reshod, they w that the shoes were for traveling r rough terrain. When he put his in the blacksmith's vise and cor-ed the sights they knew that he was earnest young man. There were n a few who talked of going with him, that was only when he was at a safe ance. No one really thought of ac-panying him, no matter how often asked.

ut there was one who came, near the , and announced that he would ride young Luis Carrasco. And when ple saw him, their laughter, which been subterranean before, came out the open. The man was very old. ne said he was an old beggar—and did not deny it—who had ridden up n the south on some small errand of own.

ut Luis was not in a position to bble. When the old man found him talked to him he shook his hand vely, as though he were Bolivar king the hand of a general; and, on morning that he had established for departure, he went, with the old man bling behind on a horse that seemed old as himself.

hen they had left the town behind, s spoke to the old man.

What is your name?" he asked.

he other shrugged. "What matter? you will call me anything, call me ncho Panza."

uis laughed. "*Bueno,* Sancho Panza. u know what has happened?"

he old man nodded, pulling at his ite mustache. "I have heard," he d. He carried a carbine in his saddle. oy," he said, "do you have a plan?"

uis shook his head. "Only to wait ight for them, and then to shoot out light quickly."

That is no good, boy," said the old n.

hey rode in silence for most of the ernoon. When they stopped at dusk is turned to the old man. "Tie up the rses and bring them feed," he said.

or a moment Sancho Panza stared nkly at Luis, and then threw back his d and began to laugh. It was a ter-le thing to hear.

Stop laughing, old man," said Luis vely.

he other laughed harder for a mo-nt, and then stepped up and struck is a blow on the ear that sent him pping on the ground like a big salmon. ncho roared with laughter, his hands his stomach. Luis, on the ground, nced up and thought that the man did t seem so very old.

When he got up he went silently to tie up the horses himself, while the old man sat beneath a tree and smoked.

"Make me supper, boy," said the old man. Luis frowned and Sancho Panza raised himself on one elbow, smiling as though in a moment he would laugh again. Luis lit a fire.

"You will find water yonder," said the old man, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"Water?" said Luis. "There is no water here, so far from the river."

"Water," said Sancho Panza, smiling again. Luis went to look where the other had pointed, and presently found a small spring. He filled his canteen and shrugged his shoulders.

After supper Luis took some warmer clothes from his pack and examined his rifle.

"Where are you going, boy?" asked Sancho Panza.

Luis was puzzled. "Where but to look for them?"

The old man smiled again. "Go to sleep, boy," he replied.

"But—" In the beginning Luis had been very determined, but when the old man looked at him, and particularly when he laughed, he could think of nothing to do but to obey him.

As he dozed he heard the old man singing softly:

"Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O."

He sat up. "What is that?" he asked. The old man looked far away into the night and spoke softly: "They used to sing it, a long time ago, when I was not so old as I am now. Not here, but where they were fighting. *Muy hombres,* but stupid."

"Who used to sing it?"

"The Gringos, boy." The old man would not talk any more, but as Luis went to sleep he heard him singing the same song again.

"Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O."

Sancho Panza woke him up at dawn. "Make me breakfast, boy," he said. "And then we will hunt for them, after I have finished smoking."

As he smoked, the old man loaded his carbine. "How far will your gun shoot, little boy?" he said.

"It is a good gun. Two kilometers, I think."

"*Bueno.* If you were to shoot it, which of course you are not going to do, the bullet would fall beyond the place where the *abigeos* are."

"Where?"

The old man grunted and finished loading his gun. "Leave the horses here," he said.

THEY climbed on foot for half an hour, working higher into the foothills and finally up the side of a mountain. For some distance the mountain was heavily wooded, so that it was difficult to see very far ahead.

"Where?" said Luis.

Sancho Panza turned and spit into the air. "I could spit on them," he said.

They climbed higher. Suddenly, in front of them, a huge hollow appeared in the side of the mountain, sinking in at such an angle that it could not be seen from the prairie below.

"*Bueno,* no?" said the old man.

The boy peered into the ravine. He could see nothing there. "There are many places like this," he said. "I am not sure that the *abigeos* would hide here."

Sancho Panza smiled. "I am," he said. "Follow me, and quietly."

Together they went around the rim of the depression, keeping back of the lip among the trees.

At length the old man stopped and



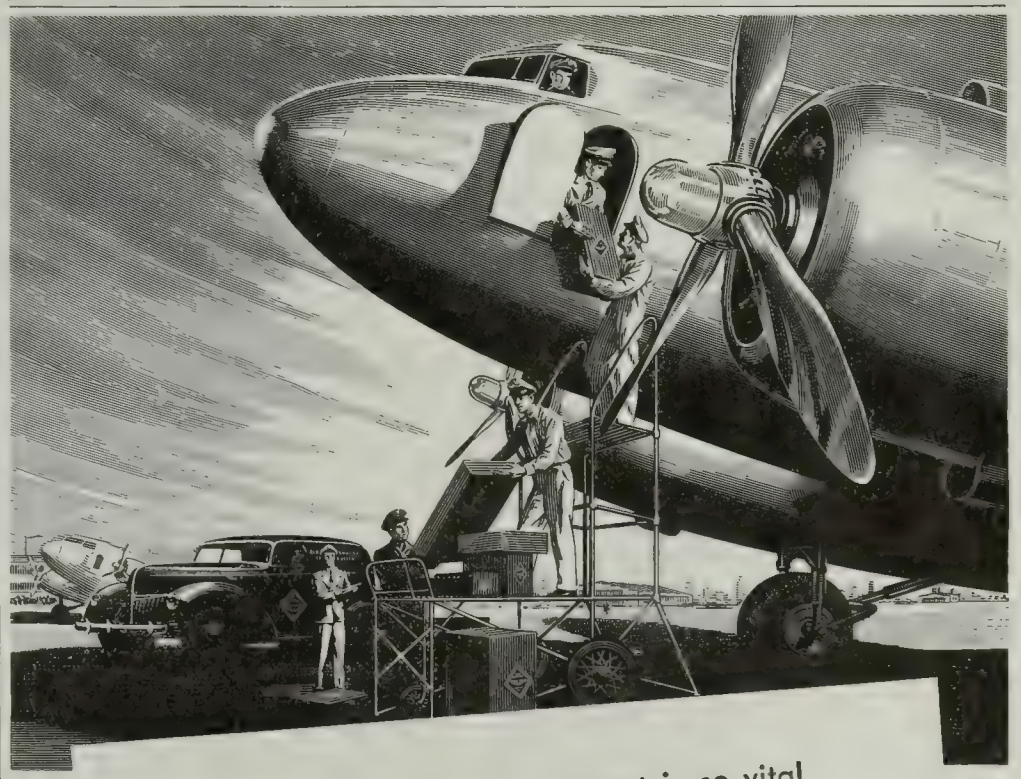
"I need more allowance — women are beginning to notice me since I've been wearing Arrow Ties."

• Besides being long-wearing and wrinkle-resisting, Arrow Ties have the happy faculty of attracting admiring glances. The colors are tastefully selected; the patterns are neat, yet *different.* Arrow Ties make a habit of knotting perfectly every time. See the newest Arrow Ties at your Arrow dealer's. $1, $1.50, $2, and $2.50.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*



Today, when the Time element is so vital that it is measured in *minutes* rather than in hours, the 3-mile-a-minute speed of AIR EXPRESS is proving a "life-saver" in the Battles of Production and Delivery.

You do not need a priority to ship by AIR EXPRESS, but if you have war production shipments requiring priorities, they will be granted. Phone Railway Express Agency, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, or any air line.

NOW IN ITS 16th YEAR AIR EXPRESS Division of RAILWAY EXPRESS

YOU and YOUR FAMILY WILL BE MOBILIZED

says Harry Hopkins

IF THERE IS A COMPLACENT AMERICAN LEFT, THIS BOMB-SHELL BY THE PRESIDENT'S RIGHT-HAND MAN WILL JAR HIM LOOSE!

WE must mobilize our civilians just as we mobilize our fighting men—fairly, firmly, and efficiently. No longer should any American be allowed to decide for himself how much he will do or how much he will give.

In this history-making article, one of the most momentous of the war, Harry Hopkins foreshadows a sensational man-power act with teeth in it, so sweeping as to revolutionize your whole life, and put every able man, woman and child into war service. Read this article, study it, pass it on to your friends.

With complete frankness he pictures the grim days ahead, tells what life will be like in 1943—and after. Will you get the things you need (or think you need)? Will strikes be permitted? Will women man ships and anti-aircraft guns? What about your peace-time job, your peace-time obligations?

Harry Hopkins answers these and a hundred other questions in the December American Magazine, on sale today. Get your copy early, for this will be one of the most eagerly read articles of the war. It is one of half a hundred timely, profitable and entertaining features brought to you for only 25¢ (30¢ in Canada) in the big December American.

I RIDE THE HELL SHIPS is an exciting account of those unsung heroes, the oil tankermen.

RED TAPE MUST GO by General Somervell is a vital article giving an answer to democracy's biggest headache.

CARTOONS, Interesting People, quizzes and photographs, plus a wealth of other articles and short stories, make the December American a new high in magazine publishing.

GET YOUR COPY *Early!*

IN THE BIG DECEMBER AMERICAN

REX STOUT'S complete Nero Wol murder mystery, "Not Quite Dea Enough," has all the excitement a thrilling $2.00 novel.

LETTERS FOUND ON GERMAN DEAD i Russia, tell of the real condition inside the Reich. Read "Last Ma from Germany" by Maurice Hindu

"MY JAPANESE WIFE" by Raymon Cromley, is a moving true story b an American reporter, telling c the girl he loved and left in Toky

"WHY HITLER THINKS HE'LL WIN." famous American correspondent ten years in Berlin, turns the spo light on Hitler's morale.

"LOVE ME IN NOVEMBER" is a sprightl romance with a political twist. On of ten fine short stories in thi month's American.

"STAR BRIGHT" by Eric Hatch. Begin ning the light-hearted tale of a show girl's highly entertaining career.

Just a few of more than fifty fine features in the DECEMBER AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



at Luis. "Give me your belt, he said.

gave the belt to the old man, who the buckle—which was silver—gan to polish it on his sleeve. In a oments it gleamed brightly. "Stay you are, boy," he said, and began k toward the edge of the ravine. n he reached it he paused for a nt, watching the scrubby bushes d him quiver gently in the breeze. ind was freshening. Then he se- a slender bush, pulled its limbs er and fastened the belt around the bright buckle facing into the As the wind blew, the bush t a little. "*Bueno*," he said, and ack to where the boy was waiting. n he pointed to a spot above Luis' The boy looked up and saw a ock which was smooth and flat, aned toward the ravine at a dan- angle.

flinched. "Will it fall?" he asked. old man was forced to put his over his mouth to smother his er. "Stupid little boy, like a ." he said. Then he began to walk around the ravine, the boy fol-

rew hotter as the sun came up. egan to tire. But Sancho Panza t pause. "Faster, boy," he said.

ALLY the old man paused and nted down. There, in the bottom depression, was the van that Luis en before. Farther down the ra- here was a great pen made of wire, in which a number of cattle walking about. Near the van a ire was burning, beside which sat en.

w many were there?" asked the an.

s counted on his fingers: "One for ght, one at least for the gun, one e the truck and three to steal the "

cho Panza reflected for a minute. makes eight," he said, grunting. ," said the boy.

ght." Then the old man sat down ground and began to smoke. Luis closer to the edge, his gun in his He lay flat on his stomach.

hat are you doing, little boy?"

s turned to the old man. "What he began, "but to—?"

me here. Put down your gun. Do noke, boy?"

ittle, Sancho."

re. Have a cigarette. We have n hour to wait." The old man pro- a licorice-colored object made of o and gave it to Luis, who lit it at down.

Sancho Panza stared across the ravine. They were exactly opposite the point where he had left the boy's belt. The sun had crept halfway down the flat rock toward it. He closed his eyes and hummed the song Luis had heard him singing before.

"SANCHO! Wake up! They are all out of the truck, cooking breakfast."

"How many, boy?"

"Eight."

"*Bueno*." The old man raised his head and looked across the ravine. "Not yet," he said. "But soon." He closed his eyes and smiled, humming again. Then he spoke: "Tell me, boy, did they shoot your father from the back?"

"No."

"How, boy?"

"When he fell down they kept firing. There were twenty holes in him."

The old man smiled broadly. "It is the same thing," he said. "Tell me, boy, have you ever killed anything?"

Luis reflected. "Bulls," he said.

"Men?"

"No, Sancho."

"Then you will not begin now, *verdad?* I, myself, shall do it." He smiled again and sang to himself:

"Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O."

In a little while the wind began to blow stronger. The old man muttered about it. "It is lovely, the wind," he said. "How cool it is! See how it makes to dance the tops of the trees." He glanced across the ravine and saw what he wanted to see.

"You would no doubt like to watch, boy?" he said. "Come beside me." Together they crawled to the edge and lay down. Sancho Panza unlimbered his carbine and began to fondle it, making little clucking noises and caressing it.

Luis stared at the eight men below them and for a moment he grew ill. He knew that Sancho Panza was not playing a game, although he seemed to be. The men below moved about, each with his own distinctive motions, not like cattle or bears.

"Killing is not right," said the old man. "Indeed, it is not right. But there is a time, boy," he went on, his voice full of a whimsical humor, "there is a time for everything, *verdad?*" He laughed a little, a very robust and healthy laugh. Then he raised his carbine, aimed for a long moment and fired.

The report of the gun stung Luis. He had not thought it would be like this. He shuddered and sickeningly turned away while the old man fired again.

"Boy," said the old man, "look down there."

Luis looked. Two men lay motionless beside the fire.

Sancho chuckled. "An eye for an eye," he murmured. "Those times are passing, boy, and we will not see them again."

The boy stared down, incredulous. He could not understand what the remaining six men were doing. They had gone to the truck and taken out the machine gun, and now they were setting it up under the truck. They worked with frantic speed, but even as they worked the old man fired again and another of them fell over.

They began to shoot the gun, and as they did so Sancho Panza laughed his terrible laugh. They were firing it directly away from him and the boy. He shot once more and turned to Luis.

"Look, boy," he said, pointing across the ravine. The sun had reached the belt buckle, and as the wind tossed the bush where it was, it caught the sunlight and reflected it. There was a strong wind now, and the buckle seemed to bob and weave like some part of a man moving about rapidly.

"*Bueno, verdad?*"

Luis nodded silently. The old man took careful aim and fired again.

"But the sound of your gun, Sancho? Why do they not hear?"

The old man was enjoying himself immensely, and was too busy to answer. When he shot again Luis listened carefully and heard a sharp echo. He looked across and realized that the noise had flown from the face of the flat rock, behind and above the belt.

The three men below still fired the machine gun. Bullets struck the flat rock and whined away up the side of the mountain. The bushes around the belt buckle were alive with hissing motion. Leaves fell away and branches cracked.

"The gun is magnificent," sighed the old man. "Such a gun!" He grinned and shot his carbine once more.

Luis turned away. He no longer felt like a man.

"But—you are shooting them in the back," he said.

The old man paused for a moment. "No," he said, squirming a little on the ground. "No, boy, it is more—it is more—a little from the side, no?" He fired again. "Yes, from the side, not the back, boy." Then he shot his gun for the last time.

He rolled over on his back. "A cigarette from my coat yonder, boy," he said.

There was only quiet now in the ravine.

LUIS CARRASCO rode into town, with the old man following behind. The boy stood up in his stirrups and shouted "*Abigeos!*"—grinning as he saw people come running from their houses.

"*Abigeos!*" he shouted again, and men gathered around him to hear what he had to say. When they were all there he began to talk:

"I found them in a ravine in the side of a mountain. There were eight of them, as I noticed that night." He told the whole story, and as he spoke the others listened. When he had finished they cheered and threw their hats in the air. Luis Guzman proposed that the cattlemen make an expedition to the ravine to claim the beefs that bore their respective brands.

"It will of course be difficult to find again," said the boy, "but Sancho will—" He turned around to look for the old man, but there was no one there.

Far down at the other end of the street they saw him, going away on his horse. He did not even turn around to wave. . . .

Pancho Villa, as I said, is dead. But even so, there are many who swear he is not. It was always hard to tell about Pancho Villa.

THE END



"Look, Nelda! I'm a career woman"

CLAUDE SMITH



WISHING

WON'T BANISH LOOSE DANDRUFF BUT JERIS WILL! MASSAGE DAILY



with this common-sense antiseptic hair tonic

JERIS

FOR LOOSE DANDRUFF

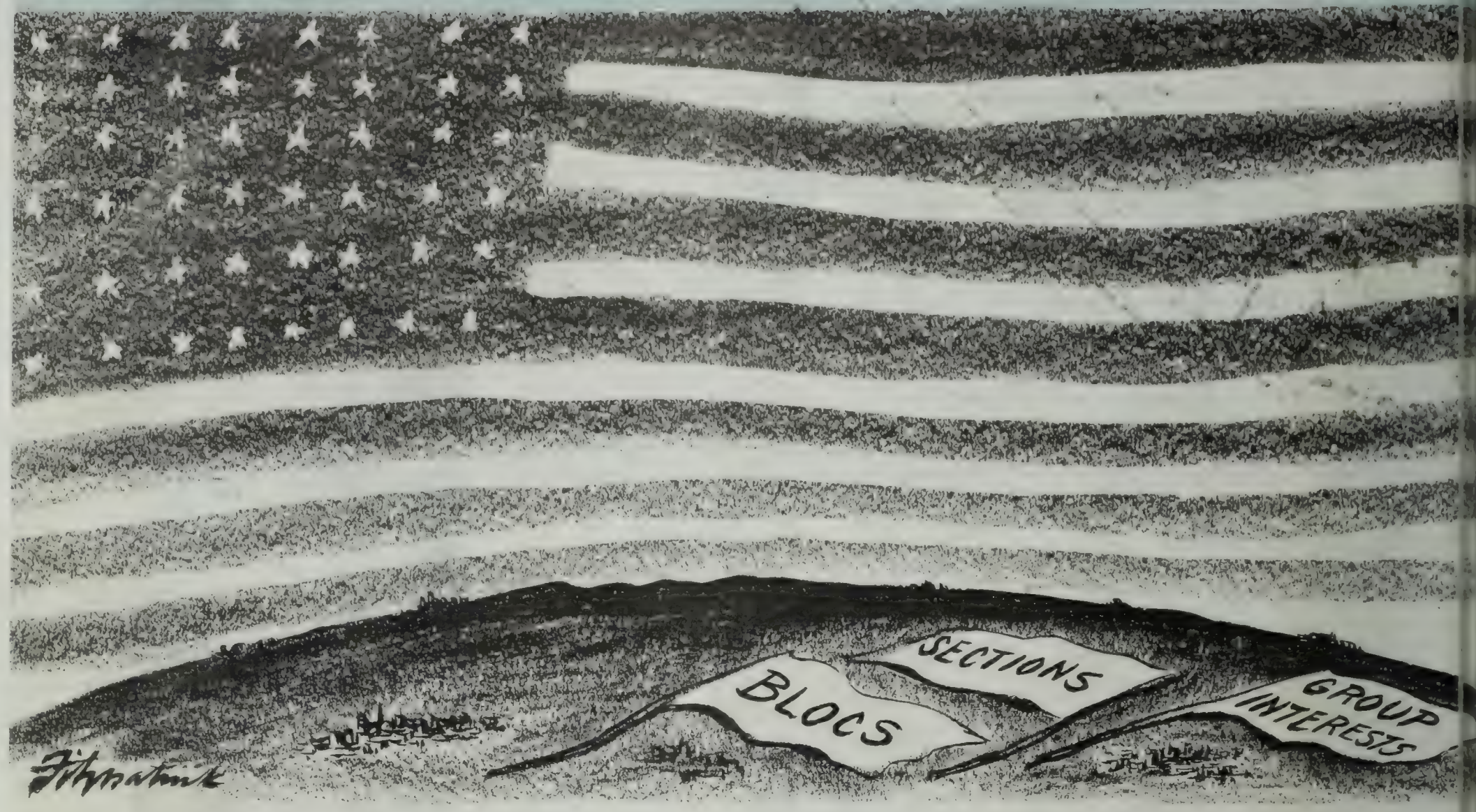
At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



Inflation Coming—And Why

FORMER Supreme Court Justice James F. Byrnes and his thirteen colleagues on the anti-inflation board (Office of Economic Stabilization) have gone manfully to work at their appointed task. Almost nobody doubts their integrity and good faith; but almost nobody expects them to be able to halt inflation in its tracks.

Inflation already has made considerable headway. The best that the Byrnes board is likely to do is to prevent a runaway inflation.

Why? Why did this malady get a hold on us? Why can't we root it out now?

The answer lies partly, of course, in the fact that we are at war. War always pushes up money wages and prices and at the same time sucks more and more raw materials and finished goods into the war machine.

But that isn't the whole answer. The rest of the answer lies in the fact that we are a huge nation in which many sectional and local interests are in continual conflict. The farm bloc senators and congressmen fight for the farmers' interests, or for what they believe to be those interests—and too bad about the rest of us. Organized labor's champions at Washington fight to keep wages uncontrolled, caring not a finger-snap about the inflationary effects of ever-rising wages in wartime. The silver bloc acts like the proverbial dog in the manger regarding silver. States battle to keep interstate trade barriers intact.

And so it goes. What a lot of us need to learn, we believe, is to think nationally. That's a rather vague phrase, but it's important. What it means is that one strives earnestly to think now and then as a citizen of the United States, instead of thinking first, last and always as a citizen of New York, Sangamon County, or Las Vegas. You don't lose sight of your own community's welfare; but you do keep in mind the continuing welfare of the larger community which is the United States of America, and which is no stronger than the total strength of the local communities that make up this larger community.

For the safety of the country, we recommend more and more national thinking by all of us who can lift our imaginations over our own home horizons.

P.S. When peace comes we shall have to stretch our imaginations further and begin to think internationally. There is no place for narrow minds in the world ahead.

600,000 Fewer "Enemies"

THE Department of Justice hit two birds with one barrel, we think, when it announced that the 600,000 unnaturalized Italians in the United States were no longer to be regarded as enemy aliens.

For one thing, the announcement underlined anew the world-known fact that the Italian people's hearts are not in this war against their first World War allies. Therein, it was a smart piece of international politics.

For another, this relaxation of official surveillance of these people showed that the American government knows as well as do the rest of us that the vast majority of the Italians among us are entirely loyal to this country, even though we are officially at war with Italy. Realistic public authorities—General John L. De Witt, for instance, in charge of the West Coast defenses—have been proceeding on that theory ever since Pearl Harbor and have not been disappointed, to our knowledge.

Save the Little Fellow

WE'D like to bespeak a little mo co-operation and public underst what Senator James E. Murray (D- up to, as chairman of the Senate Sm ness Committee.

This committee's job is of top impo the survival of the much-discussed way of life. It is charged with doin can to safeguard the nation's 2,000, small manufacturing and selling co all descriptions, now suffering from shortages of raw materials and finish because of the war. Undersecretary merce Wayne C. Taylor predicts tha of these firms will go broke by the en unless they are buttressed somehow— sort of insurance scheme, by governm by war contracts large enough to k afloat, or by some other means.

If these little fellows do keel ov such numbers, our economic system a serious blow. These people are manufacturers, merchants and electri ance shop owners, makers of 1,001 gad etc., who in the aggregate pay such h own and improve so much property, home town and keep the churches organizations going so energetically. fall, and our middle class, so-calle decimated.

We couldn't do without big bus neither can we do without the little fe their enormous contributions to o economic setup.

That is what Senator Murray's co up to; and it merits the support of e who means this talk about fighting f racy.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

AFTER THE GAME—

LOOK OUT FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT



Listerine—*Quick!*

It may nip the trouble in the bud

IF you go to one of those late season football games you may be letting yourself in for a sore throat, a cold—or *worse*.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated, gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.



The SAFE ANTISEPTIC

GROUP RIDING

IS HAPPIER WITH

Motorola Radio

IN YOUR CAR



Additional proof of the strength and efficiency of Democracy is the manner in which all Americans are "group-riding" to and from work. *Your* car is an important part of America's transportation system and there will be no transportation muddle so long as there is civilian cooperation of such high and patriotic order.

It's Easier to

DRIVE SLOWLY

with a Motorola Radio

The tie that is helping to bind America together in *this* war is the speed with which we are *learning* about our part in it. By means of the radio, instant and constant contact is maintained between our government and our people. A Motorola in your car will make driving hours richer, livelier, and more enjoyable for you and your passengers.

YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO

FIT and MATCH

YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW

ARMY E NAVY

THE ARMY-NAVY "E"
Awarded for excellence in the production of Communication Equipment for America's Armed Forces.

Motorola Radio

AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

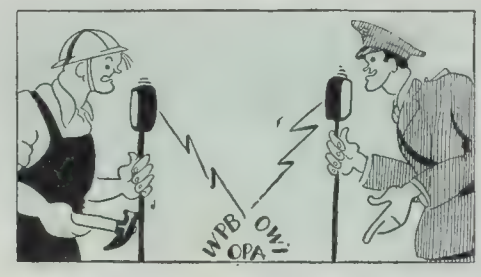
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing E

ANY WEEK

MR. GEORGE WASH (not Washington) LUTTRELL of Des Moines, Iowa, is not scornful of Washington, D. C. In fact, Mr. Luttrell is for organizing a National Committee For Strengthening The Morale Of Our Official Morale Strengtheners—the NCFSTMOOOMS. "I have noticed," writes our Mr. Luttrell, "that from the President down to the last dogwatch in Mr. Elmer Davis' OWI, there is so much apprehension about the war morale of the great American masses that their own morale is in danger. Let us, the common people who man the machines which produce the munitions of war, who shoulder the guns that knock off the enemy, cheer them on to greater effort. Let us exhort our morale builders and sustainers to keep up the good work, be of good heart. In short, let us get on the radio and exhort them to greater efforts in behalf of our morale, thus building up their own. We are winning this war. Let us tell them so. Hitler's a swell winner but a lousy loser. Let us point that out to them. That old stuff about the Jap not knowing what fear is is the bunk. The Marines and the Air Forces and the Navy have proved it. Let's broadcast this to Washington. We must not let Washington down. Those guys down there on the Potomac are too susceptible to the screaming meemies. Come on, America! Dry the tears of the WPB and wipe the nose of the OPA. Speak the cheering word to the OWI and calm the fears of the War Manpower Commission. What do you say?"



WE FEEL pretty sure that it's significant of something although we're not quite sure what it is. But we're getting more and more letters similar to Mr. Luttrell's. One of them comes from a gentleman who understandably wishes his name withheld. In San Francisco he got to talking with an elderly admiral (retired) about Mr. Henry Kaiser. Only a few days before, Mr. Kaiser had launched a 10,000-ton ship ten days after its keel had been laid, and the ancient mariner was not enthusiastic. Our correspondent tried hard to cheer the old fellow up, telling him that Mr. Kaiser was something new and that his methods were too. But he wasn't at all successful. The admiral insisted that 10,000-ton ships could not be built in ten days and that nothing could convince him to the contrary—no, not even a launching. Finally a third party—a guy named Joe who had helped build the big quickie—took a tongue in the argument. "Listen, old-timer," demanded Joe sharply. "Which do you mean? Do you mean to say that this ship ain't seaworthy or that you hope it ain't?"



AND here's a word from Mr. Edward James Frapsaw of Miami, Florida, that, in her zeal, a lady contributed to the scrap-metal collection six Republican National Convention delegate medals. They were the property of her husband who still believes that the New Deal will eventually get us into trouble and that huge national prosperity is being postponed only by our failure to elect a Republican Congress. What Mr. Frapsaw wanted us to know, however, is what the collector said to the lady. He looked the medals over with considerable interest, then observed, "My dear lady, I'm afraid there ain't much fighting stuff in Republican metal. Still, I really don't blame you for wanting to get rid of it."

THE way we can snatch at a silver lining is something scandalous, and yet our mail has suddenly begun to reek with letters advising us (of all people!) what to do and what should be done when the war is over. They're all taking it for granted that Hitler's headed for the exit and that the Japs now have about as much chance of surviving as the New York Yankees had after taking that first game from the St. Louis Cardinals. No one says much about poor old Mussolini, the ersatz Caesar, except Mr. Abe Yowder of Memphis, Tennessee. Mr. Yowder has ambitions to promote a wrestling circus and would pay the United Nations a pretty penny for the use of Mussolini as a wrestling referee. But what to do with Hitler and his trigger men, Tojo and his squatters, are questions which cause our correspondents considerable concern. Mrs. Julia Down of Haverhill, Massachusetts, is opposed to capital punishment but would submit these offensive persons to an international firing squad—one rifleman from each despoiled country. She has arrived at this conclusion because,

(Continued on page 73)

Vol. 110, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President. William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

NOVEMBER 21, 1

SHORT STORIES

PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG
Dear Katie. A young hero wri
first love letter. Pa

ISABEL SCOTT RORICK
Just a Little Something. The
ran into double trouble. Pa

STANLEY F. DONATH
Honorable Discharge. The s
leaves the Army, with glory
Pa

HAROLD LAMB
Elf Woman. She walked with
ger. Pa

VEREEN BELL
The Foxes Have Holes. Chan
heart comes too late. Pa

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Order of Release, by I. A. R. W
Pa

SERIAL STORIES

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
**Year of Wrath. The fifth of
parts.** Pa

VERA CASPARY
**Ring Twice for Laura. The six
seven parts.** Pa

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
Rommel Meets A.A.F. Ame
planes and pilots in the Middle
Pa

FAIR AND WARMER
Bundling clothes are right in
Pa

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Negro Lifts His Head. The
for true democracy in the U. S.
Pa

GEORGE CREEL
Elevated to the Bench. Bernar
Baruch gets the nod at last. Pag

HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW
Girls' Town. The fairer sex takes
Emporium, Pa. Pag

KYLE CRICHTON
Working Like a Dog. The Brick
ers prove doggedness is a stepp
stone to success. Pag

BILL DAVIDSON
Not-So-Simple Simons. Big Monk
Little Monk, Tulane's football
nasty. Pag

CAPTAIN WILLIAM W. KUHN
Shipwrecked Seamen in the Jur
A dramatic story of escape to ci
zation. Pag

WENDELL J. FURNAS
Leathernecks to the Last. The he
defenders of Wake Island. Page

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa
WING TALK. Pa
EDITORIALS Page
COVER LAWSON WC



"Why not take her up for the afternoon and see how she flies!"

YOU'LL FIND yourself browsing around an airplane showroom some day soon. And when you do, you'll have the pleasant task of selecting the right model for your family—sedan or coupe. Like as not, your wife will have definite preference as to color . . . and that, too, will play a big part in "making up *your* mind."

How far away is the day when this will happen?

Only as far as the day of Victory.

Because every airplane manufacturer in America, now producing for Victory, has his eye on the future.

Today, it's trainers and fighters and bombers that are rolling off production lines.

Tomorrow those planes will be designed for you and your family to fly. They'll have trunk racks in place of bomb racks. The little black button that now releases hundreds of bullets a minute will light your cigarette. You'll stow your golf bag in the compartment that used to carry extra fuel.

Nothing surprises the men who've grown up with aviation. Because they've seen the impossible accomplished so many times in so few years. Once it was risky to land because tires were an unknown quantity. Then B. F. Goodrich engineers developed a low pressure airplane tire that made smooth landings and take-offs routine.

Once stopping and turning a plane was as much a matter of luck as it was skill. And then B. F. Goodrich perfected the Expander Tube Brake to give every pilot the utmost in ground control.

Once it was foolhardy to fly through icing conditions. Then came the B. F. Goodrich De-Icer to tell ice just where to get off.

Today, more than 80 aviation products come from the B. F. Goodrich Aeronautical Division. They go to the air forces of the United Nations. But it won't be long before B. F. Goodrich is supplying equipment for the plane you want to buy. Keep that in mind when you take her up for the afternoon to see how she flies.

HERE ARE SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN TRAINING PLANES THAT ARE SUPPLIED WITH B. F. GOODRICH EQUIPMENT



CESSNA CRANE — BEECH ADVANCED TRAINER — NORTH AMERICAN HARVARD

Skyway or Highway

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER





THIS WINTER,
AMERICA CAN'T AFFORD
TO GET COLD FEET!

ECLIPSE S-896

EXMORE S-1074

FLORSHEIM

Winterweights

Priceless man-hours lost will be the cost of ill health this Winter . . . and we like to think the Florsheim contribution to the country's all-out effort is to put war-working America on a healthful footing—in the finest Winterweights we know how to make—STORMY LEATHERS that live up to our reputation for quality. This Winter everyone must be on the job all day every day—America can't afford to get cold feet.

Most Styles
$10.50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Tests of the effects of color on human beings show that the average man, when asked to guess the comparative size and weight of two identical packages, one wrapped in dark and the other in light paper, will usually state that the dark one looks heavier and smaller than the light one. He will also overestimate a period of time spent in a red room and underestimate it in a blue room.

Among the Ganda, a Bantu tribe of East Equatorial Africa, one male child inherits all his father's property. As the deceased leaves no will (to avoid partiality), the heir is selected after the funeral by his brothers and sisters.

Recently, Abraham Jacob Isaac Levi, a wealthy Jew of Rome, received a certificate from the Italian government proving that he is an "Aryan" and consequently, he was permitted to change his name to Leva. Being a friend of Mussolini and having a fortune of $50,000,000 were not obstacles to the achievement.

A baking company in Stockholm, Sweden, unable to secure sufficient gasoline to fuel its thirty trucks, now operates them on the alcohol which is extracted from the steam of the baking bread.—*By Mildred Creighton, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The belief that a person must die a violent death to obtain a future life still prevails among several tribes, notably the Batta of Sumatra and the Chukchi of Siberia. Thus, as an act of filial piety, a son kills his father and mother, when they become feeble and are ready to die, so they will achieve immortality.

The Hindus of India are the only people who permit the exterior walls of their temples of worship to be used as billboards, selling the space to advertisers who plaster it with large posters, proclaiming the merits of everything from malaria medicine to bathing ghats. Even government offices often paste their public announcements on temple walls.

By careful selection, goldfish have been developed in numerous grotesque forms and striking colorations for about 1,500 years. Yet no person has ever yet discovered how to produce a pure black one without giant "telescopic" eyes.

No woman has listened to more nonsense than the "iyaloda" or town mother of Ibadan, the largest Negro city in Africa with a metropolitan population of 250,000. For many years, all disputes among the women have been submitted to and settled by her.—*By Ruth Z. Pratt, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.*

About three quarters of the dirt that accumulates on the windows of most buildings gathers on the inside of the glass.—*By H. Wieand Bowman, Cornwells Heights, Pennsylvania.*

Although Belgian Jesuits have been compiling the *Acta Sanctorum,* a collection of 35,000 biographies of Roman Catholic saints, for more than three hundred years, the work is not expected to be finished until about 1975.—*By Patricia Wood, New York, New York.*

In American military service, there is no such phrase as Absent Without Official Leave and the initial "O" in A.W.O.L. does not stand for any particular word. It was adopted merely to distinguish the abbreviation from A.W.L., or Absent With Leave.

During the latter part of the 19th century in England, bear's grease became such a popular and expensive hair dressing for men that substitutes flooded the country. To show their customers that they used the genuine article, many London barbers exhibited a live bear in their shop window for several weeks before it was "transferred" to the jars on the shelf.—*By Byron Mitchell, Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



CALEB
means "faithful"



VERONICA
means "true image"



ALFONSO
means "eager for battle"



CORDELIA
means "jewel of the sea"



ETHYL
is a trade mark name

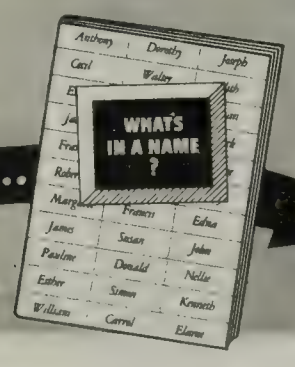
It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

FREE! ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES..



ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3507, Chrysler Building, New York City

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

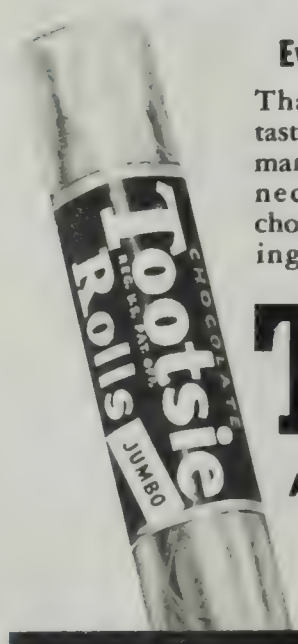
COPYRIGHT 1942, ETHYL CORPORATION

WARNING! This adult practice of stealing kids' Tootsie Rolls has grown to a national menace. Be fair to our children. Get your own Tootsies!



"SURE I TAKE CANDY FROM A BABY...

—when it's TOOTSIE ROLLS!"



Everyone goes for *m-m-m* that Tootsie taste!

That wonderful Tootsie taste gets 'em all . . . from marble-shooters to leathernecks. It's that chewy, chocolatey, mouth-watering flavor—*unlike any other candy in the world!*

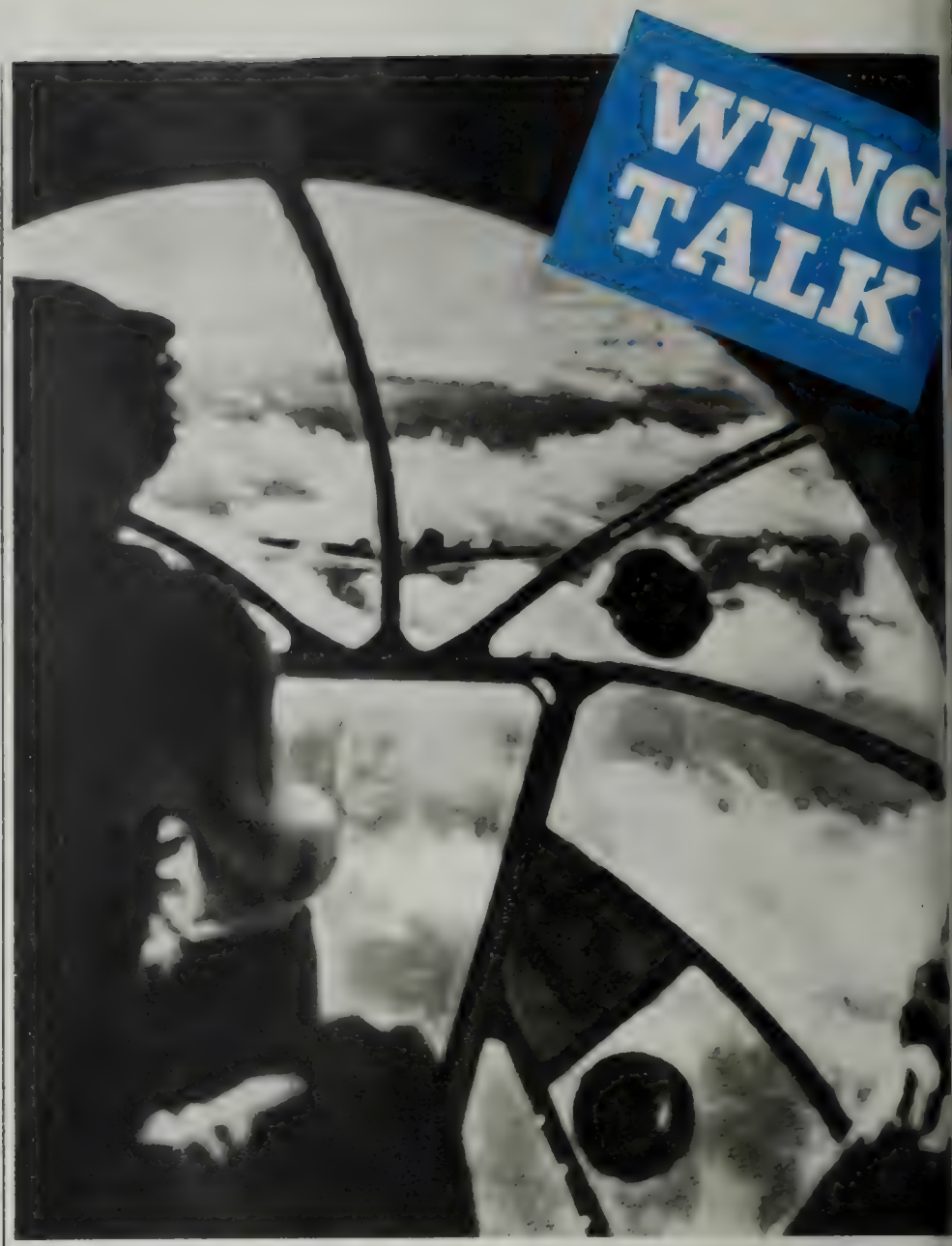
In our fighting forces, Tootsies rate tops . . and should! For Tootsies, *rich in Dextrose,* are valuable *energy*-food!

Tootsie Rolls

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CHEWY CHOCOLATE CANDY

Try other TOOTSIE CANDIES De-licious!

Rich in DEXTROSE for quick food-energy



Sitting in the plastic nose of the Boeing Flying Fortress, the bombardier sights the target, directs the pilot on the bomb run

HAVE you wondered why Lieutenant Commander John Smith Thach's withering remarks about Army Flying Fortresses and high-altitude bombing were not answered by Army airmen?

Some weeks ago, you will recall, the Navy fighter pilot delivered a blast against high-level bombers that must have aroused the ire of a good many Army Air Forces pilots. Thach, speaking at a press conference sponsored by Navy officials, declared that the Army's big bombers cannot stop an aircraft carrier task force "or, in fact, any fast ship."

He contended that carrier-based dive bombers and torpedo planes won the Battle of Midway and that they constitute the only effective aerial weapon against modern warships. The Navy flier went even further and made the flat assertion that not one major ship has been sunk during the war by high-altitude bombing.

And not stopping here, Commander Thach depreciated the work of the Flying Fortresses over Europe and in shooting down enemy fighters. The big Army bombers, he said, made useful patrol planes and, when protected by fighters, could operate against land objectives.

After this broadside hit the papers, reporters held their breath waiting for an explosion from Army airmen. Nothing happened. Some Washington newsmen then tried to stir up comment from Air Forces officers. The latter were strangely silent.

The reason was some fast footwork by War Department officials. They knew that, left alone, Air Forces officers would come back sharply at Thach, with a resulting controversy between the Army and the Navy raging in the newspapers. This is the last thing wanted by service chiefs, for Congress and editors would instantly jump upon such bicker ing to make renewed demands for reorganization of the War and Nav departments and the establishment o a joint high command.

So orders went out instantly from th Army high command. There must be n comment, official or unofficial, o Thach's remarks, on pain of instant an dire punishment. War Department offi cials, however, had some sharp things t say privately to the top Navy chiefs.

A FAVORITE theme of Army jokes i recent months has been the fast pro motion and comparative youth of som ranking Air Forces officers. (You'v probably heard the one about the sig in the bar at an officers' club whic read: No drinks served to Air Force lieutenant colonels under 21 unless ac companied by their parents.)

Still another source of military humo —and irritation—of late is the new Wa Department building in Arlington known as the Pentagon Building. Withi this vast structure is literally a maze o ramps, corridors, cross-corridors, pas sages and sections labeled "rings," ap parently because they ring the building It is not only easy to get lost within it walls, it is almost impossible not to los yourself at first if you get fifty feet fron your own office.

The latest Washington story combine these two themes. It seems that a West ern Union boy entered the Pentago Building one morning with a telegram to deliver. When he emerged three day later, he was an Air Corps colonel.

IN APPOINTING a new chief of th Navy Bureau of Aeronautics las month, President Roosevelt departe from his practice of reaching down fo

(Continued on page 64)

You Cannot See Me-

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

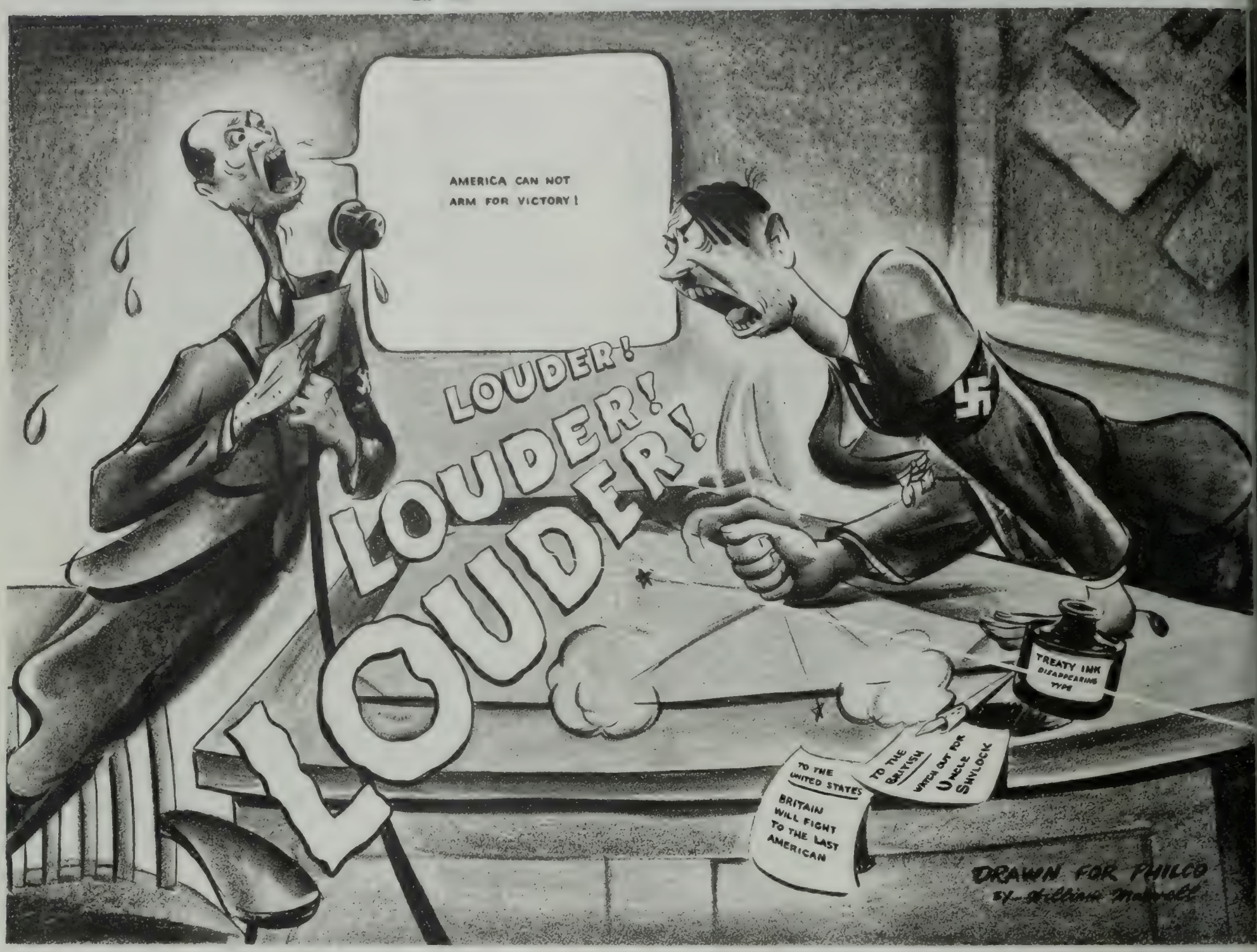
I am not only invisible –
I am also indivisible –
and universal.
I am all about you –
and even inside of you.
Without me you cannot live.
No one knows how large I am –
yet I am many times larger than the earth.
People know far less about me than they do of land and water.
Yet I am the same to everyone, everywhere: a common denominator in the lives of all living persons.
I make it possible to abolish isolation, to re-shape geography, to erase boundaries, to eliminate the handicaps of distances and the surface barriers that have encumbered "earth-bound generations."
The use of me makes close neighbors of all races all over the globe.
As more people understand and utilize me, they can enjoy an entirely new kind of world.
My world is even more different than the "round" world in comparison to the ancient "flat" world.
People are just beginning to explore my possibilities, yet already I have changed age-old military strategy.
I make possible even greater changes in every phase of human relationship.
No one can hide from me, because I am omnipresent.
I am man's greatest physical challenge and greatest opportunity in all history.
My name is "AIR."
It is not enough simply for "aviators" to comprehend me.
My value is in exact ratio to the number of people, in all walks of life, who capitalize on me. Because I affect every living person everywhere; every government; every creed; every tongue; every industry; every market; every inch of the earth's surface.
You can use me right now, here at the home front, just as our Army and Navy are doing on distant battle fronts. By so doing, you can save time and expedite your contributions to our nation's war effort.
My importance now, as a realm for military maneuvers, is only a hint of how I can benefit everyone, and make possible a much better world.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

Copyright, 1942, American Airlines, Inc.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

You're Slipping, Doctor Goebbels!



Copyright 1942—Philco Corporat

THE men and women of Philco have pooled their knowledge and their skill in the great partnership between American industry and our armed forces in the field. Their peace-time products have won leadership for the Philco name throughout the nation. Now, they are doing their part to win leadership for our armament, on land, at sea and in the air.

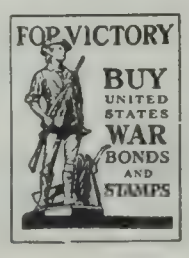
Their special field is the science of electronics. Laboratories are at work on vital war projects. Production lines are turning out intricate communications equipment and powerful radios for tanks and airplanes. Versatile manufacturing facilities are producing artillery fuzes, shells and storage batteries.

The incentive and inspiration for their war achievements are Victory and the survival of America's freedom. When that Victory is won, those same achievements will be translated into revolutionary benefits and a greater capacity to enjoy the freedom they have helped to preserve.

This cartoon by William Maxwell is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.

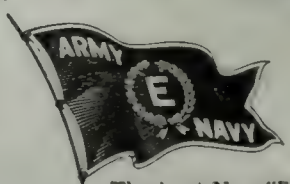
Free Limited Offer . . . While availabl a full size reproduction of the origin drawing by William Maxwell will be fu nished gladly upon request. Simply addre Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna and ask for Cartoon Number 29C.

PHILCO CORPORATION



America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on sugar, rubber, gasoline and all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the use of the things you own. Through its national service organizations, Philco offers, at reasonable and uniform charges, the means of prolonging the life of Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER



The Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to Philco plants in Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton, N. J., and Sandusky, Ohio.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 21, 1942

DEAR KATIE

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Things of importance leading up to the first letter Homer wrote his girl. He got a Distinguished Service Medal for less



Homer remembered what he'd been taught about not slugging wild. After a while his right fist landed with plenty smoke

THE Old Man came aboard in the afternoon watch. They piped the side as he climbed the ladder. Four ruffles were rolled, for his flag had four stars, and more than four stars no sea dog can collect. The wagon he boarded lay out in the stream, her battle wounds healed, only scars remaining. Her crew stood mustered upon her deck, and the presentations began at once.

Last to be honored was Homer Brown. The Old Man's aide read off the citation. Then the Old Man pinned on Homer's chest the Navy's Distinguished Service Medal.

"How old are you, son?" The Old Man asked.

"N-nineteen, sir." Homer's voice almost broke in awe of that braid on the admiral's sleeve, the wide gold band and three gilt stripes.

"How long in the service?"

"Five months, sir." So new to the fleet that Homer's cuffs still showed only two white stripes at the wrists, the mark of a seaman second class.

The admiral smiled when he heard the reply to what he asked next—where was Homer from? Homer's eyes under curling lashes were brown; his face was dotted with countless freckles. The Old Man of the Fleet had looked like that when *he* was nineteen, four decades past: when, fresh like Homer from a Midwest farm, he had entered the Yard as a lowly plebe.

"So you saw the sea the first time in your life just two, three months ago, that right?"

"Yes, sir," said Homer. The admiral, still smiling, said, "Nice sailing, son!" and then he moved on.

He was leaving now. Again, whistles piped him over the side. From a casemate Homer looked down at his barge as it circled out from the starboard quarter. It's brightwork flashed in the Hawaiian sun, the breeze whipped the Old Man's flag at the staff, and pomp and circumstance traveled with it over the anchorage toward the landing.

Not until evening was Homer free to take his writing paper and pencil into the library on the gun deck. It was quiet there. Or at least it would be when the chaplain, popping out of his office, had done with congratulating the boy.

"So you're going to write your mother," he beamed, "and tell her—"

"No, sir; my mother's dead."

"I'm sorry."

"Going to write to a friend," Homer blurted, his face flaming hot. He was tired of this fuss. What he wanted most was to be alone—alone at a quiet table with *her*.

At last he was. He could write the

date, and then: *Dear Katie.* And then he paused, sucking his pencil just as he'd done while sweating at a composition in school.

The day of their meeting was vividly clear. The magic of it returned like a dream which started as nightmare and then changed, as the day wore on, until at its close . . .

THE notes of First Call blaring through the ship woke Homer that day to a realization of something momentous about to happen. Ever since he had come aboard this wagon, a rookie raw from the Great Lakes Station, she had been docked at the Navy Yard. But today she would move! She would steam from her berth and drop her hooks off San Francisco.

Breakfast time passed. Then presently, faintly, a tremor began to shake the vessel. She was under way. Her screws were turning—thirty tons each, of bladed bronze which thrashed the water under her stern, sending strong eddies along her quarters.

She paid off slowly, swinging to starboard, and was standing down the channel marks when a signalman plucked at Homer's sleeve. "You're Brown, ain't you? Step on it, Boots. You're supposed to be goin' on mail watch *now*."

Homer's heart plunked, then started to race as he tried to recall from training station what mail-watch duty required of a guy.

"Port chains," snapped Flags. "Better, chop-chop, kid. You got five minutes to dress and get for'ard."

As he started to go Homer begged, "Wait, *please*. D-d-dress? How dress? And wh-what do I do?"

The other's incredulous whistle chilled him. Flags turned to stare at Homer Brown as though he could hardly believe his ears. But the kid was so scared helpless, so ignorant that the signalman felt sorry for him.

"You're new aboard, Boots. It's tough when a guy gets logged first off. Look, I'll tell you . . ."

He told him quickly. Blue trousers, white middy and leggings, he said. These last were normally not to be worn, once you had finished with training station, but the mail-watch job was a special detail, requiring a different uniform dress to be readily recognized from the bridge.

Homer was breathless when, reaching his locker, eighteen inches deep by twenty-four square, in which were kept all his worldly goods, he peeled off his blouse to change it for white. Flags' final words had been a promise: "I'll meet you topside with the boat hook, seeing as how you're late already." But wh if some officer gave him an order, and Flags was there?

Homer could have cried, he felt so relieved wh he dashed up the ladder and out on deck and the was the signalman holding the hook.

"Okay?" Homer asked anxiously.

"Um . . . you'll get by. Now, listen." Flags' a draped Homer's shoulder while he husked, "P chains. The buoy is stenciled USM—M for me Skipper, or else the navigator, will steer the ship ju to touch to starboard, and the moment we pass y grab with the hook. Whatever you do, don't leave —see? I expect a letter from my best blister."

With a pat, like a coach sending in his star ba when two downs are left and the game's to be wo Flag shoved Homer toward the bow. Quite a fe sailors, eager for letters, were already waiting besi the rail, but they made way nimbly for Homer pass, one guy growling, "For Pete's sakes, Boots, y got a lead bottom? If I don't get me a check th mail, I'll have to do twenty days in the brig." Ner ously Homer climbed to the chains, the hook grasp firmly in hot moist hands as he swept the bay for glimpse of the buoy.

A lovely morning, the air crisply bright, and b yond Point Richmond lay San Francisco guarding th Golden Gate from her hills. But Homer was too i tense and anxious to savor this matutinal beaut What if he missed? He was new at the job. Suppo the boat hook slipped from the buoy and the warsh left that mail bag astern?

He ventured a quick glance over his shoulde Some sailors behind him were grinning like Ches cats, and there was one guy who lay out on the de enjoying a convulsion, it seemed to Homer. H looked toward the bridge. Homer's eyes were kee and he was certain he saw an officer laughing wid mouthed at what his glasses, leveled at Homer, r vealed.

Slowly the blood climbed Homer's neck ar loaded his ears and spread to his eyes. He regarde the boat hook, and then stared at the water curli out white from the wagon's port bow. It was thir feet down from where Homer stood, and this hoo couldn't reach a quarter that far!

As guffaws broke out, no longer suppresse Homer climbed wretchedly from the chains. Fiftee hundred sailors on board a wagon, and he was alon without even one friend.

THE ship passed Alcatraz, made a left turn, cre under the span of the Oakland bridge. Somebod said, "You are lucky, Boots. I see your name on th liberty list." But Homer, not to be fooled agai merely said, "Yeah?" and painfully swallowed.

Later, when he took a look at the list, he w startled to see that his name *was* there. From noo to midnight. Twelve hours ashore in a strange ne city!

He was lined up on deck, pass clutched in his han while a j.g. went by inspecting the party to see their faces and gear were Four-O.

"Psst, *star*board gangway," a deck ape coache him when the guys were dismissed to get in th launch.

Homer flared up. "You're not kidding me. reckon I know that the starboard gangway's just fo officers."

"A smart guy, huh?"

Clear to the Navy landing the wisecracks poppe around him. All sorts of advice—especially about th blisters, and what he should do if a Frisco dame wer to try and get fresh.

But when the launch had set them ashore, then was just like he didn't exist: as if they'd plumb for gotten Homer. Every guy except him had a buddy, seemed, someone to go with while seeing the tow He looked back at his wagon, riding her anchors, a a guy on parole might look at the prison which he ha just left. A lump filled his throat.

A Belt Line engine came coughing along haulin some freight cars down to the docks, where ships wer loading for ports Down Under. Ships! These ship had come from the sea. But Homer (Seaman Brow 2/c) had never even looked at a sea!

He asked a cop how to get to the sea, and afte riding for almost an hour he got off the streetcar—an there it was. *(Continued on page 76*



The admiral glanced from Homer to Katie. Lines crinkled out from the edges of his eyes and he raised his hand to his cap and nodded. "Good evening, son," he said. Homer and Katie stood rooted fast. Katie gasped, "You know him, Homer?

Rommel Meets A.A.F.

By Frank Gervasi
ADIOED FROM CAIRO
LUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA



ecently, only one enemy argo vessel of several in a onvoy managed to reach obruk, and our bomb- rs got her in the harbor

Now that it's our turn, you'll e hearing more about this and-picked bunch of young American airmen who helped to stop Rom- nel. Here's how they work

FROM dawn, through the hot morning until early afternoon, the ground crews groomed the four-engined giants that lay scattered about on the field, some hidden by revetments, others out in the open where their motors hurled back typhoons of dust. They made the air and the ground itself tremble with their rich baritone roar. It was obvious that all the available aircraft would be fit by take-off time. It's one of the boasts of our heavy bombardment squadrons that they're at maximum mechanical efficiency for every raid. That is seen to by boys who used to play with radios, automobiles and flying models and who have grown up into what are probably the best mechanics in the world.

While pilots, navigators, gunners and radiomen were in the briefing room just before lunch, receiving instructions on what targets to hit, what course to fly going out and returning, our armorers bombed up those quarter-million-dollar beauties. Bombs were wheeled out on trucks pulled by a perky little big-wheeled tractor. Trains of bomb trucks moved toward each plane in turn like so many chains of ambulant wienies.

Big B-24Ds were gassed and bombed, with their motors warmed, by the time our air crews had finished their beef stews and swallowed their second or third cups of Java, brewed American style. Mess hall, administrative offices and workshops were emptied of men and officers, who went to stand at the edge of the field in groups before the control tower and along the runways to watch the take-off. They all watch take-offs in our heavy bombardment squadrons and they're on hand to see them come home, no matter what time, unless they've important work to do.

It had become tradition in the few weeks since our squadrons began operating in this theater. I've seen them leave a movie just when Hedy Lamarr had whittled down Spencer Tracy's resistance, to watch a pal bring in his ship from a raid.

A tough, bowlegged Texan sergeant they call Woody explained. "I love to hear 'em sing," he said in a low voice. "Never get tired of it, somehow. They look kind of awkward there on the ground but they're beautiful when they slide into the blue and pull up their clumsy feet. Just watch—"

A major was standing by; he caught my eye and winked. He leaned over and whispered in my lee ear, "They're as sentimental as kids about these airplanes. For a lot of tough guys, they're the biggest bunch of softies you can imagine—about airplanes."

The flight leader was first on the runway. He handled his big ship, nearly thirty tons of death- and fire-laden aircraft, as though it were a roadster. He taxied his ship to the end of the runway, swung her about, gunned her, and ran smoothly into the wind in one sinuous motion.

Woody jabbed me in the ribs with his elbow and shouted, "That's the major. I can always tell from the way he handles her, even if I didn't know he was leading this flight. Texas boy!"

Built like a steer, the major is only one of what seems to be a small legion of Texans in our bombardment groups out here. Texans appears to outnumber and outholler the rest of the boys by two for every one from anywhere else. There's a fair smattering of Georgians, too, and men from the Cotton States, where some learned their flying, dusting

crops. But Texans are about as ubiquitous as Brereton himself, who commands them and has fought in the Dutch East Indies, Burma and Malaya. It's the consensus of opinion that this apparent numerical superiority is a good thing for our Air Forces and definitely bad medicine for Herr Rommel.

Woody was shouting Texan propaganda at me while the last of the raiders was getting away. Woody insists that if it's true that Rommel's had a nervous breakdown or that he'd fallen out of favor with Hitler (both of which stories make about as much impression on us as a hotfoot would on the Sphinx) it's because he's heard there are a few Texans here.

I asked Woody where he was from.

"Texas," he replied, much in the manner of a man who suddenly realizes that he might be overselling an idea.

But these boys are good. Some fought with Chennault in China, others with Brereton on a succession of battlefields. Many had been posted to fight the Japs and were detoured into the Middle East last May and June when it became imperative to halt the Afrika Korps short of Alexandria and Cairo; men handpicked for a difficult assignment.

No job could have been more difficult than the one handed our fliers when they arrived. This was to help the R.A.F. thwart Rommel's announced intention of putting up at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. After their highly publicized start, they settled down to business and earned the praise that was heaped upon them in those first raids.

Our Bombers Are Superior

As this is cabled, one American squadron alone has completed dozens of long-distance, heavy-bombardment missions in less than eight weeks. That squadron and others can look back on a well-done job. In the process of stopping Rommel and fulfilling their task, they've established the superiority of our bombers over those of the enemy and recorded the fact that American fliers, like American mechanics, haven't any superiors.

They've proved that when they appear in any area in sufficient strength—and they don't even need overwhelming superiority—they are masters of the enemy. From what American fliers have accomplished in the Middle East, you can deduce many things: Our planes are good and our men are good and the workers who made the planes are doing honest work, for those ships of ours seem able to take a tremendous amount of punishment and still fly.

It was daring and skillful airmanship which enabled a certain pilot to land his bomb-laden ship safely on two motors the other day, when two engines conked out about an hour after the take-off. But it was also proof that good workmanship went into the building of that plane.

What measure of mastery we've regained over the Mediterranean has been due to air power, and particularly to the work of heavy bombardment groups. Our bombers' targets have been: (1) enemy convoys which carry troops, weapons and supplies to Italo-German armies in North Africa; (2) ports in Italy, Sicily, Greece and Crete where such reinforcements are embarked; (3) ports along the Libyan coast, where Rommel receives men, munitions, food and fuel for his armies; (4) airdromes, depots and bases in Greece, Crete and the Dodecanese Islands, where the enemy had been piling up manpower and weapon power.

Heavy bombings obliged the enemy to lengthen his convoy routes by several hundred miles in order to avoid severe losses in ships and vital cargoes. Recently, only one enemy cargo vessel out of several in a convoy managed to reach Tobruk, and our bombers got her in the harbor.

What used to be a short supply line between Tripoli and Sicily has become a long, dangerous route for the enemy. He has been obliged not only to make a long detour far west of the normal course that was guarded by the fortress of Pantelleria and safely patrolled by his destroyers and aircraft, but he has also been forced to break up his convoys into small units and to employ his badly needed submarines as cargo ships.

Brereton's orders to pilots and bombardiers are very simple and direct: "Go get 'em!" Our bombers have attacked objectives despite the known presence of fighter patrols. They've bombed by day and by night. They've mauled Tobruk, Benghazi and Mersa Matruh, and they've banged Candia and Suda Bay and other ports in Greece and Crete. In their very first job sometime last June, before Italians were aware of the presence of American air power in the Mediterranean, they caused a neatly formed convoy (escorted by cruisers, destroyers and fighters, and headed confidently for Tobruk) to forget the whole business and return home.

One night a squadron of ours operating from somewhere east of Suez attacked the Cretan airport of Meleme. The Germans apparently were expecting large air forces of their own to arrive. Our boys met no ack-ack. The first of our ships over the target hadn't any bombs, and as it approached, the enemy below turned on the floodlights. It dived low and sprayed everything in sight with cannon fire. Guided by the floods, ships coming in behind the first one laid their bombs neatly and caused many fires and explosions. After the first stick, the enemy turned out his floodlights, but by that time our boys didn't need any beacons. They'd made their own.

It comes hard to read astronomical production figures in the newspapers though, and then to find so few airplanes where they're needed so desperately. Men in our squadrons feel it but, if anything, it has helped to generate a cold-blooded and highly workmanlike attitude toward this war in the desert, which wasn't so apparent when they first arrived.

They'd Rather Bomb Japs

Then they all wanted to get at the Japs, as though the Japs were the only enemy. One of our officers said he wished the British would get this over with quickly, so that our squadrons could leave for China or India—"To fight those Japs, like we're supposed to do."

I asked this same officer whether he'd take me on a bombing trip to Naples some time.

He said, "Naples? Why bomb Italians? They're such nice people. They don't want this war."

That attitude has almost vanished. They've learned that Italian ack-ack is still ack-ack and that the enemy we face in the deserts of the Middle East is every bit as important as the enemy anywhere else. Now they're anxious to get the whole business over with as soon as possible. To do that, they need planes, planes and more planes.

Their morale? It's good in spite of a series of unfortunate circumstances, recently corrected, but which until removed caused the men to grumble. New pay schedules voted by Congress back home occasioned revision of pay rolls here and an inordinate amount of paper work. When finally the barricades of paper were cleared away, some three months had passed, but the men got their pay.

Men call situations like the one they'd

(Continued on page 96)

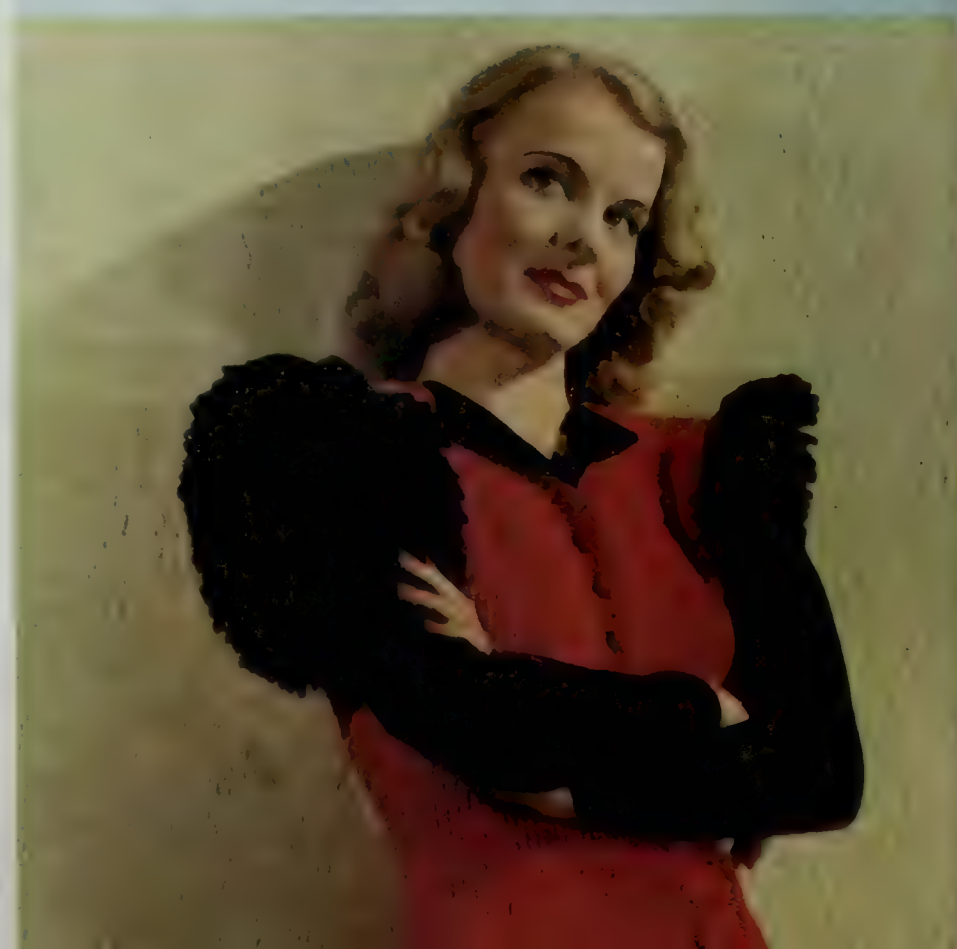


Cuddly shoes for cool evenings at home could do without th fire, even with the thermostat at a 65-degree high. Green fe and furry fabric left, brushed blue rayon right—brushing mak rayon hold warmth. The leather cowboy-cut boots, lined wi sheepskin and just in from outdoors, guard against frostbitten to

FAIR AND WARMER

The fuel shortage has done what the men couldn't do—persuaded the girls into chill-proof clothes. A whole new-old kind of dressing, replete with quilting, red flannel underwear, hug-me-tights, fur linings, wool shawls and bootees is the thing. Pretty, cozy and practical. Bundling clothes is what the stores call them

The sweater girl of 1943, dressed for a big warm evening. He floor-length dinner dress is black crepe, her sleeveless sweate is bright red wool fringed around the armhole with black yar



RAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

Too bad to spend all that beauty over a book—or maybe that's not what these young ladies are dreamy-eyed about. Black velvet pajamas with pink marabou finger-tip jacket, and white rayon satin pants with matching robe, quilted but slim as a whistle, keep them warm as well as beautiful

underwear with glamor touch of black
. Short-sleeved dress shows shirt. Quilted
-me-tight and quilted velveteen skirt, left



Bundled up for winter in woolly scarfs, the newest old kind of warm headgear. Lacy wool shot with gold, left, for evening. Peasant scarf of many-colored wool knit, center, for day. Brushed wool turban, right, with its own gold-studded jersey scarf attached. It's called a bundling turban





At Pioneer homes, Elizabeth, New Jersey, whites and blacks live, meet, solve common problems without friction. An air-raid meeting in their common club

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



FENN-PIX

n the War Department cafeteria, Washington. White clerks and black eat same food and wap the usual girl talk. They leave the Nero question to the politicians. It works fine

unny morning at Pioneer Homes, Elizabeth, J. J. Mrs. Harkins and Mrs. Hildebrandt adire each other's baby. Mrs. Francis Gambino istens in. Too bad that the demagogues can't



KNOPF-PIX

J. S. Employment Service, New York, Robert Custis, Negro, interviews white job hunter. Mary Armstrong, white, takes colored girl's pplication. No time for race problems here

HERRMANN PIX



The Negro Lifts His Head

By Walter Davenport

A GALLANT young captain with an uncluttered mind was explaining the American Negro to a group of English officers. He is a Mississippian. It happened in London. Later perhaps a gallant young Briton with an equally uncomplicated intelligence explained Britain's India predicament to the American.

But the American captain from a state forty-nine per cent of whose population is Negro made an interesting and even harrowing afternoon of it. Somewhat to the American's surprise his audience had not known that the American Negro was an American problem.

The captain from Mississippi gave his English listeners to understand that they could congratulate themselves that their government had such relatively tractable colored men as Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru to placate, instead of dangerous radicals like the less widely publicized Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and A. Philip Randolph of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. When he had finished, one of the English officers, realizing that problems, particularly racial ones, seldom come with answers attached, asked the inevitable, international question: "And just what do you propose to do about it?"

One Solemn Truth

The Mississippi captain uttered at least one solemn truth. He said that neither legislation nor postwar pact could force the Southern white man to abolish race segregation. Whether it was necessary for him to have warmed up to his subject with such vehemence is no part of this piece. We understand that he was spoken to somewhat sharply later by his superiors and the subject is now taboo in England. That too is beside the point.

But if anyone tells you that a common enemy has united the United States so solidly that the Negro problem is in abeyance for the duration you may assume correctly that either he is making a political campaign speech or is a very unreliable source of information or both. The vast majority of Negroes in America organized, unorganized, acting independently, agitated by exhortation from within, propaganda from without, are omitting no activity, ignoring no opportunity to make the war pay them dividends in equality.

Overwhelmingly they are scornful of promises of postwar grants, shouting that their memories of broken promises after 1918 are painful. They contend that they are not so avid for new legislation as they are for honest administration of Constitutional rights, laws and court interpretations already on the books. They protest that their service in uniform is humiliated by Jim Crowism but defy you to prove that their loyalty is the less for it. They resent that only the shortage of white workers has broken down the prejudice of many industrialists against employing them as skilled mechanics but challenge you to produce evidence that they are not as efficient as the white man. They deplore the reluctance of the White House to act promptly and ruthlessly against Southern politicians who disregard the Negro's legal rights—to a free franchise, for example. Their leaders repeatedly remind the Administration that any consequent defection of white votes will be compensated for by *(Continued on page 102)*

Just a Little Something

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, provident parents, invest in a couple of godfathers, with results astonishing to all

By Isabel Scott Rorick



He'd drive her nearly wild by helplessly hovering with unnecessary cushions and glasses of milk

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

DAME Nature, having been somewhat remiss in the matter of seeing to the prolongation of the Cugat line, suddenly bethought herself one fine day and, contrite, arranged for twins. Mrs. Cugat came home from Dr. MacHarg's office, on the afternoon that he confirmed his suspicions of these profuse amends, beaming with pride.

"Is he *sure?*" queried Mr. Cugat aghast.

"Positive," she replied happily. "Here's a picture he took. I asked him if I might keep it."

"Darling," chattered Mr. Cugat, "you shouldn't be looking at things like that!" He snatched the X-ray print hastily from her and regarded it bug-eyed.

"I don't know why not, silly," said Mrs. Cugat. "Our own children!" She propped the print on her dressing table and went to phone her mother.

Her mother, naturally, came right over and Mr. Cugat, in illogical panic, fled to the pantry. From whence he was rescued, half an hour later, in pathetic condition, due to having mistakenly confided in Anna, the cook, and in consequence been obliged to undergo a detailed account of the birth of a pair of twins to a cousin once removed from the husband of Anna's sister.

Soothed and comforted, at length, he was prevailed upon to take courage and have some dinner, but he sat nervously crumbling his bread throughout most of the meal.

They talked vivaciously—of bassinets—of baby buggies—of christening robes—of names. The bassinette which had held the infant Mrs. Cugat and which, retrimmed with fresh *point d'esprit,* they had been expecting to use, would not, it seemed, do now. Two new bassinets exactly alike would have to be ordered. One pink, one blue.

They discussed the practicality of switching the trimming from *point d'esprit* to pleated organza. The English pram, which had been promised by an obliging young aunt, incautiously protesting that she had no further use for it, was likewise out. And it would, of course, be next to impossible to borrow a twin buggy—that, too, would have to be ordered. And *two* christening robes! And two high-chairs and twice as many diapers—binders—nighties. Having twins, they exclaimed with enthusiasm, was going to be *twice* as expensive!

"Almost two and three-quarters times," Mr. Cugat corrected them.

They took up the subject of twin names—alphabetically. Andrew and Anthony and David and Derek and Joel and Jonathan, in case they were boys; Anne and Amanda and Candace and Carlotta and Dinah and Deborah, in case they were girls; Patrick and Patricia and Terence and Tilda and Simon and Susan, in case there was one of each. They consulted Mr. Cugat eagerly a urged him to express an opinion or o a suggestion, but he just said, nervou toying with his dessert, that he'd rat wait and see and then watched, aw while Mrs. Cugat finished off, with gus her third dish of rice pudding.

THREE months went by during wh time Mrs. Cugat settled confidently Anne and Amanda, knitted assiduous ate a great deal more rice pudding put up with Mr. Cugat, who seem singularly impelled to oscillate betwe smothering devotion and unwonted d sipation. That is, on one night he'd k her wearily sitting on the side lines a club dance while he sought alleviat in the men's bar and the very next ni drive her nearly wild by helples hovering with unnecessary cushio footstools and glasses of milk. Ho ever, in time, there comes an end every ordeal and she joyfully called h at the office one bright fall morning announce that she thought the day h arrived.

Mr. Cugat, white-lipped and queer shy, hastened home and, with shaki hands and his hat still on, attempted help her pack a bag, but after three tim removing a large lace pincushion fr it which seemed to persist in comi under his hand, she pushed him gent toward a chair. "Why don't you just here?" she said kindly. "Let me get y a highball or something—" Though fully, she stepped out into the hall have her next pain. Kindly persons to him in charge, however, when th reached the hospital and, relieved, s went off to get down to the business hand.

IT WAS Cory Cartwright, Mr. Cugat lifelong fair-and-foul-weather frie who, while Mrs. Cugat napped defens less, took it upon himself to bestow mo fitting names upon Anne and Amand Their first caller, he took one delight look at them, displayed behind the plat glass window of the hospital nurse and ebulliently rechristened them M and Joe. Within twelve hours, ever body was calling them Moe and Joe.

Mrs. Cugat woke up and tried to pr test but she found herself in a peculiar bemused state which seemed to rend her incapable of much of anything b an ecstatic smile and Mr. Cugat was sti dazed. It seemed sensible to just go c calling them Moe and Joe— until ever body felt a little stronger and mo capable of deciding between Andrew an Anthony or David and Derek or Jo and Jonathan.

Mrs. Cugat came home from the hos pital, Mr. Cugat returned gradually t normal and Moe and Joe waxed fat an kicked. Moe and Joe were perfectl

(Continued on page 22)

Four-Star hit with a Lone-Star man



TED: How's every little thing down home in Texas, Bill?

BILL: Zooming along, Ted. But it's mighty good to be here in the Big Town again. What's first on the program?

TED: Well, to start things off right, I'm going to have the barman here introduce you to what we New Yorkers consider the world's finest whiskey-and-soda.

BILL: Down deep in the heart of Texas, when a man says what you just said, he's talking about just one thing: *Four Roses!*

TED: But . . .

BILL: Four Roses! There's a whiskey a man can tie to! That rich and velvety smoothness . . . mellow as a Texas moon!

TED: Wait a minute, old man, you don't understand. I was just going to . . .

BILL: It sure beats me how anybody could pass up the glorious flavor of today's Four Roses! Man! That bouquet . . . soft and fragrant as purple sage on a sun-soaked prairie!

TED: Hold on, now, you ham-fisted cowpuncher! You can try to sell me Texas, but I don't need a Texan to tell me that today's Four Roses is the grandest whiskey ever bottled. I already know it! In fact, it was Four-Roses-and-soda that I was about to order when you stampeded me! Waiter . . .

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Copyright 1942 The American Tobacco Company

"Tobacco"... Still life painted in the tobacco country by Thomas Hart Benton.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering... worth acting on... next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

Their backgrounds were as different as day is from night. But each had an instinct for decency and each was courageous. The girl Catherine was fortunate to have known them

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

By Stanley F. Donath

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

She came to my table with that slightly swaying step of the professional dancer. "Hello, Catherine," I said. "Why did you send away the boy?" she asked. Her voice was almost hostile



THAT morning I got my orders and in the afternoon I took a taxi to Chelsea Barracks to say goodby to George Jouffroy. Sir George was a sin of my mother's. He was an old sance, a stickler for regulations, a bridge player, and as fine a man as one in the British army.

I waited in the anteroom, and I heard voice inside. He was bawling blue out of some fellow, and he knew w to do that. Nobody knew it better. started with the usual stuff, little s d'oeuvres like "Disgrace for the iment" and "The standard of the ny," that many of us had had and t hurts no one.

In my estimate he was near the point ere he would raise his voice and say, ou can go now, young man; I hope u will mend your ways and become honor to the regiment instead of a t." I liked very much the mellow, acherlike tone of his voice when he d that. He never changed a word in It was time-worn and durable, like bricks of the barracks.

I waited in vain, for that matter. ere was only a little silence and the und of steps, pacing up and down on creaky wooden floor. Then Sir orge said, and his voice was rather pleasant, "Now tell me what happened on that Tuesday, Lieutenant. st give me the plain facts."

"Yes, sir," said another voice. "I was n' underneath a machine, and—"

"I see," Sir George said. "What on rth did you do underneath a maine?"

"I was repairin' 'er, of course." The her voice sounded somewhat astoned. "The transmission had broken wn and I repaired 'er, sir."

"You know that's not your business," r George said. "You have to requisin a man from the R.O.D. You have e forms in the office."

"I know, sir," the lieutenant said. Only it takes too long that way, sir. We ed the machines right now. Need 'em adly, sir."

"You're an officer," Sir George said ornfully. "You're not a mechanic. hat happened next?"

"There came a young fellow," the eutenant said. "Very nice chap, in a oney of a double-breasted suit. Some fficers a few steps behind 'im. He opped at the machine and bent down nd started to tinker with it. So I said uite friendly, 'Go away, fellow. You'll ain your garb,' I said. That was all, r."

"It was the Earl of Angleby, you looming fool," Sir George said. "He's third cousin to the queen, and he's a eer, and he's chairman of eleven adisory boards. He came to inspect the egiment, unofficially. The captain had prewarned you."

"No fault of the captain's, sir. I didn't hink of it at the time. The earl is only civilian, sir. He had no business to ake an inspection."

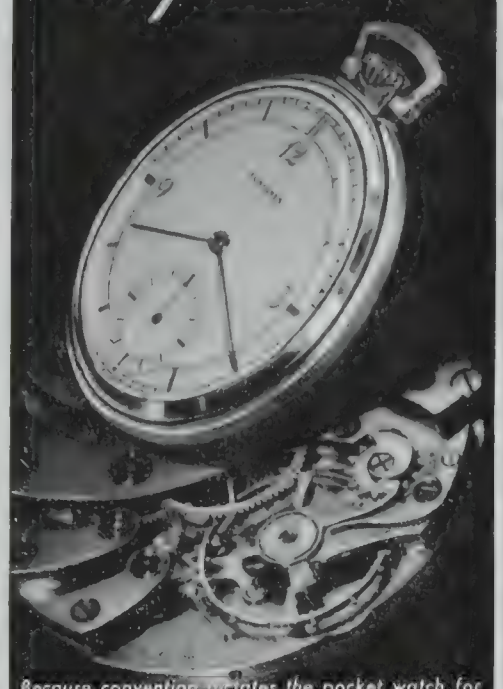
"I won't discuss that with you, Smith. Certainly not with you. Well, you were aving words with the captain after that, nd it was not the first time, I heard."

A row of trucks rolled by in the street, drowning out the voices inside. When I ould hear again, the lieutenant said, "It's the system, sir. We use three hours

(Continued on page 30)

LONGINES

the most honored watch for the Diplomat



Because convention dictates the pocket watch for formal wear, Longines pocket watches are generously present among men in the diplomatic service of many nations. The Longines "Observatory Movement" in every Longines pocket watch assures a timekeeping service to match an impressively handsome appearance.*

Longines*

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Today's necessarily greatly restricted production makes it impossible for any Longines jeweler to have enough Longines watches to show a complete range of styles and models. Each of the Longines watches that he does have, however, contains the Longines "Observatory Movement*" world-honored for greater accuracy and long life. For excellence and elegance Longines watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, and 28 gold medal awards. Longines jewelers also show the Wittnauer watch, a companion line of outstanding value at a moderate price. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

Just a Little Something

Continued from page 18

charming—utterly indistinguishable one from the other and their fame spread far and wide. Mrs. Cugat maintained stoutly that they weren't one bit alike, but Mr. Cugat could often be noted looking at them with the anxious expression of a man seeing double.

"Their personalities are wholly different," Mrs. Cugat reiterated one day to her mother as they watched fatuously while Moe waved his arms and Joe waved his legs. "Moe is always either laughing or crying but Joe just plays with his feet and puts things in his mouth."

"Dear," said Mrs. Cugat's mother, "don't you think it's time you did something about their names? The bishop was saying only the other day that he supposed the christening would be soon."

"I know," said Mrs. Cugat, "we really must. We keep putting it off. I'll talk to George tonight."

"And there are the godparents to think of too," her mother reminded her.

Mr. Cugat, on being approached that evening, was now found to be surprisingly positive in his views on names. He summarily threw out Andrew and Anthony and David and Derek and Joel and Jonathan as pure whimsy and plumped vigorously for Baldwin C. (after Mrs. Cugat's father) and J. Duncan (after his esteemed employer, Mr. Atterbury).

MRS. CUGAT considered these wistfully. They seemed ponderous and unwieldy—not liable to anything very appealing in nicknames, certainly. She had been particularly fond of David and Derek—Davy and Derry were so cunning. There wasn't much you could call a Duncan but "Dunc" and simply nothing you could call a Baldwin but "Baldy"! Still it would be nice to name one after her father. Her mother would like it. Also, Mr. Cugat's mind seemed to be made up. "We have to think of two godmothers and four godfathers," she said, sturdily attacking the next problem.

His ideas on this matter, it appeared, were no less clear. "How about having Mr. Atterbury and Cory for Moe," he said promptly, "and Bill Stone and somebody for Joe?" Adding generously, "You think of the godmothers."

But Mrs. Cugat was strangling with indignation. "Bill Stone!" she finally managed to sputter in an outraged voice, "that *awful* man?"

"Honey," said Mr. Cugat, smiling patiently, "he happens to be one of my oldest friends and a better lad, incidentally, never lived. Just because your bridge club doesn't happen to approve of him—"

"Approve of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat. "That menace! Has he ever drawn a sober breath—or once been seen with anyone respectable? I won't have him! He's a disgrace!" But Mr. Cugat had got a certain look on his face and she knew she was butting a stone wall. "Who are you going to have for the other one," she asked, sourly, "the bartender down at Eddie's?"

Mr. Cugat ignored this sally. "Well," he said after a little thought, "how about Professor McCracken? He was awfully good to me when I was a kid at the academy and I know it would please him."

Mrs. Cugat thought this over. "But George," she protested, "that gives Moe, Mr. Atterbury—who will probably crash through with something very handsome, and Cory—who'd give anybody the shirt off his back and poor little Joe—nobody but that rip, Bill Stone and old Professor McCracken who hasn't a cent to his name! It isn't fair. We've got to think of somebody with a lot of money for Joe too, so he'll get nice presents."

Mr. Cugat was shocked. "You do that," he said with disgust, "and you'll end up with somebody so farfetched that they can't possibly miss what they were asked for!"

"I know," admitted Mrs. Cugat, "but everybody does it. Look at the *Simpsons* having *Howie Sturm!* Blatant!"

"A lot of good it ever does," grumbled Mr. Cugat. "I don't think my godparents know I'm alive—and where have yours been keeping themselves?"

"One of my godmothers gave me a little ermine muff once," she said absently. Then her face cleared. "I know," she cried, "Uncle Simpson!"

"And who is Uncle Simpson?" asked Mr. Cugat blankly.

"Well, he's my father's oldest brother. He lives up in Ridgeway in the old house where they were all born and he's simply *wading* in money. He's quite old and a little peculiar—he doesn't speak to some of the family—but Mother said he sent a nice basket to Daddy's funeral—she was quite surprised at the time—so he must like us."

"That was twenty years ago," put in Mr. Cugat. "Has anybody seen or heard of him since?"

"Mother hasn't, I don't believe—he doesn't get out much. But he must know about the twins—everybody seems to know about the twins." Mr. Cugat looked doubtful. "Why he's just the one!" she went on, rapidly selling herself the idea. "He's the head of the family and, since Daddy's dead, its very suitable. He'll probably be terribly pleased. I expect he's really very nice if you're just nice to him. The others probably try to get something out of him all the time." Mr. Cugat snorted but she ignored it. "If I give in and let you have that horrible Bill Stone," she asserted, "and I don't know how I'll stand it but I suppose I'll have to, the le you can do is let me have my o uncle."

Mr. Cugat, suddenly meek, agreed

Somewhat to everybody's surpri Uncle Simpson wrote, in a gouty ha on yellowed paper, embellished witl forgotten coat of arms, that he su posed it was up to him to come— though he was far from well—and t he would arrive the Saturday eveni before the ceremony. It was arrang that Mrs. Cugat's mother have him her house—Moe and Joe, with th cribs and scales and bath tables, havi taken over the guest room and M Brownlow, the trained nurse—stayi until Mrs. Cugat was stronger—being possession of the back bedroom.

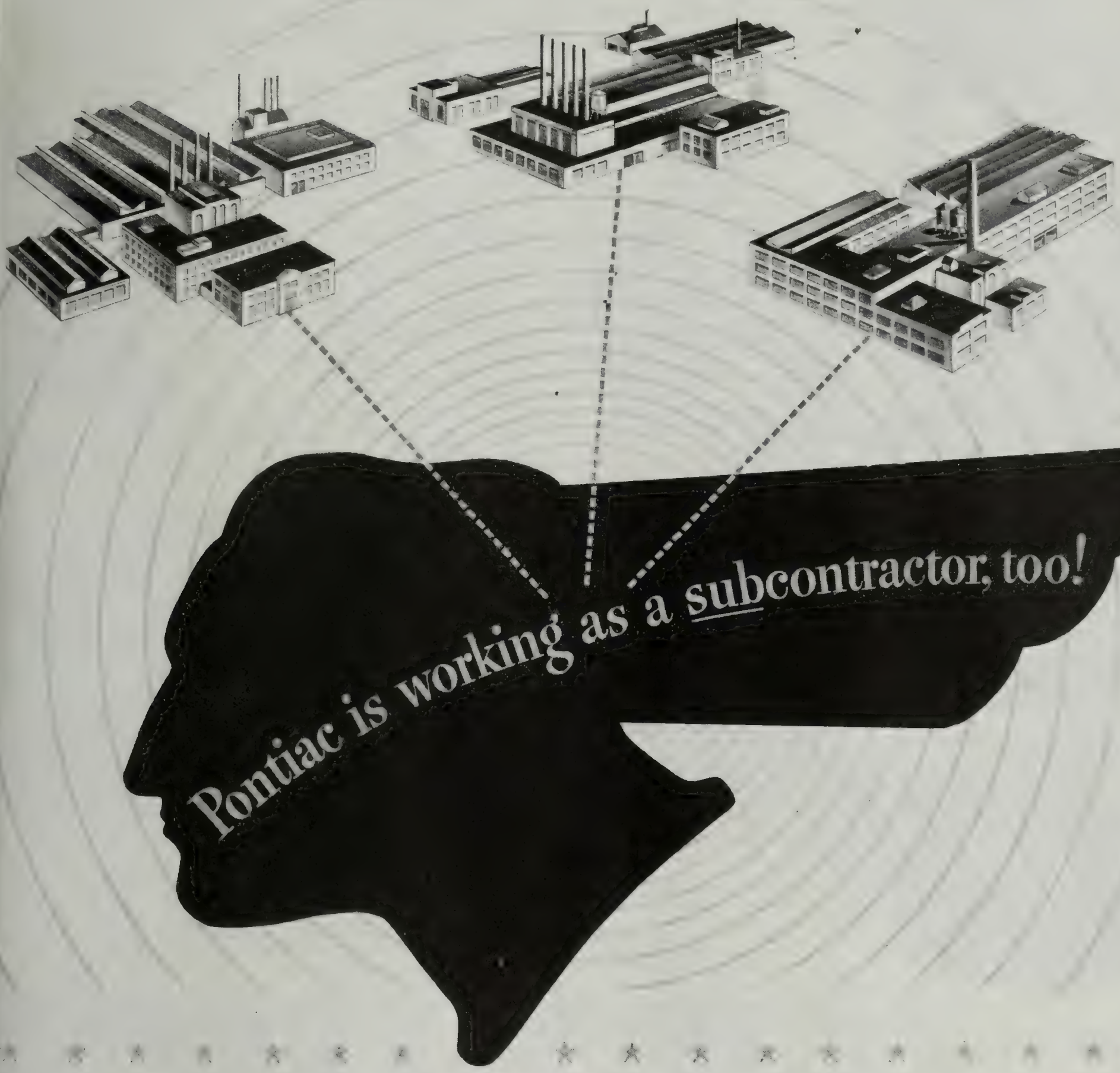
THE bishop came to call and Moe a Joe showed off to advantage—so e gagingly, in fact, that he offered officiate himself. Mr. Atterbury pr fessed himself delighted at the hor bestowed upon him and crashed throu even more handsomely than anticipat —with shares of Tri-State Bank sto Uncle Simpson's arrival was nervous awaited.

He arrived, as promised, on Saturd evening, and after dinner, later report by Mrs. Cugat's mother to have pro tiously consisted of two crackers ma of seaweed and a glass of water—w brought over to view his godchild. M Cugat realized when he walked in t door that she had never been quite frightened of anybody before. He look like an aged lizard and appeared to in such an advanced state of boredc that a civil handshake cost him effo Mr. Cugat hurried forward to help hi with his coat but was brushed off.

"Can I take your hat?" he ventur timidly. But Uncle Simpson chose retain this also. He came into the li ing room, gave one sharp look arou and then lapsed again into long-suffe ing.

"The twins are in the nursery," sa





What more can we do to help win the war . . . how else can we help to provide our soldiers and sailors and those of the Allied Nations with what they need for victory?

That, we hold, is the *only* attitude in which those of us not privileged to wear the uniform can approach the war effort. Peacetime pursuits and practices . . . previous traditions, prerogatives and reputations . . . personal preferences and ambitions *all* shrink to insignificance in light of the words, "*What more can we do to help win the war?*" Nothing else counts.

Here at Pontiac that attitude has caused a major change in our operating policy. Back when we were building automobiles we were the "prime contractor." We "spread the work" among many subcontractors large and small—each an anonymous specialist in some manufacturing field.

Then came the Defense Program. Our first assignment, undertaken months before Pearl Harbor, was the building of Oerlikon automatic anti-aircraft cannon. With the splendid cooperation of over 300 subcontractors on this one job alone, peak production was attained eleven months ahead of schedule.

After December 7th, two additional major assignments were quickly assumed . . . the volume production of [redacted] and of Bofors 40 mm. automatic field guns.

Hardly had these gigantic and complex problems of plant conversion, re-tooling and personnel training gotten under way when . . . "What more could we do to help win the war?"

We could help by becoming SUBCONTRACTORS on three important projects: building huge components for [redacted]-ton high-speed tanks . . . supplying vital mechanisms for army [redacted] and producing [redacted] sets of [redacted] inner-engine assemblies a month.

And today, as these words are being written, thousands of Pontiac men and women are devoting their *full* and *exclusive efforts* to speeding the progress of our subcontracting operations alone.

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.

GM ARMS FOR VICTORY *VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS*

PONTIAC DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



There are several very good reasons why a Kaywoodie Pipe is a mighty fine thing to have, right now:

—*it is made of* the true Mediterranean briar (Erica Arborea) that has made the world's best smoking Pipes for over 100 years. Kaywoodie Pipes are not, and will not be, made of pine, maple or dogwood, or substitutes, with artificial graining put on them. That's sure. You can depend on it, for the duration.

—*these Kaywoodie* Briars, so well seasoned, yield a most satisfying and pleasant experience—relaxing, meditative and helpful. "In time of war, there's peace in a pipe."

—*Kaywoodie Briar*, being the oldest and best, will last a long time. You needn't be buying a new one frequently, as you would with a cheap pipe.

You'll find Kaywoodies at dealers everywhere, $3.50 to $100.

The pipe in this picture is a "Curved" shape Super Grain Kaywoodie $5

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON
In New York . . 630 Fifth Avenue

Mrs. Cugat nervously, "but I can have them brought down—"

"Either way, either way," he murmured impatiently.

"We'll go up, of course," put in Mrs. Cugat's mother in a light, firm voice.

"This is Miss Brownlow," said Mrs. Cugat at the nursery door, and Miss Brownlow, all unwarned, bustled forward with a sparkling smile, said, "We've got something pretty nice to show you Mr.—I didn't quite catch the name?" and was withered by a look. "Which one?" growled Uncle Simpson, advancing upon the bassinets. Mrs. Cugat pointed mutely to Joe's blue organza nest. Walking straight past the pink bassinet without a glance, he peered intently down on the sleeping Joe. Joe opened his eyes with a basilisk look and threw up. Uncle Simpson turned away. "He looks nothing whatever like any of us," he said, giving Mr. Cugat a cursory glance, and made for the door.

"Oh, Mother and I think sometimes, (don't we Mother?) that when he sits up—you can tell better then—that he's going to be the image of Daddy," interpolated Mrs. Cugat anxiously.

"That would be a pity," said Uncle Simpson dryly. "Baldy had a weak face."

He departed soon after, observing that the house seemed unnecessarily large for young people and must be expensive to run and Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, closing the door, fell shattered into each others arms. "Poor little Joe," she mourned, "Oh, why did he have to spit up—he hardly ever does!"

"Neither do I," said Mr. Cugat tersely, "but I came damn' close to it."

THE christening was at four the following afternoon and the assemblage that gathered in the chapel of St. Jude's was select and fashionable. Moe and Joe, under their robes of lawn and lace, kicked in vain and grew red in the face and Mr. and Mrs. Cugat in the first pew, dandled them nervously while Miss Brownlow, with a ready handkerchief, kept her eye on Joe. Behind them, Mr. Atterbury beamed, pink and benevolent and Mrs. Atterbury, in white orchids, whispered vivaciously to Mr. Cugat's Aunt Edith, Moe's godmother-to-be.

Cory and Bill Stone sat stiffly—scrubbed and shining in their black coats and striped trousers and, across the aisle, Joe's godmother-to-be, Mrs. Cugat's cousin Melba from Cincinnati, stared at Mr. Stone's quarter profile, frankly intrigued. Beside Mrs. Cugat's mother, who looked as if she'd had about all she could take of him, Uncle Simpson sat with folded arms, staring stonily at the ceiling.

The bishop appeared, the humming of the organ died away, and Mrs. Cugat and Moe and his sponsors took their places. Moe cooed and gurgled and waved his arms and then fell into a convenient trance, eyes fastened on a candle flame. At the charge, "Name this child," Mr. Atterbury hurrumped and spoke up proudly, "James Duncan," and the bishop's voice repeated sonorously, "James Duncan, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Somewhat weak-kneed, Mrs. Cugat, bearing the regenerated Moe, returned to her place.

Then Mr. Cugat and Joe, Uncle Simpson, Bill Stone and cousin Melba took their places—Mr. Cugat hunched and rigid with Joe propped high on one shoulder. Joe humped his back like a caterpillar, tried to put Mr. Cugat's ear in his mouth and chortled gleefully and Mr. Cugat's neck turned from pink to red. Darling little Joe, thought Mrs. Cugat, watching apprehensively—one more hump and he'd be over Mr. Cugat's shoulder and onto the floor.

Her eyes went to the group about him. Really! Poor innocent. Here was Moe, secure and dozing in her arms, sponsored by the very nicest people and little Joe up there being handed Uncle Simpson, Bill Stone and Cousin Melba. Uncle Simpson now had his hands clasped under his coat tails and his head thrust forward and was giving the fisheye to the bishop. Bill Stone looked solemn and appeared to be actually listening to what was being said. Never heard it before, probably! Cousin Melba was looking at Bill Stone. Cousin Melba was a dear, but man-crazy. Always had been. Anything in pants. Look at her!

"Name this child," adjured the bishop again.

"Ulysses Simpson," cracked Uncle Simpson like the shot out of a pistol.

Mrs. Cugat caught her breath and Mr. Cugat started and halfway turned. Little Dr. Bennett, at the bishop's side, looked up questioningly.

"Ulysses Simpson," intoned the bishop, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Joe stiffened and threw up.

"That horrible old man!" gasped Mrs. Cugat, on their way home in the car.



COLLIER'S **"I hate to take this. He's a dollar-a-year man and he gave me his entire salary for 1942"** PEAMER KELLER

"That was no misunderstanding! He knew perfectly well we were naming Joe after Daddy. He did it on purpose."

"Well, he *might* not have," said Mr. Cugat placatingly. "You know—he's old and the fact that Mr. Atterbury's godson was being named after him may have got him confused and he thought—"

"Any time that old rhinoceros gets confused, I want to be there to see it!" sputtered Mrs. Cugat. "Wishing a name like Ulysses on darling little Joe! He's going to have to do something pretty big to make up for it, I can tell you!" She paused thoughtfully. "What do you suppose he is planning to do about Joe, anyway? He couldn't be so inhuman and ungrateful and bad-mannered as to just ignore him, could he?"

"Nothing would surprise me," said Mr. Cugat.

BUT Uncle Simpson had not forgotten his namesake. Arriving home, they found him waiting in his overcoat in the front hall—Mrs. Cugat's mother and Aunt Edith and Mrs. Atterbury doing all in their power to prevail upon him to stay with the rest and have some champagne. He held in his hand a small and ancient leather case. "This is for my godson," he said curtly, giving it to Mrs. Cugat "—your grandfather's stickpin."

"Why how nice!" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat. "Is it a garnet?" It was.

"Everything else, you may or may *not* know," went on Uncle Simpson, "I leaving to the church. God knows I not a religious man but I don't intend let the Democrats have it to spend Whereupon, he shook hands briet clapped on his hat, was boosted into ancient limousine and departed.

The christening party progress much as such parties are prone to— considerable number of mixed relativ being present and all ages represente Moe and Joe were admired, cooed and discussed and Moe waved his arn and laughed and cried by turns and Jo unaware of the slump his prospects ha taken, gnawed happily on anything I could get his hands on. Mrs. Cuga covering indignant disappointment wi a bright smile, moved from group group and wished she could sit dow Mr. Cugat, the begetter of twins, wor his laurels with becoming modesty.

Bill Stone, on whom Mrs. Cugat wa keeping a sharp eye, continued ex emplary and solemn, drinking but on glass of champagne and bending polite ear to Cousin Melba—althoug Cory, Mrs. Cugat suspected, in anothe half-hour would be doing his imitation Really, if she couldn't sit down some where for just a minute in peace an quiet, she'd fall down. She slipped ou into the pantry and was just about to sink down to the bottom step of a stepladder there when she discovered that she had been followed by Mr. Stone. He came in hesitantly, looking acutely embarrassed. Mrs. Cugat tried to cover her irritation.

"I've got this for Joe," he said, clearing his throat and taking an envelope out of his pocket. "Just a little something—"

Mrs. Cugat gaped at him and then took the envelope uncertainly. Inside was a note. "Why, Bill," she gasped, looking up, her eyes big, "this is the nicest thing I've ever known! *Bonds!* And so many! What a perfectly wonderful thing to do!" He looked a little surprised at her warmth and reddened.

"Well, you know, I've never been a godfather before—I want to—try to—be a good one."

"I think you're just about the best in the world!" she exclaimed gratefully, trying not to look dumfounded. "I don't know how to thank you!" She looked up into his shyly smiling eyes and then impulsively reached up and kissed him. Mr. Stone did not reciprocate immediately but, after a stunned moment, came suddenly to life and returned it with interest. Mrs. Cugat opened her eyes to see Mr. Cugat's stupefied face in the door.

"Don't let me interrupt anything," he said quietly, "but Ulysses S. Cugat has just spit up Grampa's garnet!"

THE END

"Here's a pointer on good living... Happy Blending makes Thanksgiving!"

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY ... Calif.

1. Roast turkey, dressing, ice cream, pie,
With raisins, nuts, and fruit heaped high—
Man, what a treat Thanksgiving brings—
A Happy Blend of ALL good things!

2. That's just what CALVERT offers, too—
A feast of *whiskey* traits for you!
A Happy Blend of qualities
That's tops for holidays like these!



3. You know, ALL whiskey traits don't click;
Some get along—some fight and kick;
So CALVERT shuns conflicting traits
And weds just friendly, *happy* mates!



4. Add CALVERT to your feast-day treat,
In cocktail, highball, punch, or neat—
This mellow harvest of the best
Will win the thanks of host and guest!



Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



1. WHEN HER HUSBAND ENLISTED, plucky Helene Bremer of East Aurora, N.Y. hung up her apron for a job at Curtiss-Wright. That job has taught her a lot besides how to build planes. For one thing, she's discovered why proper care of any precision machine, like her Easy Washer, is so important. Here's her advice on how to keep your washer going!



2. KEEP IT CLEAN! After each washing, remove agitator, rinse inside and out. Rinse tub. Clean drain screen. Every month, coat agitator drive block with vaseline. Leave tub cover off to dry.



3. KEEP IT OILED! Every 3-6 months, oil wringer reverse gears, motor bearings, casters and pump. Grease wringer roll bearings lightly. Restore oil level in transmission every 3 years.



4. DON'T OVERLOAD! Fill tub with water to within 1" of load line. Start agitator, add soap, then garments one at a time as long as vigorous roll-over continues. Don't overload!



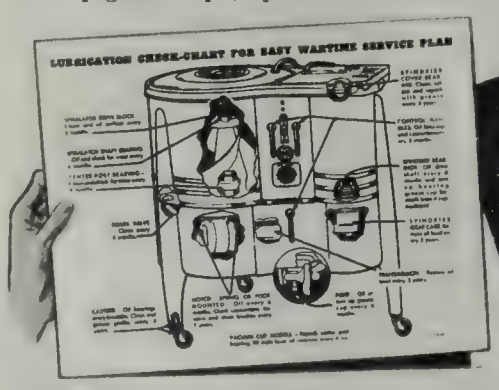
5. WRING CLOTHES EVENLY... not in bunches. Turn buckles, buttons inside to avoid scoring rubber. After each washing, rinse rolls and release pressure to prevent flat spots on rolls.



6. IF SPINDRIER MODEL! After each washing, rinse and wipe basket and tub. Every 2-3 months oil hole in top of drive shaft, and turn up grease cup (if present) beneath tub.



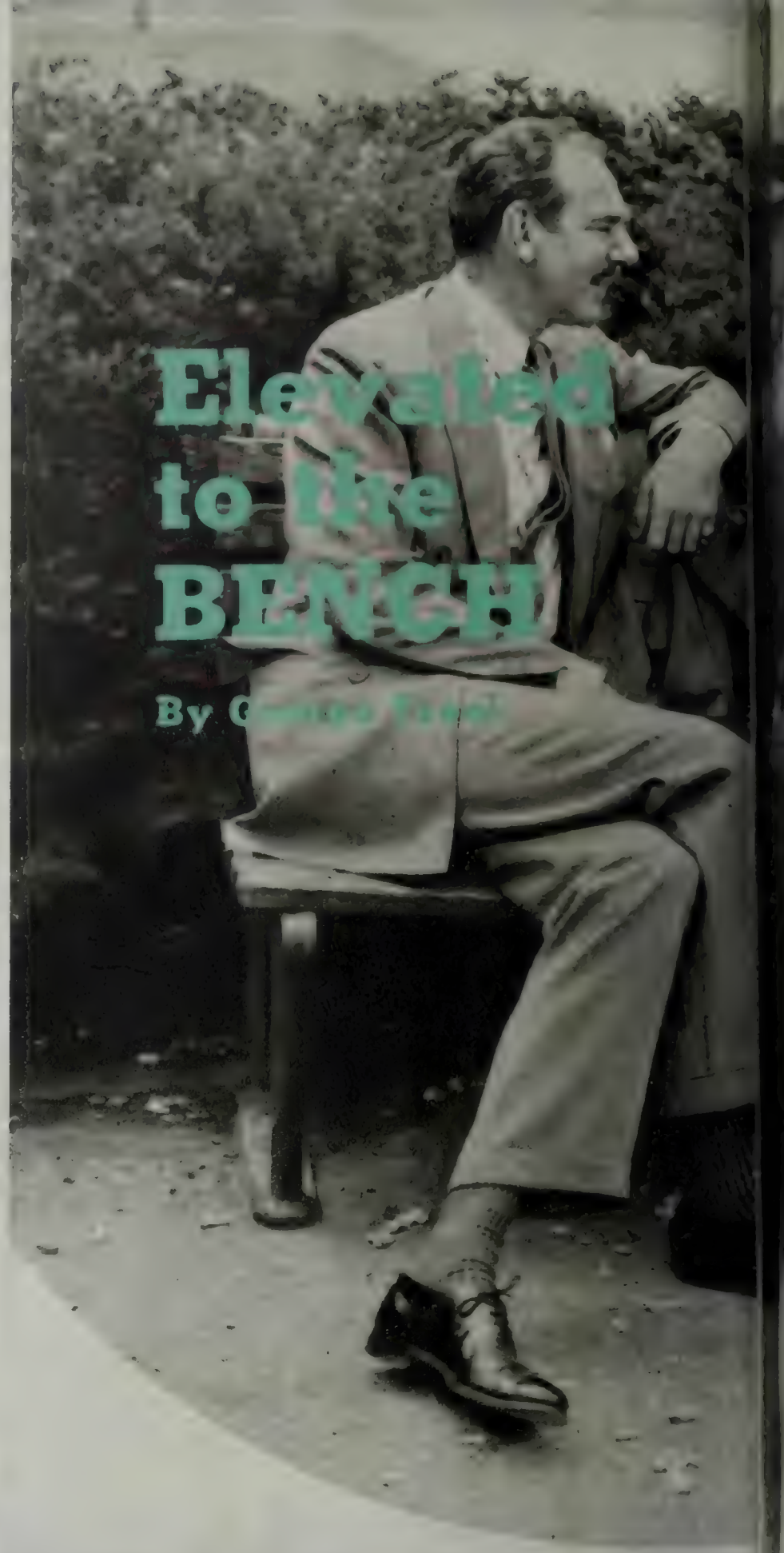
7. SEE YOUR DEALER! Play safe by having him check your washer every 6 months. The emblem above is your guide to EASY CERTIFIED WARTIME SERVICE, and your assurance of genuine Easy parts.



SPECIAL OFFER! Send 3¢ in stamps for special Easy lubrication check chart! Shows at a glance how to care for your washer, either wringer or Spindrier model. Write Dept. C-11.

EASY
AMERICA'S LEADING WASHER

EASY WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Elevated to the BENCH

By G[illegible]

Washington hits the trail to the park bench where the man who set us right in 1917 waits and watches with wise old eyes

WHEN the President named Bernard M. Baruch to report on the rubber mess, most people pictured the famous New York financier dropping large affairs in Wall Street to answer his country's call. This was far from the truth. For the last eight or nine years—ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt's initial inauguration, to be exact—Mr. Baruch's principal place of business has been a hard pine bench right across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. There he has sat through good weather and bad, long legs stretched out, hat well down over his eyes, waiting patiently for a chance to be of use. He had no favors to ask and there was no office that he wanted or would have taken. He was just a gray-thatched volunteer with a wealth o perience and a stubborn passion public service.

Not that bench-sitting was in mind when he first reached Wash ton back in the brave days of 1933 an ardent supporter of the Roose candidacy, a firm believer in the ne sity of a New Deal, and one with a tinguished record both in private official life, he counted somewhat fidently on being welcomed as a so Elder Statesman. What he failed take into consideration was the P dent's elite corps or as Hugh John loved to call it, the Palace Gu Slowly but efficiently, inch by inch, eased him away from the seats of mighty and over into the leafy solitu of Lafayette Square.

Now and then, after the crack-u a plan that was to restore prosperit the wave of a wand, and when even most starry-eyed Brain Truster nothing to suggest, a breathless r senger would bring Mr. Baruch a s mons from the Great White Fat Whereupon, he would uncoil his le of six-feet-three, grab up his duffel



HARRIS AND EWING

Bernard M. Baruch, head of the War Industries Board during World War I, keeps an appointment in his air-conditioned office in Lafayette Square. With him is Dean G. Acheson, Assistant Secretary of State

cts and figures, and cross the street llope.

wer and fewer, however, became opportunities, and as the vigilance he Palace Guard increased, the per went from department to de- nent, "Careful, boys. Baruch's o." Careworn officials sneaked up sat down for wise counsel, but for most part, the Gray Man had his h all to himself except for the ons and the squirrels. "Baruch's e," snickered the bright young men e New Deal as they raced by on happy way to all-day conferences. was not that his abilities were ed by the original Brain Trusters ven by the horde of successors that led in from colleges and universi- after every commencement. All itted freely that he had been a good in his day, but that day was in the and dust-covered past. What *they* thinking and doing was brand new ings that had never been thought done before—so how was it possible any old guy to be of the slightest e? Sincerely convinced that nothing nportance had happened before they themselves arrived upon the scene, not one felt that experience had anything to offer.

Distrust of the Baruch fortune was another cause that figured in his exclusion from the royal favor. Report had it that he was worth millions. How could a rich bird like that have any real sympathy with their plans for lifting up the Forgotten Man? To be sure, he made a noise like a liberal, but that was a lot of hooey. A man with money just had to be an Economic Royalist.

Instead of taking the hint, as did others of his vintage, Bernie took a firmer hold on his bench, nor could persuasion move him. "Get up and come on home, you big boob," friends called to him as they went by on their way to the Union Station. "Don't you know when you're not wanted?" Always his answer was to wriggle around in search of a softer spot on the bench. The man's patience and optimism never ceased to amaze. Once when I stopped to ask him how the old sacroiliac was bearing up under the strain, he pulled my ear down and whispered that business was

(Continued on page 46)



On the lookout for a better smoke?

SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

Here's down-to-earth proof that they're more enjoyable! First—KOOLS are blended from choice, ripe tobaccos. Second—they've a dash of mild menthol to make each puff feel cooler, more refreshing to a "smoked out" throat. Try a pack! *And keep those coupons that come with KOOLS.*



UNION MADE

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

SAVE VALUABLE B & W COUPONS ON THE BACK OF EACH PACK



U. S. War Savings Stamps—any denomination—by redeeming B & W coupons for cash value (¾¢ each). 133 coupons equal $1.00 Stamp.



Glassware. Pure platinum bands, lower half frosted. Five sizes: Cocktail, Old Fashioned, Hiboy-Zombie, Iced Tea and Highball.



FREE! New Catalog #21. Color illustrations. Full descriptions. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

B & W COUPONS ARE ALSO PACKED IN POPULAR-PRICED RALEIGH CIGARETTES



Elf Woman

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

The Icelander thought her a creature of magic. But she was only a brave girl who was trying to help her man against the invader

FIRST of all, the coming of the foot-loose girl:

That morning Rang the Icelander picked clean the bones of an eider duck. He drank clean the barley soup from his bowl. He put the bones in the empty bowl and gave all that to the dog.

"Now," he decided, "will we need another duck."

The dog wagging its tail, and Rang, knowing by the flash of sunlight on the silver ring that the winter sun was up over the sea, stepped into the *stofa* of his strong stone house. Bending over the stone-pit, he washed head and hands in the steaming water from the spring. Drying his hands on a sheepskin, he overlooked his hunting weapons—a throwing stick, a weighted line for casting at birds, a stone-sling for small game, a looped rope for wild ponies, an ax for bear and a three-tined spear for fish. Rang took the bird line and went out to see what might be.

He went through the haystacks, covered tight with sealskins that shielded his stone house from the winds, and he overlooked his claim, in that mild winter light.

Among the thin birches his ponies grazed—four tens and three of them, as they should be. Over the river, eider ducks winged down toward the sea marsh, at the river's end. All was as it should be.

Even the smoke came lazily from the mountain high up there where the Sleeper breathed. A puff of smoke. Rang began to count, to ten and on to seven. Another breath of smoke. That was as it should be.

"He sleeps Rang told the dog. "And the snow is white over the glaciers."

Now Rang spoke to that dog because the two of them lived alone in the valley, which Rang would not leave. On that day he was seventeen years of age —by count of the years on the time-stick over the hearth—and, his father being dead, he was master of his claim. All that valley from the glacier ice to the sands at the sea belonged to Rang, with the living things in it.

THEN the dog barked and Rang saw the sheep. They were strange sheep cropping the grass across the stream. Surprised, Rang counted them. Five. Five sheep would not wander across the crest into his claim unless driven. And the neighboring men, here and there beyond his valley, had all gone off to the Althing, by the Town, to sit in judgment on a manslayer. Rang had not gone to that judging, because he would not leave his stud of ponies and his valley.

This, Rang thought, was by way of being something strange. Thrusting the bird line into his belt he hurried down through his shaggy ponies. He hurried by leaping the slope in ten-foot drops, for that boy was long in the limb and

Every bit of cloth and loose rop the Icelanders passed down to th beach. They even pulled out th steering oars and rowing benche

sure in the jump. Heading toward th narrow gut in the stream, he hurried ou on a rock and leaped the waterfa where spray swirled up in the wind. H hurried on to the sheep, and stoppe by two stones.

There was the foot-loose girl betwee the stones on a bed of moss with a eider-down cape tucked around he knees. Her hands wound wool threa from a skein on a staff. She pushed awa the loose hair blown over her face b the wind, and she looked up at him-dark eyes shining in her thin face.

"Well," Rang demanded, "what?"

Her bare arms trembled over th tangle of wool; the sleeves of her smoc were torn. She seemed to be hiding be tween her rocks, by the twigs of burned-out fire.

"Are you foot-loose, to be drivin sheep over hill and dale?"

(Continued on page 34)

How American it is... to want something better!



SOME CALL IT AMBITION, some call it the energy of a youthful nation. But it is pretty well agreed the world over that to want "something better" is a true American trait—the desire to be a better engineer, a better lawyer or a better doctor; the desire to design a better airplane or to build a better home to live in.

In fact, it is this never-ending desire that has made this country of ours "the land of something better."

AMONG the many "better things," and one not to be overlooked . . . is a moderate beverage, an ale in fact, with a trade mark whose Three Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." An ale that has been discovered and *approved* by many. *So* many, that in this land where the question "Is it *better?*" is on every tongue, it has become . . .

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale



P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



We needed his valor in '17

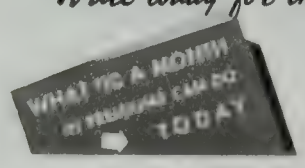
...HIS SKILL IN '42

In '17 he answered the bugle's call. Today he answers the hum of the lathe, the challenge of the micrometer. Once again his skill and devotion to duty are building his country's security.

For the sake of both country and family, he is war-working his dollars too—in War Bonds and Stamps, and in Life Insurance to safeguard his family from dependency. Premium dollars are patriotic dollars, too. Mutual Life is cooperating with *4 new policies stripped for wartime action.* They stretch premium dollars to large insurance security. Let your local Mutual Life representative show you how little cash is needed.

Write today for this free Booklet

Read about these 4 new policies for war-trimmed budgets. You'll see how families of average means can build protection for the future while working for victory today. Write for Booklet C-5.



NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America" Lewis W. Douglas, *President*

1843 - First Policy Issued • • 1942 - More than 900,000 Policyholders

34 NASSAU STREET • NEW YORK CITY

Honorable Discharge

Continued from page 21

out of five thrashing off rifle drill and marching drill and parade-ground stuff and things. And the time is short, anyway. The men don't know the first thing about a motor. It's none of my business, of course, sir."

"I should bloody well say it's not, Smith. I am still running the show, for the time being. You got drunk the same night, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, sir. I felt kind of low, and I thought . . ."

"I have the report right here on my desk, Lieutenant," Sir George said. "The M.P. picked you up in a riot in the Ace, that night. You were dead drunk, and you struck the corporal of the M.P. in the face. You were in uniform, by the way. It is not forbidden for officers to go to places like the Ace. It was unnecessary up to now to forbid such things to officers of the 10th Hussars. It's clear to me that one day you'll ruin yourself, which matters little. But you'll also ruin the record of the regiment, and that's a bad proposition." His voice dropped, and he said quite softly, "One more report, Lieutenant, and I'll kick you out of the regiment, headfirst. Dismissed."

I HAD a good look at the fellow when I met him in the door. He was a young man, rather tall, and with a mop of black and very glossy hair. He was not handsome at all, but there was a certain air of simplicity and power about him, and I liked his looks.

Sir George tried to brush it off when I asked him about the man. "Some cockney," he said disdainfully. "I'll break him one day, if this keeps on. They've filled up the regiment with hoodlums from the East End. They call them instructors and specialists and what not, and then we've got to put up with them." He bent over to me, as if to tell me a secret. "They're not gentlemen," he added.

"Maybe they're not," I said. "Maybe they are, in a way. They're picked for a job, and they know the job. To know a job is almost as important as to know horses, bookies and members of the jockey club, in these days."

"This fellow Smith, for instance," Sir George said, as if he had not heard me. Probably he had not. "His father was an iron junk dealer somewhere near the East India docks. He probably played with cogwheels when you played with tin soldiers. When you went to Oxford he went to Mechanical Arts School in Whitechapel. No wonder he doesn't think very much of discipline and rifle drill and good manners. They don't teach them manners in Whitechapel."

"I don't know," I said slowly. "I sometimes wonder whether we'll win this war with rifle drills and good manners. It's kind of an ill-bred war, you know. It's not cricket."

"The 10th Hussars have changed a lot," Sir George said. He looked out of the window over the treetops of Battersea Park, and his eyes had a funny, forlorn expression. "Everything has changed."

"Things will settle again," I said, just to say something. "By the way, I shan't be round these parts for some time. Going down south, day after tomorrow. Big affair, lots of mediums, staff officers and men o' war. Something cooking, I suppose."

"I know," he said. "It's touch and go, down there, I'm afraid. Know the name of the fellow in charge?"

"It's Kirby, I believe," I said. "Kirby from the Edinburgh Kirbys, you know. They are very rich."

"I remember him from military school," he said and smiled a lit "Care to give him my card?"

"Thank you, I will," I said.

He sat down at his desk and wrot few lines while I studied his lean, b profile. He had yellowish crinkles ro his eyes, and he kept himself very er Somehow he reminded me of a shal old eagle in a zoo, perched upon an i bar, with blunted fangs and eyes t dream of wide, cold skies. He gave the card and I said, "Thank you." I l no intention of using it, anyway. I j wanted to make him feel good. looked poor and old and very gray.

On the stairs I thought once more Smith, and then I forgot everyth about him. It was none of my busin after all, if he found his *bon plaisir* going to pieces. Many of them had, a life went on just the same.

It was in the cards, though, tha should meet Smith again, and v soon. That was in a back slum in So called Le Corsaire. It was really qu a nasty little back slum, but they h some extremely beautiful girls in t place. They put on a bad little sho too, just to keep up appearances, b the main thing was the girls. Two them were Hungarian, five Irish, a one was French.

The name of the French girl w Catherine. Her hair was of a very lig metallic red, and she had a few fa freckles on her nose. She was ve pretty, and that's what she got h wages for, after all.

She was sort of an entertainer, b she had a reserve, a dignity, that ma her no good up on the stage. You had dance with her to get a notion about h

When I came in, Catherine was s ting at the bar. She wore the long, blac tight-fitting evening gown I knew, t one that was slightly shabby a mended in places, and her hair was shi ing in the light like a flag of rebellic By her side was Smith from Whit chapel, in full uniform, with boots a even spurs, which are against regul tions for an infantry officer. Catherin eyes ran over him from time to tin with those little appraising glances, though she were not quite sure wheth he was a very rich booby, or only a ordinary fool.

They are in a class by themselve these imported French girls. The Fren like their country, and there is som thing to like, I should say. When a g crosses over to the barbaric island there is only one reason. They ea their dowry, one way or the other, a then they go back and marry some li tle shopkeeper in some little town, a raise their children and go to chur on Sunday morning. Some of the don't go back. But that is another stor

I SAT down in a dark corner and looke at them. The room smelled of sta smoke and of women, and for a mome it seemed to me that it was an ugly thi to live. The waiter was leaning again the cigarette machine. I called him a sent him over to Smith. Smith came my table, slightly staggering, his spu jingling like little Christmas bells.

"Sorry to bother you," I said. "I a Captain Lesley, King's Dragoon Guards

"How do you do," he said. "My nam is Wellington. Arthur Wellesley, Duk of Wellington."

"That's funny," I said without smi ing. "I was pretty sure I saw you th morning in the Chelsea barracks, an my cousin, Sir George Jouffroy, told m your name was Smith. Lieutenan Smith."

"So what?" he said.

"I want to give you a piece of advice," I said bluntly. "I happened to hear some of the conversation up there. The 10th Hussars are a very old outfit. They don't care for people dragging their uniform through the taverns of Soho, and things like that. Don't you have a civilian suit?"

It was an awkward thing to say, and I regretted it at once. He took it with a little grin and said, "No, I don't own a good civilian suit. All cheap ready-made stuff and a lot of overalls."

"I am sorry," I said ruefully. "You must believe that I really want to help you. I'd clear out of here if I were you. I haven't seen anything. Do you understand?"

"Thanks," he said. "I ain't no baby. I can take care of myself."

"You'll end up before a court-martial," I said. "What's the matter with you, man? If you don't like the army, why don't you try to get out with an honorable discharge? Maybe they can get you a job in some aircraft place. They need good men there, too."

He looked at me and he seemed to be a little less drunk. I noticed for the first time that he had very firm and steady eyes, the eyes of a seaman or a gunner.

"No," he said, "I won't leave the army. They need me more than they need the others. They don't know yet how much they need fellows like me."

CURRENT ARMY QUESTION

Since a general is the most private individual in the Army, why is the most general soldier called a private?

"Then you'd better go," I said.

"Yes," he said, "I believe you're right." He called the waiter. When it came to paying the bill he had not enough money on him, and I had to help him out. It was a third-class place but it was quite expensive, at that.

"I suppose I have to thank you," he said with a wry smile. "I don't know when I can pay you back."

"Never mind that," I said and tried to be funny. "I've acted in the line of duty."

I may have sounded a little smug, because he turned around, his eyes blazing. "Go to hell!" he said. "Go to hell with your damned Tory conceit!"

HE WENT out without saying good night to Catherine. She came slowly to my table, with that slightly swaying step of the professional dancer. We were alone in the barroom, and there was not much light. The show was still going on in the next room; little pieces of music drifted in on waves of laughter and applause.

"Hello, Catherine," I said.

"Why did you send away the boy?" she asked. Her voice was low and almost hostile.

"There are reasons for everything," I said. "I'm glad that you like my friend, though."

"Your friend!" she said scornfully. "He's worrying about something, and he's unhappy. He hasn't got much money, has he?"

"No," I said. "Very little."

"I thought so," she said. "One ought to take care of him. He needs a friend—or a good girl."

"Maybe he needs you," I said.

"No," she said, after a little silence, "he doesn't need me. Will you buy me a drink? I don't feel so good tonight."

I ordered two champagne cocktails. She drank hers very quickly while I hardly touched mine. I don't like champagne cocktails at all, and the stuff they mixed here was abominable. I ordered a second drink for her, and a Cointreau for myself.

"Well," I said, "you'll get rid of me very soon. Got my transfer papers for Egypt today."

She raised her glass without looking at me. "Here's luck!"

"Thank you," I said. "That's all, I suppose."

"That's all."

"Catherine," I said, "you know I'm crazy about you. You promised me an answer when I came back to town."

"The answer is no," she said. Her voice was a little tired. "Don't get me wrong, Captain," she said. "I have nothing against you. I even like you in a way. Only you've misunderstood everything. I make my living by dancing and by drinking. I get ten per cent from every drink, and thirty per cent when the bottles go back unopened."

"I see," I said stupidly. "Ten per cent and thirty per cent."

SHE laughed a little. She was very lovely when she laughed. "Exactly. There may be nicer ways of earning money. But one has to live, and it's hard work sometimes. It's still harder, though, to make certain people understand that that's all I do for a living." After a little pause, she asked, "Now you're angry, aren't you?"

"No," I said, "I'm not. But it's a poor life you lead, Catherine."

"Maybe," she admitted. "I could do a lot for a man if I cared. It must be nice to be with a man without thinking about the bill and the cash register."

"But you don't care, do you?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I do not. You're a nice fellow, Captain, and you're a good customer. Only you are so . . . well, so terribly civilized, if you understand what I mean. *Soigné,* we say in French—it means something like well-bred, well-fed, well-to-do, and all that. Your suits are from Savile Row, your ideas are from the London Times, and your friends are from the right families."

"I understand," I said. I don't know why I added, "Smith is not from the right family, I suppose."

"No," she said, "he is not. And I am not, either. We both are not from the right families."

I left London a little later, with a hang-over and a stupid heartache. Sometimes I remembered Catherine in the cold nights of the Libyan desert. It's hard to sleep on these nights. When the wind moved the flap of my tent, I imagined it was she, stepping in with her lazily swaying step, in her tight black evening gown that was mended in places, her face proud and a little contemptuous. "Buy me a drink, *chéri.* You're flush tonight, aren't you?" Sometimes I thought of writing her a letter. But I never did.

We made quite a jolly show down there on the salt flats of Ain el Gazala. We advanced and feinted and retreated, and the Hun feinted and retreated and advanced. It was like one of those old-fashioned quadrilles, *en avant deux,* and bowing and curtsying, and back again. The gods were sitting in the galleries, looking on and shaking with laughter.

Then the Hun got tired of the game and made his second big push. Things started moving fast. My unit of mediums ran into a snug little trap of German heavies. They were much too far for our range, so we drove into the barrage like fools, and suddenly they came up behind us and from all sides. We tried to run for it, but they were everywhere, practically. It was as if the salt bushes and the sand had vomited them out. The fight was short and impressive. It was like a head-on collision between a truck and a baby buggy.

We moved round in an enormous ball of smoke, flame and noise, packed

Crisp "talk"!

so crisp they

snap! crackle! pop!



Whole grain nutritive values, too . . .
the kind Uncle Sam recommends!

★ Harvest your share of mellow crispness—every morning!

First, tilt the Rice Krispies package. More—lots more. Then add milk or cream and listen. Such a merry hubbub! Snap—crackle—pop . . . snap—crackle—pop, the golden morsels talk right up. It's their way of telling how lastingly crisp they are.

Rice Krispies are famed for their nourishment, too. As recommended by the U. S. Official Food Rules, they are restored to the whole grain nutritive values of natural brown rice through the addition of thiamin (vitamin B_1), niacin and iron.

Delicious Rice Krispies are the most *different* cereal you have ever known. An exclusive Kellogg recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting make certain of that.

Serve Rice Krispies tomorrow. They're real tongue tempters!

"Rice Krispies" is a trademark (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its oven-popped rice.

Copr. 1942 by Kellogg Company



For more than
a half-century of knitting
skill and achievement, quality
has been the Phoenix by-word.
Today, you can buy
Phoenix Socks, with confidence
in maintained quality . . . with
pride in their fine appearance.
Phoenix is a good name to look for
in hosiery for the entire family.



Today, as in World War I, Phoenix proudly supplies socks for our Armed Forces.

PHOENIX Socks

55 Years of Quality Manufacturing

between sheets of flying sand and the sickening fumes of cordite. Our supply cars had been hit and we had just a few minutes left to decide whether we should die like men and British soldiers or get out of our sweatboxes, raise our hands and shout "*Kamerad*" like sensible people. There's not much fun in dying just for the hell of it. It's one thing to add a paragraph to the regimental history, and it's another thing to get blown up with a red-hot piece of junk; especially when it doesn't do anybody any good.

Anyway, in this moment the curtain of swastikas moved a little and through the crack came the funniest collection of vehicles I ever saw. There were two or three heavies, several dozens of jeeps, armored cars and American lights, and even a few Bren gun carriers. They wheeled in, spitting from all their muzzles as if they were on the shooting grounds of Aldershot. The Huns could have wiped them out as easily as you wipe a speck from your windshield. But they were just too perplexed to do anything for a few moments, or maybe they suspected a trap of our own, and we beat it, hulls down, at forty miles per hour, like a flock of scared cattle, the newcomers covering our retreat.

The Germans began to shoot again but they didn't follow us. We left them the battlefield and the wrecks but we didn't leave them our hides and our machines.

Back at our base, I reported to Brigadier Kirby. The atmosphere was depressed and gloomy. After having finished my business, I went over to the encampment of the little force that had relieved us. They were huddled close together in the dusk, and they didn't look nice at all. I asked for the commanding officer. They pointed to the small square where they had taken the wounded to be carried back to Tobruk. It was fenced in with empty petrol cans and ropes, and two medical noncoms were busy between the stretchers.

SUCH a little first-aid place behind the front is about the saddest place on earth. It is worse than a base hospital, and much worse than a battlefield. In the hospital, they are wearing their white shirts, and things are covered with gauze and bandages and blankets; you get the feeling somehow that everything is as it should be, or almost so. But in these little squares behind the lines you see—well, I won't tell you what you see.

I was just a little too late. The officer in command was dead. He was lying on his stretcher, a big man with a reddish and angry face, his British warm spread over his body. On the stretcher next to him was Smith from Whitechapel. He was all smeared with grime and oil, his chest was bandaged thickly, and he was very pale. His tunic was hung up neatly at the corner of the stretcher. It showed the ribbon of the D.S.O. and the bars of a first lieutenant. He heard my steps on the gravel, and he opened his eyes. When I saw his eyes, I knew that he was going to die.

"Hello, Smith," I said and tried to smile. "Seems you are following me round like a rubber check. Got a little scratch, didn't you?"

"Yeah," he whispered, "they got me good this time. Can you fetch me some water, please?"

I went for a flask and held it to his lips. He drank the water quickly, almost greedily. Then he looked at me in a funny sort of way. "Thanks," he said. "Guess I know you from somewhere but I'm a little mixed up. Feeling like drugged, you know. Gimme a cigarette, will you? And tell me where I know you from."

"London," I said, "Le Corsaire, Catherine Leclerc. Remember now?"

"Yes," he said, "I remember you now. I am very happy that you are here."

"That's good," I said. "You shouldn't talk so much, though."

"The matter is this," he said, as if he hadn't heard me. "I married Catherine before I went away. She was very sick when I left England, and she may have a baby for all I know. I'd like to see the baby. I won't see it, of course. I'm in for the big transfer."

"Don't talk nonsense," I said. "You'll be all right. So you married Catherine."

"Yes," he said. "I married her. What about it?"

"Nothing," I said. "I should have known it, though. It is a little late for congratulations now."

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "In your way, you were in love with her. But you didn't see how clean she was, how proud, how brave. You didn't see the good things — you couldn't!"

"I'm sorry," I muttered. "I'm terribly sorry."

He smoked silently for a few moments. The glow of the cigarette lighted up his face. It was calm and very grave.

"You are not my friend," he said. "But you are an officer and a gentleman. Will you do something for me?"

"Yes," I said.

"When you get out of here and get back to London, go to Catherine. She isn't working in that dirty place any more. You'll find her address in my tunic. Go to her and tell her that I love her, that I love her very much. And I thank her for everything, for all the happiness that forty days of a man's life can hold."

"Yes," I said. I didn't feel like talking very much.

"Another thing," he said. "You're a big shot in London. You can do things. Look after Catherine and the baby. Just in a small way, you know. A woman needs some advice and some friends. She hasn't got a decent soul in London. All her people are over in France."

"I'll do it," I said. "I'll wire to my solicitors and my mother, and I'll do it right away. I'll take care of her."

"That's good," he said. "I knew you'd do it." He was lying back, comfortable and relaxed. His hands were lying on his chest like sleeping animals. They were strong and almost clumsy hands, the hands of a mechanic. "It was nice of you to come over and see me. How did you know I was here?"

"I really came to see the officer command," I said. "We were in a te rible spot out there when the jeeps can you know."

He propped himself up on his elbo and looked at me. His face had a ne dignity when he said, "I am the offic in command. Captain Rosenbloom w hit right at the beginning of that scra I had to take over."

"Suppose I have to thank you," I sa gruffly. "Mine and my men's liv weren't worth tuppence out there t day."

"It was a fool thing you did," he sai "Open flanks and rear. No reconnai sance. That's the desert, Captain. Tha not the courtyard of St. James."

"Yes, sir," I said and drew myself u

SMITH didn't look at me. He looke over to the west where the dusk w lying over the desert like a green ve woven of glass. The Germans fired st shells up in the air; they went up quick like rockets, stayed a little and floate down again, red and purple sparks b tween sky and earth.

"It's beautiful," he murmured. "It like Leicester Square without blackou Good old London! Remember whe you told me to get an honorable di charge?"

"Yes," I said, "I remember."

"I'll have it in an hour or so," he sa and grinned a little. "Bleeding to deat —inside, you know. I've seen it qui a few times down here."

"You're a silly ass," I said. "Yo won't get away that easy. I also re member that you still owe me som money. You better get well soon an pay me back. Two pounds and the ti wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "but you owe me you life, and so we are even." His smil grew deeper, and he said with a ligh clear, almost boyish voice, "Report t G.H.Q. Whitechapel pulls Oxford ou of a jam."

"Go to hell!" I said.

"I'll be there before you," he sai "Good night."

"Good night," I said. "And God bles you, lad!"

I went away. When I came back late in the night, he was dead. His face wa still dirty and grimy, but it was ver peaceful, and the corners of his lip were curved upward a little, as if h were still smiling.

THE END



"Every time your father has a brainstorm it costs me money!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Here's one great advantage the Axis can't match...

"THE PENNSYLVANIA PLUS"*



"The big margin of superiority Nature gave to Pennsylvania grade crude oil

In that last 30 seconds of a dog fight . . . in that blinding pull-out of a dive-bomber . . . our flyers know that Pennsylvania oils add a positive superiority to engine performance.

These oils give a flyer the edge, with a superiority as definite and as outstanding as the superiority of the U. S. bomb-sight.

All the conquests of the aggressor nations have given them no lubricants comparable to those produced from Pennsylvania grade crude oil. And no synthetic substitutes even remotely approach Nature's greatest contribution to the lubrication of war machines...lubricants made from this same Pennsylvania grade crude oil.

Quaker State, for many years a leader in this quality field, refines this Pennsylvania crude with long-acquired skill . . . with the most modern equipment . . . with the most advanced processes. These Quaker State oils are going into the war, spreading the fighting film of Pennsylvania molecules inside many types of engines . . . molecules that no motor can tear apart, and no Axis scientist can put together. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.



STABILIZED QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

"Tobacco Got So Scarce

I Even Smoked—Raspberry Leaves"

A Britisher from Ambleside
Enjoyed his pipe so much,
That when tobacco got quite scarce
He started smoking such
Uninspiring substitutes as
Ripened raspberry leaf—
Until one day, from far away
A package brought relief.

An American friend had sent a blend
Named Edgeworth—from abroad,
And the Briton wrote a grateful note,
To thank him and to laud
The kindness and warm-heartedness
Of most American folks—
"And I'm thrilled," he said,
"to learn how grand
Your brand of Edgeworth smokes!"



We wish you could read that entire letter. "I often think," continued the Englishman, "if I could return to earth in 100 years' time, one of the things I should look for with most interest would be the picture presented by your great country, America." Well, if he did return 100 years from now, we are sure he'd find EDGEWORTH . . . still America's Finest Pipe Tobacco!

Enjoy a generous sample of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 211 22nd Street, Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH
"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

Elf Woman

Continued from page 28

She whispered yes, trying to draw down the tangle of her hair. "And I am afraid," she added, seeing him frown.

"Of what, girl?"

But she would not say of what. She only worked at her skein of wool, and the Icelander rubbed his yellow head, not satisfied. "This is Rang Dale," he explained, nodding at the valley. "And that is Rang River."

"And what man are you?"

"Rang."

At that she laughed.

"I am Caill—I would like well," her voice chimed like a bell, "to be in Rang's house up there." She nodded, wistfully. "Then perhaps I would not be frightened."

Considering this carefully as he did all such matters, Rang frowned.

This seemed to frighten her again. "I can turn mare's milk into good sour cream," she whispered. "I can—weave wool into cloth."

Now that Rang had considered, he announced his judgment. "Food you may have, foot-loose girl, in my house, and shelter against this night's cold. But this claim of mine I will not share."

She flung up her head, trembling. "Bright you may be, and full of wealth, and proud by good right. Dark though I am, and without a claim—yet I will never set my foot in your house."

"Suit yourself, Caill," Rang agreed.

And he went away angry, wondering what could make the girl over there afraid in this valley. No harm could be hidden here where his ancestors had lived by the stud of horses.

His father had found death in the sea, coming back on the west voyage with sheep from the Green land, when there had been famine on Iceland. His grandfather had come to a peaceful end when he had broken his back in a wrestling bout—for the Icelander folk were mighty wrestlers—at the Althing bullfeast. Yea, and *his* sire had never come back from venturing on the uplands too close to the Sleeper.

For that Sleeper who lay outstretched beneath the island stirred at times in his sleep. When he turned over, the earth shook. The mutter of his waking ran along the land—the steam of his breath filled the sky and came down in ashes around the mountain. Those ashes choked to death men who were caught on the mountain.

And then the Sleeper spat out molten rock and steam from his mouth. The fire of his spittle ran down the glaciers, turning ice into steam. Rang knew the signs of the Sleeper's waking. *Black lines upon the snow of the mountainside.*

IT WAS in the mist of the next morning that he heard the wailing. His ponies broke and ran uphill. And Rang, who had not heard the like before, traced it down to the water.

On the far side walked a dark man. Under his arm he pressed a skin—he blew his breath into one end of a pipe, and moved his fingers over another pipe.

Rang hurried and leaped the waterfall. The stranger stopped, staring. "Now that was something to do!" he shouted. "But I can liken it easy."

He sounded a blast on the pipes. Then putting aside the pipes, he faced Rang and leaped in his tracks, cracking his heels high in the air where his head had been.

Rang reached angrily for the pipes, but this stranger moved quickly before him, pulling a knife from his belt. Steel flashed under Rang's chin, and the Icelander stepped back, surprised.

"You frighten the beasts!" he exclaimed.

The man of the mist nodded.

"I frighten more than beasts," he said softly, "when the mood is on me. For I am a ready man at slaying or maraudding or thieving. Yea, I will match you, Icelander, at what you will."

He grinned crookedly, and nodded. "It is easy to see that you are a sleepy and simple man, very tender in what you do." Sheathing his knife, he took up his pipes carefully. "But now I am making the pipes sing to bring a smile to the lips of this elf-maid."

Then Rang saw that the girl Caill was perched on a rock with her staff of wool, watching them.

"You are quick to boast," he remarked, "Honeywords."

He thought of that name because the dark man had a soft, throaty voice.

"Yea—quicker than you will ever be," said Honeywords. "For I have fared forth over the seven seas, and my eyes have seen all the wonders of the world itself. I have seen the dragon that swims this sea of yours with ten legs creeping on one side, and ten on the other. Can you match that, Icelander?"

The girl Caill was coming closer, listening.

"Well, hear this," growled Rang, who was no hand at words. "In the dark of a night my eyes can see. Yea, every stone of this valley I can see."

Honeywords grinned. "Easy to do, when that volcano of yours spits out fire. Now, hear this, horse-herder! Through wind and wave and mist have I come hither. Yea, from Saint Patrick's isle have I come in a skiff without a sail. Can you match that?"

His eyes gleamed and snapped, while Rang thought slowly as usual.

Then Rang's dog barked, far off.

"What may that be?" Caill asked.

Up the river scores of men were climbing, feeling their way around the quicksands. They had round shields slung to their backs, and they carried spears that were not fish spears.

"Raiders," quoth Honeywords. "Now there will be a gathering of spoil and a shedding of blood, and a great rapine in Iceland." Rang had far-seeing eyes, and he made out a ship drawn up on the shore. Its prow reared up, shaped a dragon's head. From its stern h two steering oars, like legs.

"There sits your dragon," he said, the beach."

Some of the ship's crew were lett themselves down over the side.

"Who are the raiders?" he as Honeywords, who seemed to know that went on at sea.

"I am not so curious," Honeywo shook his head," as to want to look them closer to find out. Nay, I will me the other way." Tucking his pi under his arm, he caught at the I lander. "Man, are ye beside yoursel

For Rang had seen some of th raiders spreading themselves out ward his ponies, grazing down by river, and he jerked away from piper.

"You run quickly," Honeywo shouted, "to find your death. T away!"

With empty hands Rang was hur ing down to the river. "He had warning," Honeywords muttered. "N I must be hiding you, Caill."

"The sheep!" cried the girl. And was off, scrambling through the roc looking for her animals.

HONEYWORDS looked around h thoughtfully. With no one to him, he crossed the stream, and ran to the Icelander's hut. Thrusting shaggy head through the door curta he blinked at something that hung fr the roof, gleaming in the late afterno sun. A heavy silver ring, lopsid When the men of Rang's family gain a bit of silver, they had heated it, a molded it to this ring. They had ke this treasure of silver carefully. Hone words felt its weight curiously.

Rang hurried down his land to t leader of the shipmen, where they h caught his ponies. They had their l bandaged, they had iron shirts on th bodies, they carried wallets and a and short swords. Silently they watch him. Two of them stepped around t hind him.

And Rang felt the chill of fear in blood. This leader, this tall man w leaned on a spear, had the half of boar's head over his own. The snc



"Here's a door mat your husband just can't resist using"

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHASE



Liberators Courageous . .

Brave men . . . massed in landing boats, eager for action, attacking to liberate the oppressed peoples of the world.

Now America strikes with all its might and fury . . . fine fighting forces under capable, courageous officers, with superb equipment.

To make the task easier, to get it done more quickly, American industry must produce more and more . . . all Americans must buy more of the War Bonds that back our fighting forces.

Building the boats shown above in greater quantities than ever before is but a part of the war-time, full-time job of Chris-Craft . . . it's one of our contributions to the cause of Liberty.



For production "Well Done" we proudly fly the Army-Navy "E" at all three Chris-Craft Factories.

★ ★ ★ **CHRIS-CRAFT** ★ ★ ★

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION • 4611 DETROIT ROAD, ALGONAC, MICHIGAN

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS



20,000 TIRE MILES

Wasted thru Carelessness

The trouble started with a small nail hole. Dirt, oil and water seeped into the hole, rotted the fabric—then . . . BANG . . . a good tire was GONE.

"DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO *You*" SAYS . .



★ The tire you see pictured above would have been good for at least 20,000 additional miles . . . IF . . . the small nail hole had been repaired when it was small. But . . . the motorist was careless—he didn't have the small hole repaired—and a big blowout resulted, which so badly damaged the tire that it was impossible to safely repair it.

Bob Bowes

President and Founder of the Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation, Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs



LOOK FOR BOWES TIRE SAVING STATION SIGNS

★ The service stations that display these signs are tire repair experts . . . factory trained. Take your tires to them, frequently, for careful inspection. Their equipment enables them to carefully examine your tires, inside and out, and discover and repair damaged places before it's too late. Frequent inspection and expert repairs with Bowes "Seal Fast" Tire Repair Materials will add from 25 to 50% to your tire mileage.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION · INDIANAPOLIS

and the bristles were gleaming gold.

"Why do you make a landfall here, Swinehead?" Rang asked.

The tall man looked at Rang's empty hands. "We saw the skiff." Softly he spoke, with a twang to his words that was not Icelandic. "Men call me Hjor."

His curling beard twitched in a smile, as Rang looked over him. A dragon's head on a boat's prow—a swine's head on a man. Long iron weapons in the hands of a hundred shipmen. Never had such things as these appeared on his beach before.

"Then, Hjor, turn loose my ponies."

Gently Hjor shook his head, and the jeweled eyes of the boar gleamed. "Why, no. Some of us can ride them to town, youngling." He stared at Rang's skin jacket and uncut hair. "Are the Icelander-folk all as dumb as you?"

NOW Rang was beginning to understand that these were no guests or settlers making a landfall.

"Yea, they are dumb as their cattle, Hjor!" Honeywords shouted, running up. "They tend horses and catch the fish of the sea. Now they herd themselves in the Town, to make laws. There they listen to the law-talk of their chieftain, Gizur the Old."

It seemed to Rang that Honeywords must have discovered all this from the foot-loose girl.

"By Freya's boar, where is this Town?" Hjor scanned the empty ridges that closed in Rang's valley. "I see it not."

"Two hours over hill and dale," chanted Honeywords. "Ochune! Good are the signs. The menfolk of this coast will be sitting at their Hill of Laws. Wait, Hjor—abide here until night falls, lord of the Kattegat and Skagerrak—spoiler of ships! There will be a moon to light the path to the slaying and spoiling. There will be a wailing of women, when your seafarers run in with their swords. Yea, good are the signs, Hjor." Shuffling his feet and fingering his pipes, he grinned up at the raider. "Only wait until dark. And I will be after spying and peering before you, along the way. I will be your forerunner to the destruction, even as I found this landing place, marking it with the skiff. I will go on ahead—"

Gently Hjor shook his head. "You will stay by me, piper."

"Nay, this horse-herder knoweth the way. Let him lead you, Hjor."

"He will lead and you will follow."

For the first time Rang realized that the words he had heard meant that these two would seize the herds and the silver of all the Icelanders they found, and would slaughter the men, like cattle. No one in the Town could have noticed their arrival in this valley.

This much being clear to him, Rang reasoned that he must forewarn the folk in the Town. Edging toward a pony, as Hjor's men drove the herd up toward his hut, Rang jumped to it. Swinging himself up, he kicked at the animal's ribs.

Something whisked through the air, as the pony sprang forward. It fell away beneath him. Rolling over, the Icelander saw a spear-shaft thumping the ground, and the point of it was through the pony's loins. The horse cried out.

Hot anger came over Rang when he saw this. Tears ran from his eyes, and he threw himself at the nearest of those raiders, to grapple him. The man laughed and stepped back, bringing the flat of his ax down over Rang's ear.

"He sheds tears," the raider gibed, "before he is hurt."

Blood ran from the Icelander's head. Fingers of pain tore beneath his skull as he tried to raise himself. He heard Caill's voice cry, shrill with fear.

Hjor looked around sharply. "Find me his woman."

The weapon-men were starting to beat through the dwarf birches w Honeywords pranced out in fron them. "Yonder she hides."

Up the river he pointed, at a gr mound, where there was no sign living being. "Yonder in the elf-mo An elf-maid, she, dwelling beneath grass until the rising of the moon. that is the hour of her coming f upon the earth."

Hjor grunted, but some of his came closer to hear.

"When the moon is full upon this maid," Honeywords explained, sings, and she combs her hair wi shining comb. Some of you, may have seen the mermaids of the wa Fairer indeed is this elf woman. W as wands, her arms. Like fruit blosso her breasts. With her distaff she wer a mist of magic about her, and if can enter *that,* you will find her de than mortal women."

"No such lorelei lives!" Hjor snar He and his men thought no more looking for a woman. Instead, pul Rang with him, he pushed into the The sunset was fading, and Hjor pee at the Icelander's hunting weap "Sticks and cords!" The tined fish spear he tossed away contemptuou And with the throwing stick, he po into the chest where the Icelander k his precious things—the green cloak silk that had been his mother's, and jewelry he had made her out of pe shell. These Hjor tossed aside ind ferently. Spitting into the steam water pool, he called for Honeywo

Rang noticed that the silver ring, treasure, had vanished from its co And the raiders discovered that the per of Erin was not to be found. In twilight, he had slipped away while H was inspecting the hut. Hjor breath deep. "By Freya's boar!"

Taking up Rang's roping pole, broke the shaft away from the cord, a jerked the noose over Rang's he tightening it about his throat until injured head ached.

"You feel that?" he asked softly. "Y will cut the skin from your head a pull it off and leave you for the wolv to find, Icelander, if you do not lead by the shortest way to the Town. you understand that?"

"Yes," said Rang.

KNOTTING the free end of the ro about his own left wrist, Hjor we outside, pulling Rang with him. I peered into the dense mist over the riv "Can you see your way through this

"Yes," said Rang. "Soon the mo will be clear on the hills."

For a while, until the moon showe Hjor inspected the foot of the trail th led to Town. Tracks cut up the groun and it was broad enough for his men ride two abreast.

When the moon's glow show through the mist above them, he peer into Rang's eyes from beneath t boar's head. "You," he advised, "go fir and go quietly." Rang felt a cold ir point sear the flesh under his shoulde "And keep to the path or you will ha the whole of this blade in your guts

Silently Rang started up the path t the river. He did not think he wou come down again into that valley.

Then he heard a voice singing, clear than the rush of the stream. After step or two he saw the moonlight fu upon the top of the grass mound, and woman singing there, bending ove combing at her hair.

Soft she sang, heedless of the me the silk of her green cloak shining o her slender body, with a necklace gleam ing on her bare throat.

For a moment Rang hardly knew to be Caill, so different she seemed.

"The lorelei!" said someone.

By her bare feet lay the distaff, an around her the mist thinned away. Th

lines of men edged toward her, staring. They came around the mound hungrily.

"Fetch her along," Hjor said. "We have no time to play with the young witch now."

So the moon was higher when they started up the path again, with Caill among the men. And Rang pondered, each step sending pain shooting into his head. He wished that he had some of Honeywords' cunning. For in that night light he could see; still that did not help him to make a plan.

He saw where the path forked ahead of him, and that showed him something he could do. He stopped. "On the right hand," he said to Hjor, "goes the path through the dales, easy to follow but long. On the left goes to hill path—"

"Up or down, take the short way. Stir yourself, animal."

And Rang turned left, climbing. Here he did not know the landmarks, for this path led up to the white glaciers of the Sleeper, not to the Town, and Rang had never explored it. Out of the birch clumps he climbed, past the face of black rocks shining with wet, out along a ridge crowning one of the glaciers. White and cold lay the ice.

Above him he could see the breath of the Sleeper puffing out, after he counted ten and seven each time. He was thinking about Caill, who seemed so beautiful now in the moonlight in her fine cloak, and what might happen to her presently.

They were passing under bare rocks, skirting the edge of the glacier when Hjor jerked the rope hard. "I see no roofs about here. Where sits this Town?"

Rang did not answer, because he was holding his breath. A cloud of smoke billowed down over them, and the men began to cough, choking. Edging closer to Caill, he whispered, "Hold your breath." Some of the ponies neighed and plunged.

A squealing and a wailing broke out above them, in the smoke, as if fiends danced there. The ponies reared, clattering on the loose stones along the path above the glacier. One of the raiders yelled in fear.

"'Tis that mad piper of Erin," Hjor shouted, "who swore by his soul he would deliver Iceland to us."

His eyes aflame with suspicion, he whirled on Rang. A stick whistled through the air and clanged against his headgear. A throwing stick, Rang saw it to be. A long fish spear followed, out of the smoke, sticking in a man's thigh.

Lifting his shield, Hjor stopped. A stone smashed against the shield.

"The mountain lives!" a man shouted, staring. Along that path bedlam was breaking loose, with the whistle of the wind, the billowing of smoke, the hurling of weapons, and men tumbling from frightened ponies.

Above them, in the rocks, shapes in fishskins and seal pelts jumping. Rang saw them to be the fishers and hunters of the Iceland folk. A net sailing down upon the heads of the nearest raiders, and the while the pipes of Erin wailing—

Rang jumped among his ponies, shouting at them, and they headed back, rushing down the path, spilling men. Then the rope tore at Rang's throat, hauling him back.

LIGHT arrows rattled against the iron shirts of the raiders, and sling-stones slashed their faces. From between the rocks a seal hunter slipped, to make a cast with his roping-pole, and catch a warrior in the noose, throwing him. Amazed, the weapon-men were ducking and scrambling for shelter.

Then Hjor's voice boomed out: "Sticks and stones and smoke, messmates! You are hiding your heads from fishing folk. Up with you!"

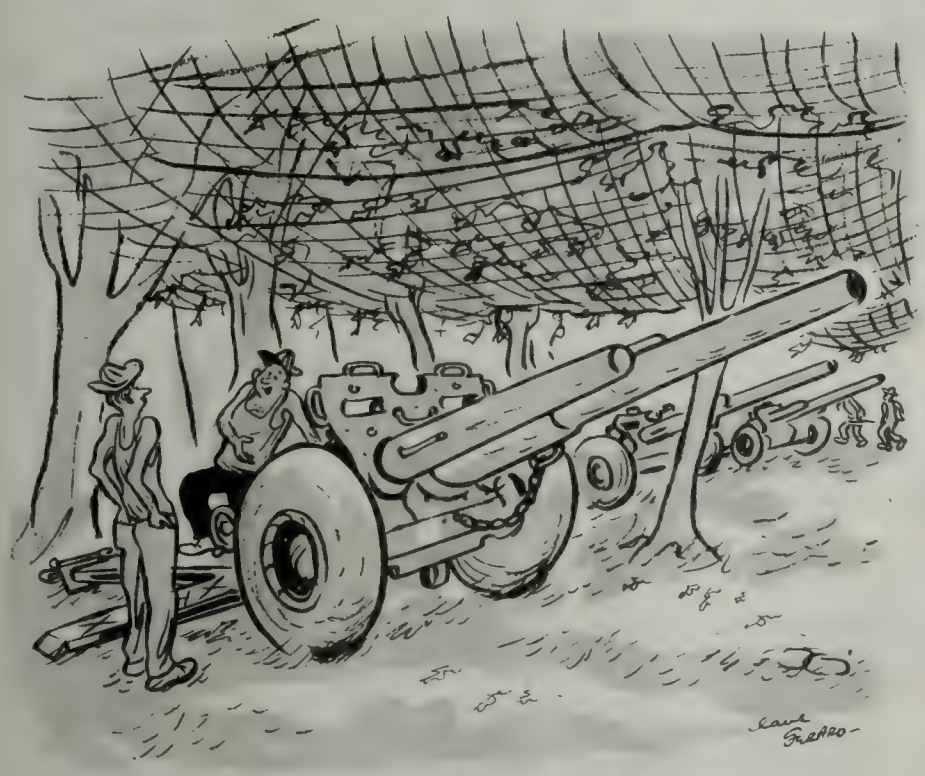
Climbing to a rock, he called those raiders together: "Shield wall! Shield wall!"

Obedient to his voice, the war band gathered, shields overlapping. Limping and uncertain, they rallied toward Hjor's voice: "Fight down to the ship, lads!"

Unnoticed for that instant, Rang pulled the noose from his neck. "I will show you a way down," he shouted, forgetting the pain in his head, running toward Hjor's rock. Up to the rock he leaped with empty hands. Before Hjor could strike at him, his legs and arms caught around the warrior in a wrestler's grip. The blow knocked Hjor off balance, and Rang locked his arms.

The two of them rolled off the rock, and Rang shoved Hjor out upon the glacier ice. As he did so, he felt himself shoot downward. Sliding, he let his body go limp, and curled his arms about his head.

Over the gray ice he slid faster, scraping against rocks. He whirled around, and brought up in soft, wet snow. He



"I understand there's enough scrap in one of these babies to make the prettiest little convertible coupé you ever saw!"

COLLIER'S — DAVID C. GERARD

IN EVERY PIPEFUL OF

REVELATION



5 GREAT TOBACCOS

Perfectly Blended—and

CUT 5 DIFFERENT WAYS

for Better Smoking!

Why is it you get such a cool, even and mellow smoke from REVELATION? Where does all that fragrance come from—that gentle, no-bite mildness? It's REVELATION'S *five superb tobaccos*—marvelously blended and cut! Each ripe tobacco lends its own rich flavor! *Yet—all that goodness is only 15¢!*

"MIXTURES" OF 1 OR 2 TOBACCOS CAN'T TOUCH REVELATION!

LEFT: Ordinary mixture . . . 1-cut tobacco mats down—keeps heat — causes soggy heel and "sour" pipe!

RIGHT: REVELATION. Five different cuts *packs perfectly*—pipe "breathes" — burns cool and sweet!

BURLEY (Cool burning). **VIRGINIA** (Rich body). **CAROLINA** (Adds sparkle). **LATAKIA** (Spicily aromatic flavor). **PERIQUE** (Champagne of tobaccos).

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS



got to his feet, finding no bones broken.

A stone's throw away lay Hjor without his sword, but with his shield arm twisted under him. The heavy shield had caught fast beneath the snow and Hjor groaned. Rang jumped on him with his knees. He caught Hjor's beard and twisted it one way, while he knelt on the man's broken shoulder. And Hjor yelped at the pain.

Sliding and scrambling, Honeywords appeared beside them, pulling out his sheath knife.

"Let me stick it in his throat," he panted.

Rang shoved the piper away, and Honeywords gibed at him: "Horse-herder! Slay him now, or he will feed you to the birds!"

But Rang was thinking about that. He felt anger rise in him, because Hjor's men had killed the pony. Still, he thought how they would obey Hjor's voice. So thinking, he ground his knee again into Hjor, and the warrior yelled, tears running from his eyes.

"Call to your war band up there," Rang said, "to throw down their shields and weapons, or you will weep more than that."

"What then?" gasped Hjor, sweating.

Rang considered. "The Iceland folk will summon you to trial for making a landfall with weapons."

Hjor's eyes gleamed when he heard this. He nodded his head, and Rang got up from his knee. Swallowing hard, Hjor shouted up at the path, "Down shields, Hjor's men. Throw away your swords. The power of magic on this mountain is too much for us!"

Faces peered down at them through the drifting smoke, and they heard iron clatter upon stones. Rang felt with his feet in the snow, and took up Hjor's sword, while Honeywords stared at him as if he had changed his shape.

"By the powers!" the man of Erin cried. "You shall not be saying at the court that I was forerunner of these sea-snakes, Rang. Look ye! I ran fast to the town, and summoned forth the folk, to keep you from being cut out of your skin. So you owe your life to me. Do you understand, Rang?"

"Yes," said Rang.

ON THE beach, when the moon was high, the Iceland court held inquest upon the raiders. The court sat by the dragon-ship.

Gizur the Old sat by the fire they had lighted, with good men and true from the Thing to consider the judgment after witness had been taken. On one hand sat hundreds of the hunters and fishers, with the weapons, the iron shirts and the shields of the raiders close by them. On the other side, away from the ship, sat Hjor and his raiders with empty hands.

Gizur pulled at his white mustache, and spoke each word carefully. For the law of Iceland, made by the first comers to the land, was older than Britain or the Angle and Saxon folk, and it was the duty of the old men like Gizur to see that the law suffered no change.

The witnesses, Gizur said, had established that these raiders summoned before the court had suffered some flesh wounds but no body or bone or death wounds. So he took no account of those flesh wounds. The Icelander Rang, however, had suffered a head wound, and the raider Hjor a broken shoulder. These he set against each other and took no more account of them.

Hjor breathed easier when he heard this.

"The death of the pony is to be atoned for," Gizur continued. "And for that I will let Rang name his award."

Standing up before all that court, Rang considered carefully what the true value of the pony might be. "Hjor's sword I shall take," he announced, "in full atonement." He thought a good ax could be forged out of the blade.

And Hjor almost laughed, seeing how carefully the Icelanders dealt with little things. Not so Honeywords. "What a simple folk you are," he gibed, "and tender in what you do! Will you be after letting these manslayers go off scot-free in their ship? They will come back to take the hides off you. Whatever!"

Now in this, Honeywords was thinking about his own hide. But Gizur the Old was not pleased.

"A word more," Gizur said, "and you will be in contempt of this court, man of Erin. The law may not please you, but in this land men must have equal right, by law." Hjor sprang up, to run with his men to the ship and push off, when Gizur bade him wait, as there was one more point to be judged. "It is evident, Hjor, that you and your shipmates made a landfall at this spot with intent to do bodily harm."

Hjor stopped as if struck, and Gizur added that he could plead his own cause.

"True enough, we made a landfall," muttered Hjor, looking about him cunningly. "But where is the witness who says we came with any malice aforethought? I do not see him."

"There are the witnesses." Gizur said.

"They are those killing weapons of yours." Gizur nodded. "Nay, those swords and battle axes and spears were made for manslaughter. And by carrying them you are guilty of intent to kill. For that, atonement must be made."

Chewing his beard, Hjor waited.

"I award," said Gizur slowly, "to those who were to be killed but are not—to the Iceland folk—all goods and gear that are movable upon your dragon-ship."

"And the ship itself?" demanded Hjor.

"That is yours." And Gizur ordered him sharply with his men into it—to the stern. Those raiders hurried to obey, hiding their exultation. They watched the Icelanders, armed with the killing-weapons, haul fur cloaks and beer kegs and dried fish and a chest of gold from the dragon-ship. Every bit of cloth and loose rope and every sea chest, the Icelanders passed down to the beach. They even pulled the long steering oars from the stern and heaved out the rowing benches. When Hjor shouted protest, Gizur reminded him that the oars were movable gear. And he bade the Icelanders throw out the rowing oars.

At this, Hjor stormed forward. Then Gizur with his own knife cut the yard sheets, and the yard came down. Iceland fishermen slashed loose the one great sail of the dragon-ship and tossed it to the sand.

"Robbers!" yelled Hjor, in a fury. "How will we sail—"

The dragon-ship began to move out into the swell. Scores of fishermen shoved at its sides, running it out into deep water. The ship slid past the break in the swell, and turned slowly caught by the offshore wind.

"This is murder," roared Hjor, his hands groping for a stick or a pole in vain.

"No," Gizur shouted back, where the armed fishermen waited in the swell, "it is what you had in mind, intent to do manslaughter. You will judge for yourself how it turns out."

The dragon-ship drifted farther out into the moonlight.

Rang did not see it. He went to where Caill sat, and she held out the fine silk cloak and the pearl shell trinkets to him. "Those are yours, Rang."

Instead of taking them, Rang shook his head.

"Why did you make yourself into an elf-maid," he demanded, "sitting on that mound?"

"I thought I could beguile them into looking at me," she whispered, "so you could escape." A shadow of the old fear touched her eyes. "Why did you leap upon Hjor up on the mountain?"

"I could not have them fighting where you might be harmed."

"You are foolish," she said, laughing. "You were not like that at first."

BENDING over, he picked her up in his arms, and began to carry her. Along his river, up his land he carried her, to his hut. And he would have carried her across the threshold if Honeywords had not jumped out into the moonlight close by it. He peered at those two and he grumbled.

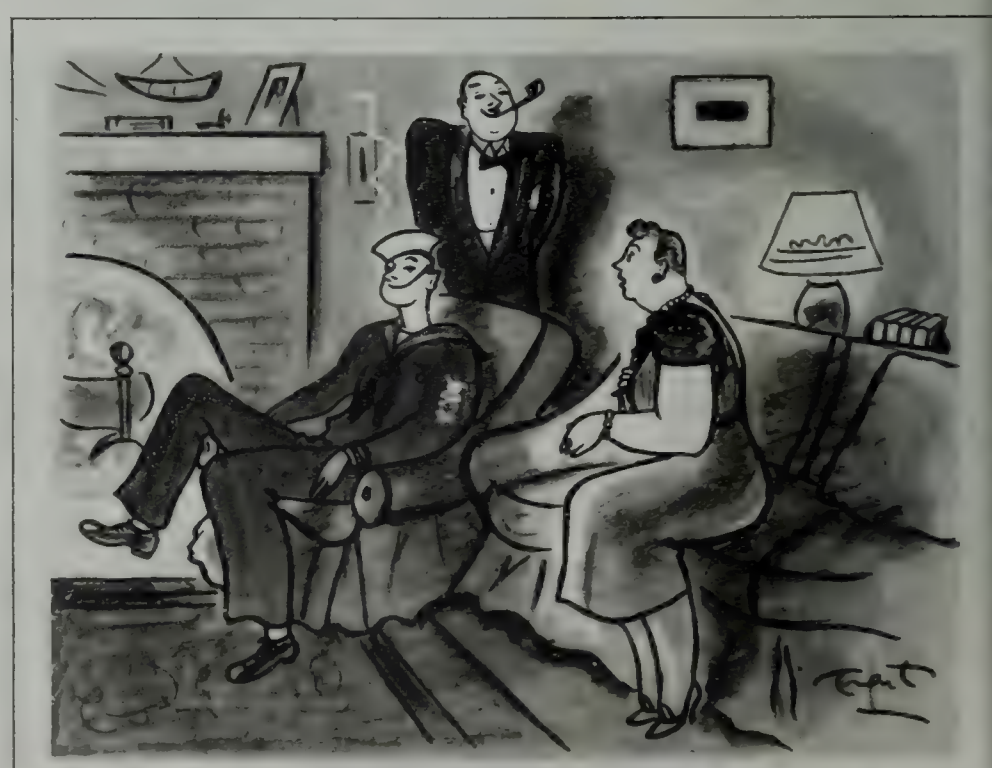
"Ochune! Too tenderhearted and simple am I."

"You!" cried Caill. "Indeed you are a fine, scheming man."

Honeywords looked into her face, and shook his head. "I could have had gold and gear as the forerunner of the sea raiders. Yet for the sight of a girl and the sake of a boy, I saved Iceland. 'Tis the heart of a poet I have and nothing else."

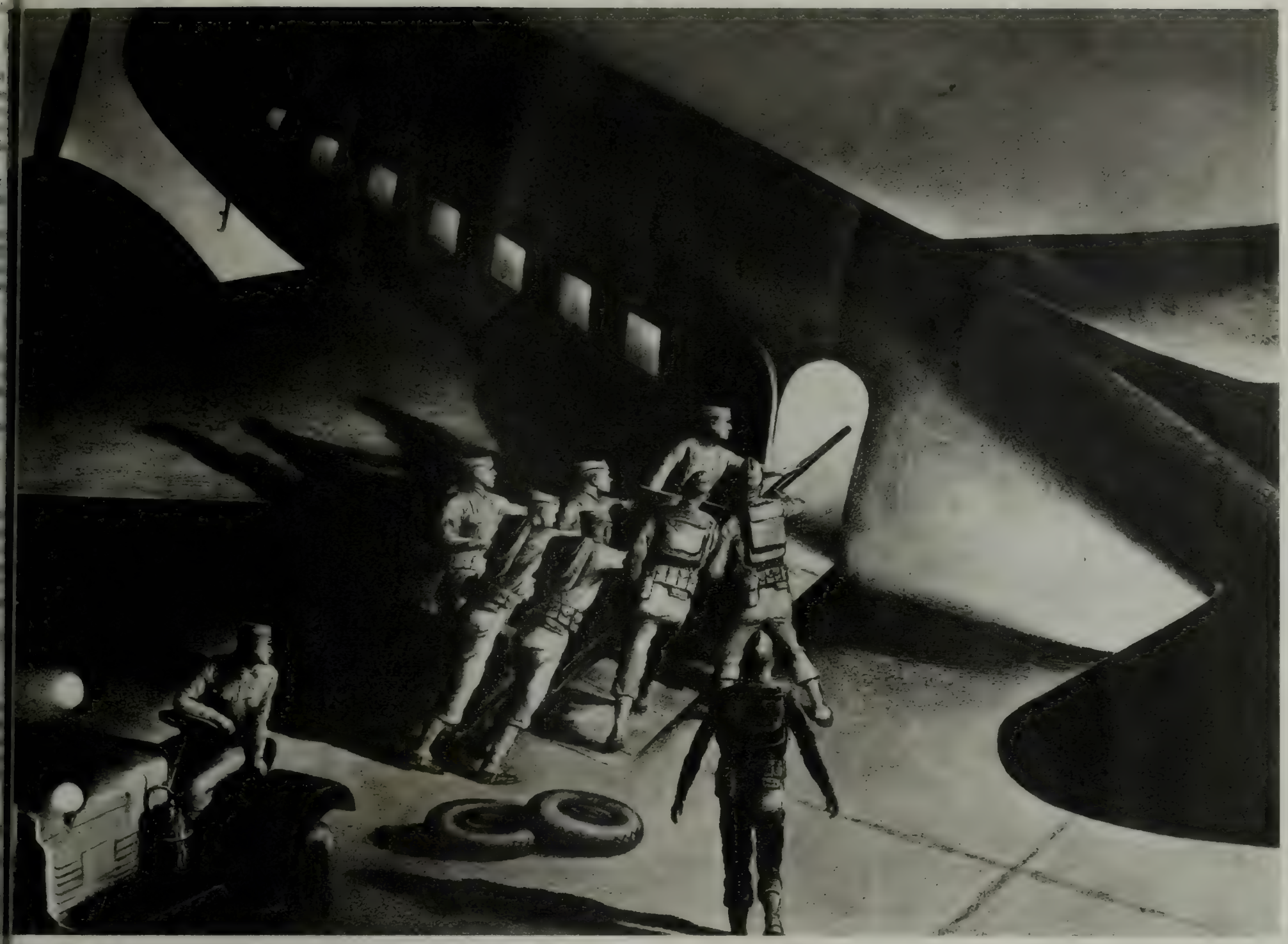
Listening, they heard the wail of his pipes as he walked away, the sound of it soft and mournful as he pressed the bag under his arm. But they did not see over his other arm Rang's ring of silver.

THE END



"But, Winslow, I can't go telling my friends you're a storekeeper second class!"

COLLIER'S W. P. TRENT



THE CAISSONS GO ~~ROLLING~~ *flying* ALONG

WHEREVER we may strike the enemy . . . in the Aleutians or in Africa . . . reserve ghting power is needed . . . and needed fast. When time is too short for overland or water auls, there is only one thing to do . . . FLY.

Today, a huge fleet of Airline-operated transport lanes are on military duty in the United States nd throughout the world.

n cases of emergency, they can concentrate uns, ammunition, tank parts, airplane engines, nedical supplies, food and fighting-mad dough-oys at crucial points . . . *in a matter of hours!*

A DUAL JOB

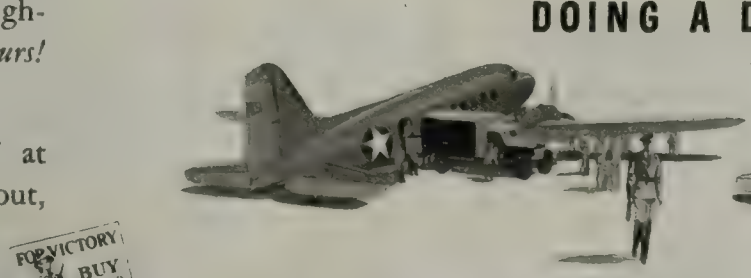
On the all-important "production front" at ome, where the weapons are being turned out, the Airlines of the nation carry on another job essential to the war effort.

24 hours a day—every day—Airline schedules link all important U. S. industrial centers, and key points in more than 60 foreign countries, with 3-mile-a-minute transportation . . . to *gain* precious hours for busy men and vital material . . . to create for the nation what billions of dollars cannot buy . . . TIME itself!

No wonder that the transports operated by the Airlines are called *the busiest airplanes in the world!*

WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY AIR

Make your reservations early through any Airline office or transportation desk. When possible, travel at "off-peak" traffic hours. If plans change, cancel space at once in favor of somebody else. Your coöperation will help us do our "wartime best" in serving the nation's air travel needs.



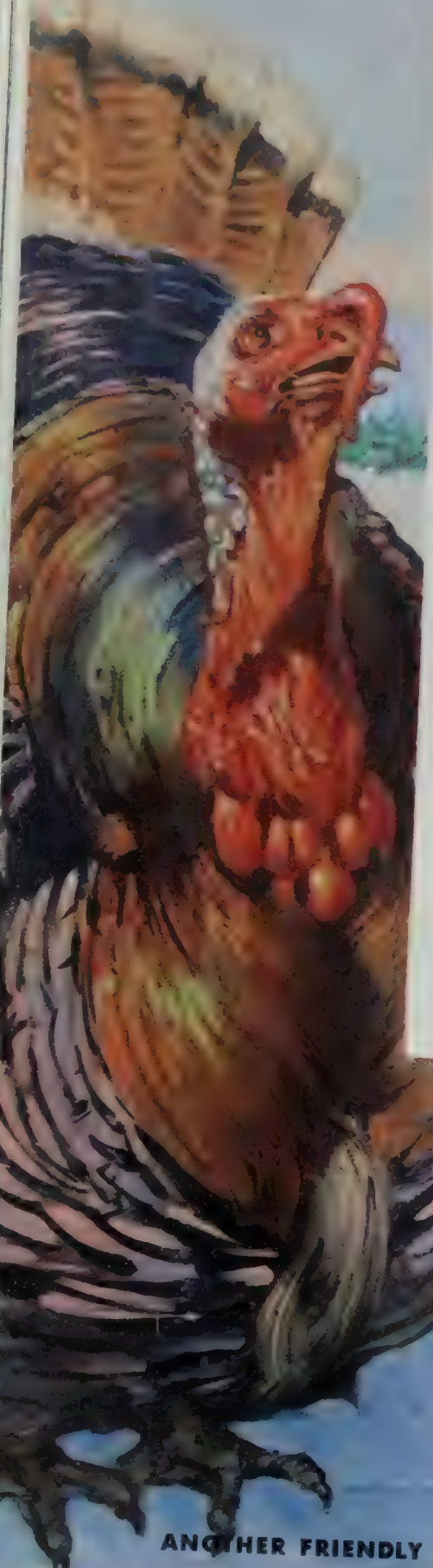
DOING A DUAL JOB

THE 20 AIRLINES OF THE NATION

Represented by the Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

"Pardon Me — Did You say, 'Gobble Gobble'?

That's what Cold Starts do to Gas!"



Do you want long gas mileage, long car mileage? Your Mobilgas Dealer can help you with his fine products and WARTIME CAR SERVICE

STOP REGULARLY at the Sign of Friendly Service. Let your Mobilgas Dealer...

1 Protect your radiator with Mobil Freezone.

2 Inspect windshield wipers, heater, chains.

3 Drain crankcase and refill with famous Mobiloil Arctic—world's largest-selling winter oil.

4 Give motor *Winter* Mobilgas—America's favorite for fast-firing starts, long winter mileage.

5 Check your battery every two weeks.

6 Mobilubricate chassis at regular intervals — with special *Winter* Mobilgreases!

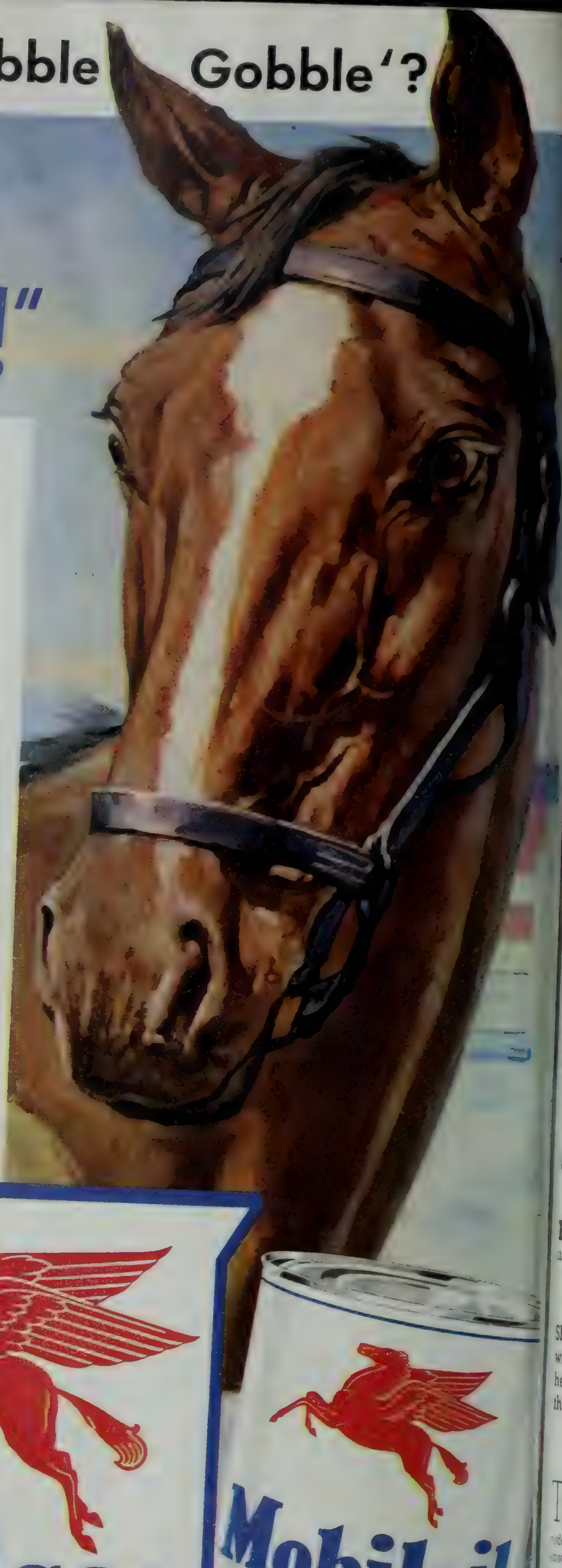
7 Check tire pressure weekly — to prevent unnecessary wear and reduce danger of skidding.

8 Protect gears — make shifting easier — with *Winter* Mobiloil Gear Oil.

9 Adjust spark plugs for fast-firing winter starts —important gasoline savings.

10 Clean air-filter regularly. (Helps save gasoline!) Change oil-filter at least once a year. (Helps prevent costly engine wear!)

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of California.



ANOTHER FRIENDLY SERVICE

Raymond Gram Swing—

BLUE NETWORK

COAST-TO-COAST, 10 P.M., E.W.T.

MON. TUES. WED. THURS.

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM



MOBIL-IZE YOUR CAR FOR WINTER



"How come you ain't off a-fighting?" Bessie White demanded. Luke began to tell her. "You're a deserter," she said softly

The Foxes Have Holes

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

She judged him harshly, and when she came to see that he had been right she found that time had cheated her

THE old man rode with long reins, his feet turned awkwardly outward in the stirrups. Slightly behind him rode the army engineer, to whom he was showing land lines. The engineer, reluctantly fascinated by the country history that the old man seemed to think necessary to the confirmation of the land lines, tried to keep abreast, but the borrowed horse that he rode was lazy, and content to stay at the other horse's croup.

"Now, yonder," said the old man, "is the graveyard I was telling you about. I got a granddaddy and a grandma buried there. That grave right yonder has got in it the bones of a infidel fellow. He used to set down and write pieces about there ain't no hell, and suchlike. If he ain't already found out different, maybe he will now, when you Army fellows git through with that bummin' field you're fixing to start."

"There won't be any bombing close to the cemetery," said the engineer.

"Right yonder that branch comes out, and that's where we turn north at. My granddaddy Mandon, he used to own right up to that hammock. I had two granddaddies, like everybody else. One of 'em he was a powerful good man. During the war, when women or niggers was hongry all they had to do was come to Adam Mandon, and he give 'em corn and potatoes. But not an ear of corn would he sell—he said them that had money to buy didn't need it.

"My other granddaddy, West—my daddy's daddy—he had a family of big boys, all of them hardheaded. When the war come, them that wanted to go went, and them that didn't want to go never. There was three of them didn't want to go, not having no niggers nor no argumint with the Yankees—Jeb, Roy, and Pensy. You see them big woods yonder? Them boys holed up in Mandon's Hammock for four years. Adam Mandon had a pit dug under his house, and whenever one of the boys slipped home for a side of meat and a sack of potatoes, they kept the pit ready to slap him into if the soldiers chanced to come looking for him.

"ONE day this infidel fellow—Luke Rayburn his name was—come riding down the road on a skinny young stud horse. Luke Rayburn was a sort of dreamerlike fellow, always thinking up things and writing things, and floating a little too high off the ground to plow or plant potatoes, and when he come he was near-about starved to death. Didn't nobody know him, but Adam Mandon told Rayburn to git down and come in and eat.

"After supper they sat out on the porch, and Rayburn, he paid them back by reading some of the stuff he had wrote. First he read them a piece about there not being no hell—that's how come them to know he was an infidel—and when he was finished he waited for Adam to run him off, but Adam he just sucked his pipe and didn't say nothing. I reckon old Adam had come to see he was just a sort of lunatic. Then he read another piece about how the South hadn't ought to be fighting, and how the same God made niggers that made white folks—and hadn't never meant nobody to be slaves. When he finished that, knowing by now that Adam had four boys in the war, he waited for him to sick the dogs on him, but Adam just set and rocked and didn't say nothing.

So Luke Rayburn he stayed on. But one day some soldiers come by looking for deserters, and the folks hid him in the pit under the house. When the soldiers had went on, old Adam told him he better go to the big woods and hole up with Jeb and Roy and Pensy. So next night, when Pensy come slipping



MORAL: *No matter what needs patching, look in the Classified to have it fixed.*

Now that your auto, radio, rugs (and most everything) must do for the duration, look to the Classified to keep things in condition.

All the tradespeople whom you can call for repairs are arranged under easy-to-find headings in the Classified. Not only are their addresses and telephone numbers given, but in many cases helpful information which will aid you in choosing the ones best fitted to serve you. So . . .



in for rations, Luke Rayburn saddled up his horse and went back with him." . . .

The sun was high when Luke Rayburn and Pensy Mandon reached the hammock. Luke's horse had fattened on corn from the Mandon crib, and he shone with healthy sweat Pensy said, "That's a tol'able nice horse, but I ain't sure Jeb's goan agree for you to keep him. A stud horse will be always squealing and he may git us shot."

"He don't squeal," Luke said. "He's quiet and gentle."

"We'll see what Jeb says," Pensy answered easily.

"I'd hate to have to get shut of him," Luke said. "He's a powerful good horse."

After a while Pensy drew in suddenly, listening. Luke heard nothing. Then Pensy relaxed and they went on, and presently Luke made out the sound of singing . . . *could my zeal no respite know, could my tears forever flow* . . .

"They's a fellow holding a singing school yonder at Pine Ridge church."

Luke hummed along with the hymn; finally he said, impulsively, "Let's wait up a little and listen at them."

Pensy regarded him curiously. "All right, if you're a-mind to. We ain't in no hurry. Is right pretty, ain't it?"

They sat in their saddles, behind a screening head of titi brush, and listened.

As they waited there, a wagon came through the woods, headed for the church, and in it rode two women, one old and the other young. The young woman was driving the mules, her bonnet hanging limp from her neck. Her hair was light brown, and her face held a strange, unhappy beauty.

"Who is that?" Luke whispered, staring at the young woman.

"That's young Widow White, and her ma. Jeff White, he had to go off and git in that mess, and git hisself killed. Durn' fool." Pensy turned his horse. "We better go."

They rode for another hour, until they reached a slow rise of ground that eventually became a wide hill, pine-wooded. Pensy drew up and sat without moving for a time, then he gave a hen-quail whistle several times, after proper intervals. Shortly, from upon the hill, came a clear bobwhite call. They rode up the slope to where Pensy's brothers, Jeb and Roy, were waiting. The two men showed no suspicion of Luke, and accepted him and his horse almost indifferently, once Pensy had assured them that the stallion, to his own knowledge, was quiet.

BOTH men were tall and black-bearded, in contrast to Pensy. Jeb, the oldest, that night told Luke, "If you expect to make out for long without gitting shot, you better learn to know the woods of this hammock. When them soldiers come a-looking it's handy to be like a fox, with always a ready course to run."

Luke said, "'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'"

"You a preacher?" Jeb said.

"He shore ain't no preacher," Pensy said, and then, aside to Jeb, "Just sort of loony."

The horses were not tethered together; they were sentinels posted around the camp, and kept ready saddled. The men always sat facing one another, like cardplayers, each man keeping an eye on his own horse. Any undue alertness on the part of a horse was cause enough for quick mounting and a scattering through the woods.

But the woods were big and there were few alarms. Day by day Luke grew to know the hammock, the creeks and thickets and ponds, the long lime sink that lay, a great crack in the earth, beyond the open pineland and the marshes. Sometimes he rode alone, sometimes Pensy went with him. To Pensy, Luke was an amusement, the way he could talk for hours about God and souls and all.

Luke was alone the day he came upon the cotton field. Two women were chopping the young cotton, the same two women who had passed close to them that day on the way to the singing school, Jeff White's young widow and her mother. His horse hidden farther back in the brush of the woods, Luke lay close by for a long time, watching. The field was not large, but it was more than two women could tend, especially with one of them old and sickly.

A jay saw Luke lying in the brush, and scolded loudly, but the women paid no attention. Once Bessie White stopped in the shade of the woods, not far from him. She pushed her bonnet back from her flushed face, and wiped the sweat from her cheeks. Luke had a desire to stroke the damp hair that she lifted in her hands to cool her head. She turned to the next row. He lay still. He heard again the *cuff cuff* of her hoe.

That evening when the women went in, the old one, in her weariness, forgot her hoe. Luke saw it, and waited. Finally dark came, and the moon rose, shining upon the young cotton leaves. Luke went out into the field and began chopping cotton. He dared chop only a few rows, for more than that would be noticed.

He returned next morning early, and was hidden when they came into the field. He heard Bessie say, "Look, we did a right good day's work yesterday, mamma. More than I figured."

Before long it began to rain, and they had to quit work and go to the house. That night after the rain stopped, Luke slipped quietly to the barn, without even waking up the yard dog, and got a hoe and chopped several more rows. He slept most of the following day, and returned to his secret job that night.

As he hoed, a screech owl called from a tree on the edge of the woods.

At that moment, about twenty yards away, Bessie White said, "What are you doing in my field?"

Startled, he turned, and could see her plainly, and the rifle she held at her hip, leveled at him. He said, "I'm trying to help you."

She came closer, unhesitatingly. "This morning there was hoeing done fresh since the rain. I knowed somebody else done it, and I come to find out who. Now you tell me."

"I seen you had more than you could manage."

"I'll manage," she said grimly. "You tell me what you're up to."

"I ain't nobody to be scared of."

"How come you ain't off a-fighting?" she demanded.

So he began to tell her, but she suddenly interrupted him.

"You're a deserter," she said softly. "You'd lay out yonder and let better men do your fighting—men like my Jeff. You'd let the Yankees come and burn the barns and shoot the stock, while you talked about it being wrong to fight."

"No, that's not it—you don't understand."

"You'd tend my cotton so it would grow big enough to steal later."

"I was just helping you out. You don't see what—"

"I expect I better turn you in," she said quite evenly. "Walk toward the house!"

But Luke turned and ran, striving to reach the shadows along the edge of the wood before she could shoot. There came a flash of fire, and the bullet buzzed like a hornet somewhere close by. Once in the woods he slowed and groped his way along. Distantly he heard the old woman calling anxiously across the field.

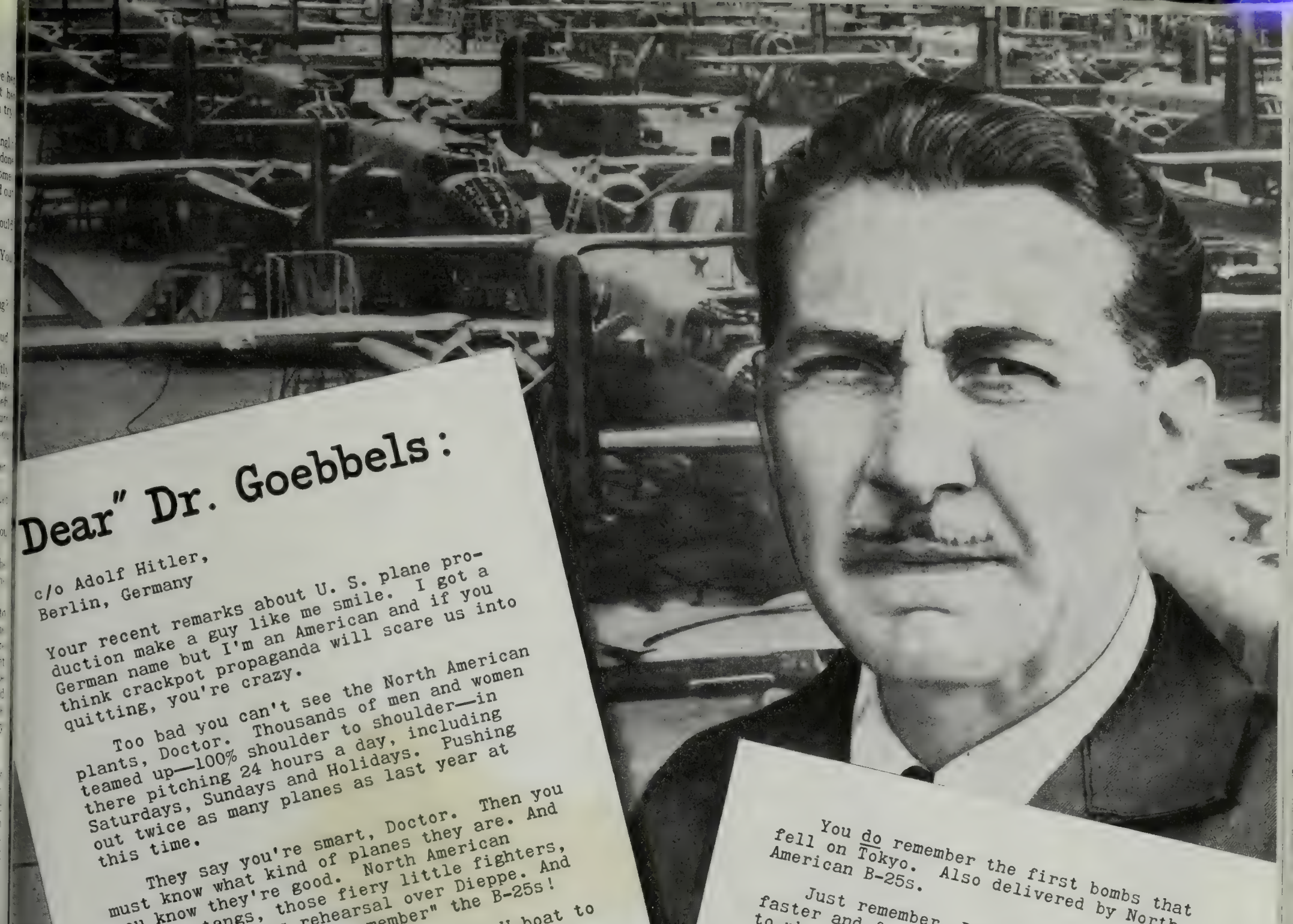
THE next afternoon, Jeb said, "Look yonder at that stud horse." The horse had stopped grazing around his tree, and held his head up attentively. The men got to their feet, rifles in hand, and began making preparations to leave. All the horses were quickly untied. Luke's stallion was still alert. "It ain't something he sees," Luke said; "it's something he hears."

"Listen," Jeb commanded.

Finally they heard it, the far-distant



COLLIER'S **"Yes, there were days when the going was tough"** VIRGIL PARTCH



"Dear" Dr. Goebbels:

c/o Adolf Hitler,
Berlin, Germany

Your recent remarks about U. S. plane production make a guy like me smile. I got a German name but I'm an American and if you think crackpot propaganda will scare us into quitting, you're crazy.

Too bad you can't see the North American plants, Doctor. Thousands of men and women teamed up—100% shoulder to shoulder—in there pitching 24 hours a day, including Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Pushing out twice as many planes as last year at this time.

They say you're smart, Doctor. Then you must know what kind of planes they are. And you know they're good. North American P-51 Mustangs, those fiery little fighters, gave you a dress rehearsal over Dieppe. And don't say you "don't remember" the B-25s!

You do remember the first Nazi U-boat to be sunk in the Atlantic by the U. S. Army. Well, a North American B-25 pulled off that job. Remember now?

You do remember the first raid made on the Jap positions in the Philippines. B-25s again, Doctor,—ten of 'em.

You do remember the first bombs that fell on Tokyo. Also delivered by North American B-25s.

Just remember, Doctor—they're coming faster and faster. And they're flying smack to wherever Nazis and Japs can be killed. That whirring noise you hear in your dreams, Doctor—that's another North American Bomber rolling off the production line! Dream about that, Doctor. Think it over. Think what it's like to have 130,000,000 Americans hate you. Fighting mad at you in the training camps, on the sea, in the air and in the airplane factories.

Through teamwork, we're meeting and beating every delivery date on our schedule at North American. We're all-out to show you that our production can stifle your propaganda, that our bombers can black-out your bombast.

We're not letting up a second. We won't either—not until you and yours are pushing up poppies, Doctor!

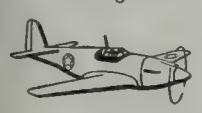
W. B. Hoffman

(Jig Construction, Inglewood)

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC., Inglewood, California
Plants in California, Kansas, and Texas
MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.



BOMBERS For the United Nations, B-25 "Mitchell"



FIGHTERS For U.S. Army and RAF, P-51 "Mustang"



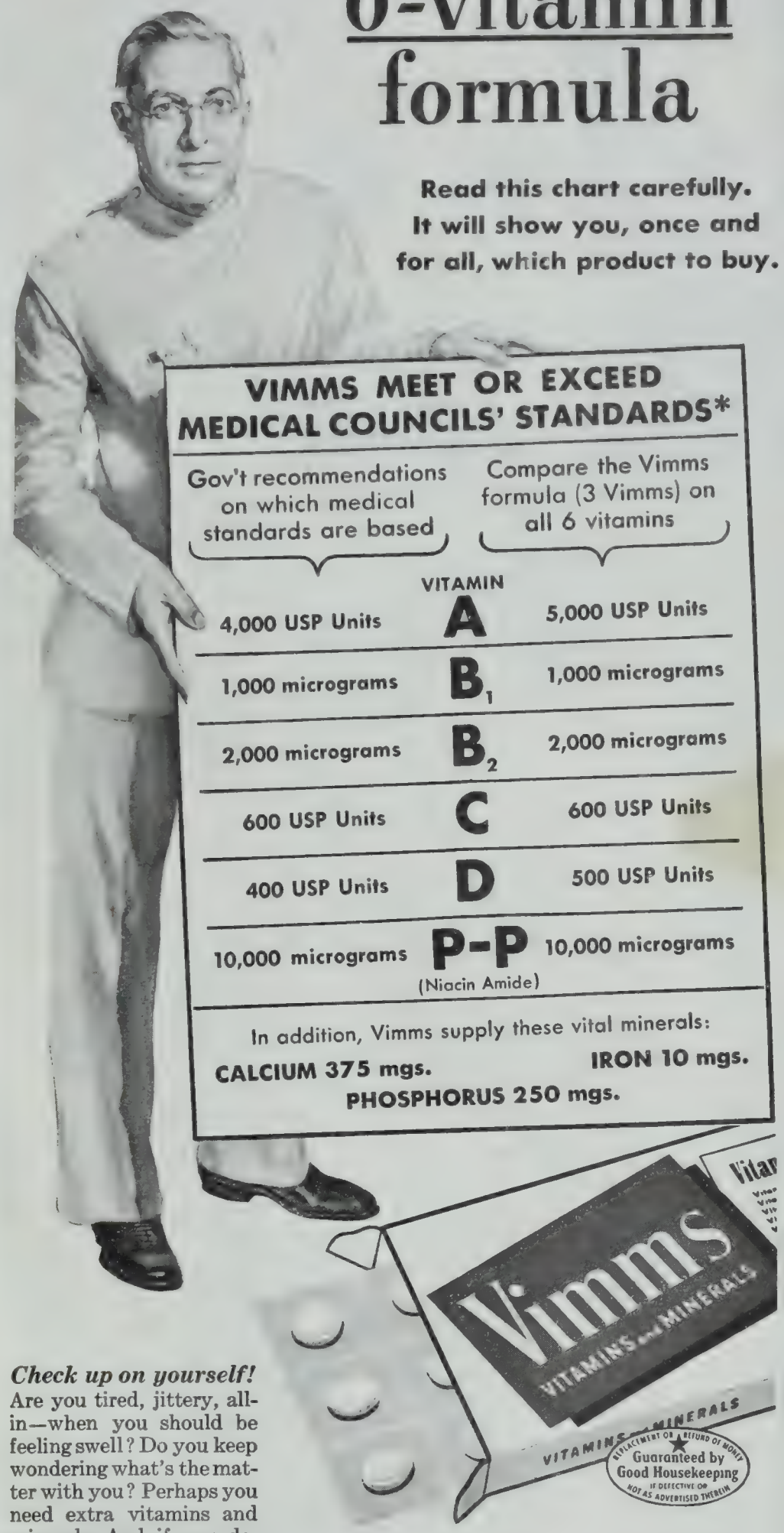
TRAINERS For U.S. Army, AT-6C...For U.S. Navy, SNJ-4 ...For RAF, "Harvard"

BONDS BUY BOMBERS! Bonds you buy today mean Victory tomorrow

Join the Army or Navy Air Force

NORTH AMERICAN *Sets the Pace!*

Doctors endorse 6-vitamin formula



Read this chart carefully. It will show you, once and for all, which product to buy.

VIMMS MEET OR EXCEED MEDICAL COUNCILS' STANDARDS*

Gov't recommendations on which medical standards are based	VITAMIN	Compare the Vimms formula (3 Vimms) on all 6 vitamins
4,000 USP Units	A	5,000 USP Units
1,000 micrograms	B_1	1,000 micrograms
2,000 micrograms	B_2	2,000 micrograms
600 USP Units	C	600 USP Units
400 USP Units	D	500 USP Units
10,000 micrograms	P-P (Niacin Amide)	10,000 micrograms

In addition, Vimms supply these vital minerals:

CALCIUM 375 mgs. **IRON 10 mgs.**

PHOSPHORUS 250 mgs.

Check up on yourself! Are you tired, jittery, all-in—when you should be feeling swell? Do you keep wondering what's the matter with you? Perhaps you need extra vitamins and minerals. And if you do, Vimms may help you really *enjoy* life again.

Notice, on the chart, that Vimms give you all six essential vitamins, including the necessary B Complex vitamins. Three minerals, too—the *vital* three that belong with the vitamins. If you don't understand the chart *thoroughly*, let your doctor explain how Vimms match medical standards.

Remember—Vimms cost only a few pennies a day. Yet no product at any price matches all their advantages. Get Vimms today. (*Note to ladies: No calories, non-fattening*). Lever Brothers Company, Pharmaceutical Division, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

6 vitamins AND 3 minerals
in each tasty VIMMS tablet

24 tablets . . . 50¢ 96 tablets . . . $1.75
At your druggist's

**Further information on request.*

sound, the crying of a hound on trail.

"You know what that is?" Pensy said. "That's Paul Manry's nigger dog!"

They listened another moment. "That's what it is," Roy said. "We better haul tail out of here."

"Wait," Jeb said quietly. "We caint leave here with that dog on our trail—he'll follow us to hell and gone. We'll have to git shut of him first."

JEB and Pensy and Luke mounted, and held Roy's horse ready. Roy, the best rifleman of them, leaned against a tree, waiting. By the sound, the dog was coming on a direct line from Jeff White's farm, following the same route that Luke had followed last night. "I hope you've learned," Pensy said as they waited, "not to never again try to help out no pretty young widow woman." Roy looked around at Luke and grinned.

The dog was still a half-mile away. Jeb gazed down the slope contemplatively. He said to Luke, "You come right up that trail yonder, last night?"

"Right yonder."

"Horseback or afoot?"

"Horseback."

"You ride down to that log and let your horse stomp around there some. When the hound hits it so hot there, he'll have to stop a second and let out a shore-enough holler."

Although Luke did not understand, he rode to the log, a hundred and fifty yards down the slope, and walked his horse back and forth across the log a few times, then rode rapidly back to the camp they were about to leave.

The baying now echoed across the hammock. "That's a pretty-voiced dog," Pensy murmured. "Paul Manry sets a heap of store by him."

Roy raised his rifle and rested it against the tree, and his cheek lay familiarly upon the stock. Down the slope a bush moved. A black-and tan hound emerged at a run, whimpering eagerly. At the log that lay across the trail he stopped suddenly, excitedly, then threw his head back and gave a loud bay. They waited for Roy to shoot, hearing now the hoofbeats of the soldiers' horses beyond.

The hound started to follow the trail on, then looked up the hill and saw them, and wagged his tail. At that moment Roy fired, and the hound fell, shot through the skull. There would be a moment or two while the soldiers pulled up, having heard the shot, to consider the possibility of an ambush. Roy swung up into his saddle, and punched his horse's flank with his rifle butt. Luke's stallion whirled nervously, throwing his head. Luke thought, *He was a fine-mouthed dog; and just wagging his tail, friendlylike.*

"Red Slough!" Jeb shouted as the horses broke away; and they understood that it was contingent on eluding the soldiers. They were to come whenever they were free, whether tomorrow or a week.

They separated, but soon Pensy swung his galloping horse back alongside the black stallion of Luke. "You better sort of stay with me," he said as they rode. After a while he said, "Hold him in a right smart until we see whether they're taking after us. Ain't nobody can hit you with a rifle ball running in these woods, but if they git anyways close, one them smoothbores loaded with buckshot is bad."

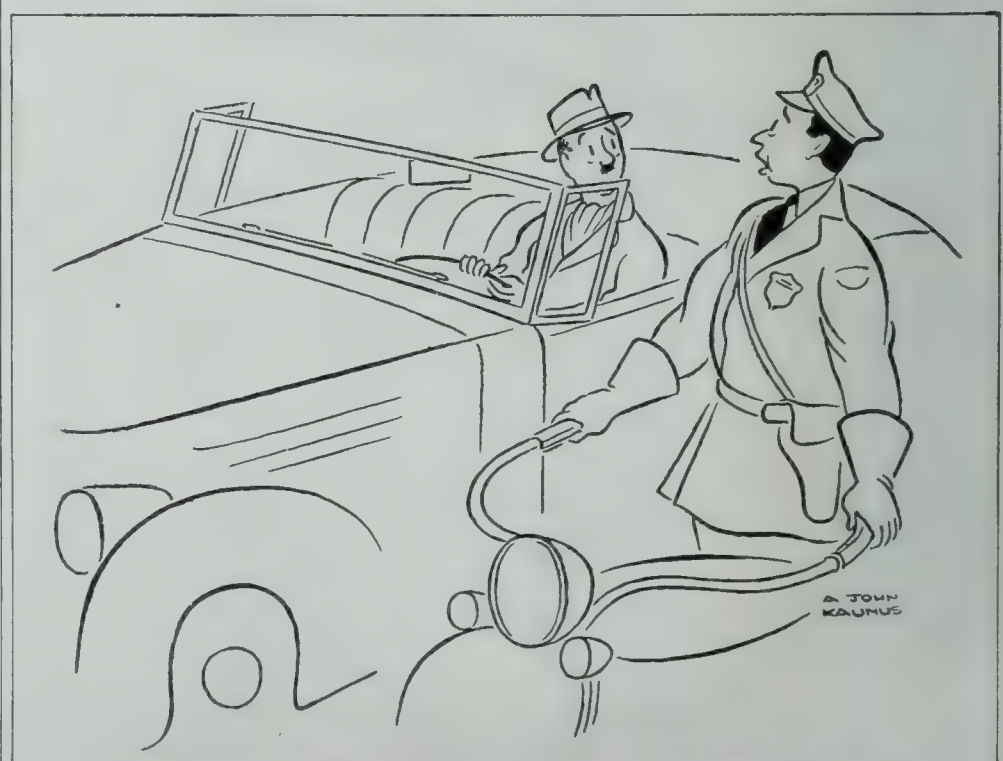
Shots sounded far behind, and a loud yell. "Just shooting and hollering," Pensy said.

Once a big buck deer with, according to Pensy, a rocking chair on his head, jumped from the sedge patch where he had been lying and ran before them, his white tail flashing with each bound. Pensy playfully pursued him for a way. "That dog of Manry's could a-took him for a round, I expect," he said.

As he spoke, the deer reappeared ahead, having turned back and running a new course off to the south. Pensy reined in and Luke stopped beside him. "That deer seen something another he never liked, to strike off to one side like that," Pensy said tensely, "and I don't imagine we'll like it neither, 'cause it's liable to be some of them soldiers, come around from the other side. That deer knowed what he was doing. We'll take the same road he took."

NOW the time had come for fast running, to escape the trap, and the horses were ready for it. Heads low, they raced across the pine flat. To the left, where the deer had turned, four soldiers on horseback broke cover. There was a puff of black-powder smoke, followed by the sound of the shot, but the bullet did not come even close enough to hear. On the right flank was an old millpond, fed by a deep creek; this was the far side of the trap, and to escape, they must get past the millpond before the soldiers reached it.

Hugging low on the stallion's neck, Luke thought, *Ain't no sense in having to run like this. I ain't done anything.* He was drawing ahead of Pensy, but there was no slowing the stallion now



"I feel kinda funny saying this, but you were doing at least 37"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY



"But that isn't the way you put up preserves, dear!"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

ithout pulling him around in a circle. he footing became somewhat boggy ong the edge of the water; in the pond, nning cooters spilled from every log. he ground grew firm again and he new he had passed the pond. Pensy's scape was much narrower: a bullet ent through his horse's ear.

Later, as they rode slowly along, rest- g their mounts, Pensy said, "Durn' if don't git tired of running and gitting ot at all the time. It was kind of play r a while, but I believe I'd rather be here I can shoot back some. Let's me nd you slip on out of these woods and in up."

"Join the army?"

"If we don't like it, we can slip away nd come on back to the hammock gain."

Two soldiers appeared ahead, riding asually toward the south, obviously on heir way to rejoin the detail that had vaited in ambush. They saw Luke and ensy almost at the same instant that he latter pair saw them. The soldiers hrew up their shotguns. Luke and ensy whirled their horses, Pensy head- ng off south, his horse jumping in engthening strides.

Luke turned southwest, trying to put clump of trees between him and the oldiers before they could shoot. Then he shot came, flat-sounding, not sharp nd hard like a rifle report, and buck- shot whined, some splintering white wood from beneath tree bark. Two of them struck the cantle of Luke's sad- dle; and one of them went into the small of Luke's back.

THE man who pursued Luke had a good horse. Luke risked a glance over his shoulder; the soldier rode low, with a pistol in his hand. Luke swung in a wide circle that would take him back out of the flat pineland into more treacherous country. There he might be able to lose the pursuer who clung grimly mile after mile. The stallion was good for many more miles, but Luke was not—sitting, as he was, in his own blood. Gradually his legs lost the strength to grip the saddle; he wrapped the horse's mane around his hands.

So he headed toward the lime sink, finally, turning straight for it. The rac- ing stallion saw the gorge, and swung off obliquely, but Luke straightened him and kept him driving forward. Assured that the chasm was intended to be on the course, the stallion sped directly for it and without slowing he jumped. Luke got one dizzy glimpse of the bot- tom of the sink, sixty feet below. The stallion landed on the other side, his knees almost buckling; then he was steady again, now running a little side- ways to offset the weight of his rider who was gradually slipping from the saddle.

THE old man pointed a brown and bony finger. "Now yonder is the end of Harley's two lots of land, Jim Harley his name is, married my wife's sister, and I reckon that's about where your bummin' field will commence at."

Presently they came to a great cut in the earth, a deep gorge at the bottom of which, far below, ran a tiny stream. "You recollect I spoke of a fellow name Luke Rayburn The soldiers got after him once, and how he got away was to jump that stud horse of his across this here lime sink, right at this place where we're a-standing."

The Army engineer stared at him. "No horse could jump that. It's at least fifty feet."

"That's right. But it's caved in some more, in eighty years' time. My Uncle Pensy, after he come back from the war, he measured it, and it was thirty-two feet acrost. My granddaddy, old Adam Mandon, when they found this here Rayburn in the woods, he seen to it that they gave him a decent burying in the church graveyard. Then *he* died, and didn't nobody bother to tend Rayburn's grave for the longest kind of time.

"Now here's something that's been a puzzle to me ever since my mamma told it to me—her and that widow woman, Bessie White, was girls together. Like I said, Rayburn's grave wasn't looked after; then, eight or ten years after- ward, Bessie White all of a sudden commenced to come to the graveyard and see after Rayburn's grave. Kept it hoed around, and even put flowers on it. You reckon how come she done that?"

The engineer said slowly, "In eight or ten years maybe she had time to re- consider her judgment of him."

"Why, it's plain he was sort of half crazy."

"But there was another half."

"That don't make a lot of sense to me." The old man nudged his horse into motion again. "Now when we git to the top of that rise, we can see Eb Wilson's old farm. Eb and me, we used to git in his buggy and go a bird-hunt- ing all day long. Take us a quart of liquor along, and here we'd go. That field of yourn, now, it'll corner right yon- der at Eb's old place."

THE END

Smoking Less—or Smoking *More**?

* Govt. figures show all-time smoking peak



You're SAFER smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

This is *the* cigarette scientifically *proved* less irritating to nose and throat.

Eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . report that:

***When* smokers *changed* to PHILIP MORRIS—every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!**

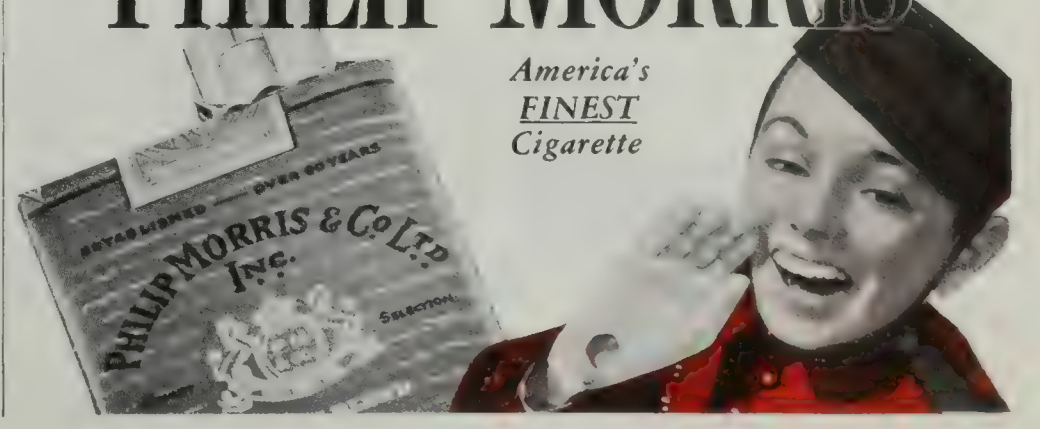
NOTE: We do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS —*BUT*—here's *real* proof that they are *less irritating* . . .

FINER PLEASURE . . . PLUS REAL PROTECTION

WORKING HARDER—*probably smoking* more —*and wisely changing to* PHILIP MORRIS!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette



WE'VE GOT A WAR TO WIN *and*
UNCLE SAM NEEDS THE CARS



But, Fuel and Transportation Rationing Can't Hurt You If You'll Act Today

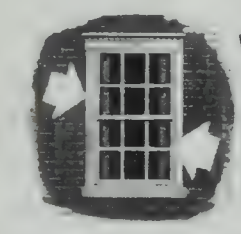
YOUR GOV'T URGES YOU TO TAKE THESE FOUR STEPS

HOW TO HEAT YOUR HOME WITH LESS FUEL ★

Gov't Booklet

"To insure the health and comfort of your family . . . and add to America's fighting power, take these 4 steps now:"

1. Weather strip and seal air leaks around windows and doors.
2. Insulate walls, and roof or attic.
3. Install storm windows and doors.
4. Inspect and adjust heating equipment.



WEATHER STRIP and CALKING Insulation
Saves most fuel per dollar of cost—saves much more fuel transportation than any other fuel saver. Stops drafts.

ROCK WOOL Insulation
Saves up to 30% if walls and attic are *both* insulated.





STORM SASH Insulation
Saves fuel also—gives maximum protection against window sweating.

A FUEL SAVING EXAMPLE
60 lbs. of metal weather strip (enough for an ordinary home) will save the burden of transporting 3000 lbs. of coal or 300 gals. of oil—each year.

Whether your home is old or new, get a FREE ESTIMATE to have these fuel savers installed today! NO MONEY DOWN—Terms, 36 MONTHS. (By special government permission.)

ATTENTION MEN: Experiencing an unprecedented demand, we invite qualified carpenters and building mechanics to join our installation forces in all parts of the country. Write today.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO., Inc.
1372 Lebrosse Street • Detroit, Michigan

Send me U. S. Gov't Fuel Saving information on ☐ Weather Strips ☐ Rock Wool ☐ Storm Sash ☐ Calking.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Elevated to the Bench

Continued from page 27

definitely on the mend. "Yesterday," he reported proudly, "my opinions were asked by two park attendants and a WPA economist."

None of it all, to be sure, was a new experience, for back in the first World War, Bernie Baruch took a beating that would have broken anyone less resolute. One of the first to realize that America could not keep from being drawn into the European conflict, he closed out all of his New York affairs as early as 1916, and advanced on Washington with a gospel that he called Industrial Mobilization. It was right and proper for military men to exercise absolute control over the first lines and the fighting, but *production*—the second line—should and must be the business of *businessmen*. A full-powered board with one full-powered head!

An outraged opposition, forming quickly, hit him with everything but the Washington Monument. The admirals and generals damned him for his impudence, insisting that warmaking, down to the last detail, was their concern, absolutely and solely. The liberals around Woodrow Wilson attacked him as a Wolf of Wall Street and a Tool of the Predatory Interests, and the "Business as Usual" bunch slammed into him as a "market gambler," not a builder. At the time, some local wit suggested that all those wanting to give Baruch the boot should take their places in line.

The Horatio Alger Story

It stung, of course, for deep down in his heart Bernie Baruch was and is a proud man. What's more, he's a man with a right to pride. His forefathers were princes in the House of David and counselors to the kings of Israel, and he himself had won a place, power and fortune in the Great American Free-for-All. He started from scratch, too, for after four years as a surgeon in the Confederate army, his father had nothing left. A public-school education, a minor clerk in a broker's office at nineteen, a partner at twenty-five, and at thirty-three an independent operator on his way to riches.

What added to the sting was the unfairness of the charges. Far from being a Tool of the Predatory Interests, he had been at the forefront of every progressive movement, supporting Woodrow Wilson with his voice and money just as he had campaigned for Theodore Roosevelt against "malefactors of great wealth." As for gambling, no man was ever less a gambler. Herbert Swope, I think it was, once likened Bernie to an elephant at a bridge. "He tests every board with the utmost care, and after he is fully satisfied that it will bear his weight, sits down on the bank and waits for somebody else to go across first."

The slur about being a speculator, not a builder, was particularly untrue. In Wall Street, but not of it, his eye was never on the ticker but always looking out over the country for development possibilities. Perhaps a small business far out in the sticks, needing only better management and more capital to yield profits. Or maybe some overlooked field in copper, lead, lumber, rubber or sulphur. A next step was investigation by the experts that he kept on his pay roll, and then, in event of a favorable report, financial backing to the limit. Texas Gulf Sulphur and Kennecott Copper are only two of the companies that stand as a monument to his vision and courage.

Bernie Baruch pointed out none of these things to his accusers, nor did he quit in a huff, for stronger than pride and resentment was a determination to serve the country that had dealt so generously with him and his people. Woodrow Wilson, heeding the admirals and generals, named only an advisory commission to deal with the mobilization of industry, but impressed by Baruch's arguments, included him in the list of members.

It failed miserably, as did all of the other advisory bodies that followed in dreary succession. With no accurate inventory of raw materials, and no balance whatsoever between supply and demand, the Army and the Navy plunged into a competitive market, bidding against each other and making purchases far beyond immediate requirements. Manufacturers also bought and hoarded, plant conversion and subcontracting went unregarded, and prices leaped sky-high, adding billions to the cost of the war. Some "advisers" sickened from worry and heartbreak, and others resigned in disgust, but Baruch stayed on the job, harping always on the necessity of a single authoritative board with a single boss.

After a year of failure and confusion, President Wilson saw the light, and over the squawks of military men, created an independent War Industries Board, putting Baruch at its head with an unparalleled grant of power. Then, and only then, America's war machine began to hit on every cylinder. An abrupt end came to overlapping, duplication and conflict, and at the time of the Armistice not only were 2,000,000 doughboys on the firing line in France, but 2,000,000 more were waiting to go.

Watching him work was an education. No "yessing," no huffing and puffing, no quarrels, and nobody tearing his hair and telling you that the strain was killing him. Best of all, no time-wasting conferences to adjust jurisdictional disputes. Every man had his job, knew exactly what he was expected to do, and had the power to do it.

Naturally enough, Baruch went to th Peace Conference, and in all Paris r man stood closer to Woodrow Wils than the man who had once been fear and distrusted as the Wolf of Wa Street. As a member of the Supren Economic Council and chairman of i raw materials division, he worked wit his usual smooth precision, earning th admiration of every Allied exper What's more, he stayed on the job unt the very end, not sailing for home unt July, 1919.

By reason of his war experience an relations, together with an intima knowledge of world conditions gain from the inside, nothing would hav been easier than the addition of millio to his pile. Instead of that he announce an indefinite retirement from busines

A Debt of Gratitude

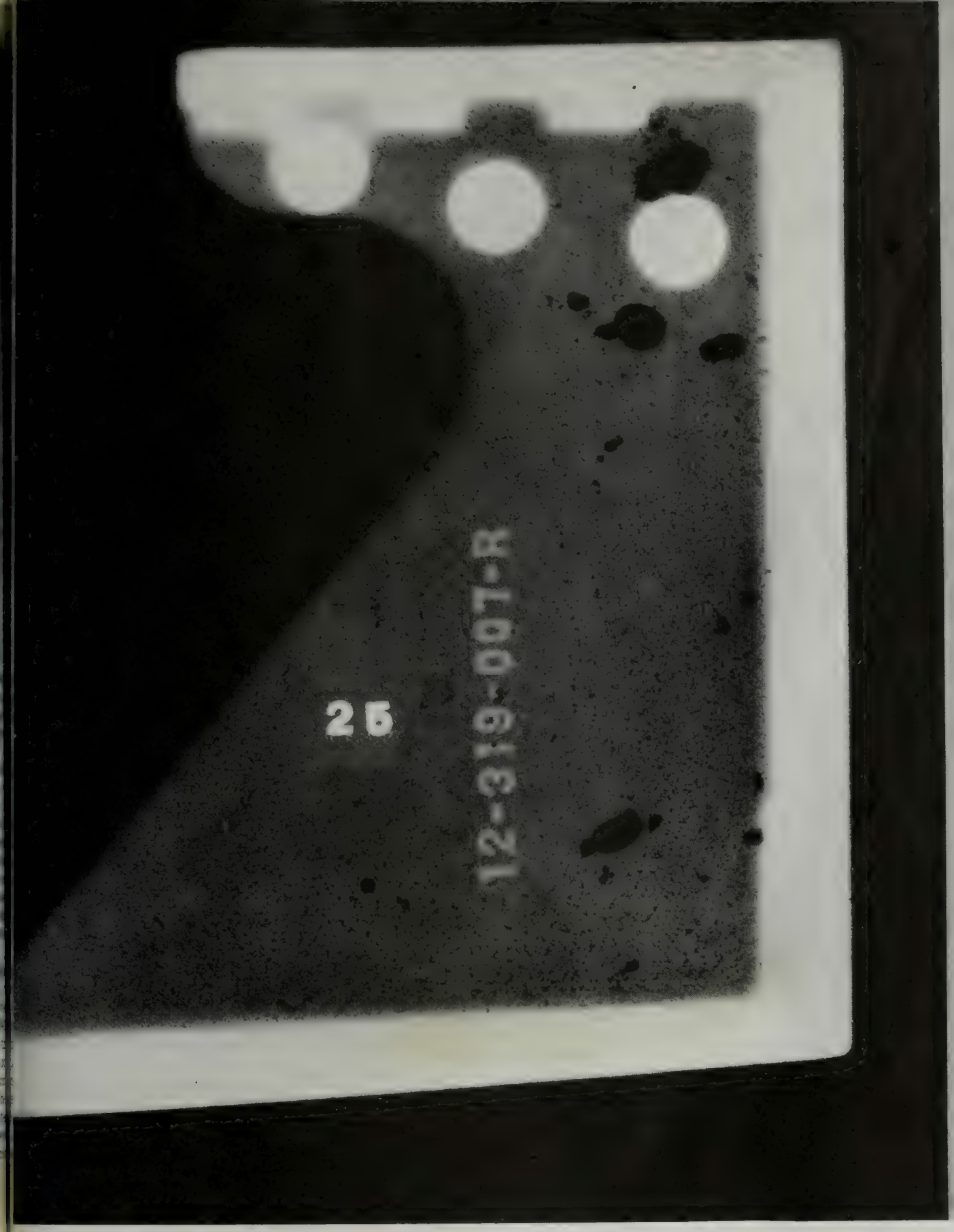
The decision came as no surprise t his friends, for they knew the wells o sentiment behind Bernie's owl eyes an poker face. Hard as iron in many way in others he bordered on mushines particularly where America was con cerned. Instead of patting himself o the back for his two years of publi service, he looked on it as partial re payment of a debt. At the time that h bought large holdings near his birth place in South Carolina, associate figured that he would transfer his resi dence to escape taxes. "Not on you life," he confided to a few. "I still owe and will always owe, for the free edu cation given me in New York's publi schools."

Those close to him knew also tha money had never meant anything t Bernie except as a symbol of achieve ment. I myself remember a time in 191 when it came to his notice that th British were not doing right by ou Uncle Sam. London had two prices, on for government purchases and the othe for civilians, just as in the Unite States, but while we gave them our gov ernment price, they charged us for cer



"So, darling, I suddenly said to myself this morning, 'Who am I that I shouldn't carry my own purchases?' "

COLLIER S GARDNER REA



A FATAL ACCIDENT THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN . . .

This X-ray of the casting for a vital airplane part plainly shows defects. Time will not be wasted machining it, and building it into a plane. And a crew of American flyers will not face the possibility of a structural failure in the air, due to the defects . . . so in spite of its unprepossessing looks, it's really a significant picture.

Kodak Industrial X-ray Film helps arm America better, faster

X-RAYS are penetrating little rays, 1/10,000 the length of light rays. The eye can't see them, but they register on sensitive photographic film. You know how they go through flesh and bone—flesh easier than bone. You've seen the pictures.

They go through light aluminum more easily than through steel—but they go through both. Kodak research and skill made it possible to produce a film so sensitive that, with the modern X-ray machines, it gets a radiograph—an X-ray picture—of the inside structure of dense metals like steel armor plate, inches thick.

In one aircraft factory alone, every day, several thousand 14x17-inch sheets of Kodak Industrial X-ray Film are used to examine aluminum castings. And this is becoming typical of American aircraft production.

This safeguard makes it possible to use 25% less metal with safety—it isn't necessary to compensate for possible defects by adding weight. It saves material, it saves work, it saves lives.

Invisible defects in the welded seams of high-pressure boilers—for the U. S. Navy—are searched out through X-ray pictures. Welders even "go to school" through the medium of radiographs—they "pass their examinations" when X-ray film shows they can produce a flawless weld.

The widespread adoption of Kodak Industrial X-ray Film was hastened by the urgencies of war. Now that this method of testing has proved its value so conclusively, you can be sure that it will continue to serve you after the war, by guarding against hidden defects in products you will buy... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

MORE THAN

FINE BOURBON...

IT'S OLD FORESTER



100 PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Famous

OLD FORESTER

America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC. • *At* LOUISVILLE *In* KENTUCKY

tain commodities at the civilian rate. Learning this, Bernie directed Leland Summers and other expert horse-traders to sail for England and straighten things out.

"But our appropriation," an agitated auditor explained to him, "contains no provision for any such expense."

"How much will the whole thing cost?" he asked, and after some figuring he was given an amount in the neighborhood of $70,000. Without another word he wrote his personal check for the sum, and told the boys to hop to it. As a result, $75,000,000 was saved in the year on tin purchases, and $45,000,000 on a single order of wool.

Convinced that the Senate's rejection of the League meant a second World War, what Bernie planned was to set himself up as a Committee of Preparedness. A fair-sized chore, but he had never been one to underestimate himself. After watching the government's haphazard, headlong way of doing business, he held the deep conviction that there was room and need for a man who insisted on *facts* and had the skill to gather them.

School for Future Statesmen

A first step in his plan was to underwrite the cost of a school of international relations at Williamstown, Mass., and year after year the foremost statesmen, economists and technicians of the world were brought together for discussion. Next he took the organization that he had used to investigate development possibilities, and put them to work on industrial, financial, social and economic problems.

His own job was to keep in close touch with European leaders, all of them his friends, and to needle Congress and Washington officials. Between appearances before Senate and House committees he lectured at the War College, pressing for the mechanization of the Army, and the immediate preparation of a sound plan for the mobilization of American industries so as to guard against the confusions of 1917.

"Do it now," he insisted. "Have it ready so that we will not be caught flat-footed a second time."

Then came 1929, and overnight, Baruch and his crew switched over to a study of the depression, its causes and possible cures. Mr. Hoover would have none of him, or none of anybody else for that matter, but the advent of Roosevelt brought Bernie's optimism back in full flood. Now at last he would have a receptive ear. His big idea, as I recall it, was a nationwide program of self-liquidating projects that would revive heavy industries and take up the slack in employment sanely and permanently. Relief was to be regarded as a temporary expedient, otherwise people might put away self-reliance and come to look on government doles as a vested right. While he was still arguing, Santa Claus Hopkins drove over him with his reindeer.

Another of his insistences was that reform laws, while necessary, must be careful to establish a distinction between good business and bad business. "You don't have to burn down the barn to get rid of the rats." Unhappily, a good many New Dealers delighted in the blaze of barns.

Soon doomed to the bench in Lafayette Square, the Gray Man watched the frenzied flight of the Blue Eagle, the bounce of Morgenthau's dollar, the rebuilding of America's Chinese Wall, and the meteoric rise of CWA, WPA and NYA. In 1916, at least, he had been feared as a Wolf of Wall Street, but now he was ignored by young squirts as an old fuddyduddy.

Never once, however, did he take his attention entirely away from Europe, and various trips abroad confirmed his fears that a second world war was in the making. One of the first Americans to appreciate the true menace of Adolf Hitler, he returned from France and England in 1937 to preach preparedness as something immediate and imperative—a two-ocean Navy, heavy and still heavier emphasis on submarines, air power and shipbuilding, and mechanization of the Army, and taxes to pay for it. For all the attention paid to him, he might as well have been talking through his teeth to his necktie.

In May, 1940, however, when the President announced that America would become the "great arsenal of democracy," the Gray Man blazed into new enthusiasm. Now things would be done because they just *had* to be done. Once again his long legs loped from door to door, urging the appointment of a single, all-powerful board for the mobilization of industry. Alas, poor Bernie! When the President named Knudsen and Hillman as the Siamese heads of a mere advisory commission, it took two pulmotors to revive him.

Up again and as indomitable as ever, he began a pursuit of Knudsen that would have honored a bloodhound. What he urged and begged for was an accurate inventory of the country's raw and semifinished materials, and then a balance of demand against supply. "Priorities be damned! Make allocations on the basis of actual and immediate requirements. Set up a war service committee in each industry to police your orders, and look out for unemployed facilities and subcontracting. Lacking these committees you're a general without an army."

"Big Bill," unfortunately, had neither the temperament nor the training to cope with the March Hares and Mad Hatters that surrounded him. One day he was giving orders to a man and the next day found that man his superior. Like a bull in a ring, he pawed the earth and rumbled distressful sounds, not knowing when and where to charge.

The headlong, unplanned expenditure of billions excited the Gray Man no less than production lags. "You couldn't buy prosperity and you can't buy victory. Get rid of your idea that money is a force in itself. It's what you *do* with money that counts."

Again and again he returned to his insistence on an honest, adequate tax program that would let people know the whole story. "Quit stalling," he begged. "Stop asking for half, afraid that the whole will alarm. Americans don't have to be teased along." All to small avail.

Personal Appearance for Churchill

Washington correspondents commented regularly on the failure to use Baruch, but what must have needled the Palace Guard more than anything else was the attitude of visiting firemen. British experts could not be made to understand why the miracle man of 1917 was on the side lines; they left for home still shaking their heads. Winston Churchill, more insistent, boomed fretful inquiries about his "old friend" until Bernie had to be produced. Only for a "personal appearance," however. Nothing more.

Undiscouraged, the Gray Man kept on pitching. As early as 1938 he had urged the building up of stock piles of rubber, tin, mica, chrome, tungsten and other strategic materials so as to end our dependence on overseas supplies. In 1940 everybody agreed that this must be done, but a dozen or more agencies fell into bitter dispute as to who should do it.

As alphabetical agencies poured forth in a terrifying stream, each with executive powers that could have been written on the head of a pin, the Gray Man

sank lower and lower on his bench until only a faint flapping of the gills denoted life. Now and then he stirred sufficiently to murmur words, but park attendants reported that what he said didn't seem to make sense. "Jes' somethin' about bottlenecks."

What brought him to his feet was Leon Henderson's explosive entrance upon the scene. A two-fisted guy at last. A baritone, not a tenor. For months the Gray Man had been appearing before Congressional committees with a plan for taking *all* profit out of war. A ceiling on wages, rents, interest rates, salaries, and both agricultural and commodity prices. Nothing, he preached, was more criminally stupid than to attempt price-fixing on a piecemeal basis. For a while Leon was seen quite regularly on the Baruch bench, and the rumor spread that Bernie had sold him a bill of goods, but the White House bill that went to Congress was a toothless thing, exempting wages and farm prices.

The White House Beckons

Now it looked as if Master Baruch could be counted out for the duration, but as OEM, OPM, OPA, BEW and all others of the same litter blundered deeper into chaos, suddenly a White House window opened, and an imperative finger beckoned to the slumped figure in Lafayette Square. In broad daylight, too. The newspaper boys could not believe their eyes, but after a week of daily visits, the whisper spread that the Old Fox was again in possession of a yellow jacket and mandarin button.

"Watch out for a real War Industries Board with one big boss," was the confidential message that each correspondent wired to his office. "Baruch rides again."

Bernie's own manner seemed to confirm the report, for while as close-mouthed as ever, his face lost its dejection, and his long legs had the drive of pistons. And then, with a blare of trumpets, the Great White Father announced the creation of SPAB, a board even more incredible than all of the other incredible boards that had gone before it. Asked by the newspapermen for his opinion of the new body, the Gray Man indulged himself in a burst of temper.

"SPAB!" His mouth twisted as from a bad taste. "A faltering step forward and maybe backward."

That was an indiscreet utterance that sent him back to the pigeons and the squirrels, seemingly for the duration. Friends even went so far as to suggest cushions for his bench, a few good books and an etching or two.

True to his prediction, SPAB proved a flop of magnitude, and piecemeal price-fixing was no less a failure. Alarming shortages developed in rubber, copper and steel, and high officials still fought over jurisdiction like dogs over a bone. Even when the Master Magician jerked the War Production Board out of his hat, it moved Baruch to no enthusiasm. "Co-ordination by conference" was his curt comment.

At that, he pursued Donald Nelson just as he had hounded Knudsen. The pooling of patents and trade secrets was a pet suggestion, but another thing that he harped on, day in and day out, was plant conversion, subcontracting and a sincere regard for civilian needs. Not only to Nelson, but to all willing to listen, he argued that there was no such thing as a nonessential business. "If it does not lend itself to war purposes, then take the fat off and skeletonize it, but leave the vital organs untouched. Anything else means the spread of bankruptcy and disemployment."

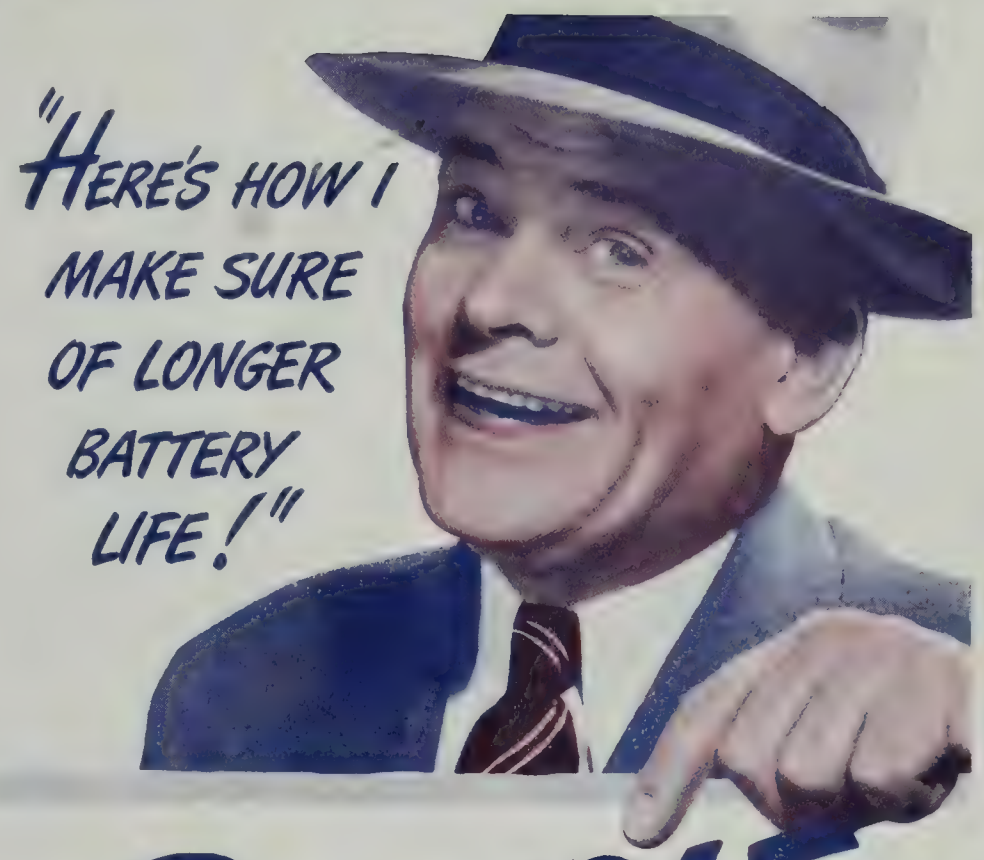
Talk about your voice in the wilderness! Bernie wasn't even a whisper. Now came days when the wind of royal disfavor blew cold on the bench in Lafayette Square, with bureau heads walking blocks out of their way to avoid the dangerous neighborhood. Then came the rubber mess, and as it grew messier a cry rose that swelled into a chorus:

"Baruch! Baruch! We want Baruch!"

A remarkable demonstration, and one that must have warmed the heart of the long Gray Man, more than making up for the stones and arrows bounced off him for a long, grueling decade. Just what it meant, or will mean, remains to be seen. There are those who hold that chairmanship of the rubber committee was just a single job, forced by public opinion, while others are convinced that it indicates steady employment as a trouble shooter and elder statesman. As far as Bernard M. Baruch is concerned, it really does not matter much. One by one his ideas have been adopted, even if slowly and grudgingly, and recent events convince him that a happy end is in sight. Particularly is he bucked up by the elevation of Ferdinand Eberstadt and Charles E. Wilson to posts of power in the WPB. "There's a team," he declares, "who know exactly what has got to be done, and have the guts to do it." All the same, it's a safe bet that the Gray Man will still keep his office on the hard pine bench, a one-man pressure group. But let no one feel sorry for him. He *loves* it.

THE END





DOUBLE CHECK shows Experts Specify Auto-Lite Batteries

TODAY you may not be able to buy a new car—but you can get original equipment units to keep your present car giving "like-new" performance. For years Auto-Lite Batteries have been specified by automotive experts as original equipment on 1 out of every 3 makes of cars. They're used, too, on the giant ocean-spanning clippers where dependable power counts most.

So look to tomorrow when you buy a battery today. Auto-Lite Batteries—built by the world's largest independent manufacturer of automotive electrical equipment—are now priced with the lowest.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION
(A Subsidiary of The Electric Auto-Lite Company)
NIAGARA FALLS • NEW YORK
Manufacturing Plants at: Niagara Falls • Atlanta • Indianapolis Oakland • Oklahoma City • Toronto



✓ Ocean-spanning clippers use Auto-Lite Batteries.



✓ One out of every three car makers specify Auto-Lite Batteries.



AUTO-LITE means AUTO LIFE

"DOUBLE CHECK" For Extra Battery Life

✓ Have your present battery serviced these 4 ways—test charge, add water, remove terminal corrosion, tighten hold-down brackets if needed.

✓ Your Auto-Lite Battery service man is an expert who can advise you on the size and type of battery that will give you best service and longest life.

In its 26 great manufacturing divisions, Auto-Lite is producing for America's Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air

GIRLS' TOWN

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

BOOM towns are commonplace phenomen in every war, but World War II has mad quiet little Emporium, deep in the Buck tail Mountains of Pennsylvania, the nation first girls' town. Emporium is jammed with gir of all sizes, shapes, nationalities and creeds- farm girls, college girls, tall girls, fat girls, min ing-camp girls, skinny girls, plain girls, sma girls, short girls, homely girls, pretty girl Their exact number is a military secret but it no secret that there are roughly twenty girls f every man in town. The mere mention of Em porium sends Pennsylvania males into ey brow-raising spasms.

If you can imagine a boom-town movie wit Ann Sheridan and Betty Grable playing th lead instead of Clark Gable and Spencer Trac and milk replacing whisky, you've caught th basic idea. This creates what sociologists ca a "social problem," what plain folks call a "si uation," and what traveling salesmen call "Em porium—the home of the sweet patootie."

As far as morality goes, Emporium can stac its sinners up against any town its size ar come out low man. "It's just that there a many more women than men in Emporiu and the girls are having some good, wholesom fun with the situation. They hang around c street corners like she wolves, whistle at boy they know, and make audible remarks abou a passing chap's muscles. As two hundred rai road construction workers who are working c near-by bridges have found out, it doesn't mea a thing, boys.

The girls work in the local radio-tube pla of Sylvania Electric, now one of the large American producers of tubes. The compan has employed women since 1904 because me haven't the patience nor the skill with the fingers that the work requires. Since the earl twenties, when it began radio-tube manufa turing, it has grown steadily, and by 1936 th first stories about Emporium, the town wit more women than men, began to filter out the Bucktails.

Lying along the headwaters of the Susque hanna, off the beaten track and amidst the mo gorgeous scenery in Pennsylvania, Emporiu is one of those strange towns that have neve seen a depression, not even the last one. I fact, it's nearly always been a boom tow



irl meets girl every Wednesday and Friday night at the Happiness Club, Emporium's only dance spot out- de of the juke joints, which jump nightly. At work here are rug-cutters Catherine Sekula and Jean Powell

ıyday's spending splurge is preceded by wild rush on the bank for "cash money"



Jean Bruzga, Beulah Moore and Helen Frano go to Mac's rink only if there's nothing better to do



A. E. Andrews, proprietor of the town's o and only movie, packs the house every nig



Powell, Lillian Cable, Rebecca Christy and Katherine Crawford, reading from left to right above, share one bedroom, two double beds and pictures of Tommy
ey and Jimmy Stewart. Mrs. Jenny Ness, their landlady, charges them $2.50 a week apiece. Shortage being what it is, Jean Powell applies stocking lotion

Ness has learned the secret of boardinghouse success. "I just try to give girls something like a home," she says. "They're mostly home girls"



Business is rushing in the Hollywood Dress Shop on payday. Factory work is light, so Emporium's girls dress more like college girls than college girls



How to keep young eyes bright



1 IT'S EASIER TO READ when sitting up straight and when the light falls fully upon the reading matter—without shadows and without harmful glare.





2 WITH NORMAL VISION, the recommended distance between eyes and close work ranges from 14 inches for children to 18 inches for adults.

3 LOOKING UP PERIODICALLY at different objects around the room for a moment or two will relieve delicate eye muscles and be restful to the eyes.

YOU BUY PROTECTION for eyes and purse when you buy Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright, last long, and give utmost light for your money because they are designed and built to the highest standards of quality and performance.



Westinghouse

★ MAZDA LAMPS ★



Emporium girls live on one side of the tracks, work on the other. Here, in good spirits, they are shown returning to the factory

Girls in Emporium are pretty proud of their bowling prowess. Bernie Manley, one of the town's few natives, checks her score





egan as a lumbering center during Civil War, and the enormous man- of timber kings still dot the streets. at the time the forests petered out, town had become a "powder city" from 1912 until the end of the first ld War it was again a boom town, ing explosives for the Allies and for United States.

l last year girls poured into the town steady stream. They came mostly farms, mining camps, small towns by, in towns like Driftwood, Ridg-, Sinnamahoning, St. Marys, Du , Port Allegany or Punxsutawney. about the only thing that was ade-tely prepared for them was their e on an assembly line.

he townspeople got busy immedi-y because they didn't want girls ping on their doorsteps and in juke ts. Everyone who had an extra room ed was asked to take in some of the s. Today the housing problem is ty well licked. Most of the girls live boardinghouses, which average four to a room at $2.50 each per week. mporium is the jivingest juke-box n this side of a phonograph record. whole place runs to music. It seems t every time you put a hand into r pocket a juke box jumps up in nt of you. Any place that might be sonably described as a restaurant, or grill has at least one, and some e two, or a sound-movie machine. ople have been known to go berserk after hearing He's My Guy or I Met Him on Monday 567 times in a row, but it doesn't seem to affect anyone in Emporium. In fact, it may as well be admitted that they thrive on it, and local juke-box operators are proud of the fact that the girls are two weeks ahead of the hit parade in picking numbers.

Sylvania pioneered in the use of music to relieve monotony and fatigue on assembly lines and, ten years ago, began to pipe jazz into all sections of its plants. Victor Herbert and other light classical composers and such numbers as Git Along Little Dogies are used in the so-called steady production hours, but when a fatigue period like 4 P. M. rolls around, a little jive gives everybody a lift. You can actually see the girls pick up the rhythm. Fingers fly faster, rows of girls at spot-welding benches bob and sway, and the girls who stand actually do a little truckin'.

There are so few men in the plant in comparison to the number of girls that you feel as if you've been trapped in a giant powder room. The girls scrutinize every new male who skitters down the floor, hoot at him, whistle and roll their eyes. All this is a little nerve-racking, and few have survived it without feeling as self-conscious as a bank-night winner. Occasionally the girls tag a pet name onto a male animal who is so unfortunate as to have to cross their departments frequently. For instance, a

(Continued on page 97)

"Don't throw me away– my life begins at 20 copies!"



GIRL: Good heavens! This sheet of carbon paper is *talking!*

MAN: *Not really . . . I was just trying out a little ventriloquism! But what I made that carbon paper say is* true!

GIRL: How could it be? I've used this sheet 20 times . . . isn't that enough?

MAN: *Not by a long shot! That carbon paper is Park Avenue, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, clearly and cleanly. Here's a test copy that proves it . . .*

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY, issued October 6, 1942

GIRL: Why, that's wonderful! It looks like a *first* copy! What makes it possible?

MAN: *They say it's because Park Avenue is* deep-inked. *They use a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And then, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so that all the areas of the paper can be used.*

GIRL: I'm convinced! From now on, I'll get a *lot more* copies from each sheet of Park Avenue before I throw it away!

* * *

PARK AVENUE is only one of the outstanding carbon papers in the Roytype* line. Roytype is the carbon paper and ribbon division of the Royal Typewriter Company. Why not get your purchasing agent to call in the local Royal Typewriter representative today? He can quickly show you which weight and finish of Roytype Carbon Paper exactly fits your every typing need.

The armed forces need typewriters! See how many of your standard machines (made since Jan. 1, 1935) you can spare. Call your nearest Royal Branch — we will buy them, affix the Government seal, and pay you the Government fixed price.

*Trade-Marks Registered U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1942, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY


ALCOA
Joe Little

Don't throw BOOMERANGS *into the* SUN

★ Thrown into the blinding sun, a boomerang may clout the thrower cruelly on its return. Spending money recklessly today can have this boomerang effect, on you, and your children.

There is, in 1942, an excess of about thirty billion dollars of family income, over and above the amount of consumer merchandise available. This condition can create disastrous inflation. If spending were unrestrained, the whole effect would be demoralizing to common sense and Yankee prudence.

The best way of preventing inflation is for everyone to put as much of his income as he possibly can into War Bonds. At least 10% of it should regularly be used to buy Bonds.

The money you spend for War Bonds, thrown into the fight against inflation today, returns to you for respending after the war, like a friendly and controlled boomerang.

What will we wish to buy after the war? Why, the new products of today's IMAGINEERING, of course.

This word is popular at Alcoa, and throughout American industry generally. It is a combination of *imagination* and *engineering*. It is the thing which, in war, makes American production invincible; and which, in peacetime, produces ever improving products, ever better bargains for the American family to enjoy and work for. It is one basis of the economic freedom of our democratic people.

When you cash your Bonds after the war, you will then have the money to buy what industry has imagineered: better, more responsive cars; new, more efficient household appliances; more exciting, better protected houses; finer tools for the factory and home workshop; even low cost airplanes of great safety and comfort.

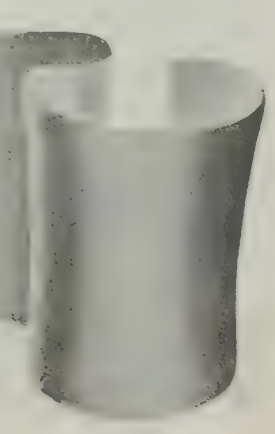
More and cheaper aluminum is one assurance that the products of tomorrow will be better. Alcoa Engineers, with war production as their number one job, are using their eighth day of thinking time each week toward helping all manufacturers make their future products better and more useful.

So, to enjoy shopping *tomorrow*, buy War Bonds *today*. Throw *your* boomerang into the *future*.

ALUMINUM

ALCOA

ALUMINUM







Whenever I needed a laxative, I'd take down the bottle, mix myself a dose and then hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just *too strong!*



Then I went to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up inside and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



One day, I got a bright idea! I'd heard a lot about Ex-Lax, so I decided to give it a trial. It tasted swell—just like fine chocolate! And it was so pleasant to find a laxative that works *easily* and *effectively* at the same time. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

TRY THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

—it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

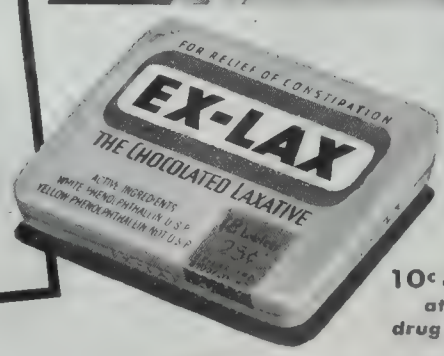
—it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:

—it's just right!

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.





10¢ & 25¢
at all
drug stores



Leonard Gautier and his Bricklayers. With only one exception, the dogs are all mutts. Some were picked up in dog pounds

Working Like a Dog

By Kyle Crichton

When one dog is hit by a brick, Harry scoots off to tell the family. The one thoroughbred, Harry, set Gautier back fifty bucks





CAMERA CLIX

amwork is the Bricklayers' motto. Rex catapults a rubber ick up to Maurice on the scaffold who catches it in his mouth

itics are dancing in the eets over a canine con- uction gang. Time and ggedness are still the eppingstones to success

THE New York dramatic critics are an elegant group of individuals who walk their nightly rounds with the preme dignity of a circus horse. There e certain theaters they service with e ardor of acolytes. They will attend ything given at the 44th Street Thea- r and they would not be caught dead the Loew's State, which is half a ock away.

As a consequence, when Mr. Clifford . Fischer and the Shuberts threw to- ether a mess of old vaudeville acts and resented them at the 44th Street Thea- r, the critics dutifully appeared in eir respective pews and gave ear. hey had assembled with the thought f doing homage to such favorites as ictor Moore, William Gaxton and the artmans, but when they dashed into e night and began slapping their type- riters, what do you suppose they were elebrating? A dog act: The Bricklay- rs, a number long and favorably known o the lustier patrons of Loew's State. urther raves came with their appear- nce in Priorities of 1943. When that losed they went into Priorities of 1942, hich is now on the road.

At any rate, the critics displayed taste ecause Leonard Gautier's mutts are he gaudiest group of performers ever assembled. They are dressed like human beings; they act like human beings— they build a house. One little devil named Boy keeps batting around with a plank balanced on his shoulder. At the right is a saloon to which the workmen repair at intervals for refreshment, returning in due course with a disgraceful wobble. By using a treadle, one dog bumps bricks aloft to the second floor where they are grabbed by Maurice, the tough canine, in his teeth. It is Maurice also who ascends the ladder with a hod of bricks and comes down later with the empty hod. "The toughest trick in the act," says Gautier disgustedly, "and it never gets a bit of applause."

Maurice doesn't scurry down the ladder as any decent dog would do; he descends backward like a human being. It took Gautier six months to perfect that stunt, which is done by both Maurice and Pal, under the Gautierian theory that all dogs must understudy other dogs.

Gautier, a fifty-year-old Frenchman with a way-back-when heritage in animal training, is the owner and trainer of the Bricklayers. His wife designs and makes the costumes, and his son, Leonard, Jr., assists with the performance. The Gautiers are the only talent scouts for the act, having discovered their canine marvels in such strange places as New Zealand, France, Australia and Plainfield, N. J.

The Bricklayers are fourteen in all, including twelve regular performers and two waiting to break in. They are all males, including two female impersonators—the widow and orphan of Whitey, who is the unfortunate victim of a falling-brick accident. With only one exception, the dogs are mutts. Gautier picks them up from dog pounds or from people anxious to get rid of them. For most of them he has paid fifty cents; many of them cost just a few dollars. His one thoroughbred, the Australian "silkie" named Harry, set him back fifty bucks and he is still waggling his head sadly about it. Harry is the smallest dog, although seven years old. The oldest mongrel is a veteran named Jack,

(Continued on page 99)

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

War won't wait!

Railway Express provides fast transportation for the things the nation needs to win the war —and for vital home-front necessities, too.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY INC.

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE



"I want to dispel Gregory's presence here." Sperling leaned forward and added in an oozy voice: "And leave just you and me, Manis"

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

NICHOLAS ("NICK") GRIGGS, a young American journalist, is discharged by cable after he has done much good work for a great news service. He is in Tokyo at the time.

A few hours after the cablegram arrives—while he is with Betty Gaspard, a charming girl who lives with her Free French father in Shanghai—he encounters Gregory Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster, who gives him a job, in Shanghai. As the reader (but not Nick) is aware, Cogswell is in the pay of the Japanese. Hired by Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American secret agent, and co-operating closely with Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles, and Ernst Sperling, a German Nazi, he is to go to Manila and report, in code, what the Americans are doing.

Nick flies to Shanghai with Cogswell, who presently leaves for the Philippines. In the great Chinese city, he sees much of Betty Gaspard and her father, both of whom he likes. He is, therefore, stunned when Gaspard is kidnaped by some Vichy followers and taken secretly to Saïgon. . . .

Among Nick's new acquaintances in Shanghai is Madame Manis Vooren, a brilliant and beautiful Indo-European. The woman—supposed to be in love with Cogswell—fascinates Nick; but he often wonders why she is in Shanghai, what she is doing there.

The Chinese partner of Dixon (one of Nick's English friends) is arrested by the Wang people (the pro-Japanese Chinese) and taken to 76 Jessfield Road, the Wang headquarters. Nick goes to 76 to investigate—and disappears! By this time, he and Betty are very much in love; they are planning to be married. So, badly frightened when Nick does not get in touch with her, Betty asks Madame Vooren to do what she can. Madame Vooren has a talk with Sperling, who in turn goes to Yagi, and asks him to investigate the matter.

A short time later, Makita (acting on orders from Yagi) takes Nick away from 76 (where he has been imprisoned); and Yagi cables Cogswell (in code) instructions to remove the young American from Shanghai. . . .

Betty learns that her father is to be court-martialed. She tells Nick, says she is going to Saïgon and she implores him to accompany her as far as Manila. Nick does not want to go. He speaks of their coming marriage. Betty will not discuss the marriage. "Right now," she says, "I beg of you not to think of anything but *getting out of Shanghai.*"

V

I'M NOT going," Nick said.

Betty said, "I cannot understand how you can be so blithe, after this morning!"

"I'm not blithe. I told you I'm going to be careful. I won't go out of the Settlement and Frenchtown—well, except to press conferences in Hongkew, with all the others. I'll hire a bodyguard, a couple of them in relays."

"I can name you a dozen people who *had* bodyguards," she said excitedly. "Their bodyguards were murdered, too. Tell me, what good are bodyguards unless they keep their guns drawn every minute?"

"I'll make mine keep theirs drawn," said Nick. "I'll hire Sikhs, seven feet tall, and equip them with Tommy guns, if that will keep you from worrying."

"I don't know why I love you," she said mournfully. "You are far too imprudent, truly."

"It's just that I'm not being imprudent," he said. "If I quit Shanghai, I'm unemployed and the chances of getting something out here look like absolute zero to me. It was just luck that I landed this job. All right. I can always get one at home. So you're in Indo-China and I'm in Indiana. That's a nice arrangement. Of course, we can always write, only you know how mails are."

"I do expect to come back to Shanghai," she said in a troubled voice.

"And I'll meet your boat," he said. "I'll meet you and your father." He waited until she smiled wanly. "And then we'll have a wedding with a whole battalion of Sikh bodyguards in place of bridesmaids."

Betty said, "No, Nick, you can't stay here. Isn't it enough for me to worry about my father?"

"If you married me before you left, you would have a husband to share those worries," he said.

"I doubt if my father would want me to marry someone who refuses to look out for himself."

"Now stop that," he said gravely. "I am going to look out for myself and I am going to look out for you, too. And if I know your father, that's what he'll advise you, no matter what."

For a moment, they stared obstinately at each other. Then Betty looked down at the tablecloth and began to turn her coffee cup round and round on its saucer. Nick looked about him. The other guests had left. The Chinese boys were standing in groups throughout the room, but one, seeing Nick turn, darted forward to serve him.

Nick told him gloomily, "Chit, please."

Betty looked up anxiously. "Oh, couldn't we have just a little more coffee?" she asked.

"Coffee," Nick told the boy solemnly. He leaned back in his chair and tried to arrange the words that would persuade her.

Then another boy padded up to him with a radiogram. Betty looked up with alarm and politely turned away as Nick opened the envelope. It was from Cogswell, and read:

"Come Manila first boat more important job for you Philippines."

Nick jumped to hug Betty and plant a kiss on her bewildered face. "Honeybunny," he said, "if you ever say a word against Cogswell again, I'll divorce you." He thrust the radiogram in her hand before she could answer.

Nick smiled radiantly at the boy approaching with fresh coffee. "Two brandies," he said, and sat down again.

Betty said, "Why, this means, oh, Nick, it's perfectly ideal. It solves everything."

"It's even got the suggestion of a raise," Nick said. "We'll live on the Escolta—that's the only street I ever heard of in Manila."

"Saïgon is so much nearer Manila," Betty said.

"Sure," he said. "We'll get married in Manila." He held up a restraining hand. "All right. I know. I meant after you've been to Saïgon. We'll have jai-alai players instead of Sikhs for bridesmaids."

"Maybe I have been unfair to Cogswell," she said thoughtfully. "I know I was to Madame Vooren. I have changed my mind entirely about her."

"It was just jealousy," Nick said.

"I think now it would be nice if she would have dinner with us before we leave," Betty said. "Tonight?"

"I'll ask her, if you want to take the chance," he said. "I admire her, you know."

"I know, like a statue, you said."

BUT Madame Vooren was not free to dine with them. Instead she did not see them until two days later when she journeyed to the *Messageries Maritimes* pier to tell them goodby. She felt a little old and wistful as she watched them together. Yet when they told her they planned to marry, she felt suddenly lighthearted.

"I shall send you something," she told them. "I don't mean that I am going to Wing-On's to buy you a wedding gift. But I shall think of something I own that is dear to me."

Betty said, "We aren't going to say goodby because we must meet again, maybe in Manila." She hesitated. "I particularly regret that I knew you so little."

"Good! We'll meet," said Madame Vooren. "And don't waste any time in regrets. Congratulate yourself—both of you—for leaving here, for leaving together, and for everything that lies ahead of you."

She did not wait at the dock for the Maréchal Joffre to pull out. Farewells

(Continued on page 64)



A $27,000 EDUCATION FREE
—if you can qualify

TAKE A REAL PART in winning this war! And, *at the same time*, train for a successful, high-paid career afterwards! That's the opportunity Naval Aviation offers you action-seeking young Americans who can meet certain requirements.

The Navy stands ready to invest $27,000 in *you*—to give you a full year's training, the *finest technical aviation education* in the world!

As a Naval Aviation Cadet you would be issued uniforms and draw $75 a month . . . receive three-months' preflight training—instruction in planes and engines. Later you would go to one of the great Naval Air Stations—Pensacola or Corpus Christi. There you would learn to fly planes of varied types . . . be trained in navigation, radio, gunnery and flying by instruments.

On completion of your training, you receive your Navy *Wings of Gold* and are commissioned as an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve or as a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve. You are paid from $246 a month, up.

If you can meet all ten basic requirements in the coupon, at right, you are eligible to apply for Naval Aviation —a chance to fly with men who wear the Navy *Wings of Gold*. Visit your nearest Navy Recruiting Station or Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, or fill in the coupon and mail today!

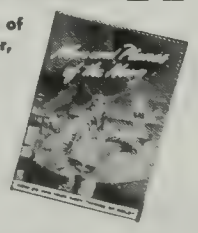
TAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF

U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau, Division V-5
111 South Kensico Avenue, White Plains, New York
Please send official folder telling how I can receive training in Naval Aviation.

	YES	NO
American citizen	☐	☐
Unmarried—18 to 26 inclusive	☐	☐
High school education	☐	☐
Good reputation	☐	☐
Physically fit	☐	☐
Mentally alert and observing	☐	☐
Good eyes—20/20 vision	☐	☐
Good teeth	☐	☐

	YES	NO
Height: between 64" and 76"	☐	☐
Weight: between 124 and 200 lbs.	☐	☐

FREE—"Men and Planes of the Navy"—official folder, 22½" x 24" when open. Gives all details on this picked service. Full-color illustrations of Navy's latest planes.



NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ (C-2)

Fly WITH THE FINEST...FITTEST...FIGHTINGEST—*THE* NAVY

A NEW FORM OF BRAN

to help relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk.



UM'M WHAT A FLAVOR!

Nabisco 100% Bran is so delicious, you'll eat it for flavor alone. Try the recipe on the package for marvelous muffins, too!



GENTLE AS A CLOUD!

You'll like the *mild,* gentle action of Nabisco 100% Bran. Double-Milling makes the bran fibers smaller, less likely to be irritating!

In addition, Nabisco 100% Bran contains important iron, phosphorus, Vitamin B_1. It comes in pound and half-pound packages. Begin today to eat it regularly. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

Accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association



NABISCO

BAKED BY NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NOT-SO-SIMPLE SIMONS

By Bill Davidson

The Simons of Tulane are divided into two parts, (a) Big Monk Simons and (b) Little Monk Simons. Little Monk coaches the football team, stands six feet high and weighs 215 pounds. Big Monk stands five eight, weighs 155 pounds and is trainer for all the Tulane teams. Big Monk makes Little Monk stand in line for his towel. Little Monk chases Big Monk off the football field. It is all completely confusing and entrancing

AMONG conservative memb the football-coaching frat there are two opinions of "Little Monk" Simons, the new coach of the Tulane University house. These are (1) that he is gerous radical, and (2) that he is

This severe verdict concerni nation's youngest big-time co caused by incidents of the fol nature: Back in 1936, Little Mo the head coach at Transylvani lege in Kentucky. He was all years old at the time and filled w burning impatience of youth. The when his team was slow to pick new squirrel-cage formation f against hated Georgetown Univer the following Saturday, he lost al of proportion.

"Pass the ball to *me!*" he bar the center on the scrub team.

"But, Coach," said the center can't run with the ball. You h got pads on—not even a helmet.'

"Pass the ball to me!" repeate tle Monk, with a cold glint in h The center passed the ball.

The unprotected Little Monk to ball. Then, talking all the while plain what he was doing, he sn his way through his first team touchdown.

"Do you see what I mean?" sa



"Not too tight, Pop!" Little Mo mons, Tulane grid coach, hi his dad, Big Monk, bandages h

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

k triumphantly, as he returned
ne of scrimmage.
little voices replied in unison,
oach, we see what you mean."
ther four little voices didn't an-
wo backs, an end and a tackle
clining peacefully on the field.
ere out cold.
r years ago, when he was visiting
er back at Tulane, just for the
t, Little Monk stepped into the
th Cameron Gamble, a great
lweight on his father's boxing
For nearly a half-hour, the gym-
rocked to the sound of thun-
crashing blows. Little Monk's
ng for a week after that little
but Gamble's left hand was so
ed after the impromptu coach-
t he went out and won the con-
championship a few weeks later.
suicidal idiosyncrasies stamp
Monk Simons as a blessing in
to the undernourished Southern
writers who have been searching
hly for color ever since the tu-
us days of Huey Long. This,
r, is not the only thing which
Little Monk a desirable subject
ture stories.
he first place he is a smart, pro-
e coach. Red Dawson, whom he
d at Tulane last winter, calls
otentially one of the finest and best-liked coaches in the country. Bernie Bierman, the great Minnesota mentor, now engaged in building our Navy into a super race of physical giants, says, "Give that kid eleven babies from Miss Whitman's kindergarten and in two years he'll be knocking the pants off the high-school teams in the neighborhood."

And then, to round out the color file re Little Monk Simons, there is Big Monk Simons!

Big Monk is Claude Simons, Sr., Little Monk's father. Big Monk has been a coach and trainer of Tulane teams, according to legend, ever since Andrew Jackson swamped the Redcoats in the Sugar Bowl game of 1814. Big Monk at the present time is football trainer and a full professor of physical education. In his spare time he runs a drugstore in New Orleans and plays an effective Judge Hardy to the 5,000 or so Mickey Rooneys on the Tulane campus. He knows personally every Tulane alumnus of the past twenty years.

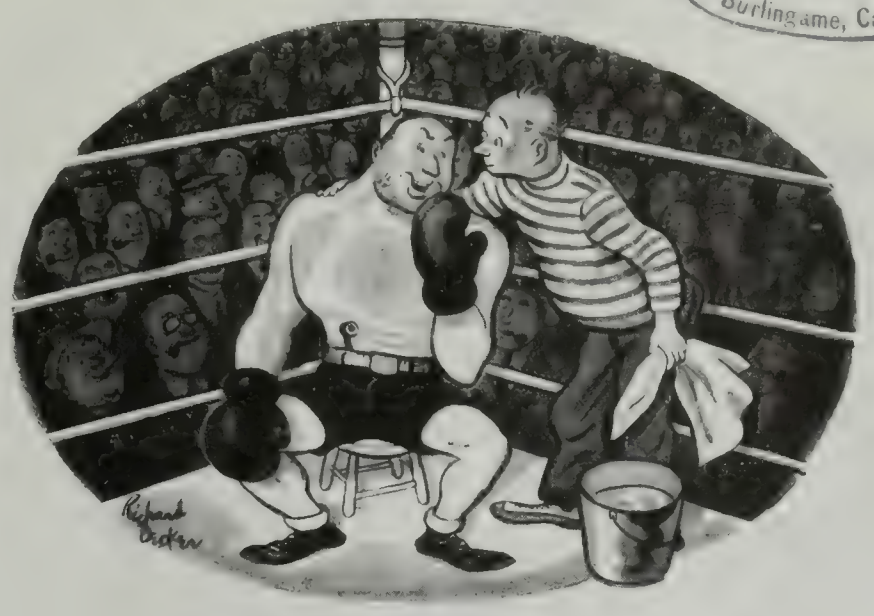
Big Monk Simons, the father, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds wringing wet. *Little* Monk Simons, the son, is a six-footer and weighs 215 pounds. As head football coach at Tulane, Little Monk is nominally monarch of all he surveys—including Big Monk,

(Continued on page 92)

ag practice for the Green Wave. "Heads up, feet apart!" barks Coach s as he demonstrates on Jim "Blubber" Ely (extreme left). The others mie Pracko, Walt McDonald and, with his back to camera, Lou Thomas

LOFMAN-PIX



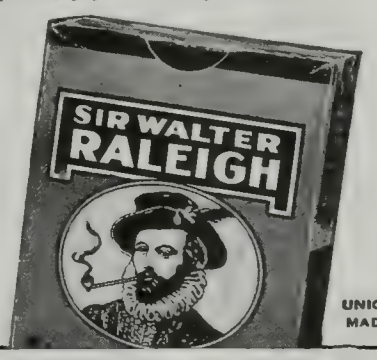


"Why should I hit him? He promised me some Sir Walter Raleigh after the fight"

A KNOCKOUT of an idea! To make your pipe taste better (and smell sweeter) clean it regularly and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, it's extra mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own. Today, try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America!"*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells



UNION MADE

MORE PRACTICAL THAN EVER



EARLY AMERICAN *Old Spice* SHAVE MUG . . . $1.00

NEW! Shave Mug Refill —8 to 12 months' supply of Old Spice Shave Soap 65¢



The Old Spice Shave Mug itself contains an eight to twelve months' supply of the famous Old Spice Shave Soap. Now you can keep the mug in constant use—always brimful of shaving pleasure—by simply inserting an Old Spice Refill, containing the same fine quality, free-lathering soap. Join the cheerful shavers—use Old Spice for more shaving comfort. *Also Old Spice After-Shave Lotion, Talcum, Bath Soap and Cologne, available individually or in sets.*

EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Ring Twice for Laur

By Vera Caspar

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDE

The Story Thus Far:

THE body of a woman—killed by someone using a shotgun—is found in the apartment of Laura Hunt, a young New York City advertising woman. The face is unrecognizable; but, since Laura is missing, it is generally assumed that it is she who has been murdered.

Mark McPherson, a resourceful police official, is assigned to the case. He interviews a number of persons—notably, Bessie Clark, the dead girl's maid, who had found the body; Shelby Carpenter, who had been Laura's fiancé; and Waldo Lydecker, a noted newspaper columnist who had been one of Laura's closest friends. Then—after the body of the murdered girl has been cremated—Mark makes an astounding discovery; going to Laura's apartment, he finds—*Laura Hunt!*

Laura is very much alive. She tells Mark that, shortly before the murder, she had lent her apartment to a friend—Diane Redfern, a model—and gone to Connecticut. She says that, in Connecticut, she had seen no newspapers, her radio had been out of order, and as a consequence she had heard nothing of her supposed death.

Convinced that the murdered girl had been Diane Redfern, Mark starts all over again. It does not take him long to learn that Diane had been in love with Carpenter, infatuated with him; and that Laura had been extremely jealous, for a time. Then, when he finds a gold cigarette case (that Laura had given to Carpenter and that Carpenter had said he had lost!) in Diane's pocketbook, he feels that he is getting somewhere.

Laura knows more than she cares to admit. For example: She knows (Carpenter has told her) that Carpenter had been in her bedroom, when someone had rung the doorbell, stepped in, shot Diane to death and slipped quietly away, without being seen by anyone.

In discussing the case with Laura, in her apartment, Carpenter claims that he had gone to her apartment, before the murder, while Diane was there, simply because the girl had threatened to do something desperate if he did not call on her. He makes it obvious that he believes Laura to be the killer!

While they are talking, Mark comes in. He produces the cigarette case; he makes some very pointed remarks—aimed at Laura. The girl listens patiently. After a time, she says quietly, "Are you going to arrest me?"

Laura feels more and more trapped by circumstances, and now describes how, having lost Mark's confidence, she considers calling upon a lawyer to help her.

VI

SALSBURY, HASKINS, WARDER & BONE. Every little movement has a meaning all its own, Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone. A small black mustache parted in the middle, a voice, the smell of mint, and all of this an enigma, a rush of words and sense of memories, as I woke after a hard sleep and two small white pills. Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone. I attached the words to a melody, I heard music beyond my door and the words were Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone.

The music was the vacuum cleaner outside my bedroom door. Bessie brought coffee and orange juice. The glass was beaded with ice, and as my hand chilled, grasping it, I remembered a dewy, silvered vessel, the smell of mint and the small black mustache crowning a tooth-paste smile. It was on the lawn of Auntie Sue's place at Sands Point, the black mustache had asked if I liked mint juleps and explained that he was young Salsbury of Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone.

"A lawyer," I said aloud. "He told me that if I ever needed a lawyer, they're a very old firm."

Bessie departed and I, remembering Shelby's advice, heard myself telling it all to the black mustache.

"You're thinking of that detective . . . waiting for him to come and arrest you!" I was caught by Waldo's hands, pinioned by his eyes

"And your alibi, Laura? What is y alibi for Friday night?" young Salsb would ask. Then I should have to peat for the mustache what I had t Mark about Friday night after I Shelby waving after my taxi on L ington Avenue.

Mark had asked me while we w having breakfast together—it seem thousand breakfasts ago—to tell h precisely how I had spent every min of that Friday night. He had known, course, that I had let Shelby give taxi driver Waldo's address and tha had then instructed the man to take to Grand Central.

"And after that?" Mark had said.

"I took the train."

"Did you see anyone you know? anyone who might be able to ident you?"

"Why do you ask me these qu tions?"

"Routine," he said and handed me empty cup. "You make excellent coff Laura."

"You ought to come up some ti when I bake a cake."

We laughed. The kitchen was c with the checked cloth and my blue D ish cups. I poured cream and put t lumps of sugar into his coffee.

"How did you know?" he said.

"I watched you before. Now wh you come here, you will get so mu cream and two lumps."

"I'll come often," he said.

HE ASKED about my arrival in W ton, and I told him about getting the train at South Norwalk and of wal ing quickly alone down that desert street to the garage back of Andr Frost's house for my car. Mark want to know if there weren't any public g rages near the station, and I said I sav two dollars a month this way. That ma him laugh again. "So you do have sor thrift in you." There was little of t detective in him and much of the a miring male, so that I laughed, thro ing back my head and searching l eyes. He asked if Andrew Frost or a of his family had seen me, and wher told him that Mr. Frost is a misogyn of seventy-four who sees me only t first Saturday of the month when I gi him two dollars, Mark laughed uproa iously and said, "That's a hell of alibi."

I told him about driving to Norwa on Saturday for my groceries, and asked if anyone there would rememb But I told him I had saved money agai going to the super market and tru dling a basket through aisles filled wi the working people of Norwalk and t summer crowd from the surroundi countryside. I could not rememb whether it had been the redheaded cas ier who took my money or the man wi the cast in his eye. After I left the ma ket, I told Mark, I had driven hom worked in the garden again, cooked m self a light dinner and read until be time.

He said, "Is that all, Laura?"

Safe and friendly in my war kitchen, I shuddered. Mark's eyes we fixed on my face, and I felt them burni through me.

He said, "And you stayed alone f the rest of the time you were ther Laura? You didn't see anyone wh might have heard the radio or read t

(Continued on page 86)



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

THERE'S BILL reading *that letter* again. Want to know what's in it? Well—"Katie had her birthday Thursday . . . Dad's an air-raid warden now . . . We're going to the football game tomorrow . . ."

That's all. Just a letter from the folks. Nothing very important—except to Bill.

But it's important to him all right—the way a lot of little things are to all of us. The letters we get from home . . . old friends we meet by chance . . . the pipe we smoke in quiet contemplation . . .

Little things—but they mean a lot. They chase the blues away . . . they help to keep *morale* up!

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION



AMERICA'S FAVORED SPORTSWEAR FOR '42!

MADE FOR A LONG DOUBLE LIFE . . . this double-action, button-fly-front reversible! *Presto*... it's Corduroy! *Chango*... it's Gabardine! Finger-tip lengths. Men's, boys' sizes. SEE THE COMPLETE, COLORFUL TRUVAL LINE . . . SPORTS SHIRTS FROM $2 . . . OUTERWEAR FROM $6.95.

TRUVAL MFRS. INC., 261 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.



Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

relatively junior officers to head the Navy Department bureaus.

He went far down the Navy lists in selecting the present chiefs of the bureaus of supplies and accounts, yards and docks, and medicine and surgery, and ordnance. The officers now heading the first three named posts—William B. Young, Ben Moreell and Ross T. McIntire—were jumped from the rank of commander when they were made rear admirals in charge of those bureaus.

When Rear Admiral John H. Towers was ordered to sea, the men of the Fleet air arm hoped that an up-and-coming airman who combined relative youth with long flying experience would be his successor.

The President's selection, however, was Rear Admiral John Sidney McCain, one of the Navy's senior admirals and a comparative newcomer to aviation. A veteran battleship officer, he learned to fly six years ago, when he was 52.

ONE complication faced by the British and Americans in the Middle East is the peculiar situation resulting from the Egyptian government's neutrality. Its army is not in the war but is supposed to fight in case of an invasion.

In practice, to date, this mainly consists of Egyptian ack-ack batteries taking pot shots at Axis bombers coming over the Nile country. Sometimes they shoot at Allied planes by mistake.

A U. S. Army Liberator bomber had such an experience recently. Returning from a patrol over the Mediterranean with part of its bomb load still aboard, the big B-24 approached the airdrome at Gezira, near Cairo. Its crew dropped the proper Universal Recognition Flare, radioed its identity and the fact that it was coming in.

A near-by Egyptian antiaircraft battery, however, opened up on the plane. The Liberator pulled away. Then, dropping another flare and radioing its identity again, it came in a second time. The enthusiastic Egyptian gunners renewed their fire. Then the plane commander got a little peeved.

On his third trip, his radio call was addressed directly to the ack-ack battery commander. It went something like this: "Have no hatred of Egyptians. Also, have no more flares and virtually no more fuel. But have one good 500-pound bomb."

The pilot was never able to understand how the Egyptian failed to receive or understand his prior messages but got the last one so quickly. Anyhow, he was able to come in and land without further hindrance.

SWING enthusiasts will recall that Clyde McCoy and his big-time band decided to give up hot and sweet music for the duration, in favor of killing Japs.

The Sugar Blues trumpeter and his men enlisted in the Navy en masse and were assigned to the new naval training station at Memphis to learn to be aviation mechanics. Thence, they'll go to aircraft carriers or overseas air bases for duty.

Last month, the group put aside their grease-monkey suits and textbooks and dug out their musical instruments for the exercises formally opening the Memphis school—and they played not the Sugar Blues or Boogie-Woogie but—The Star-Spangled Banner. . . . J. G. N.



"Here's us—so you can see you're about 300 miles from your base"

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 58

saddened her; she resisted prolonging them. And as she drove toward her home, she began to feel uncertain, almost desolate. These moods came upon her more frequently now; she thought perhaps Gregory's absence increased them.

The amah whispered to her as she entered her hallway. Sperling was in the living room; he had been waiting for more than half an hour. Like a clairvoyant, the amah made him sound like a collector—a *shroff*, in Shanghai language—waiting for payment of back chits.

Madame Vooren frowned, composed her face and sailed serenely into the living room.

"You are just in time to have tea with me," she said. "Although really you are entitled to a drink." She made it sound like a reward: his only one.

He bowed, he readjusted his monocle, he sat uncompromisingly erect on the edge of the sofa, his eyes fixed on her. "No matter where I see you," he said, "you always look as though you had walked out of a dream—instead of shopping or bridge or quarreling with the modiste, as I believe the Shanghai ladies occupy themselves."

"Really?" She motioned to the entering amah to set down the tray and began to prepare a drink for Sperling. "And I never dream any more."

"You made me wait long enough," he said easily, "to suspect that you were not genuinely different from the other ladies."

"I hadn't expected you, without notice," she said. "I am afraid if you had notified me, I should have suggested a postponement of your visit. I wouldn't have known what time I would return. Boats leave so rarely these days and even less frequently at the promised time."

"SO, YOU have fulfilled your duties to Gregory to the last," he said.

She said lightly, "One has duties to one's country or to children or invalids. The concept is out of place in speaking of adults."

"Good health!" he said, raising his glass. "Perhaps only we Germans cherish the nobility of duty. But you do not deceive me, Manis, although you deceive yourself. Everybody knows that the Maréchal Joffre was the only passenger ship to leave Shanghai today. Also, everybody knows that the most interesting passenger on board was Gregory's former assistant. Naturally, the Gaspard girl was also not without interest to us here. You bade Mr. Griggs farewell, you performed a *duty*. I hope you did not say until-we-meet-again."

"I am afraid that is exactly what I did say."

"Ah, yes, but with your tongue in your cheek, not so?"

"No, earnestly."

He looked baffled. Then he said, "I cannot believe that you are not also Gregory's confidante."

Her hands felt cold. She said in a low voice: "The other day, you started to tell me something about Gregory. Then, I stopped you."

"Now, Manis. I did not call on you to talk about Gregory. I want to dispel Gregory's presence here." He leaned forward to add in an oozy voice: "And leave just you and me."

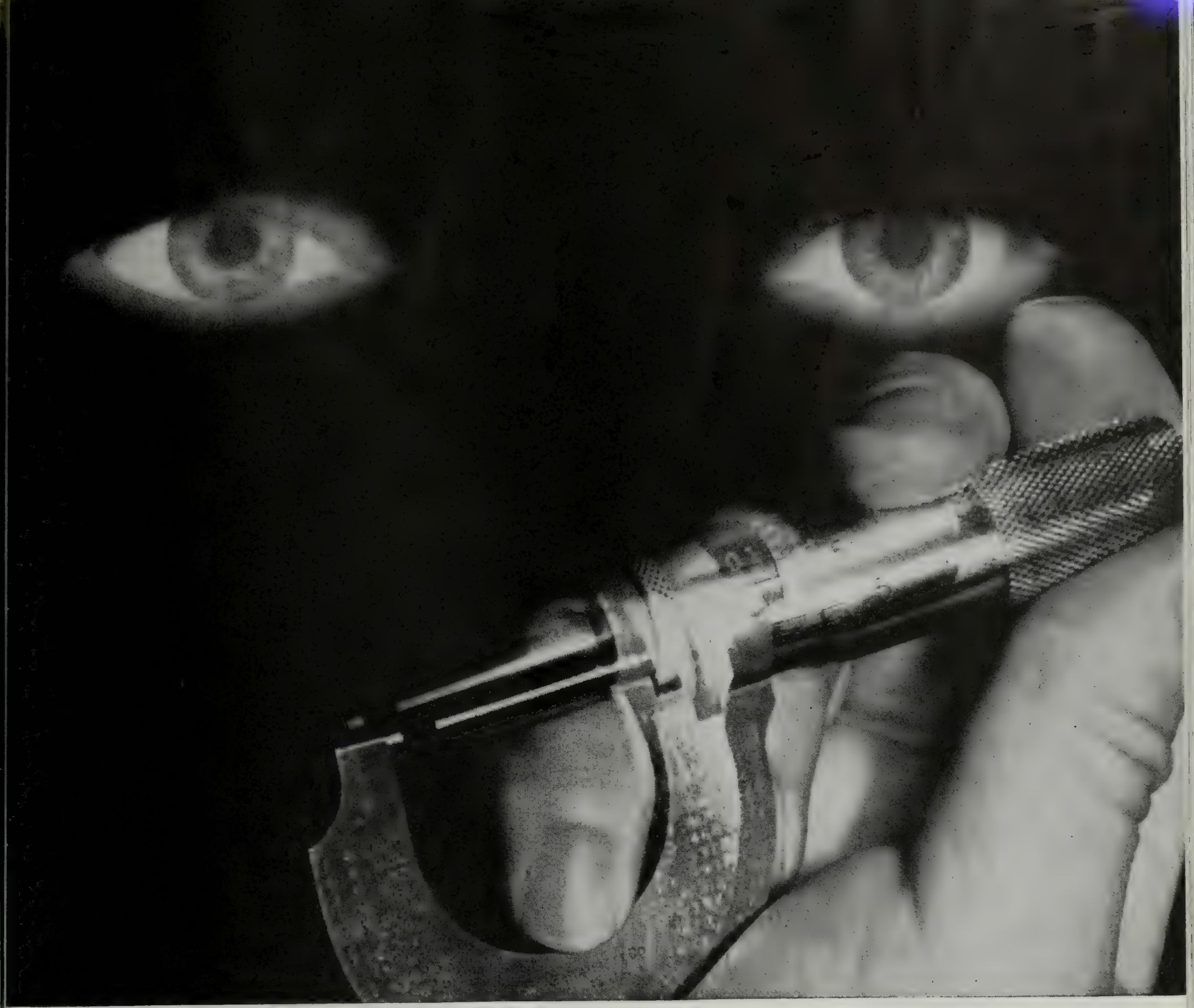
She said, "Surely you know that I have always shrunk from entering into Gregory's professional world. I knew his work forced him to associate with many characters who were unappetizing to me."

"Naturally," said Sperling. "These yellow pigs are not fit to be in the same room with you."

"But what did you mean when you called Mr. Griggs a former assistant of Gregory? He has been promoted?"

Sperling laughed. "Promoted! *Promoted!* Naturally, I understand, Gregory has not had time to write you; perhaps he chooses not to write about it at all and, instead, one day tell you. I shall be his representative, in his absence, not so?" He laughed again.

"And as such—" she began faintly,



STUTTERING EYES...*OUT* FOR THE DURATION

EIGHT HOURS at a tool is a long time. Specially for eyes.

80% of your actions are controlled by your eyes, and only eyes that see well and easily —free from strain—can endure hour after hour of near-point concentration.

Faulty eyes make scrap, and 70% of all eyes are faulty. They strain, tire, jump out of focus and see double. Then another expensive and badly needed part goes into the scrap can.

No production soldier has a right to fumble or falter or waste. Last year that kind of stuff might cost you your job. This year it can cost your "land of the free".

Too many people take their eyes for granted. Too many have eye faults that they ignore. Likely, you are in this group. Yet most faults of vision can be corrected.

Go now, and have your eyes examined. And don't gamble on slipshod eye care. It does not pay.

Go where you can be sure of professional and technical skills in the care of the only eyes you will ever have—precious eyes that should be right and ready to play their part in the victory push. Better Vision Institute, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

VISION FOR VICTORY

Copyright, 1942, Better Vision Institute, Inc.



BUT... *lots of men never get anywhere by paying old-fashioned razor blade prices!* Why pay more... when 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used ... Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkeley today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

Consolidated Razor Blade Co., Inc., Jersey City, N. J.

NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE **18 for 25¢**



★ *Buy* UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT *War Bonds and Stamps* ★



For those precious

LEISURE MOMENTS

What better way to spend an idle evening hour than with good companionship, a good fire and a cheering drink made with Myers's —the *dark* Jamaica Rum? For wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be

MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

For new free Rum Recipe Book write
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. CL-11, 57 Laight St., New York



wanting to hear and dreading to hear.

"Gregory summons Griggs to Manila to take him out of Shanghai where his dumbheaded actions have made him a nuisance," said Sperling. "In Manila, to summarize it, he discharges him."

He couldn't, she told herself, it was not like him. In all the years she had known him, Gregory had been fickle and selfish, but she had never known him to be cruel.

"Surely you are mistaken," she said. "Mr. Griggs believed Gregory had assigned him to a position in the Philippines."

"Naturally. It was necessary for Gregory to produce that effect. Or Griggs might have stayed on in Shanghai."

"Gregory wished to protect him?" she said without hope.

"Not exactly," Sperling said merrily. "Gregory found him so unsatisfactory that he may be forced to discredit him. He does not belong in the Orient."

"To mislead him, and to—" she stopped herself in dismay.

"Now, these small artifices are sometimes virtues," Sperling said. "If the end justifies them. Even the French consulate here has just resorted to one." He removed his monocle to polish it. "And did you not find Mademoiselle Gaspard elated to receive such prompt permission to travel to Indo-China?"

"Mademoiselle Gaspard was very happy."

"Ah, yes. She was happy to be with her sweetheart, too, not so? For three days, they may be happy. Then—" He reinserted his monocle. "One doubts if they will ever see each other again."

Now her palms were slippery with sweat. "I am afraid you do not know all their plans," she said.

"I know that the Gaspard girl received her permission so punctually because we are pleased to have her in Saïgon. I know that she will be of stupendous assistance, once she is associating with her secret Free French friends, happily, under the surveillance of the proper authorities. She thinks she goes to assist her father. Soon she may wish he were freed to rescue her."

"I wish almost you had not told me this," she said in a spent voice.

"Myself, also." He rose to stand over her. "Why should we devour our few moments together in such talk?" He waited a moment for a response and receiving none, said, tenderly: "As our great poet, Schiller, wrote: 'It is the heart and not the opinion which is an honor to a man.'"

Madame Vooren said, "Forgive me if I ask you to leave. I suffer from migraine. I am in deadly pain now."

It is not a lie, she thought, to say I am suffering. No, Sperling has introduced me to a new torture: he has weakened my trust in Gregory without uprooting my love.

THE officers of the Maréchal Joffre remained out of sight except at mealtimes, when they herded together at a table in the elaborate ghostly dining saloon. They ate rapidly and in silence. Moving in and out of the saloon, they avoided glancing at the scattering of passengers. Nick, noting that even the purser delegated his duties to his assistant, thought they conducted themselves as though they had been cashiered.

He said so to Betty and Dixon, sitting with them on the forlorn deck as the declining sun lit up the China Sea. Dixon neighed like a horse. "Upon my word, that's an uncommonly neat description," he said and yelled in unintelligible French for the bar steward.

The steward was attending to a French rubber planter, who, with his wife and two marriageable daughters, had been on vacation from Cochin China. When they had learned that Betty was the daughter of Henri Gaspard, the De Gaullist, they had appropriated for themselves the starboard deck. The daughters knitted industriously, the parents became absorbed in the far horizon, if Betty trespassed on their side of the deck.

Betty and Nick were not injured by the boycott. With Dixon at their table, Dixon beside them at the bar and on the port deck, they were sometimes surfeited with company. Twice a day, Dixon congratulated himself.

"It's a pack of good fortune to find you two on board. You know, I couldn't make up my mind until the last minute and then I thought, Hang it all, I can't stew in Shanghai, waiting for a boat to Singapore. I'll push on to Saïgon and get that insufferable little cattle boat that crosses the gulf to Singapore. It's altogether a brace of good luck to find you two on board."

As the ship drew near Manila, the heat became more pronounced. Violent gusts of rain rattled down on the tin wind scoops outside the portholes; the rain slanted capriciously, first on one side and then on the other. The deck crew seemed to reflect the shifty uneasy seas. The room stewards disappeared for hours at a time. The bar steward did not talk less but sometimes he lost the thread and looked appealingly at Betty and Nick and Dixon as though they might retrieve it for him.

One of the hands remained on the promenade deck all day, restoring the brasswork that became mottled and green during each shower, and daintily retouching scabbed-off spots on the painted railings. He wore a green visor over his eyes and looked like a billiard player. The assistant purser often stood beside him, engaged in a low mumble of conversation.

Usually, they ceased speaking when anyone passed them; they halted now, civilly, as Betty paused beside them. She said, "Good day," and then found it difficult to proceed, unable to tell them that, for one sad moment, she wanted to speak French to Frenchmen.

The rain had stopped, although its weight still hung heavy in the still stifling air. Nick and Dixon were making the prescribed turns around the deck—a mile a day; they moved as though they were wading through water. With parting so near, Betty felt suddenly resentful, as though tomorrow another trick would be played on her, another one she loved would be taken away.

Catastrophes, occurring too brutally and too rapidly, not only shock you, they also form you. She had begun to think of the world in two parts: the occupied zone and the free zone, and the latter either dominated by the enemy or besieged. Nick sometimes seemed like a made-up character from a made-up land, neither occupied nor dominated nor besieged. She would never see him again; they had been childish to pretend that travel between Indo-China and the Philippines was like going from Baltimore to New York. She could not bear to be with Nick when this bitter knowledge overcame her. It was better to be with men whom she did not love but who were French and citizens of her own surrendered world.

THE assistant purser was called away and she addressed the deck hand. "Tell me, do you know how long we remain in Manila?"

"They tell me it will depend on the time necessary to load and unload."

"It would be perfect if we could stay several days," she said and now she felt better. She blew a kiss to Nick, moving limply past with Dixon.

When they were out of earshot, the deck hand said, "You are not eager to arrive in Saïgon?"

"Oh, yes. I shouldn't be going there if I were not. You see, a few days' delay will make little difference for me in Saïgon but it would in Manila. Do you think it's possible we'll stay that long?"

He dipped his brush in the paint can. "The assistant purser knows better than I. He is accustomed to this run. I have never made it before, Mademoiselle Gaspard."

She tried to read his face; but the visor masked him. "You knew my name?" she asked.

"It is a small passenger list." He stirred the paint. "We may even learn what you are," he added coolly.

"Even what we are? What a curious thing to say."

"Yes, for example, we know that you



COLLIER'S

"Movie fans. They're leaving for Hollywood to sell war bonds to the movie stars"

SCOTT BROWN



Today...*Quality* Pays an Extra Dividend

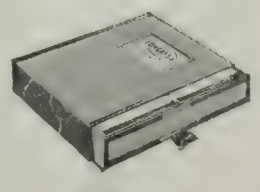
TODAY—when we must make all things last longer . . . get more pleasure out of what we have, it's more important than ever to buy cards of known quality.

Good card players have long recognized the advantages of quality cards. That's why so many famous players choose Congress Cards.

Their extra snap . . . smooth shuffling . . . beautiful designs . . . definitely make for more pleasure in a game of cards. You can actually *feel* Congress Quality . . . it's the exclusive *Cel-u-tone* finish that makes Congress Cards so smooth—so smudge resistant.

• • •

IN TIMES LIKE THESE when only the best will do—you can be sure of getting the finest in playing cards by specifying Congress Cards . . . known for quality for over fifty years. Made by the makers of Bicycle . . . the favorite card wherever men gather.



CONGRESS *Playing Cards*
CEL-U-TONE FINISH

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO . . . MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS



BEAT the ENEMY of ill health

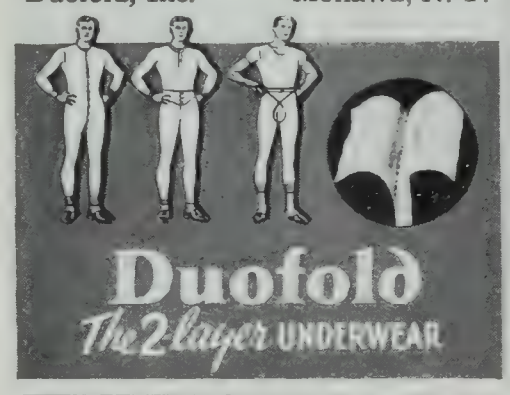
Every case of illness now hampers America's war effort.

Today as never before, every American owes it to his country to *fortify* his reserves of energy, vitality, stamina, and resistance to disease.

It's time to *re*-learn and follow every rule of robust health. Seek frequent checkups by the family physician. Prevent the spread of contagion.

In winter, Duofold Underwear helps beat the enemy of ill health. Its 2-layer construction conserves bodily warmth and energy . . . in *comfort*. Through the 2-layer, with air space between, principle of insulation . . . Duofold provides protection without excessive weight.

Duofold, Inc. • Mohawk, N. Y.





are the daughter of Henri Gaspard."

"Oh. Do you know my father?"

Then he looked up at her. "Only by repute," he said. "The best."

She said, "Now, I believe I understand. You must be one of those who joined the ship to leave it at Manila. Father told me about the recruiting station there."

"Mademoiselle, even without a wind, a voice can carry."

She whispered, "It is true, though, isn't it?"

Both turned as Nick raced toward them.

"What do you know? We're not going to Manila," he cried out. "They've just got orders to go straight ahead to Saïgon." He flung his arm around Betty's waist and looked radiantly at her.

The deck hand looked as if he had been delivered a blow. "Unbelievable," he said harshly.

The assistant purser answered him. He stood now behind Betty and Nick. "But it is so," he said. "It happened once before."

The deck hand picked up his paint can and walked away without another word.

"Well, what does it mean?" Nick asked.

"Who knows?" said the assistant purser. "The other time, Vichy was nervous. They feared we would be seized. This time"—he paused—"Vichy is still nervous."

Dixon walked up to them, addressing the assistant purser. "There's a good fellow," he said buoyantly. "Getting me to Saïgon quicker."

The officer half-smiled and, murmuring politely, excused himself.

"I didn't care a brass farthing about staying in Manila," Dixon said happily. "You know, this beastly little cattle boat, the Faucault I told you about, it leaves for Singapore when and if. And hanged if there's any other way to go now, for a white man. I told myself it would just be my tiresome luck to have it go the day before we landed. Maybe we ought to visit the bar and have a drink to my luck."

BETTY and Nick promised to join him later. They moved away from the freshly painted rail to lean on a dry one.

Nick said, "*'Allo.*"

"Instead of *au revoir,*" Betty answered.

"Well, to tell the truth, I thought I was polishing up my French."

"Oh. All I was thinking of was we won't have to say goodby so soon."

"Don't think I didn't think of that. That was the first thing I thought of." He frowned. "The second thing was: How long will Cogswell keep my Philippine job open for me? Anyway, he can't blame me for this."

"Absolutely no," she said. "But you will send him a message?"

"Sure. I just want to work it out before I go on up to the radio shack," he said, "I wish I could afford to start it out: I am not Pétain."

"He can't blame you, darling."

"Let's see. Didn't you say the Continental was *the* hotel in Saïgon?" he said. "I could tell him to cable me there. Maybe it would be even better to say the American consulate."

She grinned. "Even though it gets bombed?"

"Only once," he said. "That ought to take care of this season." He started away from her. "This will only take me half a second. How do you say that in French?"

"From now on, I must give you lessons," she called after him.

The lessons took place. Nick was learning to conjugate but he was not learning to erase Indiana from his inflections. Three days away from the Philippines, rounding Cap St. Jacques and entering the wide mouth of the Saïgon River, he stood at the bow with Dixon's binoculars.

"*Il y a beaucoup de vaisseau de guerre,*" he told Betty and handed her the field glasses. She stared at him, perplexed, and he added, in a resigned voice, "Okay, professor. I said there are a lot of warships. I didn't know how to say they were Japanese in French."

Halfway up the fifty miles of winding river, just after they had met two rusty transports crowded with Japanese soldiers, the Maréchal Joffre dropped anchor in midstream.

For once, the passengers were united. They lined the port rail, with some of the deck crew, watching a launch put out from the immigration station. Nick thought the neat plot of grass between the narrow dock and the veranda-enclosed building contrasted too abruptly with the wild growth along the river bank.

When the launch had been made fast to the ship, and the inspectors came up the lowered ladder, Betty seized Nick's arm. "Why, that's Gignoux," she said. "The skinny one, with his helmet pushed back." She started to call but closed her mouth without a sound when the inspector looked directly past her.

Nick said, "Who's Gignoux?"

"He was a vice-consul. At Shanghai," Betty said. "He left soon after Pétain surrendered."

"Well. He doesn't seem to know you."

"Oh, but he couldn't help it," said Betty. "He often visited us."

"What's he doing here?" said Nick. "Strange job for a consul."

"Listen," Betty said in a low voice. "If he's doing this, does that mean he's supporting Vichy?" She glanced behind her. "Or maybe he is a secret De Gaullist?"

Nick said, "In either case, he isn't speaking to *you.*"

The passengers' names were being called out. Betty's papers were in order. She was asked no questions and she quickly filed past the inspectors who had seated themselves at tables in the lounge.

Gignoux fiddled with Nick's paper He said: "I will keep your passport. Y may step aside."

"Well, what's the trouble?" Ni asked.

"You are a foreigner. You are a jou nalist," Gignoux said. "We must ent the details of your passport in our re ords." He glanced at the line behi Nick.

Dixon is as much of a foreigner a am, Nick thought. I didn't notice th they kept his passport. "When do I g it back?" he asked.

"Do not be disturbed," Gignoux r plied. "If you desire to wait on the de where it is cooler, I will return it to y there."

IT WAS not perceptibly cooler on de even with the whirling overhead fa But you could pretend it was cooler, dering drinks.

Presently, Gignoux stuck his head o of the door, saw them, and approach "Mr. Griggs," he said, "I must ask y several questions. Permit me?"

Nick said, "Sit down, please. This Miss Gaspard."

"Yes, of course. I know it is Mad moiselle Gaspard." Gignoux smil "Did I not just see her passport? But is of you I must ask a few questions, M Griggs."

"Okay."

Gignoux asked, "How long will y stay in Saïgon?"

Nick said, "I don't know. If this sh had made its scheduled stop at Mani I wouldn't be here."

"Of course," said Gignoux. "It is t war."

Nick said, "Now that I'm here, might as well look around and see wh the Japanese are doing."

"Only the Japanese?" Gignoux aske

"Well, the Japanese are the wh show in Indo-China now, aren't they Nick said.

"Quite so," said Gignoux. "Then y will not interest yourself in the affa of the French." He offered Betty cigarette, lit hers and his own and



"I'll have us down at Fourth and Main in no time— but you gotta be quick and fall in right behind her!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Heritage of Hospitality

FROM EARLIEST COLONIAL TIMES THE NAME OF PHILADELPHIA HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE. THIS TRADITION OF WELL-BRED HOSPITALITY IS TYPIFIED TODAY IN THE GLORIOUS CHARACTER OF THIS GREAT WHISKY. A TRULY MAGNIFICENT BLEND, BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS—PHILADELPHIA IS A SPECIAL OCCASION WHISKY, WHICH YOU CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY, REGULARLY AND OFTEN!

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

86.8 proof · 65% grain neutral spirits





MEEKER MADE

GIFTS of QUALITY

For Every Occasion

FAMOUS for Fine Craftsmanship

● Here are just a few of many appropriate MEEKER-MADE Gifts for all occasions... Christmas, Birthdays, Graduations, Weddings. They are handsome as well as useful, and moderately priced. Christmas is just ahead! See your dealer...see the fine quality and expert workmanship displayed in these articles bearing the MEEKER-MADE label.



VICTORY DeLuxe BILLFOLD $2.50

Soft, pliable boarded calf handsomely finished and embossed with the V symbol. One of the finest billfolds available. Has exclusive Meeker TUK-AWAY hidden bill pocket, dual spare key holder, divider type bill compartment, window identification... many other modern features. A real man's gift!



NOK-ABOUT KIT $5.50

A handy, practical, handsome toilet kit that every man and every woman will appreciate. Genuine hand-colored, brown pigskin. Talon zipper and concealed spring which opens kit in a jiffy and keeps it open. Slight pressure closes it. Moisture-proof lining. Plenty of room, with minimum bulk.



SERVICE BILLFOLD $4.00

A super-quality billfold for the service man! Genuine hand-colored brown calf with the Army, Navy, Air Corps, or Marine insignia embossed on front; laced ends; quick-action deluxe zipper. Packed in a smart gift box. You can see the fine workmanship at a glance . . . feel the exceptional quality. $4.

Go to Your Dealer for These Useful, Quality-Made Gifts. If Your Dealer Doesn't Have Them—Write for FREE Booklet!

MEEKER MADE Fine Leather Goods

THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

mained silent until the couple emerging from the lounge had passed by. Then he said to Nick: "That is good. You will not exploit the case of Henri Gaspard."

Nick said, "Well, of course—"

Gignoux interrupted him: "It is good, I repeat. You do not plan to interest yourself. He is closely watched. He is never without a special guard outside his prison cell. His health is fairly good, although he will soon face trial. It will be a waste of time for you to try to learn anything from the police or the military authorities."

Nick glanced quickly at Betty who remained expressionless.

Gignoux leaned forward. "Even we of the immigration service have been prohibited from speaking of the case to his former associates or relatives." He shrugged his shoulders. "It is very emphatic. Not even to his physician, Doctor Gavreau. No, not even old Gavreau."

The inspector rose. "Here is your passport," he told Nick and raised his voice. "You have authorization to remain thirty days. Before you depart, present yourself to the Commissariat de la Police du Port. There, they will grant you exit authority." He bowed to Betty, shook hands with Nick, and disappeared.

Nick turned to Betty. "So what?" he asked.

Betty said, "He is a friend of Father's."

Nick said, "For my money, I don't get it."

BETTY hitched her chair forward. "He used one of our codes," she whispered. "Doctor Gavreau, he said, old Gavreau."

"And who or what's that?"

"It's an address to which I must go . . . alone. Listen," she said excitedly. "Don't you see? He was warning me that even old acquaintances must pretend not to know each other! All the time he was talking to me."

"Well," said Nick, "you're minus some buttons if you think I'll let you run around alone in a strange city hunting some secret address."

Betty smiled and said, "Silly, this isn't a strange city. Why, I lived here as a child."

"At any rate, you've got to let me follow you."

"No," she said in a determined voice. "Gignoux warned you to keep out of this, and told me where to go. You heard him."

"Sure, I heard him. But maybe he's not on the up-and-up. And where would we ever get together again?"

"I'll meet you on the terrace of the Continental at twelve o'clock sharp tomorrow," she said. "That's the best place for us to meet, because it's where everybody gathers for an *apéritif* before tiffin." She patted his cheek. Gignoux had encouraged her. "The terrace is always so crowded, it's very private. You see, it's so noisy we can even talk about Father safely."

"Why not come to the terrace tonight?" Nick said. "After I've got a room at the Continental, I'll—"

The assistant purser stopped before them. "You do not mind if I interrupt that happy dream?" he asked. "When you have a room at the Continental, it means that the Japanese have been driven out of Indo-China."

"Why so pessimistic?" said Nick. "Yesterday you told me the Continental always kept a few rooms for your passengers."

"That was true last month," the officer said. "Since the Maréchal Joffre left Saïgon scarcely three weeks ago, many thousands more Japanese have arrived."

The ship was again winding up the Saïgon River, with the immigration station already lost behind the sweeping bends of the stream. The procession of Japanese ships continued. A crowded transport and two freighters, loaded with trucks, tanks, flat barges and artillery, floated past, heading for the sea.

"Animals!" the assistant purser said and he waved his arm toward the black, ungainly vessels. "They tell us they are sending their soldiers back to Japan on leave. Are those tanks and trucks going back to Japan on leave, too? I tell you, these ships are going south, not north. Soon you will hear that Japan has taken Thailand. They are ready to strike."

"Where did you pick up all your news?" said Nick.

"From the immigration men," said the officer. "They are very depressed. Saïgon is now a Japanese army camp. Many thousands of soldiers have been sent toward the Cambodia-Thailand border; others are being taken by ship around Cochin China into the Gulf of Siam. They tell me the Japs have increased our airport to ten times its former size.

Nick said, "The fliers are staying. That's interesting."

"The infantry, in fact, all the ground troops are merely passing through. But the hotels and our homes are filled with Japanese aviators." He gestured helplessly. "Soon, maybe within a few weeks, you Americans and the British will learn what a dreadful mistake it was to permit the Japanese to establish themselves here. They will make trouble for you."

"Okay, General, only it would have helped if you Frenchmen hadn't rolled out the carpet for them," Nick said. He called to Dixon: "Come on over and listen to the purser. He says the Japanese have the drop on you English."

"Hanged if I don't think all Frenchmen are all infernally scared just because the Nazis are in Paris," Dixon said to the assistant purser. "Cheer up, old fellow. We'll not quit until we chase every last German out of France and as for these little monkeys from Tokyo"—he snapped his fingers—"we'll polish them off Tuesday between tiffin and tea."

"And when they attack Singapore—" the officer began.

"Singapore!" Dixon roared. "Singapore, indeed. You know, it's from Singapore that we will attack *them*."

"I guess you've changed your mind since you left Shanghai," Nick remarked to Dixon. "The Japs looked pretty big to you back there."

"It is frightfully confusing, isn't it?" Dixon said affably. "But I dare say Singapore's not Shanghai. Come down there with me, you'll see." He turned to the assistant purser. "You come too," he said. "It will cheer you to get away from this." He waved his arm to embrace all of Indo-China. "I can't understand what you Frenchmen want with the God-forsaken country. Let the Japs keep it."

Nick said, "At any rate, they seem to be preparing to stay." He pointed to a cleared plot along the river bank. "That's more of them than I ever saw in one spot in China, or even in Japan."

ACROSS the water, they watched companies of Japanese, bareheaded and stripped to the waist in the hot afternoon sun, hurdling ditches and barriers before plunging bayonets into bags of sand. Along the shore, battalions stood waiting their turn for the drill. The decks of a moored transport were jammed with more men, placidly watching.

Betty was the first to turn away. "Look." She tugged at Nick's sleeve. "At least, the Cathedral's still standing."

Around one more bend of the river they could see the spired church and, on the slope below it, the trees that hid the tiled roofs of the city's homes.

They remained silent as the Maréchal Joffre steamed between two solid lines of Japanese freighters, Japanese transports and Japanese destroyers. When the ship edged toward the dock, the assistant purser spoke to Dixon. "I hope you're right about Singapore," he said. He looked back once more to the enemy vessels. "But only such a little while

BUTCH — **By Pvt. Larry Reynolds**



COLLIER'S

"Would you mind holding your finger here?"

How the Servel NUTRITION IN INDUSTRY PLAN is helping War Plants save vital man-hours



% of absenteeism is caused ILLNESS... not ACCIDENTS

PER NUTRITION CAN MEAN:

- ★ **Fewer days lost**
- ★ **Increased production**
- ★ **Fewer rejects**
- ★ **Better safety record**

ANNOUNCED less than sixty days ago, the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan is already going to work in war plants all over America to help break the lost-time bottleneck caused by sickness and colds.

Surveys show that nine out of every ten cases of absenteeism are the result of ill health, not accidents.

And medical studies indicate that faulty diet—ignorance and neglect of the rules of correct nutrition—may be one of the major reasons for this condition, which is robbing our nation's war effort of more than 24,000,000 man-hours monthly.

The Servel Plan provides a simple, practical way to improve the eating habits of men and women engaged in the manufacture of war materials. It answers the need for guidance in choosing the right food—in the *plant cafeteria,* in *neighborhood restaurants* and in the *home.*

The Plan is based on first-hand experience since last January with Servel's own thousands of war-plant employees, and incorporates the recommendations of the Committee on Nutrition In Industry of the National Research Council.

Gas Companies can supply war-plant executives with details of the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan.

HERE'S WHAT GAS COMPANIES ARE DOING TO PUT THIS PLAN TO WORK



1 Helping to tell war-plant workers the right foods to eat and why—through an action-getting campaign of posters, folders, etc., keyed to the fighting urge of "EAT TO BEAT THE DEVIL."



2 Cooperating with war-plant cafeterias in suggesting daily "Recommended Victory Lunches"—advising on snack-wagon foods best suited to supplement the worker's lunch box.



3 Encouraging neighborhood restaurants to serve balanced meals. Securing their cooperation in featuring Victory Lunches and using "Eat to Beat the Devil" display material.



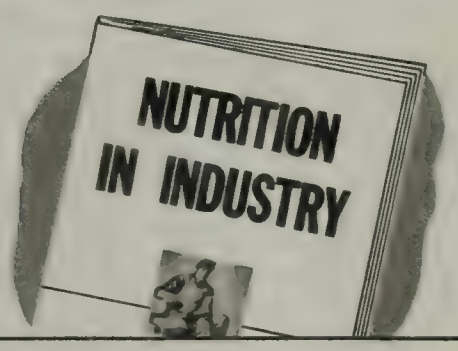
howing workers' wives and mothers to pack better lunches—how to get etizing variety in the daily lunch box plenty of energy-building food value ell.



5 Conducting neighborhood meetings in local auditoriums and halls to teach the wives and mothers of war-plant workers how to plan and prepare nutritious meals at home.



6 Offering housewives (in 450 cities throughout America) the help and advice of experienced Gas Company home economists on all problems of nutrition and conservation.



WAR-PLANT EXECUTIVES

Your Gas Company has complete information about the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan.

Any war plant can use the Plan, because it can be cut and tailored to meet specific requirements and conditions. You can use all or any part of it, as your particular needs dictate. And in every case, you'll find it a simple, practical way to improve the eating habits and health of your war workers.

COPYRIGHT 1942, SERVEL, INC.

Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan has been developed the advice and help of the Committee on Nutrition In stry of the National Research Council and in coopera- with the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services contribution to the war effort.

SERVEL, INC.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

The Advertising and Promotion Department as well as the entire plant of Servel, Inc., peacetime manufacturers of the Gas Refrigerator, is today completely converted to the war program.



Maybe you gave Bud the puppy to teach him a sense of responsibility. But you wouldn't dampen his joy by saying so. As for bathing the pup —who'd call that work, *for Pete's sake! It's just another chance for a romp and tussle with the world's best playmate . . .*

Be equally discreet about telling the dental virtues of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum. To Bud, Fleers is pure kid fun. Gosh, that's what a fellow chews gum for, isn't it...for fun? And Fleers is some sport! A whopper of a big mouthful of gum. And tough! Something to bite on.

Why should Bud ever suspect how Fleers aids and abets his toothbrush? He gets the benefits just the same. So *extra* big and *extra* firm, a single penny piece of Fleers is massive enough to fold over and massage the gums. Tough enough to give chewing muscles a real workout. Like any chewing gum, Fleers helps to clean, stimulates the flow of saliva.

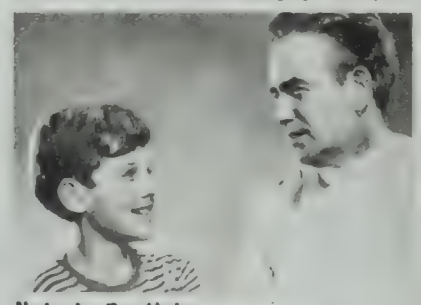
It's a wise parent who knows when to keep a secret. Let Bud go on thinking Fleers is just one of life's bigger and better treats.

FLEERS

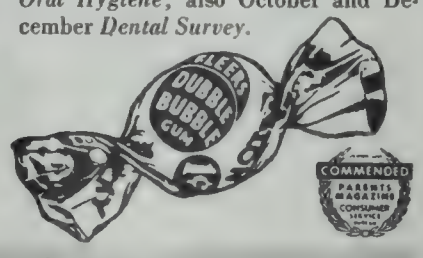
DUBBLE BUBBLE

CHEWING GUM

"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.



Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the November *Journal of the A. D. A.* and *Oral Hygiene;* also October and December *Dental Survey.*



A Pledge: Especially desirable features of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum are its bulk and "chewiness." Should wartime restrictions interfere, we pledge to suspend the manufacture of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ago, who could have imagined what we see today? Maybe you will have a better experience."

Dixon watched him walk away. "You know," he said, "hanged if I don't think he's afraid we can't hold Singapore." He shook his head. "French morale must be frightfully shot."

Betty said, "He was in France last year; he told me only ten men of his company escaped death or capture. Listen. He can understand defeat and still have courage."

"I dare say." Dixon looked down at the dozen Europeans waiting on the concrete wharf. He shouted: "George! George!" He turned to Betty. "We worked together for years with a tobacco company. He's still with it."

Nick said, "I guess you're all fixed for a place to sleep."

"Right," said Dixon. "I advise you again, Nick, to go direct to your consul. You know, that's what consuls are for —to be hosts for stranded compatriots."

Nick said, "I'll try the Continental first. I'll phone them from here."

"No end of luck, Old Boy," Dixon said. "See you on the Continental Terrace."

WHEN he had gone, Betty said to Nick, "You see, I told you everybody meets at the Continental Terrace before tiffin. If anything prevents me from meeting you there at twelve tomorrow, I'll be there the following day at the same hour. Or the next day."

Nick said, "Betty, I can't let you go off alone this way."

"All the same, I must," Betty said. "Look, my dear, it will most likely be only until tomorrow. I'll be absolutely all right. Don't worry one minute."

Nick stared at her. Betty said, "Aren't you even going to kiss me goodby?" He made no move. She planted a kiss on his cheek and darted away.

Still bewildered, he made his way to a telephone on the pier and got through a call to the desk clerk at the Continental.

"No, monsieur," the clerk said. "There are no rooms. No, monsieur, there will not be any free later today."

"Didn't the American consul reserve a room for me?" Nick said brazenly.

"No, monsieur, the consul made reservations for anyone today. Ma he made it at the Saïgon Palace," clerk said. "But they have no roo either," he added. "There are no roo anywhere."

"Well, I expect to receive messages the Continental," Nick said. "You wi down my name."

The clerk mopped his face reached for a pencil. From the tail his eye, he watched one of the Japan officers at the end of the long desk hook his saber and tuck it under arm.

The Japanese civilians directly front of him, two Domei corresponde and Harold Makita, a member of imperial military mission which been flown in, made so much noise could barely hear.

Over the telephone, the clerk pleadingly, "Will you please repe Ah. G-R-I-G-G-S—Monsieur Greeg

Makita leaned over the desk and the clerk's arm.

"Just a moment, Monsieur Greeg the clerk said.

Makita said, "Griggs wants a ro here?"

"But we have none," the clerk sa "There are no rooms."

"There will be a room for him," M kita said firmly. "Tell him you hav room."

The clerk looked despairingly fr Makita to the two men beside hi Then he turned back to the telepho "Very good, Monsieur Greegs," he sa "We have just found we shall have room."

"Very good," Nick mimicked hi "I'll be right along."

"Let me see your register," Mak said to the perspiring clerk.

"But it is irregular, monsieur," clerk said. He hesitated a moment, th handed over the list of the hote guests.

The Domei men looked over Makit shoulder as he ran his finger down t page. "There!" One of the correspon ents held Makita's hand. "That's convenient room. And the officers w occupy it are now on the terrace. couple of young pilots."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S **"But aren't you afraid that working—even for the duration—may kill something fine in you?"** GARDNER REA

Any Week

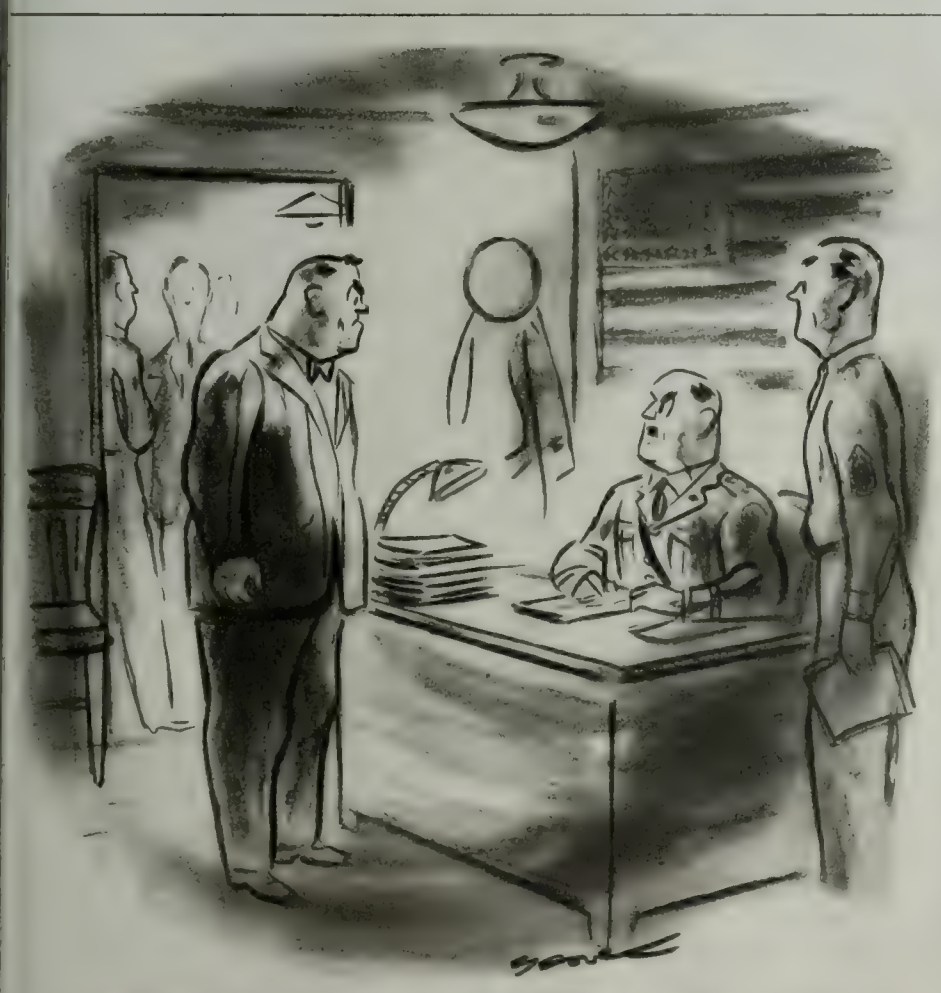
Continued from page 4

ss she, convictions such as hers uld be laid aside for the duration. M. Gene B. Sammons of Tulsa, Oklaoma, is advocating a plan to keep the erman army intact, arm them with vels and hammers instead of guns, d force them to rebuild the European ies and towns that they have deoyed—Stalingrad for example. He uld have them work under Jewish emen, although we don't see why gen- Poles, Czechs, Dutch and English uld be deprived of this pleasure. wever, that can be worked out later. om Mr. W. F. Bryle of Seattle, Washton, there's a suggestion that Nazi d Jap leaders be interned on an "eximental prison farm where all newgled diet and health schemes will be d out on them before being released on a public which is already develop- queer shapes, appetites and habits m taking crackpot cures and adopt- screwball programs for longer and opier living—soybeans for example." course, we have lots of suggestions m unimaginative people who want to ict dismal tortures. But you've probly heard all those. We wouldn't be owed to mention them anyway, but all a very good sign and we're cerly cheered up no end.

HIS one should have been sent to neral Hershey. Inasmuch as we can't derstand how anybody gets along thout reading this column, he will of urse get it anyway. But Miss Eugenia Ogdmun of Atlanta, Georgia, urges t all men who win deferment from my service because of induced or ony physical shortcomings be given ard specifying such ailments. When ese men apply for jobs, employers uld demand the cards and reject the plications because, obviously, the arers are unfit for hard work. This obably won't work but we think we Miss Ogdmun's point. "I've seen," writes she, "a lot of physically deferred heroes being the life of many parties. If a man can drink all night, dance all night, make passes at the gals, and hold down good non-war-production jobs all day, there can't be much the matter with them except perhaps their hearts. And I don't mean anything organic."

OUR persistent scouts send us this from Pittsburgh. When Leon Henderson began to freeze rents, the husband of an owner of a number of rented dwellings gave several hearty cheers. It was his job to collect the rents for his wife's houses. Recently she had increased the rent of one from thirty-five dollars a month to thirty-seven fifty. The husband didn't think the increase was warranted but didn't say so. So every month he collected the old rental—thirty-five dollars — and added two fifty thereto out of his own pocket, thus preserving peace at home. We are very quick to realize that there are strong men who will denounce this rent-collecting husband but somehow we can't pretend to be one of them this time. After all, surely peace is worth two dollars and fifty cents any day.

BY NOW, of course, the elections will have been held, a great many ladies and gentlemen will have been elected to many entirely unnecessary jobs, and a lot of tax money which might be devoted to war materials and training, aid to soldiers' and sailors' dependents and similar important things will go to pay large salaries to small politicians. And yet we don't know that we'd do very much about that even if we knew what to do and had the power to do it. We fell to discussing this particular thing with a candidate for re-election to Congress. "Hell, man!" said he. "That's what we're fighting for—the right to honor incompetents with public office." . . . W. D.



"I don't care what unfinished business you have to take care of—you don't get a gun until you're inducted"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

KEEP 'EM FED RIGHT—

Like GAINES? He'll Love it!



Photo Robt. Keene N. Y.

★ CHOICE OF THE U. S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION—Now used by U. S. Army!

Nationwide survey proves GAINES' taste appeal!

Don't wonder for a moment whether *your* dog will like Gaines. Chances are better than 9 out of 10 that he *will,* according to actual survey figures!

And if these odds don't seem *conclusive* to you, you still *can find out for sure*—without risking a single cent! Simply send for a free sample . . . or buy a bag of Gaines from your dealer under Gaines' money-back guarantee.

Why not do one of the two today! In addition to having a grand taste that dogs go for *right from the start,* Gaines offers Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), B_6, D, E and *all other nutritional factors* that dogs are known to need.

Not *every* dog food does *that!*

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

★ NOT A HASTILY FORMULATED WARTIME FEEDING SUBSTITUTE

Official Photo U. S. Antarctic Service

Try GAINES at Our Risk!

If you wish, let your dog enjoy his first taste of Gaines simply by writing your name and address on a post card to Gaines Food Co., Inc., Box C-11, Sherburne, N. Y., for a free sample. Better still, buy a 2-lb. or a 5-lb. bag of Gaines right away. Remember, Gaines must satisfy *you and your dog,* or Gaines will refund your money!



WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE!
Address Gaines Food Co., Inc. Box C-11, Sherburne, New York

Copr. 1942 Gaines Food Co., Inc.

★ GAINES BAG SIZES:

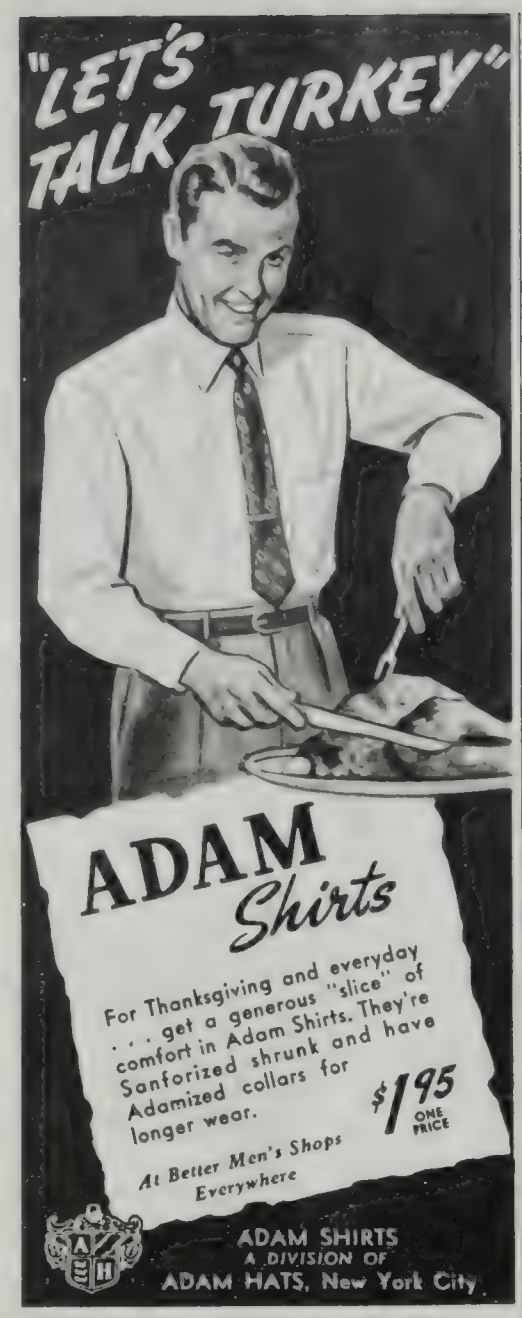
2 LB. Nutritionally equal to SIX 1-lb. CANS moist food.

5 LB. Most convenient size for average dog owners . . .

10 LB. Average several weeks supply—at a savings . . .

25 LB. Thriftiest of all. Fine for big dogs or several dogs.

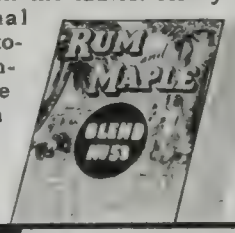
BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS





FREE! SEND TODAY FOR SAMPLE

The secret of Rum and Maple distinction lies in the exclusive blending process by which I combined four carefully aged tobaccos (one of which is rare Syrian Latakia) with mellow imported Jamaica Red Heart Rum and pure Vermont Maple . . . producing an extremely mild, fragrant smoke completely unlike anything else you've ever tried. So clean and aromatic it's a sure hit with everyone — even the ladies! Ask your dealer for Original Rum and Maple today — or for a generous free sample package—write Rum and Maple, Dept 3C, 191 — 4th Avenue, New York City.



RUM and MAPLE PIPE MIXTURE

Ideal Xmas gift for men in the service is this grand tobacco in a handsome and distinctive Rum Barrel Humidor Package.



Quick-handed Edna Kirk operates a piercing machine for steel cartridge cases

Shell Cases Made of Steel

THE scene was the Aberdeen (Maryland) Proving Grounds, and the Army was about to test a cartridge case made of steel. For twenty-five years the Army had been making similar tests of steel-made shell cases without success.

"Do you think it'll fire?" asked Lieutenant Colonel L. S. Fletcher dubiously.

"Sure," said C. L. Patterson, manager of the Corcoran-Brown division of the Electric Auto-Lite Company, with headquarters in Cincinnati.

"Bet you a buck," said Colonel Fletcher, who had seen dozens of previous failures.

The bet was made, the gun was fired, and the cartridge case was discharged immediately from the gun. This was repeated with dozens of similar cartridge cases. That occurrence was as important to the United States Army as anything that has happened in this war.

At that moment, in October, 1941, the Army was faced with a great emergency. It was apparent that there was not enough copper available for all purposes, and shell cases had hitherto been made of brass (seventy per cent copper; thirty per cent zinc). Copper from Chile and Bolivia might soon be cut off, and American sources were not able to supply the copper we needed to make ships, tanks, planes, turbines and communication instruments.

The Army turned again to the use of steel, although previous attempts had been fiascos. The Germans had used steel casings in the first World War but never for barrage or rapid firing. Each shell had to be rammed out of the gun, like an old muzzle loader. We had made steel casings in 1918 but from high-alloy steel—chrome, nickel, etc. —ingredients which also were now unavailable. The job had to be done with low-carbon steel, and repeated tests had proved that it couldn't be done.

A cartridge case is not a shell. It is a long tube that holds the charge of powder; the shell is affixed to its end. The detonator discharges sparks into the cartridge case, and the powder is exploded, furnishing the propelling force for the shell. This creates extremely high pressure in the gun barrel. The barrel expands, and the cartridge case must also expand; but it must *return to its normal size* immediately. Otherwise, the case sticks in the barrel, the gun freezes and becomes useless.

Mr. Patterson was called in by the Army because of his success with cold-drawn steel at the Cincinnati plant, where he had been making head lamps for autos and receivers for refrigerators.

When the Patterson experiments had been proved successful, Major General Levin H. Campbell, Jr., of Ordnance, U. S. Army, stepp and said, "Stop experimenting a into production. We'll make the learn about them at the same

In addition to plants such as th operated by Auto-Lite, brass were utilized because they al possessed draw presses and fur Forty-seven contracts were let shell cases have been flowing o months. Soon, production will its peak.

Unless this method had been oped, it would have meant either shells or fewer ships. Because action of salt water, ships must copper. According to Lieutenant eral Brehon B. Somervell, Chief Service of Supply, 400,000,000 p of copper would be saved by m shell casings of steel. Another 75 000 pounds will be saved by other substitute materials and b gineering changes in production. estimated that under the old m of artillery shell-case productio fifth of all copper available i country would have been taken will require a very small perce of our steel production.

Without being stupidly sentim about it, this seems to prove th adage over again: When it has done, America somehow wil it done.

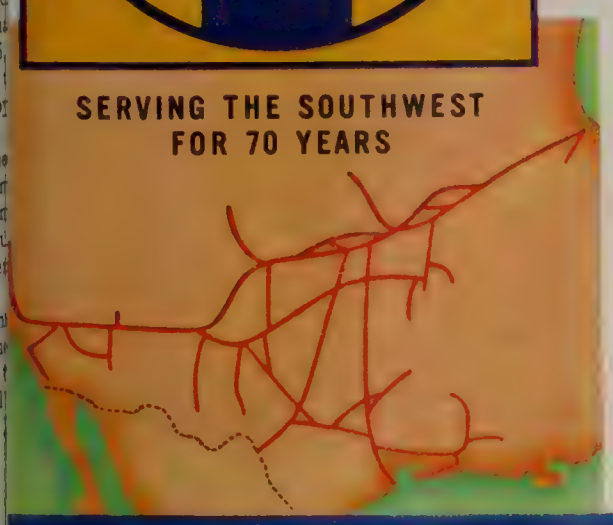
"Keep 'Em Rollin'..or Else!"

says grandpappy engine 2414 to a 1942 Santa Fe Freight Diesel



Santa Fe

SERVING THE SOUTHWEST FOR 70 YEARS



"Back in '98, in the Spanish-American War," reminisces little Old-Timer 2414, "20 cars was an average-length freight train. By World War I, we'd upped our Santa Fe freights to an average 35.9 cars. Not bad railroadin', that."

"Not bad is right," answers the big new freight Diesel, "but not good enough for World War II. Now we've stretched 'em out another 41%, to 50.9 cars, and those cars are bigger, loaded heavier, and rolling farther and faster."

"Good work, son," says Old-Timer. "Yours is the BIG war job. Keep 'em rollin'—or else!"

KEEP 'EM ROLLIN'—OR ELSE

★ No nation that does not possess efficient mass transportation can hope to win a modern war. In America that mass transportation job is squarely up to her railroads. *If they fail, we lose.*

Neither battle gallantry nor industrial wizardry alone will turn the tide. To meet this tremendous responsibility, *we ask for every possible consideration in the allocation of materials for vitally essential repairs, maintenance and new equipment.*

DAILY THE LOAD INCREASES

To date, the railroads have met 100% the staggering demands born of this global war. Many have helped make that record possible—the War Department, the Office of Defense Transportation, civilian shippers and travelers everywhere.

In the first six months of 1942, *with 25% fewer locomotives,* the Santa Fe moved 94% *more* freight ton-miles and 27% *more* military and civilian passenger miles than in the first six months of 1918, in World War I.

Daily the load increases. No man knows what the peak will be. We *do* know there is a limit to the performance that can be squeezed out of existing equipment.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

EVEN YOUR SMILE DANCES, RITA!



RITA HAYWORTH dances as dazzlingly as ever in her new Columbia Picture, ***"You Were Never Lovelier."*** But it's her *smile* that makes you really love her! Naturally, we're proud that lovely Rita's favorite dentifrice is Calox Tooth Powder.



Keeping In Trim is serious business. "And I made myself a connoisseur of dental preparations—I do think that teeth must look exquisitely clean. I settled on Calox because—well, it always seems to leave my teeth just a little fresher and brighter than I expected." Maybe Calox has a pleasant surprise for *you*. Try it!

Two ways to WHITENESS

your dentist follows both! So can you... ***with Calox***



Don't Wait for a toothache before you see your dentist. Decay is often well advanced before actual pain is felt. Save time, save expense, save your teeth. Have a dental check-up *regularly*. It pays.

Notice your dentist's technique when he gives you a dental cleaning. First, he thoroughly cleans your teeth. Then, and only then, does he polish them. In your home care why be satisfied with less than BOTH cleaning *and* polishing, when you can get Calox?

5 cleansing and polishing ingredients

Calox gives you not one or two, but *five* special ingredients for cleaning *and* brightening. With every stroke of the brush, Calox helps detach food particles, removes deposits, cleans off surface stains. Your mouth is stimulated, refreshed. And with every stroke Calox *polishes*, too, making your teeth shine with their own clear, natural lustre...In Hollywood, many a star trusts to Calox-care. Try Calox for *your* smile! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Dear Katie

Continued from page 12

Homer stared at the combers galloping toward him to break into thundering surf on the shore. "The sea," he marveled. "That is the sea!" He tried again, "The Pacific Ocean!" Somewhere out there were submarines. There were enemy islands. And in just a few days, the scuttle butt had it, his battlewagon would be out there.

He began trudging southward along the shore. A fog had come in, and it was just as though ghosts of breakers were dashing out of the sea to the beach.

When he heard the scream, Homer felt as startled as a sailor marooned on an empty island. He halted, shaken. A voice cried, "Help!"—a woman's voice, made shrill by alarm.

Homer's heart pounded fast and he was frightened. But he ran as fast as he could toward the voice. The sand above tidemark was soft and deep, impeding his speed yet giving no sound. He could see her now. She struggled in silence. A guy had his hand pulled over her mouth.

"You leave her alone!" Homer called to this guy, his voice sort of quaky but very dogged.

WHAT happened after that was confused when he came to look back on the battle later. There had been boxing at Great Lakes Station, and Homer remembered what he had been taught about keeping your guard up and not slugging wild. After a while his right fist landed with plenty of smoke, for later he found that his knuckles were skinned. Then the guy faded out of his reach. He was merely a shape in the gray of the fog, a shape which dissolved until—presto, change!—the guy had just vanished, swallowed from view.

The girl was sobbing. She wasn't so big, no more than maybe a hundred pounds. Her reddish-brown hair was blown and mussed, and her hat had been knocked from her head to the sand. Still without speaking, Homer retrieved it. He brushed it off gingerly, using his sleeve.

Frightened blue eyes kept watching his face. There was mist on their brows, and the tiny moisture which clung to her hair was like pin-point gems. She was a pretty girl, all right—alarmingly so, to Homer's notion.

"I guess that fellow got fresh," he ventured.

"Yes," the girl answered between two sobs. But now her sobs were becoming less wild. "Thanks," she went on. "You were very brave to beat up Joe like that. He's tough."

"His name is Joe?" Homer said, embarrassed. But there was more than just being fussed—a kind of jealous feeling as well, vaguely resenting this guy named Joe.

She and this guy Joe, she explained, both worked in a south San Francisco factory and they happened to have the same day off. "When he asked me to go to the beach today, I never even dreamed—! Oh, where's my bag?"

It was on the sand where she had dropped it when Joe got fresh. She opened it quickly and gave out a cry as she glanced in its glass. "I look like something the cat dragged in! Would you hold this for me?"

"Sure," gulped Homer.

He stood like a statue, holding the bag so this girl could look at herself in the glass. He felt himself blushing; his pulse beat quickened while she was working a comb through her hair. He was breathing the odor of heady perfume, she was standing so close in fr of Homer—a flesh and blood girl, turbingly pretty, fixing herself with little concern as if he were just mother or aunt.

How quick she was! She had pu on her hat and was doing things with a lipstick and puff.

"My name is Katie Stoner," she s

"Very pleased to meet you," Ho managed, rather impressed by his bane response. "My name is Ho Brown, U. S. N."

"I'm glad you're in the Navy," said. She was measuring Homer w wise young eyes. "I would rather rescued by a sailor instead of a sold Because," she explained, "I think t sailors are more romantic."

"Aw!" grinned Homer, wriggling bit.

"With a girl in every port!" she cused him.

"Some guys, maybe," Homer adm ted, recalling how lots of the guys k bragging. "But I—I haven't."

"You've just got *one*?"

"Haven't got any," Homer blurt Katie was smiling, her eyebrows lif as though she were saying, "You're t ing me!" He grinned self-conscious kind of hoping she *would* believe he h told her a fib. But, heck, how co Homer have him a girl in every p when this was the very first port had seen?

They left the beach and went up the highway that follows along shore front. The fact dawned on h he *did* have a girl! Yeah, here she w She was holding his arm. She was cr ing him Homer, as friendly as that, a her hand was snuggled under his ar and his arm was tingling where Ka held it.

At last they reached the amuseme park which fronts on the sea below t Cliff House. Some of the confider oozed from Homer when he found hi self going into a place and sitting do with this girl in a booth. A city g wise in the ways of big towns. Soph ticated. Homer felt scary.

There were cigarette stubs and di dishes and a piece of string upon t table. He picked up the string.

"This here," Homer told her ne ously, making some practiced turns w the string, "is called a bowline. It's mighty useful knot to know when y want to secure a boat to a bollard, a bowline's a knot that won't never sli

SHE was smiling at him. The te stains were gone, and her no Homer noted, was fearfully cute. Th there were her lips, soft-looking a warm the way their corners turned when she smiled. They made Hom think he would like to kiss her. J thinking such things sent the blood his cheeks, and in sudden panic worked at the string to show her double becket bend.

"I like the bowline best," said Kat "Because it's a knot which will nev slip. Would it keep a sailor tied, so wouldn't—?"

Solemnly Homer nodded, sa "Sure." Her eyes watching his acr the table gave him a pleasantly hel less feeling. A juke box was singi that popular song in which the wor kept repeating over, "Don't sit und the apple tree with anyone else but m anyone else . . ." She was humming now, still smiling at him, and all t time, the smell of perfume kept worki on Homer, teasing his nose.

Her expression changed. She had n ticed his hand where the knuckles we



1,516 DIFFERENT WIRES

EACH NUMBERED WITH "SCOTCH" TAPE

To help speed aircraft production, quick, easy identification is necessary for the hundreds of different electrical wires in every airplane.

A special "Scotch" Tape with numbers printed on it is used today on each wire to provide positive identification in a matter of seconds instead of minutes formerly needed.

In many other lines of war production, "Scotch" Tape is saving time . . . identifying parts, holding, sealing, protecting, insulating.

More than 100 different types of "Scotch" Tape, from tissue thinness to cardboard thickness, are available for many varied war requirements. Special dispensers, both hand and automatic, have been developed to speed production and conserve tape.

Write today. Our engineering and research service, our experience with other war production problems, is yours for the asking.



Write for new illustrated booklet showing important war uses for "Scotch" Tapes.

You may be interested also in the new booklet describing time-saving methods for grinding, finishing and polishing with 3-M Abrasive Paper and Cloth Products.

Please use your business letterhead and address Dept. C-112, Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Company, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

There is only one **"SCOTCH"** *tape brand.* Look for the name "SCOTCH"...Your guarantee of quality.

"SCOTCH" TAPE

TRADEMARK OF M. M. & M. CO.

MADE AND PATENTED IN U. S. A. BY

MINNESOTA MINING & MANUFACTURING CO.

SAINT PAUL MINNESOTA

Makers of 3-M Products

M ABRASIVE PAPER & CLOTH · 3-M WAXES & SEALERS · 3-M ELASTIC CEMENTS · "SCOTCHLITE" · 3-M ROOFING GRANULES · 3-M CUTTING & FINISHING COMPOUNDS · 3-M CONCRETE RESURFACING CEMENTS · 3-M LAPPING & GRINDING COMPOUNDS

DON'T LET HIGH TENSION WAR WORK GET YOU DOWN, DEAR. PLAY SAFE! TAKE GROVE'S VITAMINS!



You can't feel right, live right, do your best work suffering with vitamin deficiency. Play safe! Take one GROVE'S Vitamin Capsule daily for your protective requirements of wonderful Vitamins A and D *plus* essential B_1, vitamins very frequently lacking in your daily diets. And GROVE'S Vitamins are priced amazingly low—less than 1½c per day when purchased in the family size—over ten weeks' supply, $1.00. Unit for unit you can't buy finer quality. Potency guaranteed. Don't risk vitamin deficiency. Start taking GROVE'S Vitamins today!

THE VITAMINS IN EACH GROVE'S CAPSULE EQUALS

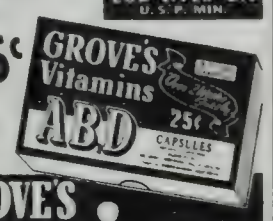
VITAMIN A IN 10 FRESH EGGS

VITAMIN B IN 5 PINTS MILK

VITAMIN D IN 1½ TEASPOONFULS COD LIVER OIL U. S. P. MIN.

Over 2 Weeks' Supply 25¢

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



GROVE'S Vitamins

DISTRIBUTED BY MAKERS OF GROVE'S "BROMO QUININE"

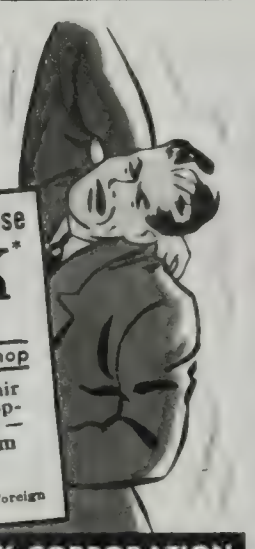
AMERICA READS 188,000,000 MAGAZINES A MONTH

DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS ABOUT LAZY LIVER

IT IS SAID constipation causes many human discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dullness being but a few. BUT DON'T WORRY—For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. F. M. Edwards, successfully treated scores of patients for constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only gently yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO pep up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! Follow label directions.

HAIRCUT MAKE YOU ITCHY?



Tell Your Barber to Use SANEK* NECK STRIPS

Sign of the Clean Shop

SANEK* stops hair clippings from dropping down neck—protects skin from possible germ infection.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION

(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEENAH, WISCONSIN

raw from hitting that guy. "Homer, you're hurt!"—impulsive fingers reaching across the table to him.

"Aw, that's nothing. Shucks!" scoffed Homer. "What do you think I am, a sissy?"

It was after they'd eaten and had some rides on the roller coaster and the Fighter Patrol that she mentioned a movie. Okay with him. This movie was down in Market Street, a longish car ride up and over the rolling hills of San Francisco.

Homer hardly knew what the film was about, for all the time he kept thinking, Gosh, me sitting here with a city girl who is holding my hand! Yeah, *holding his hand!* She had taken his hand when the action got tense, wanting it just for reassurance; but now that the fellow had put up his gun she still held on. Her fragrance drugged him like poppy smoke, which causes a guy to have marvelous dreams.

Soon Homer could see *himself* as the hero, an actor named Cagney. And that girl on the screen was Katie Stoner! Doing and talking romantic things, while the audience sat in the dark and was thrilled.

A newsreel ended the show with a bang. There was a shot of some U. S. cruiser shooting her guns in the Coral Sea. Then there was the President in his office pinning a medal on a Navy officer, a tanned young man who, Homer could see when he looked more closely, was Homer Brown!

Pretty drunk with all he had seen and felt, Homer came out into Market Street, Katie still fragrantly clutching his arm. In the Pig 'n' Whistle they had some ice cream, then started up Powell to get a car. This took them past a large hotel, and just as they were approaching the entrance the great thing happened.

First, a lieutenant with aiguillettes hung from one shoulder dashed out of the place to open the door of a limousine. He was followed by a man wearing more gold braid than Homer had ever beheld on one sleeve. A band and three stripes. Homer suddenly froze.

"Oh!" exclaimed Katie; while Homer saluted, leaning sort of, he was so rigid, as if he were bracing himself in a gale.

The admiral glanced from him to Katie. His hair was gray, but his eyes were quick, and now as he saw them gaping at him, lines crinkled out from the edges of his eyes and he raised his hand to his cap and nodded.

"Good evening, son," the admiral said.

Homer and Katie stood rooted fast. They were still like that when the car started off, the Old Man smiling at them from the seat.

Katie gasped, "You *know* him, Homer?"

"Me know a four-star admiral? Heck!"

"But he spoke to you!"

"He did, for a fact."

ON THE streetcar, clear to where Katie lived, Homer sat dazzled by this new glory. "Good evening, son"—to *him*, Homer Brown! And Katie had seen it! The heights had been reached.

But there he was wrong. A dizzier peak remained for Seaman Brown to achieve. When they came to her house and were on the porch, Katie said, "Will you write me, Homer?"

"Sure, I will."

"You will have to write first. Because I would feel very hurt and silly if I wrote first and you didn't answer. A girl never knows when it comes to sailors. They're so romantic, and to break a girl's heart is second nature with so many sailors."

"Not me, Katie. I'm not like that. Honest, I'm not."

He heard Katie laugh. It sounded exciting, low and pleasant. The fragrance of her was all around him. She had taken his hand, as though to shake it. But now Katie's arm went about his neck. Her soft warm lips were pressed to his. It seemed to Homer that the world had suddenly stopped in its tracks, and the signal which stopped it was Katie's kiss.

"'By, Homer," she said. "Good luck with those Japs."

He lurched down the steps and along the walk. Two blocks Homer floated through beautiful clouds before he recalled that the streetcar line lay in the opposite direction.

How could he know that with Katie Stoner a kiss for a guy who had taken her out was the very least that a guy expected? All Homer knew as he floated along was that he was changed. He was now a man.

Half an hour ago, if Katie had asked him why he enlisted, he'd have been kind of vague. Partly, to get away from his uncle. Partly because the Japs made him mad, and he didn't care for the Nazis either. Partly, to see the outside world.

But now it was different. Now he saw clearly. Homer knew now that he had enlisted to fight for Katie, for other guys' Katies, for those Katies' old folks and sisters and kids.

When a cloud came rumbling along the tracks, he climbed aboard it and paid a nickel. At the Ferry Building he left that cloud and walked on others to the Navy landing. After some minutes a cloud drifted in, smelling of gas fumes from its exhaust; he read the name of his wagon on it; then Homer scrambled aboard this cloud, and soon it was taking him out to his ship.

Without even thinking he burst into song:

"Don't sit under the apple tree,
With anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me—"

"Hey, Porky! Get a load of Boots' breath. That guy been gargling devil water?"

They were off. This was just the opening crack. Clear to the wagon's port quarter they razzed him.

But Homer merely grinned at them now. Such a prodigal, spendthrift thing is love that it could even include these guys. . . .

Dear Katie:

He squared away at the paper and took the pencil point from his mouth.

I guess you have not forgot the admiral who we saw get into his auto that night. Well, today he came aboard our wagon and stuck a medal on some of us guys. Homer erased the last word "guys" and changed it to "men," as it didn't look right to be calling guys who wore gold braid "guys." *Our captain got one, and the first lieutenant, and three of us enlisted guys. I was the last one who got a medal, because I am just a seaman 2/c and the other guys rated higher than I.*

Again Homer paused to suck his pencil. Maybe he ought to tell her the reason for getting the medal. He squirmed in his chair. Suppose that Katie thought he was bragging! A girl mightn't like a guy if he bragged; and, besides, what had taken place up north was sort of confused in Homer's mind, like the fight he had had with the guy named Joe.

How could you tell about a battle when so many things all happened at once? Jap planes overhead, and the wagon's AA's talking like blazes, and the stink of the cordite choking your throat, and salt-water geysers spouting aboard where a bomb had just missed yet not missed much.

But then came the bomb which didn't miss. The lieutenant had passed word along for his men to put their masks on, and Homer had barely his on when he heard a whistling so overhead change till it came as a r lar screech. He dived at the deck lay there flat, and the bomb explo near the stern. A splinter of steel clean through his leg, but he did even know he was hit.

All he knew was that guys had b trapped back there, where flames already beginning to lick. He c hear their cries when the firing cease when there was a lull in the wag barrage. The wind blew fresh and from Kiska, and instinctively Ho steered to weather as he ran from hydrant valve, his station. Someb shouted, "Come back here, you," he didn't stop. That much he recal Then all he remembered was bliste heat: heat, and a vision of Katie St the way she'd smiled across at him w they sat in the restaurant booth at beach.

THE Old Man of the Fleet had smiled. This, too, had helped in m ing Homer. But it was Katie, the to of her lips, her hand holding his, fragrance of her, which had sent diving into the smoke, the heat the flames to get at those guys.

He found a jagged hole in the d The twisted plates were hot to touch, but he let himself down to wh the guys were. A couple of them co get out alone, once he had shown th the place to go. The rest Homer hac help through the hole, bending qu bowlines when the ropes were lowe and steering them up with his hands their legs. His gas mask tore loose. could hardly breathe. His lungs w bursting; the air was sickening-sw with burned flesh; and Homer wo have passed out, he reckoned, if K hadn't kept smiling at him, beckon sort of, cheering him on.

We had quite a battle off the Al tians, and our wagon got hit by enemy bomb, and I helped to res some of our men, and this is why I g medal.

Homer sat back in his chair. T was that. Should he tell Katie what she had done to—? Heck, thi ing thoughts was easy enough, but p ting them down in writing was tough.

I will show you this medal when I back, if you would like to see the me When I will get back I do not know, there are a pile of Japs left to whop often think of that day in Frisco would like nothing better than to see again. Have you got a picture you send me? Lots of the guys have p tures of girls which they paste on th locker, but I don't have one, and I wo be very glad if I did.

I guess I have told you all of the ne You said you would write me if I wr first, and you bet I will watch for mail after now.

This reminded him of "mail wat duty that day when he was still jus boot. He could grin at it now. It longer hurt. Especially when he membered that Flags was one of th guys whose lives he had saved.

Homer wrote: *Yours truly,* and sign his full name. But then his heart start pounding fast as he thought of so thing. Would he dast do it? All lett were censored before they went out, a a gold braid would see it and have good laugh.

Well, leave him laugh. What did H mer care? Still breathing hard, cheeks getting redder under their cou less freckles and tan, he gripped t pencil stoutly and wrote:

P. S. X X X.

When a guy has a medal, he is pected to do brave things.

THE END

'Fust time we ever saw Jud Hawkins Really Mad...



"HE'S a right good citizen—Jud is. But you'd never pick him to lead the singin' or make a speech. Too quiet and kind of easy-goin'. But down at the feed store Saturday, he went off all at once like a string of fire crackers on Fourth of July.

"We were sitting on some grain sacks talking crops and war and such. And Jud was just listening, as usual, when old Perkins made a crack about having *other places* than War Bonds for his money.

"Well, sir—Jud lit right in. 'What places?' he said. 'Just name 'em! You know why Sarah Jennings' boy didn't come back from Bataan, don't you? Because you and me and other folks hadn't bought enough guns and planes and bullets to bring him back!

" 'And there's going to be other sons from around here needing things just as much as Sarah's did. And all these things have to be paid for, somehow, don't forget.

" 'Anyway,' Jud went on, 'what do you think they're fighting for—those boys? Well, I'll tell you! It's so you can go on farmin' for yourself instead of for Hitler! And so you can buy a good American tractor to pull your plow, instead of hitchin' up your wife and kids to pull it!

" 'And you'll have that tractor bought and paid for when the time comes if you buy Bonds. Bought and paid for with the same money you loan the government now to buy bullets with and get this over quicker. But if you don't buy 'em, you may not have farm or family or food to eat after this war ends.'

★ ★ ★

"Well, Jud stomped out and left us all doing some real serious thinking. About how Bonds are only loaning money—not giving it. And how we'd get it all back with interest later on—to spend again on anything we please.

"And old Perkins stood up and grunted, 'Come on. Bank's still open. Let's get those bonds.' And we trooped along—every man of us.

"How about you? Have you thought it thru? Are there bullets missing at the front because *you* didn't buy them? Are there slacker dollars still waiting for you to enlist them? Dollars that can help us win —and still be yours to spend again?"

Will What You Do Today Stand Between Us and Victory?

ou'll own a far better car than you have now—*after* your ent one helps bring peace! Until then, your car is a ed trust—not something to "put away for the duration" wear out quick while you can. Soon America's most sing problem may be transportation. Let no neglect ours rob us of the transportation you now own.

Whether you prefer Alemite or another brand of lubri- ts—get good ones and get them regularly! Don't bur- your conscience with repair parts that could have been lls—except for your neglect.

Remember that worn out oil can damage the very parts s supposed to protect. Change every 1,000 miles—and st on top-quality oil.

Remember: a simple adjustment made in time can often e a costly repair. Give your service man a chance to pro- t your pocketbook and keep *your* car rolling.

★ ★ ★

The joint Army-Navy Production Award, today's most coveted honor, has been conferred upon Stewart-Warner Corporation —and "E" emblems awarded employees— for unusual performance in war production.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

ALEMITE LUBRICATION • STEWART-WARNER INSTRUMENTS • STEWART DIE CASTINGS • BASSICK CASTERS • SOUTH WIND HEATERS • DUAL TEMP REFRIGERATORS • MAGIC DIAL RADIOS • SCOTCH MAID ELECTRIC RANGES

ONE OF THE FIRST—AND PROUD OF IT. Stewart-Warner employees were among the first groups, of over 7500 workers, to allot more than 10% of their total payroll to War Bond purchases—thus surpassing the goal set by victory-minded Americans.



THE CHIEF THINGS to consider in a whiskey are just two. There's the whiskey you begin with. Then there's the time you let it age. Old Charter goes into the barrel, we believe, the noblest Bourbon ever distilled in old Kentucky. Then, for seven round years Time does for Old Charter what Time alone *can* do for whiskey . . . ripens its silky flavor, mellows its body and richens its bouquet. Then and only then Old Charter is ready to show you *how fine* a Bourbon whiskey can really get to be!

OLD CHARTER

OLD CHARTER Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 7 Years Old

A SUPERB AMERICAN WHISKEY MATURED TO 7-YEAR PERFECTION

THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, AND BACKED BY AN UNEQUALLED RESERVE OF THE SAME FINE WHISKEY NOW AGING TO ASSURE THE SAME ENJOYMENT FOR YEARS AHEAD! BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Shipwrecked Seamen in the Jungle

By Captain William W. Kuhne

Forty-one men in a lifeboat survive a week of heavy seas—only to be cast up on the jungle shores of Portuguese East Africa

AFTER we left Bombay we ran into the teeth of a southwest monsoon. It got so bad that we reduced speed. On the third day out, the day's run was only 156 miles. We should have done about 400. The sea was rough. One sea ripped off the forward gun platform. The No. 1 hatch was battered in. Half of the starboard railing was torn away and both lifeboats, which had been swung out, had to be decked again. This weather lasted until June 27th, when we entered moderate weather.

On Sunday, June 29th, at daybreak we sighted two tall masts and a smokestack on the horizon east of us. We also sighted Mohéli Island, one of the largest of the Comoro group. We watched the steamer as she northed.

She was out of sight within half an hour. At ten o'clock that morning the same two masts and smokestack reappeared over the horizon on our port quarter. Apparently the vessel was making top speed, and within half an hour we sighted her hull. The vessel was holding right for us.

I telegraphed the engine room to g her everything we had in the boi We ran away from the approacl steamer so that by eleven-thirty was again below the horizon. We sumed normal speed and took u zigzag course.

The day passed, and at night weather became boisterous but sighted no other ships. Shortly a midnight I was awakened by w seemed to me to be gunfire. I jum out of bed, ran out on deck and saw dying light of a red flare. At the s time a torpedo hit us on the starbc side, aft. About five seconds later other torpedo struck the vessel betw No. 5 and No. 6 hatches. Both th shots were surface hits.

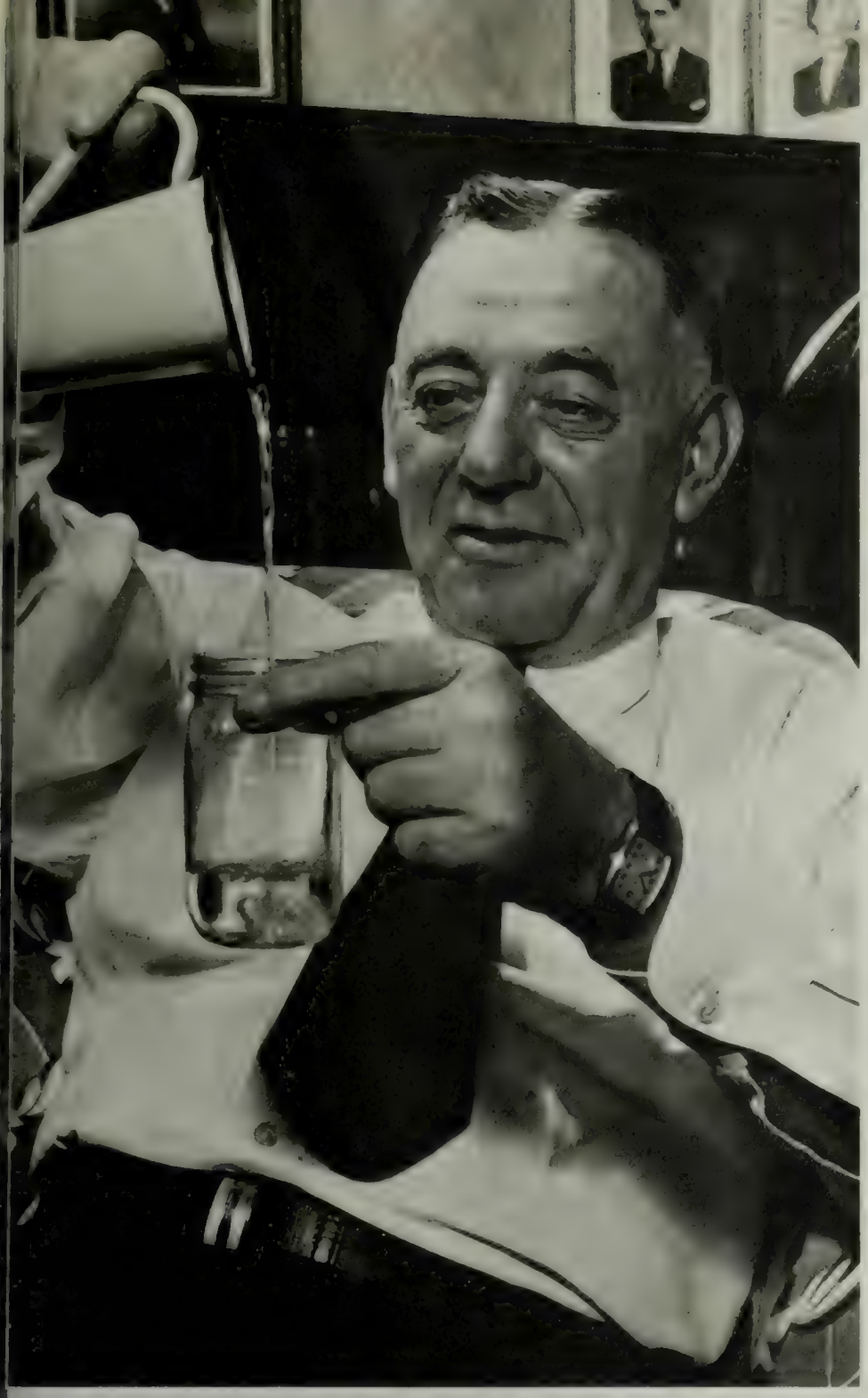
Fire and heat from the second were felt by crew members fifty away. This was at 0032 ship's time. 0034 I gave orders to the chief office get both lifeboats away. The radio erator received a message from m the effect that we were being attac by a raider. The vessel was settling at the stern. Water was already up the aft end of the boat deck, and I g orders to abandon ship.

I left the bridge and went to N lifeboat and saw that one of the f was fouled. I returned to my ca grabbed the belt on which I had sheath knife and .45 revolver, han the sheath knife to the man at the f to cut the fouled cordage, then retur

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALBE



The author points out on the globe the approximate spot in the Indian Ocean where his ship was torpedoed



ptain Kuhne measures out water ration doled out twice daily to e survivors. White pitcher is the same one he used in the lifeboat

the bridge to see that everyone was ne.

I looked into the radioman's room. 'd gone. Both lifeboats had already t away. I saw that our yawl had en lowered and I grabbed one of the an ropes to jump into it when a sea me alongside and washed the bow of e yawl onto the boat deck, upsetting e yawl. I landed neatly in the water d only in a pair of shorts and under- rt. I lost my shoes immediately in e water; they weren't laced.

Captain Without a Ship

Seeing the vessel settling rapidly, I ed to get away, having in mind the ction which would pull me down with r. Then, after swimming about fifteen et, I turned around and saw the vessel raight up in the air, stern down, her w silhouetted against the clear moon- sky.

She sank as though she'd been dropped om a great height. I remember say- g to myself as I saw that little ship down, "She's gone—I'm gone." But e suction I had anticipated failed to aterialize.

When I spied the yawl, keel up, I vam toward it and got hold of the rail hich was under water. The boat up- ghted itself but overturned when I ied to climb into it and I was in the ater again.

Then I felt something grabbing my ght foot and in that moment I knew fear. I kicked away whatever or who- ever was holding onto me. I turned, saw a man swimming and pushed toward him a hatch board that had floated my way.

For the next ten minutes I was alone. I tried to locate the yawl again, which I did after what seemed hours. I held onto it, grasping the underwater rail. A few minutes later I heard voices be- hind me, and when I turned, there was a lifeboat. Two men grabbed me, dragged me into the lifeboat, and one of the men pulled a burning flashlight out of my pocket. They told me that light had guided them toward me. I hadn't known my flashlight was switched on in my pocket.

I gave orders to listen for the whistles our men had with them for just such an emergency. We picked up sounds of whistles and pulled two men out of the water. They had been holding to a floating box.

We heard shouting. We pulled toward the sounds and found the other lifeboat, filled with water, with three men in it. We feared drawing close to this lifeboat. Heavy with water, and with a considerable sea running, we feared the unmanageable lifeboat might ram us and stave in our side, which would have meant the end of all of us. We tossed the men in the other boat a painter and took their craft in tow. For more than an hour we searched but without locating other survivors.

I then gave orders to step masts and

The sun is the source of all energy . . . the energy of sunshine is crystallized in Dextrose sugar.



Dextrose Sugar adds food energy to Candy

THE NUTRITIONAL VALUE of modern candy is equal to its culinary perfection. The confectioners of America temptingly blend together such staple foods as corn syrup, milk, butter, eggs, chocolate, nuts, fruits, sucrose and *Dextrose*.

THUS THE CANDY they produce is a genuine *food*, providing from 5 to 50 of the nutrients essential to life.

ASIDE FROM IMPROVING the taste, texture and eating qualities of many types of candy, Dextrose adds food-energy value. Dextrose *is* food energy in its simplest form, for Dextrose is the chief "fuel" of the body.

EAT CANDY "Enriched with Dextrose", for enjoyment and for *food energy* to carry on daily activity.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the Producers of Pure Dextrose Sugar
17 Battery Place • New York, N. Y.



★

LOOK FOR "DEXTROSE" *on the labels of the foods you buy. It is your assurance of genuine food-energy value.*

★



Golden American
CORN
is the chief source of pure
DEXTROSE
Sugar

KEEP THE *Energy* OF SUNLIGHT IN YOUR DIET..
ENJOY CANDY "ENRICHED WITH *Dextrose*



TIME TO CHANGE TO
MASSAGIC
Comfort

The S. R. O. Sign is up everywhere you go.. . . your tired feet take a beating from breakfast to bedtime these active wartime days. Change to Massagic Air Cushion Comfort for the duration — enjoy the extra ease of the flexible Arch Lift. Step into your Massagic Dealer's and get fitted for months of shoe contentment.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Massagic Air Cushion
★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot-fresh
PATENTED

$7.85
Some Styles Higher



THE MIDWAY
Model 2242
Tan Adonis Calf, Antiqued

WEYENBERG
Massagic
SHOES

sail from the scene on a course due west toward East Africa.

After about half an hour we found the sinking lifeboat made our progress very slow. We lowered sail, told the three occupants of the lifeboat to pull nearer to us, jump into the water and swim alongside. This was accomplished, and in a few minutes we cast away, hoisted sail and resumed our course.

Roll call disclosed that we had forty-one men in the boat and that fourteen were missing. Wind was southeast, fresh, with a heavy swell, but we made good time. According to my calculations we were from 110 to 120 miles off the Portuguese East African coast. By steering due west we would make the coast within two or three days.

As the current along the coast at this time of year sets south from 28 to 40 miles daily, I figured that we'd make Cape Corrientes, and if not it would be another 120 miles to Lourenço Marques. The crowded condition of our lifeboat was irksome to everyone. No one could stretch out; we had to remain in a sitting position. Sleep was impossible. Several men crawled into the bottom of the boat and tried to obtain a little rest.

Food for Thought

The good humor of the men made life easier than it might have been. The men joked about what they'd do when they reached shore. Nobody even mentioned women. They talked of the grape juice, orange juice and clear sparkling water they'd drink. Their self-discipline was wonderful. They talked only of food and drink.

The night was bitter cold. I got to thinking about water and food supplies. We had two water breakers of sixteen gallons each and one of twelve gallons, and I figured that from three to five ounces a day would hold us until we reached the coast. Food we had in plenty—malted-milk tablets, chocolate, pemmican, graham crackers. However, as we might strike adverse winds I thought it best to go easy on water and food. These were parceled out twice a day—three ounces of water in the morning and evening, two graham crackers for breakfast with one malted-milk tablet, and in the evening three ounces of water and one malted-milk tablet.

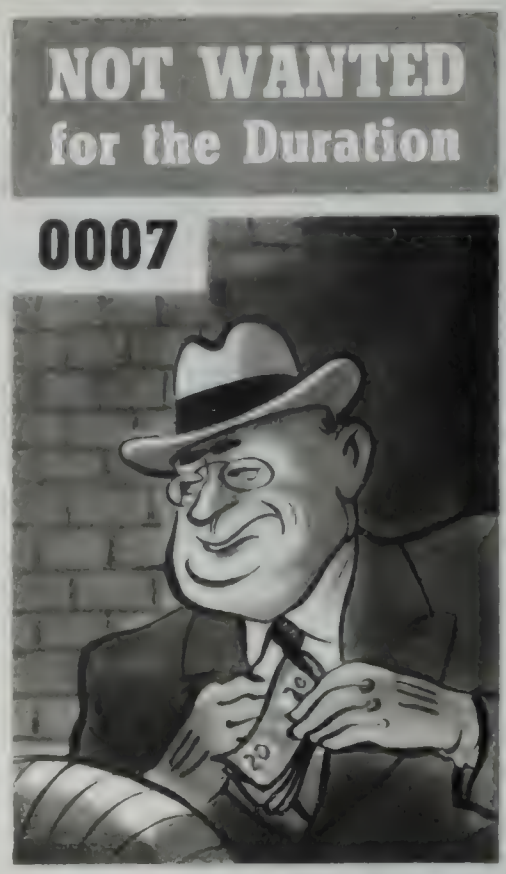
On the second day I reduced the water ration to five ounces per day instead of six. However, I found that, after giving each member of the party three and a half ounces of pemmican, an ounce or two of water would be welcome. Pemmican is dry and sweet and it raised the men's thirst.

I found on this day men who wanted to urinate and couldn't. This may have been due to the extreme sense of propriety which manifests itself among men and partially to dehydration, but more due to the nervous strain of holding onto the thwarts and rails of the pitching boat. After a while we overcame this difficulty.

We suffered subsequently from severe constipation. Concentrated food nourished us but we became toxic. It's amazing, however, what the human organism can stand.

There's a drop of about 40 degrees in temperature at night in these waters. We had six blankets between us and little warm clothing. Moreover, everyone was wet through. We divided the blankets among those who needed them most. One was given to the man at the tiller, which was manned by the second mate, third officer and junior third mate, who stood four-hour watches.

Arguments started among the men on the third day—nothing serious, merely such petty squabbles as result from frayed nerves and sleeplessness. I hadn't had much sleep myself (the captain remained awake most of the time the men were in the lifeboat), but I had to step in often to smooth out quarrels that would arise from one man crowding another or inadvertently jabbing him with a foot or an elbow.



INFLATION BREEDER

Sly citizen, who, in trying to outsmart rationing, helps start a criminal Black Market

The Holiday Spirit

The morning of July 4th dawned clear and fine. We greeted this, our Day of Independence, by shooting off three flares, as much to shoot off firecrackers as to attract assistance. We received no response. At 7 A. M. we had breakfast, consisting of three ounces of water and one malted-milk pill. The wind freshened somewhat but died down. We got the oars overboard and started rowing. The men cheered when we fired rockets and were momentarily exuberant but few said anything. Conversation—all speech—had reduced itself to essentials concerning food and water. As a special celebration I gave the men chocolate and three extra ounces of water at noon, and a brief rest from rowing, which w resumed at one o'clock.

Two men rowed to each oar in thr shifts of one hour each. Afternoo were always hardest to bear because the heat beating down on hatless me Their spirits between two-thirty ar three o'clock were at their lowest el and tempers were tensest then.

Thus, when at about three o'clock a object was sighted south of us off o port rail and everyone yelled that the saw men rowing, it wasn't surprisi that the object turned out to be t floating wreckage of the deckhouse some other ship. There were shar swimming in the vicinity of the dec house and beautiful moonfish flitteri in the sun. Some of the boys ha wanted to go overside for swims. Th presence of sharks cured them of the desire. They dipped their clothes water instead and put them on wet squirted themselves with water fro the boat pump.

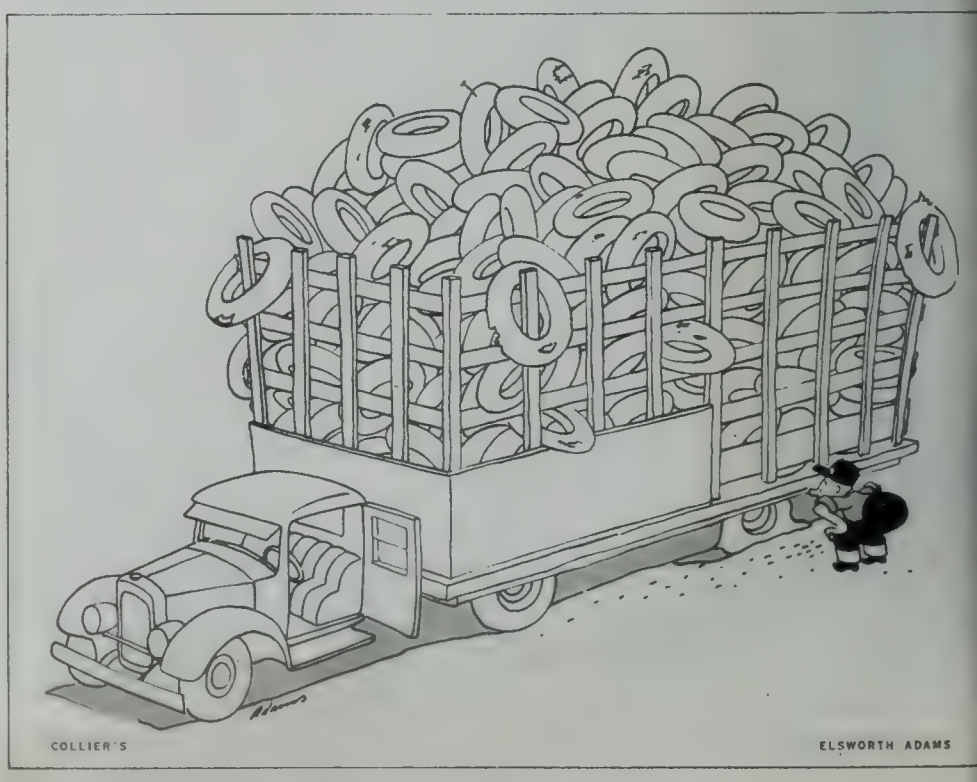
Immediately we left the wreckag one of the biggest tiger sharks I hav ever seen swam past us. He was all twenty-five feet long.

That night we again celebrated th Fourth with half a can of pemmica three ounces of water and one chocolat drop each. Rowing was resumed aft dinner, until about 8:30 when a fres southeast breeze came up. Sails wer taken in, oars shipped and the boy rested—if you can call it that.

On Sunday morning July 5th, at tw o'clock, we had a visitor. A whale cam up about ten feet astern of us. He dive came up again at the bow and for fiv minutes played about the boat. W could have almost touched the beas Everyone awakened and for an hou after the whale left us, they talke about the strange apparition in th moonlight and the wondrous effects o phosphorescent water sloshing from i sides. Then the boys dozed off. I wa grateful to that whale, for it relaxe the men as no other single occurren had done.

At daylight, with no land in sight, was almost positive that we were sout of Cape Corrientes, and therefore reck oned that we'd have to sail anothe three or four days. Latitude taken a noon with the sextant showed we wer north of our point of departure. W sailed the entire day, sighting only a few pieces of kelp which indicated w were coming close to the coast. At nigh the wind freshened considerably and th sea became dangerous.

About one o'clock in the morning o July 6th we picked up a light. Thi was no falling star, no trick of eye eager for land but a real, moving light



COLLIER'S ELSWORTH ADAMS

She works for Victory on Elgin time!



MARCIA COURTNEY, of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Miss Courtney is now with the Piper Aircraft Corporation ferrying planes to the U. S. Army. She is one of the few women to complete the advanced course for civilian pilots—one of the very few women ever to fly planes bearing the U. S. Army insignia. "Time is vital in all flying operations," says Marcia, "and I rely a lot on my Elgin."



She ferries planes for the U. S. Army!

DELIVERING planes for the U. S. Army. Doing their part on the home front. Serving at battle stations "somewhere in the Pacific." Wherever American men and women are working for victory—the dependable timekeeping of Elgin watches is rendering an important service.

In addition, Elgin is now turning out for America's army, navy, and aviation forces vital precision instruments and special timing devices.

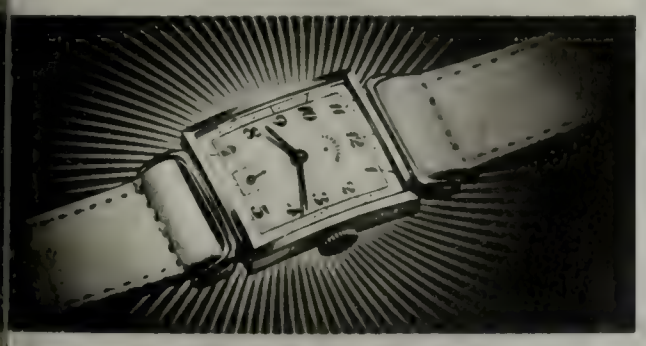
When requested by the government to produce an important share of such equipment, Elgin was ready for the assignment. For it has at its command the scientific facilities of the world's largest fine watch factory—the skill and "know how" developed by craftsmen through four generations of American watchmaking.

FEWER ELGINS FOR CIVILIANS! At present, Elgin watches for civilians continue to be available at most jewelers'. Each is a splendid example of Elgin's famous tradition for accuracy, for beauty, for fine design.

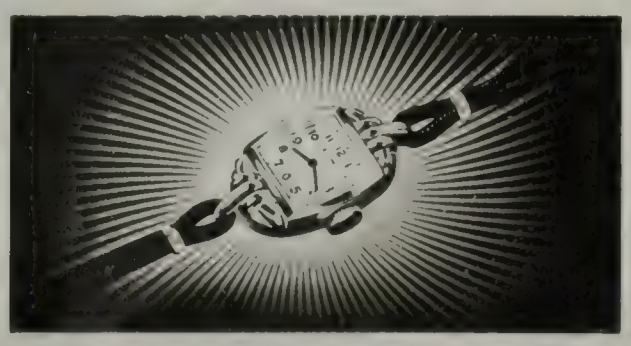
If you find your choice of these watches is limited, please remember Elgin has "joined up." Until victory is achieved, America's war requirements will continue to be Elgin's first concern.

★ ELGIN ★

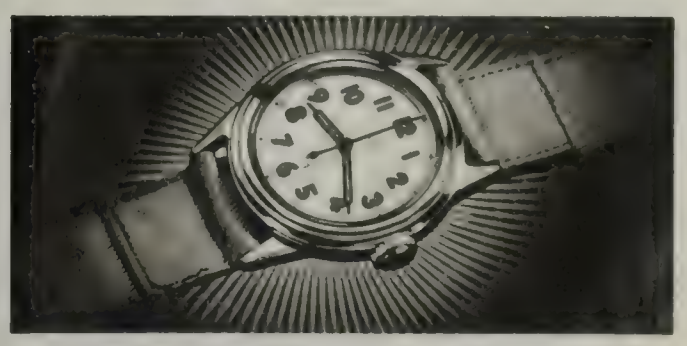
Greatest name in American fine watchmaking since 1865



Handsome Lord Elgin of original design. 21 jewels. 14K natural gold filled case.



Distinctive, feminine Elgin De Luxe. 17 jewels. Star-timed for accuracy and faithful performance.



Marine Corps Watch. Elgin makes many types of special watches and precision devices for the armed forces.



U.S. TRAVEL 1942 STYLE

In the months since Pearl Harbor the railroads of the United States have carried three times as many soldiers as in the same months of the last war.

Of the 6,800 Pullman sleeping cars and 17,500 passenger coaches on the railroads today, a great part are assigned to military movements—and the armed forces have first call on all the rest.

Besides troop movements, there are those who must travel on essential war business. There are service men on furlough. There is shortage of tires and the rationing of gasoline—all adding to demand for space on the trains.

That demand must be met with the cars we have—other needs make it impossible to any more.

So please help the other fellow *must* travel—and help yourself—help us to get the best use out of we have.

DON'T WASTE TRANSPORTATION. ***Plan early.*** Make reservations and buy tickets as far in advance as possible. ***Avoid week ends.*** Do your traveling in the middle of the week whenever possible. ***Travel light.*** Limit your hand baggage to actual requirements. Other baggage can be checked. ***Plans changed?*** Cancel your reservation promptly if your trip is deferred or called off. It will help the other fellow.

★ ★

ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

echanically actuated. First daylight owed us a point of land and we kept our course toward it. At about 9:30 full sunlight we saw that welcome ght—a long, shallow, sandy beach. I anked God for land. I thanked Him r the absence of rocks which meant at after our trials we would be able land safely.

Within a mile of the beach our sails ere furled, oars got out and the boat as trimmed forward to enable her to ake shore through the long cool reakers. Men were ready in the bow leap ashore and steady the boat the oment they saw shallows beneath us, ut most of the weight of men was ifted amidships and aft to give the ow greater buoyancy.

Here was the most critical moment f our entire journey—to get the boat nto the beach safely. It was possible at is moment to lose the boat and all in . We waited for breakers and then ulled like men possessed for that eaming yellow strip of sand. We went beautifully, without incident. Our wo bowmen, carrying painters, leaped shore and raced to a foothold, then ulled us in.

Waiting in the shadows of the green dge of the jungle were natives—about ourteen of them—naked except for incloths and armed with long knives, ows and arrows and a sort of hatchet ade of a piece of steel lashed to a ng handle. They watched us calmly, arily, as we beached the boat.

Our New Neighbors

When we were all on shore and the oat beached we tossed the natives one f the painters. They took hold and elped us to pull up the boat. Then I new they were friendly.

We found we were many miles from owhere and had to make camp. The atives couldn't help us; they did not peak Portuguese. We removed all our upplies from the boat. Two men were ispatched north to have a look beyond he hills that rose in that direction. hey returned to report merely that here was only a stagnant lake. We sed water drawn from it for cooking. Our chef prepared us a wonderful hot neal—our first in many days—consisting of chocolate and malted-milk ablets, and pemmican boiled in an ammunition can.

After luncheon Third Officer Peter Vanderlinde, a handsome young fellow rom Long Island, walked inland over he hills for about an hour seeking a oad through the jungle, but every path ed nowhere. We saw many snakes. We were barefooted. We were about to give p when we saw a cultivated patch and ound a native woman sitting there. She smiled perpetually, without shyness, but was unable to give us any information.

We returned to our beach and decided in a conference of men and officers that on the following morning two men should walk southward along the beach to establish contact with the authorities. Later in the afternoon the natives came around with chickens, peanuts, eggs and oranges. We traded pieces of sailcloth, a knife or two and pieces of bunting for food. We obtained two bananas for two matches. An old man in a red, yellow and brown striped coat came along and was introduced by his son, who spoke some Portuguese, as the local chief.

We tried to obtain information concerning the whereabouts of the nearest telephone station. The chief offered to send a man along the following morning to lead us to a telephone. He'd understood our motions indicating a telephone.

When I asked for two volunteers to go south, Mr. Vanderlinde and Steward George Kulonis offered themselves for this service. After bartering, our chef—a Spaniard—killed chickens and within an hour's time we sat down to chicken stew, corn and soft-shelled crabs which the natives showed us how to scoop up from the sand. We ate out of the tops of lubricating-oil cans. These cans, which had floated ashore, were strewn along the beach in great quantity—perhaps two or three hundred.

After our dinner we discussed the possibility of a coastwise steamer coming along. We set watches along the beach. The men had orders to light flares if a vessel were sighted. We wondered why we hadn't seen any friendly ships—armed or otherwise—or any planes, in all the time we'd been at sea.

On the following morning, July 7th, at 4 o'clock, Vanderlinde and Kulonis set out on their mission with instructions that at least one man should return. About 6:30, some thirty native men and women came again to our camp with food and we traded more junk. When we offered them paper money they refused it, and indicated they wanted silver. As there were a few coins among the men, trading was very brisk. We soon ran out of coins. We offered them dollar bills. They refused, but with much patience we were able to show them that they could obtain twenty escudos—or twenty small pieces of silver—for one bill. They took dollars thereafter.

They obtained from us, all told, twenty-two dollars but, at that, I'm afraid we got the best of the trading. For one dollar we got six chickens. Difficulties arose when one native offered two chickens, another three, and others one or two each, and each native wanted his dollar. But we managed very well. The women were shrewd bargainers and carried on all trade. The men sat on a hillock at a considerable distance and did nothing.

Swap in the Jungle

One woman carried a child on her hip, another in a bag on her back. She also had a 150-pound sack of peanuts on her head. She was the most active bargainer of all, despite her burden, and it was she who showed other women how they could pool their goods, pool their money and divide payment when they'd changed their dollars.

We passed the morning eating, bargaining and sunning ourselves. About two o'clock in the afternoon, a native male who seemed more intelligent than the others came along, and one of the seamen, Fernandez, was sent along with him to try to reach a telephone or telegraph station. Toward sundown, none of the men we had sent out to make contact with civilization had returned, and I was becoming anxious. At ten o'clock that night I was awakened and told there was a steamer in sight. We fired flares without getting a reply, and I returned to sleep.

About an hour later I was again awakened. This time it was Vanderlinde, accompanied by a tallish man in a pair of khaki trousers, leather coat and a sun helmet with the Portuguese coat of arms. He was introduced as Alphonse Calcodos Bastos, administrator of the Province of Morrumbene. He had a beard like Italo Balbo and spoke fluent English. Both he and Vanderlinde were exhausted. They'd walked at least fifteen miles through swamp and sand to reach us, and both had bleeding feet.

We gave them food, which they ate heartily. Bastos informed me he had ordered all the natives of the district to come at daybreak with food and bearers.



COLLIER'S "Wasn't that the all clear?" GEO. OLSEN

He suggested that we make stretchers for those who couldn't walk and that we move our entire camp nearer civilization, but even while he talked he and Vanderlinde fell asleep.

I, too, went to sleep, thankful for the friendliness of Portugal and for the intelligence and eagerness of Bastos to help shipwrecked American seamen.

At dawn on July 8th the natives arrived as Bastos had planned. They brought oranges, yams and two goats. Women with babies on their backs prepared food. It was remarkable to see women bobbing about with their uncomplaining babies, moving in and out of the smoke of the fires. We had roast chicken, native style, and they were going to kill the goat but we prevailed upon them not to.

After breakfast, camp was broken and a few essentials—bread, sailcloth, what few ship's instruments we'd saved, and the personal effects of the men—were given to women to carry in bundles on their heads. We constructed litters with oars and poles to carry Vanderlinde, Bastos and myself.

Vanderlinde's exertions had swollen his feet and tied his muscles into knots, and he was unable to walk. Bastos, too, was in bad shape, and my feet were puffed from sea water and tramping about. I hated to be carried but there was nothing else to do. We left Malamba beach, a curious *safari* moving southward.

After three arduous hours, we reached the end of the beach at a point called Macachula, where we were met under a cluster of scrubby trees by a party of Portuguese officials, including one Doctor da Silva and one Senhor Ranito, who provided tins of condensed milk, sardines and bread—the most wonderful bread in the world—white, fresh and wholesome as any Mother ever made. At one-thirty, our party decamped and struck inland, Indian file, over hills, through swamps and brush, and we arrived at Pomene, where Senhor Ranito's post is located. There we found more people awaiting us with blankets, shirts, shoes. This was most touching, and it again demonstrated the extreme kindliness of these splendid Portuguese colonials and their excellent organization and administration.

They had even brought an ambulance down from the near-by town with a doctor, who, there in the jungle, dressed the cuts and blisters of the men. They had assembled all the vehicles from miles around, and we proceeded in two motorcars, an ambulance and a motorbus toward Massinga, where we arrived at five that evening.

At this little village of mud streets, native grass houses and a few wooden buildings of the white administrators, we were received like long-lost brothers. Senhor Ranito served us hot soup and coffee.

After this repast, we chatted with attractive little Senhora Ranito and her children, aged seven and nine, who clambered all over us and made much of us. It was like coming home after a long voyage, and as long as we live, none of us will ever forget the hospitality of the Ranitos and all those other people who live lonely hard-working lives in the wilds of Portuguese East Africa in the service of their country.

Back to Civilization

After a short rest, we proceeded to Morrumbene, where we arrived at the administrator's office at six-twenty. Morrumbene is a good-sized village, capital of the province of Morrumbene, and in the neat little office of Senhor Bastos we signed the ship's crew list and made our first official report of our adventure.

Here the administrator put us in the care of Captain João Moreina de Campos, port captain of Inhambane, which is just north of Lourenço Marques. The captain took us down toward Maixai, across an inlet from Inhambane. En route there, our motor bus collapsed, but except for this delay, we reached Maixai about midnight without incident, boarded a motor launch which awaited us, and crossed the inlet to Inhambane. There, nine men were quartered in the local hospital, fourteen aboard the Portuguese coast steamer Chinda, eighteen others in various places in the whitewashed little town.

After the men were all bedded down, I turned in myself, conscious of having passed one of the longest days of my life and saddened by thoughts of the fate of fourteen others of my crew who are still unaccounted for. It is my fervent hope that they managed to clamber aboard my ship's raft and that they've been picked up.

The steamer Inharrime arrived a few days later to fetch us to Lourenço Marques. We were sorry to leave, in a way. We've never known nor ever again hope to know such hospitality as was accorded us. In Inhambane, people of the town wouldn't accept our money, and we were accorded the treatment and privileges of kings.

We said our farewells sadly and boarded the good ship Inharrime. We were passengers with 400 native blacks bound for the Transvaal to work there in democracy's mines. I would get a ship for home in Lourenço Marques. My wife was waiting for me in West New Brighton, Staten Island.

THE END

Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page 62

newspaper and come to tell you that you were dead?"

I repeated what I had told him the night before, that my radio was broken, and that the only people I had seen were the gardener and the Polish farmer from whom I had bought some corn and lettuce and fresh eggs.

Mark shook his head.

"You don't believe me," I said.

"It doesn't sound like . . . like your sort of woman. You have so many friends, your life is so full, you're always surrounded by people."

"It's when you have friends that you can afford to be lonely. When you know a lot of people, loneliness becomes a luxury. It's only when you're forced to be lonely that it's bad," I said.

Thin fingers drummed the table. I set the coffepot upon the blue tile and my hand ached to stretch out and touch the wrist that protruded bonily from his white cuff. Mark's loneliness had not been luxury, though he did not say this aloud.

As I thought about this, lying in bed with the breakfast tray balanced on my legs, I knew I could never speak so easily to the black mustache of young Salsbury. A hell of an alibi, he would say, too, but it would be without the humor or tolerance that were in Mark's eyes and his voice.

BESSIE brought my poached egg. "He's a man," Bessie said abruptly. Bessie's attitudes are high Tenth Avenue; she is off the sidewalks of New York and as unrelenting as any snob that came out of Murray Hill's brick mansions.

"A man," Bessie said. "Most of them that comes here are big babies or old women. For once, even if he's a dick, you've met a man."

I bathed and dressed slowly, and said to Bessie, "I'll wear my new suit on account of claustrophobia." In spite of the rain, I had decided to leave the house, but at the door, my courage failed. So long as I made no move that showed the desire to leave, this was my home; but it needed only a word from the man at the door to make it a prison.

This is a fear which has always lived in me. I leave my doors open because I am not so frightened of intruders as of being locked in. "Bessie," I said, "I'd better stay home today. After all, the world still thinks I am dead."

My name was at that moment being shouted by hundreds of newsboys. When Bessie came from the market, she brought the papers. LAURA HUNT ALIVE! streamed across all the front pages. What, I asked myself, would tomorrow's pages scream? LAURA HUNT GUILTY?

I read that I was staying at an unnamed hotel. This was to fool the newspapermen and my friends and keep me safe from intrusion, Auntie Sue said, when she came with red roses in her hands. She had not learned about me from the newspapers but from Mark, who had awakened her that morning to bring the news.

She had brought the roses to show that she was glad that I had not died, but she could do nothing except condemn me for having loaned Diane my apartment. "I always said you would get into trouble, being so easy with people."

Mark had not told her of the later developments. She knew nothing of the cigarette case nor of Shelby's suspicions. Shelby, who had been staying at her house, had not come home last night.

Bessie said there were people coming to the door in spite of the fact that I was supposed to be hidden in an unnamed hotel. But there were now two detectives on my doorstep and the bell did not ring. I kept looking at the clock, wondering why I had not heard from Mark.

"I'm sure he can't make more than eighteen hundred a year, two thousand at the most," Auntie Sue said suddenly.

I laughed. It was psychic like Bessie suddenly saying, "He's a man."

"Some men," said Auntie Sue, "are bigger than their incomes. It's not often that you find one like that."

"From you, Auntie Sue, that's heresy."

"Once I was crazy about a grip," she said. "Of course it was impossible. I had become a star and I was young. How would it have looked to the chorus girls? Natural selection is the bunk, darling, except in jungles."

She said, "Are you in love with him, Laura?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "I've only known him . . ."

I couldn't count the hours.

She said, "You've been watching the clock and cocking your ear toward the door ever since I came. You don't hear half what I say. . . ."

"There may be other things on my mind, Auntie Sue. Certain things about this murder," I said, knowing I should have asked about Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone.

HOW TO TALK AUSTRALIAN

Like Americans, the Aussies gave up speaking English some time ago. This partial list of slang terms will give you an idea.

Abo—aborigine
Beano—big party or blowout
Blue orchids—the R.A.A.F.
Buggalug—unfortunate fellow
Buttered bun—a girl somebody else didn't want
Butcher—medium-size beer glass
Crack—not quite right
Curling the moe—everything going along at its best
Dill—stupid
Dinkum Aussie—equivalent of All-America
Fair stick—good guy
Fiddlydid—a pound note
Flanagan—half-gallon jug
Full as a goog—blotto
Goog—egg
Grouse—good
Hack—(see Sheila)
Killigan—big barrel of beer
Lanikan—hoodlum
Lurk—a racket
Mollydooker—left-handed gent
Nark—kibitzer
Plunk—new or cheap wine
Sheila—a babe
Sweet Fannie Addams—no dice
Sly grog—speak-easy
Triddlybit—threepence piece
Zack—sixpence piece

"You're preoccupied, Laura. Your mind is filled with the man." She came across the room; she touched me with her soft, boneless hand. Through the varnish, I saw a young girl's face. "Don't fight yourself too hard, Laura. Not this time. I've seen you give yourself too easily to all the wrong people; don't hold out against the right one."

That was strange advice from Auntie Sue, but in it I saw the design of her discontent. After she had gone, I sat for a long time uncomfortably on the arm of a chair, thinking.

I thought of my mother and how she had talked of a girl's giving herself too easily. "Never give yourself, Laura," she'd say, "never give yourself to a man." I must have been very young when she first said it to me, for the phrase had become deeply part of my nature. That is why I have given so much of everything else—myself I have always withheld.

I was ashamed. I kept thinking of my own life that had seemed so honest; I hid my face from daylight; I thought of the way we proud moderns have twisted and perverted love, making arguments for this and that substitute, just as I make arguments for Jix and Lady Lilith when I write advertisements. Natural selection, Auntie Sue had said, was the bunk, except in jungles.

Someone had passed the detectives at the threshold. Feet ascended to my door. I hurried to open it.

And there was Waldo.

"MILLIONS of people in the city and environs," Waldo said with envy in his voice, "are talking about Laura Hunt. Your name, witch, is sizzling on all the wires in the country."

"Do stop being childish, Waldo. I need help. You're the only person in the world I can talk to."

His eyes were small islands beyond rippling light on thick lenses. "What of Shelby?" His voice rang richly with triumph. "Isn't it his place to be at your side in the hour of trial?"

"Waldo, darling, this is a terrible and serious moment. You mustn't torture me now with your jealousy."

"Jealousy." He hurled the word like a weapon. "Oughtn't you be more tolerant of jealousy, my sweet?"

We were strangers. A wall had risen between us. Waldo's jealousy had been there long before Shelby's time. Waldo had been clever and cruel at the expense of other attractive men. I had been wickedly amused and proud that my charms had roused passion in this curiously unimpassioned creature. What a siren I had thought myself, Laura Hunt, to have won the love of a man born without the capacity for loving.

People used to remark, to tease, to raise questioning eyebrows when they spoke of Waldo's devotion, but I had smugly enjoyed my position. The solid quality of our friendship had been, from my side, founded on respect for his learning and joy in the gay acrobatics of his mind.

He caught my two hands, sought my eyes, said, "I love your jealousy, Laura. You were magnificent when you assaulted her."

I jerked my hands free. "Waldo, what would you think if I were accused of t murder?"

"My dear child!"

"I have no alibi, Waldo, and there's gun up at my place in the country. H went there last night, I'm sure. I frightened, Waldo."

"What are you trying to tell m Laura?"

I told him about the cigarette cas the Bourbon bottle, about my lies ar Shelby's lies, and of Shelby's saying b fore Mark that he had lied to prote me. "Shelby was here with Diane th night, you know. He says he knew wh the gun was fired that I had come back

Sweat shone on Waldo's upper l and on his forehead. He had taken o his glasses and was staring at me.

"There is one thing you haven't tol me, Laura."

"But, Waldo, you don't believe . . .

"Did you, Laura?"

NEWSBOYS filled the streets wit gutturals whose syllable formed m name. The colors of the day were fad ing. The rain was thin and chill.

"Laura!"

His naked eyes, conical in shape an gleaming with white light, were har upon my face. I shrank from tha strained scrutiny, but his eyes hypnc tized me so that I could neither tur away nor lower my eyelids.

A far-off church clock struck five This is the way one waits, I thought, fo the doctor when he is coming to say tha the sickness is fatal.

"You're thinking of that detective you're waiting for him to come and ar rest you! You want him to come, don you?"

I was caught by his hands, pinione by his eyes.

"You're in love with him, Laura. saw it yesterday. You looked away fron us, you shrank from your old friends Shelby and I, we had ceased to matter Your eyes were on him all the time, you fluttered like a moth, you rolled you eyes and smirked like a schoolgirl."

His damp hands increased their col pressure.

My voice, small and weak, denied hi charges. He laughed.

"Don't lie, woman. I've got the ey of a fluoroscope. I perceive now th strange quiverings of the female heart How romantic!" He shouted the wor hideously. "The detective and the lady Have you given yourself yet, has he won your confession?"

I pulled away. "Please don't talk like that, Waldo. We've only known each other since Wednesday night."

"He works fast."

"Do, do be serious, Waldo. I need help so badly."

"This, my pet, is the most serious and important help that I can give you. To put you on your guard against the most dangerous man you've ever known."

"That's ridiculous. Mark's done nothing."

"Nothing, darling, except win your heart. He's engaged your warm and ready affection for the honor and glory of the detective bureau."

"That's what Shelby said. He said that Mark was trying to make me confess."

"For once Shelby and I agree."

I went to the couch and sat on the edge, hugging a pillow. Rough linen scratched my cheek. Waldo came toward me gently and offered his scented handkerchief. Then I giggled and said, "When there's a crisis, I can never find my handkerchief."

"Depend upon me, child, I shan't de-



BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Dragon's Teeth

THERE is an ancient legend that tells of dragon's teeth being transformed into an army of warriors, fully equipped for battle.

In this picture you see the legend being reborn. Here are gleaming dragon's teeth in the process of becoming a squadron of the most formidable weapons of the skies, Boeing Flying Fortresses.*

And the legend is being reborn with a vengeance, for since December 7, Boeing workers and production strategists have built the Fortresses with an ever-increasing tempo. Today the rate of production is more than three times greater than it was on the day of Pearl Harbor. (For this performance, Boeing was selected as the first aircraft manufacturer to receive the new Army-Navy award for efficiency.)

The Boeing production system is the only one of its kind in the aircraft industry. Based on the principle of "production density," the Boeing system makes the most efficient use of men, machines, materials and floor space.

So flexible is this production system that important design changes can be made quickly and without interrupting the production schedule.

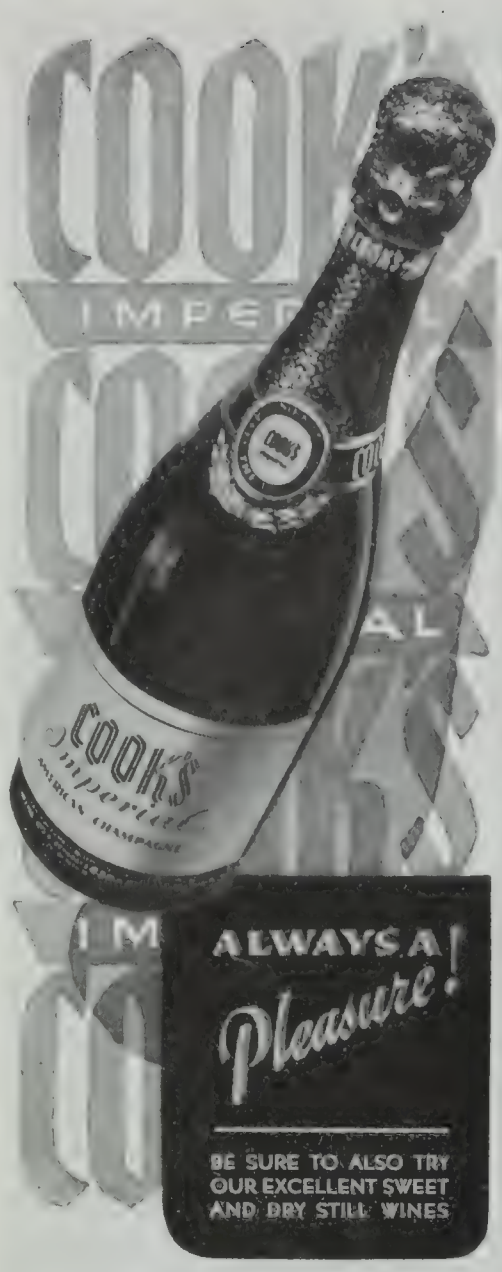
The concentration of all production facilities . . . so that the plant becomes one tightly integrated unit . . . makes possible a short, swift flow of parts through manufacture to assembly. In building the Boeing B-17, for example, the airplane is divided into several major units. As these are manufactured and assembled, they converge into the final assembly station to become a Flying Fortress, complete with instruments, guns and equipment, ready to roar off to the skies of battle.

• • •

The increase of efficiency in production . . . both for peace and for war . . . is only one of the many different projects that form a constant part of the Boeing manufacturing and engineering programs at Seattle and in the Middle West and Canada.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS



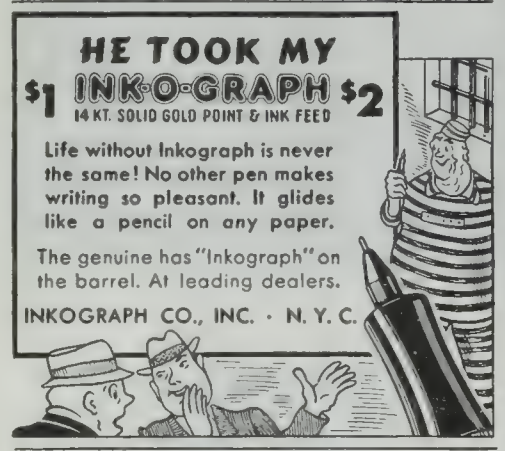
AMERICAN WINE CO ★ *Estab. 1859* ★ ST. LOUIS, MO.

HE TOOK MY $1 INK-O-GRAPH $2
14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

Life without Inkograph is never the same! No other pen makes writing so pleasant. It glides like a pencil on any paper.

The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.

INKOGRAPH CO., INC. · N. Y. C.



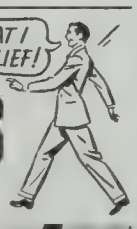
Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

AWAY GO CORNS

THIS IS WHAT I CALL FAST RELIEF!



Doctor's Way Acts Instantly!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns and sore toes. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

cert you. Let them accuse you, we'll fight them." He stood above me, his legs spread apart, his head high, his hand thrust in his coat like Napoleon in the picture. "I've every weapon, money, connections, prestige, my column, Laura. From this day forth, every day, eighty syndicated essays will be devoted to the cause of Laura Hunt."

"Please, Waldo," I begged. "Please tell me. Do you believe me guilty, too?"

He held my hand between cold perspiring palms. Softly, as if I were a sick, fractious child, he said, "Why should I care whether you're guilty or not guilty as long as I love you, my dear?"

It was unreal, it was a scene from a Victorian novel. I sat with my hand locked in his hands, a frail creature, possessed, like a gentle, fading, troubled woman of long ago. And he, by contrast, had grown to new proportions: he was strong and masterful, the protector.

"Do you think I'd condemn you for it, Laura? Or even blame you? On the contrary," he pressed my hand, "on the contrary, I adore you as I've never adored you before. You shall be my heroine, Laura, my greatest creation; millions will read about you, will love you. I'll make you greater," the words rolled on his tongue, "than Lizzie Borden."

He said it mischievously as if he had been asked in some parlor game, "What would you do if Laura were accused of murder?"

"Please," I begged him, "please be serious."

"Serious!" he caught my word and tossed it back, mocking me. "You've read enough of Waldo Lydecker to know how seriously I regard murder. It is," he said, "my favorite crime."

I leaped up, jerked my hand away, I put the room between us.

"Come back, my precious. You must rest. You're very nervous. And no wonder, darling, with those vultures feeding on you. Shelby with his precious gallantry, the other one, that detective fellow scheming to raise himself to front-page glory—they would destroy your self-esteem and corrupt the courage of your passion."

"Then you do believe me guilty?"

Phosphorescent light gave green tints to Waldo's skin. I felt that my face, too, must reflect the sickly tint of fear. With an almost surreptitious movement, I pulled the cord of the lamp. Out of shadows my room grew real. I saw familiar shapes and the solidity of furniture. On the table, red against the pale wall, were Auntie Sue's roses. I pulled one from the vase, touched the cool petals to my cheek.

"Say it, Waldo. You believe me guilty."

"I adore you for it. I see before me a great woman. We live in an unreal, weak world, you and I. Among us, there are few souls strong enough for violence. Violence," he spoke it like a love-word; his voice was the voice of a lover on a pillow, "violence gives conviction to passion, my loveliest love. You are not dead, Laura, you are a violent, living, bloodthirsty woman."

Red petals lay scattered at my feet on the figured rug. My hands, cold and nervous, pulled the last petal from the rose.

THIS is no way to write the story. I should be simple and coherent, listing fact after fact, giving order to the chaos of my mind. When they ask me, "Did you return on Friday night to kill her, Laura?" I shall answer, "He hasn't the face of a man who would lie and flirt to get a confession," and when they ask me about ringing the bell and waiting at the door for her to come and be killed, I shall tell them that I wish, more than anything in the world, that I had met him before this happened.

"That's how my mind is now. Now that Shelby has turned against me, and Mark has shown the nature of his trickery, I am afraid of facts in orderly sequence.

Shelby's treachery was served to us with dinner, accompanied by the raspings and groanings of rainy-weather static. I could not pretend to eat, my leaden hands refused to lift the fork, but Waldo ate as greedily as he listened to every morsel of news.

SHELBY had gone to the police and sworn to the truth of his having been in the apartment with Diane on Friday night. He had told them, as he told me, how the doorbell rang and how Diane had clattered across the room in my silver mules, and how she had been shot when she opened my front door. Shelby said that Diane had summoned him to the apartment because she was afraid of violence. Diane had been threatened, Shelby said, and although he had not liked the idea of seeing her in Laura's house, she had wept and begged so pitifully that he could not deny her.

Shelby's attorney was N. T. Salsbury, Jr. He explained that Shelby had not confessed earlier because he was shielding someone. The name of the suspect was not included in the broadcasts. Deputy Commissioner Preble had refused to tell reporters whether or not the police knew whom Shelby was shielding. Shelby's confession had turned him into a witness for the state. This, Waldo told me, might absolve him of guilt in withholding information.

In every broadcast Deputy Commissioner Preble's name was mentioned three times a minute. Mark's name was not used at all.

"Poor McPherson," Waldo said as he dropped two saccharine pills into his coffee cup; "between Shelby and the deputy commissioner, he's been crowded out of the limelight."

I left the table.

Waldo followed me to the couch again, the coffee cup in his hands.

"He's not that sort at all," I said. "Mark isn't like that, he'd never sacrifice anyone . . . anyone for the sake of notoriety and his own career."

"You poor dear child," Waldo said. The coffee cup rang against the wood of the table, and Waldo's free hands reached again for my hand.

"He's playing a game, Laura, the fellow's devilishly clever. Preble is enjoying his little victory now, but the plum in this pudding will be pulled out by our own little Jack Horner. Heed my warning, sweet. He's after you."

The shadow of hysteria returned. I pulled my hand away, stretched on the couch, closed my eyes and shivered.

"You're cold," Waldo said and went into the bedroom to fetch my afghan. He spread it over my legs, smoothing out the wrinkled surface, tucking it under my feet, and then standing above the couch again, content and possessive.

"I must protect my sweet child."

"I can't believe he's only been trying to get a confession. Mark liked me. And he's sincere," I said.

"I know him better than you do, Laura."

"That's what you think," I said.

"I've dined with the fellow practically every night since this affair began, Laura. He's courted me strangely, why I cannot say, but I've had a rare chance to observe his nature and his methods."

"Then he must be interesting," I said. "In all the years I've known you, I've never seen you dine with a dull person."

"My dear babe, you must always justify your bad taste, mustn't you?" Waldo laughed. "What a die-hard you are, once you're interested in a man. Very well, if it will please you, I'll plead guilty to a certain shabby interest in the fellow. I must confess though, that my curiosity was roused by observation of the blossoming of his love for you."

"For me!"

"Don't sing so high, sweet canary. You were dead. There was dignity in that frustrate passion. He could make no use of you, he could destroy you no further, you were unattainable and thus desirable beyond all desire."

"How you twist things, Waldo. You don't understand Mark. There's something about him," I insisted, "something that's alive. If he'd been wallowing in frustrated romance, he'd never have been so glad when I came back."

"Trickery."

"You and your words," I said. "You always have words, but they don't always tell meanings."

"The man's a Scot, child, as parsimonious with emotion as with shillings. Have you ever analyzed that particular form of romanticism which burgeons on the dead, the lost, the doomed—Mary of the Wild Moor and Sweet Alice with Hair so Brown? The heroines of such men are always dead or tubercular—death is the leitmotiv of all their love songs. A most convenient rationale for the thriftiness of their passion toward living females. Mark's future unrolls as upon a screen." Waldo's plump hand unrolled the future. "I see him now, romanticizing frustration, asking poor cheated females to sigh with him over the dead love."

"But he was glad—glad when I came alive. There was a special quality about his gladness as if . . . as if he'd been waiting for me."

"Ah!" said Waldo. "When you came alive!" His voice bubbled. "When Laura became reality within his grasp, the other side of sentiment was revealed. The basic parsimony, the need to make profit of the living Laura."

"You mean that all of his kindness and sincerity were tricks to get a confession? That's silly," I said.

"Had he merely been trying to get a confession, the thing would have been simple. But consider the contradiction in the case. Compensation as well as confession, Laura. You had become reality, you came within the man's reach—a woman of your sort, cultivated, fastidious, clearly his superior, he was seized with the need to possess you. Possess and revenge and destroy."

HE HAD seated himself on the couch, balancing his fat buttocks on the edge, holding my hand for support.

"Do you know Mark's words for women? Dolls. Dames." His tongue clicked out the words like a telegraph instrument clattering out the dots and dashes of a code. "What further evidence do you need of a man's vulgarity and insolence? There's a doll in Washington Heights who got a fox fur out of him, got it out, my dear, his very words."

"I don't believe a word."

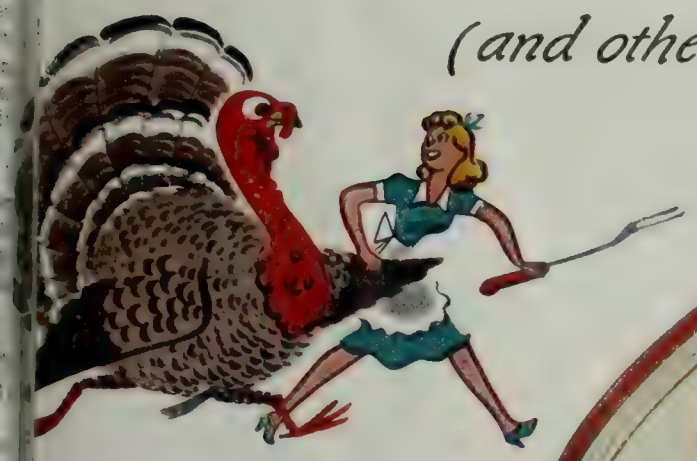
"Remember the catalogue of your suitors, darling. Consider the past," Waldo said. "Your defense is always so earnest; you blush in that same delightful way and rebuke me for intolerance."

I saw shadows on the carpet. A procession passed through my mind of those friends and lovers whose manliness had dwindled as Waldo's critical sense showed me their weaknesses. I remembered his laughter, fatherly and indulgent, the first time he had taken me to the theater and I had admired a handsome actor's bad performance.

"I hope it's not too tactless of me to mention the name of Shelby Carpenter. How much abuse I've endured because I failed to discern the manliness, the integrity, the hidden strength of that gallant gentleman. I humored you, I allowed you to enjoy self-deceit because I knew you'd ultimately find out for yourself. And look, today." He spread

A Strutter you can strut about!

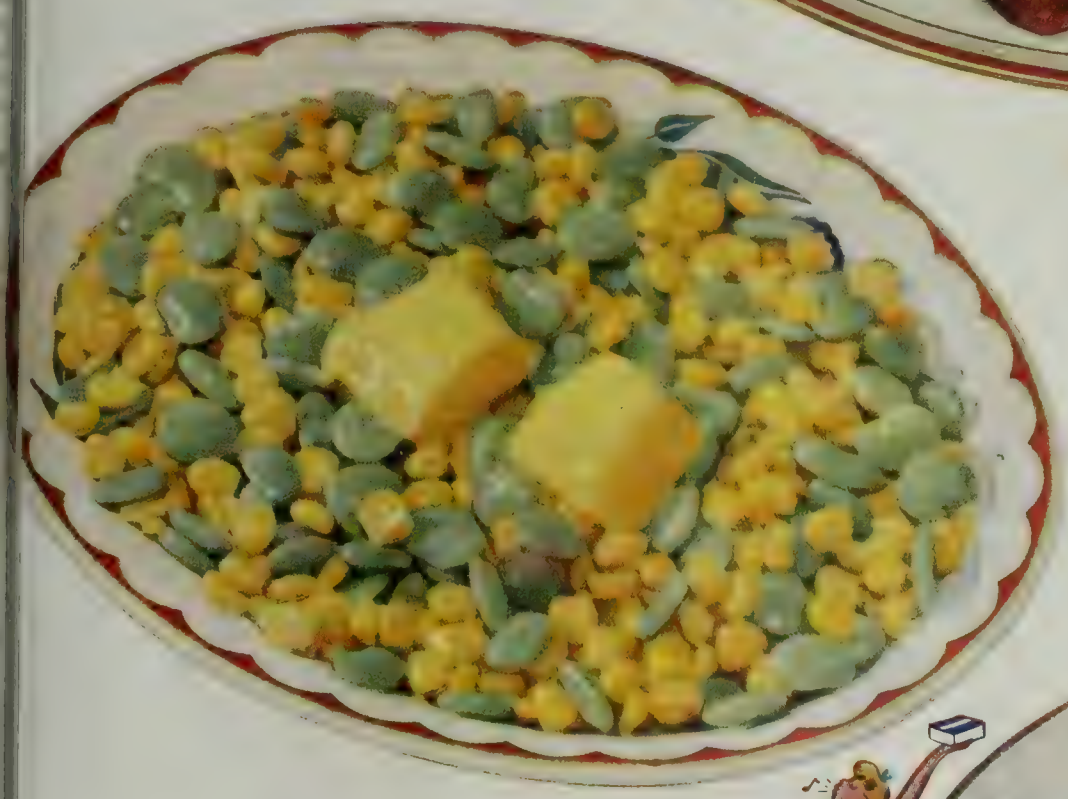
(and other Holiday Wonders)



Strutter! —Your eyebrows snap up (like window shades) at plumpness, juiciness, and tender- of this Birds Eye Thanksgiving ey!

or at the very height of his pampered, ial-dieted career, he is plucked, ned, drawn of *all waste*—and *Quick- en!* All tenderness and goodness captured for *you! There are all sizes.* remember: a 9-lb. Birds Eye Turkey qual to a 12-lb. *undrawn* gobbler! RANTEED the *best you ever tasted*—or EY BACK! Order a Holiday Bird y!





Lima Beans! —Today, in mid-November, *garden-fresh* Birds Eye Baby Limas are *yours for the eating!* (***Special Nov. 16-21;*** and *Wonderful*, with Birds Eye Cut Corn, as succotash!) Already-shelled, washed . . . cook, serve, and enjoy in 16 minutes! None of the usual kitchen fuss. AND a box serves 4! Try these *all-green* Baby Lima Beans—say *tonight?*

Peaches! —Serve your peach-struck man *delicious, orchard-fresh* Birds Eye Peaches! (Shortcake, mebbe?) Gurgling with goodness, these golden beauties are picked at *peak-plumpness . . . sliced . . . sweetened . . . Quick-Frozen!* A box serves 4, and a *full day's requirement* of Vita-min C has been added to each 4-oz. serving!





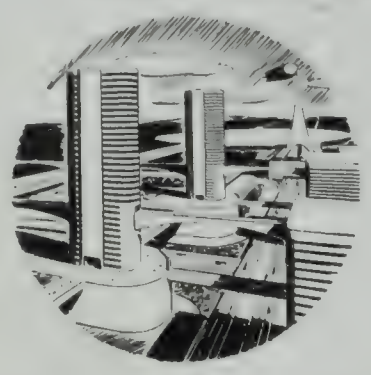




Birds Eye HAS other *out-of-season* wonders! FOUR MARVELOUS VALUES! Golden Squash—already cooked—and also on ***Special!*** Tender, *nutritious* Peas! Golden Sweet Corn-on-Cob! Garden-fresh Strawberries—an out of season treat! Try these—and the more-than-40 other Birds Eye Foods!



Prepare TODAY for the Victory-World of TOMORROW



• There are two big reasons why you should start TODAY to become a trained specialist in some one line of work.

• FIRST—and most important right now—sound, practical training will make you a better fighter on the industrial front, and enable you to play a much more important part in outproducing our Axis enemies!

• SECOND—in the victory-world of tomorrow, even more than yesterday and today, *trained men* will be in demand to fill the best, and highest paying, jobs in business and industry!

• Right now is the time for you to join the 100,000 American men who are studying low-cost, spare-time I. C. S. Courses in 400 different business and technical subjects. Mail this coupon for free booklet and complete information —and mail it today!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 4097-C, SCRANTON, PENNA.

Explain fully about your course marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Air Brake
☐ Air Conditioning
☐ Airplane Drafting
☐ Architectural Drafting
☐ Architecture ☐ Boilermaking
☐ Auto Technician ☐ Aviation
☐ Blueprint Reading
☐ Bridge Engineering
☐ Building Estimating
☐ Chemistry ☐ Coal Mining
☐ Civil Engineering
☐ Concrete Engineering
☐ Contracting and Building
☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Electrical Drafting
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electrician
☐ Foundryman ☐ Heating
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ House Planning
☐ Industrial Metallurgy
☐ Locomotive Engineer
☐ Machinist ☐ Inspector
☐ Marine Engines
☐ Mechanical Drafting
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Navigation ☐ Plastics
☐ Patternmaking ☐ Plumbing
☐ Public Works Engineering
☐ Radio Operating
☐ Radio Servicing
☐ R. R. Engineering
☐ R. R. Section Foreman
☐ R. R. Signalman
☐ Refrigeration
☐ Sheet Metal Work
☐ Ship Drafting ☐ Shipfitting
☐ Shop Practice
☐ Steam Electric
☐ Steam Engines
☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Telegraphy ☐ Telephony
☐ Textile Designing
☐ Toolmaking ☐ Tool Design
☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Woolen Manufacturing

BUSINESS COURSES

☐ Advertising
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Business Management
☐ Cartooning ☐ Civil Service
☐ C. P. Accounting
☐ College Preparatory
☐ Commercial
☐ Cost Accounting
☐ First Year College
☐ Foremanship
☐ Good English
☐ High School ☐ Illustrating
☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Railway Postal Clerk
☐ Salesmanship ☐ Secretarial
☐ Spanish
☐ Traffic Management

HOME ECONOMICS COURSES

☐ Advanced Dressmaking
☐ Foods and Cookery
☐ Home Dressmaking
☐ Professional Dressmaking and Designing
☐ Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering

Name.....*Age*.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
Present Position.....

Canadian residents send coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada. British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England.

his hands in a gesture that included the rueful present.

"Mark's a man," I said defiantly.

Waldo's pale eyes took color, on his forehead the veins rose fat and blue, the waxen color of his skin deepened to an umber flush. He tried to laugh. Each note was separate and painful. "Always the same pattern, isn't it? A lean, long frame is the measure of masculinity. A chiseled profile indicates a delicate nature. Let him be tall and lithe and you clothe him in the garments of Romeo, Superman and Jupiter disguised as a bull.

"To say nothing," he added, after a moment's dreadful silence, "of the Marquis de Sade. That need is in your nature, too."

"You can't hurt me," I said. "No man's ever going to hurt me again."

"I'm not speaking of myself," Waldo said reproachfully. "We were discussing your frustrated friend."

"But you're mad," I said. "He's not frustrated. He's a strong man, he's not afraid."

Waldo smiled as if he were bestowing some rare confidence. "That incurable female optimism has, I dare say, blinded you to the fellow's most distinguishing defect. He guards it zealously, but watch the next time you see him. When you observe that wary, tortured gait, you'll remember Waldo's warnings."

"I don't understand you," I said. "You're making things up." I heard my voice as something outside of me, shrill and ugly, the voice of a sullen schoolgirl. Auntie Sue's red roses threw purple shadows on the green wall. There were calla lilies and water lilies in the design of the chintz curtains. I thought of colors and fabrics and names because I was trying to turn my mind from Waldo and his warnings.

"A man who distrusts his body, my love, seeks weakness and impotence in every other living creature. Beware, my dear. He'll find your weakness and there plant his seeds of destruction."

I felt sorry for myself, I had become disappointed in people and in living. I closed my eyes, I sought darkness, I felt my blood chill and my bones soften.

"You'll be hurt, Laura, because the need for pain is part of your nature. You'll be hurt because you're a woman who's attracted by a man's strength and held by his weakness."

WHETHER he knew it or not, this was the very history of our relationship, mine and Waldo's. In the beginning it had been the steely strength of his mind, but the ripeness of my affection had grown with my knowledge of his childlike uncertain heart. It was not a lover that Waldo needed but love itself. With him I had learned to be patient and careful as a woman is patient and careful with a sickly, sensitive child.

"The mother," Waldo said slowly, "the mother is always destroyed by her young."

I pulled my hand away quickly, I rose, I put the room between us, I retreated from lamplight and stood shivering in shadows.

Waldo spoke softly, a man speaking to shadows. "A clean blow," Waldo said, "a clean blow destroys quickly and without pain." His hands, it seems as I grope for clear recollection, were showing the precise shape of destruction.

He came toward me and I shrank deeper into the corner. This was strange. I had never felt anything but respect and tenderness for this brilliant, unhappy friend. And I made myself think of Waldo dutifully; I thought of the years we had known each other and of his kindness. I felt sick within myself, ashamed of hysteria and weak shrinking. I made myself stand firm, I did not pull away, I accepted the embrace as women accept the caresses of men they dare not hurt. I did not yield, I submitted. I did not soften, I endured.

"You are mine," he said. "My love and my own."

Dimly, beyond his murmuring, I heard footsteps. Waldo's lips were pressed against my hair, his voice buzzed in my ears. Then there were three raps at the door, the grating of the key in the lock, and his embrace relaxed.

Mark had climbed the stairs slowly, he was slow to open the door. I backed away from Waldo, I straightened my dress, pulled at my sleeves, and as I sat down, jerked my skirt over my knees.

"He enters with a latchkey," Waldo said.

"The doorbell was the murderer's signal," Mark said. "I don't like to remind her."

"The manners of the executioner are known to be excellent," Waldo said. "It was thoughtful of you to knock."

Waldo's warning had posted signals in my mind. Seeing Mark with his eyes, I became aware of the taut, vigilant erectness of his shoulders, the careful balance, the wary gait. It was not so much the quality of movement as the look on his face that told me Waldo had been right in saying that Mark guarded himself. He caught my curiosity and threw back a challenge as if he were saying that he could match scrutiny with scrutiny and, as mercilessly, expose my most cherished weakness.

Seating himself in the long chair, his thin hands gripping the arms, he seemed to relax watchfulness. Tired, I thought, and noticed the hint of purple in the shadows of the deep-set eyes, the tension of flesh across narrow cheekbones. Then, quickly, hailing into my mind the scarlet caution signal, I banished quick and foolish tenderness. Dolls and dames, I said to myself; we're all dolls and dames to him.

He said, "I want to talk to you, Laura," and looked at Waldo as if to say that I must get rid of the intruder.

Waldo had grown roots in the couch. Mark settled himself in the long chair, took out his pipe, gave notice of endurance.

Bessie slammed the kitchen door an shouted good night. One of them i Washington Heights had got a fox f out of him, I told myself, and I wo dered how much it had cost him in pri and effort. Then I faced him boldly an asked, "Have you come to arrest me

Waldo swayed toward me. "Carefu Laura, anything you say to him can b used against you."

"How gallantly your friends prote you," Mark said. "Didn't Shelby wa you of the same thing last night?"

I stiffened at the sound of Shelby name. Mark might be laughing at m too, for having trusted a weak man. said boldly, "Well, what did you com here for? Have you been to Wilton What did you find at my place?"

"Sh-sh," cautioned Waldo.

"I don't see how it can hurt if I a where he's been," I argued.

"You told me that you knew nothin of the murder, that you bought no new papers and that the radio at your co tage was out of order. Isn't that wh you told me, Laura?"

"Yes," I said.

"The first thing I discovered is th your radio works perfectly."

MY CHEEKS burned. "But it didn work then. Honestly. They mu have fixed it. I told the boys at the elec tric shop near the railroad station i Norwalk to go up there and fix it. Befor I caught my train I stopped and tol them. They've got my key, that wi prove it."

I had become so nervous that I ache to tear, to break, to scream aloud Mark's deliberate hesitancy was aimed I felt, at torturing the scene to hysteri cal climax. He told of checking on m actions since my alleged (that was h word) arrival in Wilton on Friday nigh and of finding nothing better than th flimsy alibi I had given.

I started to speak but Waldo signale with a finger on his lips.

"Nothing I discovered up there Mark said, "mitigates the case again you."

(To be concluded next week)



"It's so nasty out, we weren't going to come over until my wife heard your wife got a new dress and shoes!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—86 proof. The straight whiskies in *Golden Wedding* are 5 years or more old. 88%, 5 years old. 11%, 6 years old. 1%, 11 years old. Joseph S. Finch & Company, Inc., Schenley, Pa., an affiliate of Stagg-Finch Distillers Corp.





Not-So-Simple Simons

Continued from page 61

his father. This however is theory, not practice. The walls of Big Monk's locker room are covered with such inspiring messages as "Don't Be A Quitter!" "The Newspapers Say We Can't Lick L.S.U.!" and "Use the Foot Bath to Avoid Athlete's Foot!" This is territory upon which Little Monk enters with an extremely respectful tread. The coach has been known to wait in line for a rubdown rather than incur his father's wrath by rushing to the fore.

"It's good for him," says Big Monk, with a knowing grin. "Keeps the big lug respectful."

The old man keeps a wary eye on his son's activities at all times and is not averse to rushing out onto the field to bawl him out for some oversight in fundamental single wing back tactics.

The Mysterious Squirrel Cage

Most of the time, Little Monk needs no reliance on his father or anyone else for coaching knowledge. He is one of the country's most brilliant exponents of the Minnesota shift, which is a modern, streamlined version of the hallowed Warner system. Little Monk has a bewildering variety of plays, whereby he shakes pile-driving power plays loose from either a single or double wing back formation. His squirrel-cage formation is one of the darnedest things opposing coaches have ever seen. It is always a great mystery to them, while Little Monk's backfield is scrambling around, whether their team is going to be hit with Tulane's wing back, tail back, No. 1 back—or all three.

The Monk athletic dynasty at Tulane was born, bred and raised right in the city of New Orleans. The continuation of the dynasty was assured recently when Little Monk's three-year-old son, Claude Simons III, was nicknamed "Chipmonk" in a mass ceremony by members of the Tulane student body. Big Monk, the grandfather, was born fifty-six years ago, within screaming distance of New Orleans' famous Canal Street. Almost immediately therea he began breaking sprint records aro Audubon Park in minor altercat with invading youngsters from French Quarter. This culminated track career which was admittedly standing in the early years of the tury.

In 1909, Big Monk won the Soutl A.A.U. 100-yard championship at mingham in 10 seconds flat. This re stood intact for a good many ye "The only reason it wasn't bro sooner," appends Big Monk modes "is that I treated all visiting athlete a wonderful New Orleans sea-food ner a night or so before every ch pionship meet."

At Tulane, as an aside to his trair duties, Big Monk coached practic every major sport on the Green Wa agenda. He became the trouble sho of the coaching staff. Whenever a cancy occurred in baseball, track, b ing or basketball, Big Monk was thr into the breach and he usually m aged to turn out a championship te His basketball teams of the early 19 stand as the greatest in Tulane hist

Little Monk was five years when his father, Big Monk, came Tulane in 1919. His childhood, acco ingly, was a very unusual one, i mersed in the smell of wintergr liniment and kindred athletic odors. fact, Little Monk proved to be a v difficult child on the Tulane camp Ordinary childish games, such as C boys and Indians and Murder the C were classified by him as sissy stuff.

The ten-year-old youngster's idea a good time was to sneak unobserv into the midst of a varsity scrimma or to get the varsity pitcher to throw few in to him in batting practice. Lit Monk sat on the bench at all Tula contests. When punished by his chan ing and patient mother (known univ sally as Anna down at Tulane), Lit Monk developed the alarming habit scaling the 25-foot wall of Tulane S dium.



"Surprise me with something, will you? I get so sick of planning meals"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

radual stages, Little Monk grew
o an extremely large adult, more
astounding his average-size fa-
nd mother. At Isadore Newman
chool, the youngster who at 193
s was definitely big for his seven-
ears, made a shambles of all ex-
records in football, basketball,
ll and track. When he entered
e as a freshman, under the watch-
e of Big Monk, he soon became
eatest all-round athlete in the
of the school.

a sophomore, Little Monk won
letters in all four of his favorite
By the time he was a senior, he
garded by Tulanians as in the
category with Hercules, Richard
ionhearted and Gargantua. He
the javelin over 190 feet, ran a
ond anchor leg on the mile relay
and knocked off an occasional
cond hundred-yard dash. He was
corer on the basketball team. In
ll he caused a three-year short-
the supply department by knock-
incredible number of balls over
eastern Conference fences.

A Southern Football Classic

all this was small potatoes. It
a football that Little Monk really
In 1933, his punting and passing
s stamina raised him to the ranks
great Southern backs. In 1934, he
e one of the most brilliant punt-
e game has ever known. Ralph
eval, late of the University of
cky and the Brooklyn Dodgers,
erally looked upon as the peak of
g perfection. His meeting with
Monk in the Kentucky-Tulane
of 1933 ranks as one of the clas-
f Southern football.

most of the game, Kercheval was
g off beautiful spiral punts of fifty
y yards. Little Monk in the mean-
was busying himself with running
assing Tulane to a 34-0 lead. The
however was all with Kercheval.
time he punted, terrific "Oh's"
'Ah's" went up from the stands.
time Monk got off a long pass
n, there were murmurs of pity for
eval's great losing game. Little
simply didn't have to kick. Tu-
had possession of the ball nine
s of the time.

ally, after a Kercheval fifty-five
r, Little Monk looked up at the
ing crowd. "What kind of garbage
s?" he said to Bucky Bryan who
alling signals. "Give me the ball
e next play."

e ball was snapped to Little Monk
e next play. Back went his foot,
own the field went the ball. It was
f the most tremendous punts ever
in the Southeastern Conference.
nighty boot measured no less than
ty-one yards on the fly. As the
ailed over Kercheval's head, blank
tion settled on the crowd.

Mmm-mm," said Bryan as he looked
nd jammed Stoll Field, "I never
so many people shut up so fast in
ife."

1934, not a game went by without
e Monk bulling his way through for
re. In the inaugural Sugar Bowl
e on New Year's Day 1935, Tulane
trailing Temple 14-7 in the second
ter. Little Monk pulled the game
f the fire by running back a kickoff
gh the entire Temple team for a
ndown. The final score was 20-14.
the Georgia game, Tulane was
ng 6-0. Little Monk feinted three
to the right, cutting to the outside
time. On fourth down, he ran to
right again, but this time cut back
s left. This bit of strategy so be-
led the Georgia defense that Little
k romped 65 yards without a finger
g laid on him. Tulane won 7-6.
gainst hated Louisiana State that
same year, Tulane was again behind. The score was 12-7 with two and a half minutes to play, and Huey Long was already beginning to head up the victory celebration on the field. Then it happened. L.S.U. punted. Bucky Bryan took the ball and lateraled to Little Monk. Little Monk then nonchalantly galloped 45 yards for a score. A moment later the game ended with Tulane ahead 13-12. The final play saw Little Monk zoom a perfect pass just past the top of Huey Long's indignant noggin.

"That," says Little Monk rapturously, "was the most soul-satisfying moment of my life."

Even before he graduated from Tulane, the Philadelphia Athletics were trying desperately to secure Little Monk for their own exclusive baseball use. He was also deluged with pro football contracts and college coaching offers from all parts of the country. Among these was an offer to become head coach at Transylvania College.

"Hmm," said Big Monk and Little Monk in unison as they perused this offer. "Not bad for a twenty-one-year-old kid." And they signed the contract.

At Transylvania, however, the people had different ideas. The team was made up of 29- and 30-year-olds, most of whom had been knocking around Southern football for a decade or so. Their feelings in the matter were aptly summed up by a tackle from Brooklyn who said, "Why, that little stinker!"

But Little Monk soon won over an unfriendly student body and a belligerent football squad. He showed up in football harness and, by the simple expedient of vigorously knocking every man on his back at some point during practice, he gained the grudging respect of Transylvania. The tackle from Brooklyn was heard to murmur, "That stinker can really play ball."

In 1938, Little Monk came back to Tulane as assistant freshman football coach. Big Monk was, of course, glad to see him. When Glenn Seidel quit coaching, Little Monk became Red Dawson's backfield coach. When Dawson left to go to Minnesota last winter, any choice for the Tulane head-coaching job other than Little Monk would have resulted in a minor revolution among the citizenry of Louisiana.

One Reason for Popularity

Today, Little Monk lives with his wife Jeanne and three-year-old Chipmonk in a modest little home in New Orleans. Jeanne, who used to gaze at him with enraptured admiration when he was scaling the wall of Tulane Stadium, still does so when he comes home with a black eye sustained in a rough practice session. She is his greatest soothing influence and is one of the big reasons for Little Monk's popularity.

Lately, Little Monk has been worrying about such fundamental questions as whether or not he is going to have a team to put on the field from one Saturday to the next. His team looked terrific when he took over last winter. But before spring practice began he had lost ten men to the Armed Forces, including Bill Hornick, Gordon English and Roman Bentz. Since then, the players have been dropping away like flies.

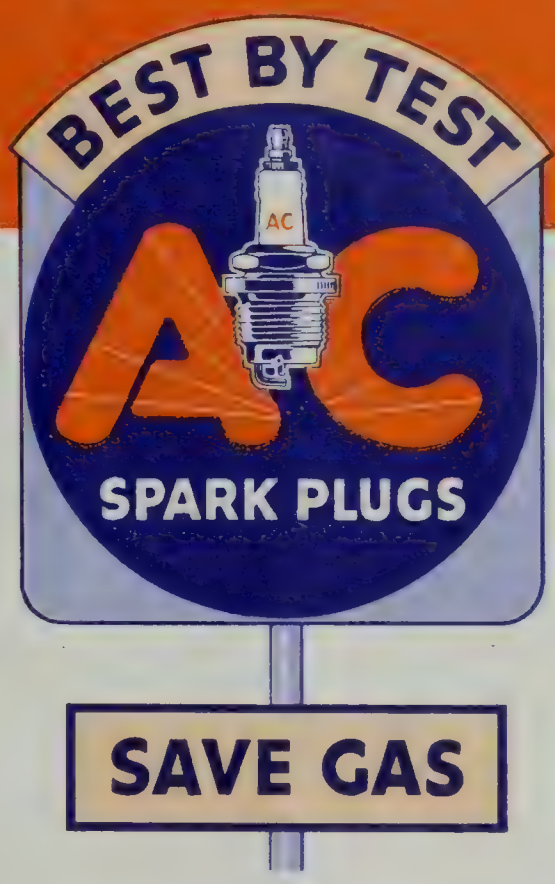
Little Monk has his *own* way of digging up replacements. Recently, in the midst of a scrimmage, a fourth-string end tackled Little Monk so hard that the coach's teeth were shaken loose.

"Take that man's name," barked Little Monk to his manager, on regaining the power of speech, "and put him on the training table—starting tonight!"

Two weeks later, the unknown end was playing a bang-up game on the first team.

THE END

A SIGN YOU CAN BELIEVE IN



Clean spark plugs save as much gas as one gallon in every ten you buy. They help quick starting, too, and prevent loss of engine power. So,—

1 Have your spark plugs checked, cleaned, and adjusted every 4,000 miles.

2 Replace badly worn plugs promptly.

The AC Sign identifies the dealer who gives expert service.



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN



AC PRODUCES FOR VICTORY

Machine guns, aircraft spark plugs, standard spark plugs, oil filters, and many other products are being supplied to our armed forces.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation*



ORDER OF RELEASE

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SHE awoke violently. Every night, almost at the same time, she awoke like that, with her heart thumping. She turned her head cautiously and looked at Rick asleep in the next bed.

A reflection from a light across the street rested on his face. He looked awfully young when he was asleep—not much older than the first time when she'd danced with him at the high-school prom. Talk about love at first sight. Ann and Rick Thornton knew about it. They'd never had a doubt. They hadn't even discussed what they were going to do. They knew. They would belong to each other for as long as they lived.

It had been tough sledding. They'd had to work hard and wait. Ann's job on a newspaper took her all over the country. But at last they'd won out. It wasn't right that people who'd worked so hard for happiness should have it taken from them—should be made so desperately afraid.

She saw now that Rick was awake too.

"Rick—"

He turned to her. "Please don't worry, Ann. I can't sleep if you worry. I gotta sleep—"

"I can't help it. I try. But I can't—"

"When you scare so, it scares me too."

But he didn't tell her how badly. It was a queer business. He'd always wanted to fly. He had a knack for it, too. He'd got his wings ahead of all the men in his outfit. All the same, the first time he'd been up alone he'd panicked—nearly ditched himself. It was as though Ann had put her hand over his, on the controls, and it had been shaking and cold, as it was now.

"Rick—"

"Yes—"

"You're married. Maybe—if you tried for it they'd give you a ground job—"

He said, "Maybe. But I'm not trying—"

The first time he'd ferried a bomber over, the thing had got him again. He'd known, all through those black night hours that Ann was awake too and shivering. He'd had a job to hold onto himself. He'd thought, "Gosh, I'm yellow. That's what I am—yellow." He'd hated himself.

Her hand slid away from his. "All right," she said. But her voice was bitter. "I won't care so much either. I'll go to sleep—"

But she didn't. She lay there tense and very still, thinking. She thought how she'd given up a job to make a home for them both. Her boss had said she was a fool, throwing up a big career. He'd been right. During Rick's last leave when he had said goodby they'd had a sort of quarrel. She'd run after him, and right there in the middle of the street, they'd clung to each other.

They were quarreling now—silently—and fear lay between them like a drawn sword.

ANN'S old boss took a steady look at her across his desk. "So marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be," he said.

"I guess," she said, trying to be bright, "it isn't all it was."

She might have told him that she couldn't stand what it had become. She couldn't sit all day in a two-by-four apartment, getting scratch meals for herself, waiting for bedtime and then not sleeping. Going sick every time the bell rang.

"Well, I haven't forgotten your stuff, Ann," the boss said. "We're short of manpower in this outfit. Besides, this is a woman's war too. I want to know what a woman thinks of women over there. If you want it the job is yours—" He must have heard her catch her breath. "Think your husband will stand for it?" he asked.

She said defiantly, "He's got to. I've stood for it."

When Ann reached her hotel, it wasn't so sta ing to find Rick. Perhaps because his face grimed, he didn't kiss her; he took her arm grinned. "Fancy meeting you here, Mrs. Tho

She never knew where Rick was. He just s up when he could. So she left a letter on her b She closed the door of their little apartment It was like closing the door on someone who had

THIS was a new fear. It was all hers. It w herself. It was as though her body didn't ca more about Rick Thornton. It only cared about Her eyes looked down on the floor of moonlit and told her body that there was nothing down but a black, empty sea. And her body didn't l It was plain scared. But then her mind got hold body by the scruff of its neck. "Don't be ye Ann's mind said. She thought of Rick. If he he'd be scared too. She found she could mana own scare. But not the thought of his. So she h stop thinking about him.

It was like that in London—that first bad She'd been in London before on an assignment she didn't know it any more. It was black and late and torn. The siren wasn't like when you it in the movies—just a noise that stirred your and made you sit tense in your seat. It turned stomach over.

The first bomb seemed to hit her straight ov heart. She found herself in the underground, cro with men and women and children and cats and —everything they had that, in this terror, still tered to them. This was what she'd been sent t perience—the old writer's blood was up.

A bomb must have fallen right overhead. It the underground like a toy in the hands of an child. Someone began to whimper. And sud Ann remembered that she had a nice voice. She an American song—a bit of jazz that would mak want to step out when you were dying.

She could feel what it did. White, tired turned to her. The tenseness went out of them. began to grin.

"That's the stuff. Go it, Miss."

She made them sing with her. Soon they cou hear the bombs for their own singing. An old coc woman plucked at Ann's sleeve. "American, a you, Miss?"

"Yes—"

The old woman showed her the shawl she wearing. "That's American too, Miss. They gave me when I was bombed out. Gawd love you she said.

The tears came into Ann's eyes. But she swell. She and these people were all right. must feel sometimes what she felt. She wasn't ally thinking about him. But she felt close to h wherever he was.

The feeling was so strong that when at last reached her hotel, it wasn't so staggering to find waiting for her. It seemed natural. Perhaps bec his face was grimed and sweat-streaked, he didn't her. He just took her by the arm and grinned.

"Fancy meeting you here, Mrs. Thornton."

"And you, Mr. Thornton."

"I've been hunting you all over the town," he "They told me where you were. By the way— was a nice welcoming letter you left."

"Weren't you mad?"

"As hops."

"And scared?"

"Pink."

"I could feel you being scared—"

"It isn't easy to take," he said. "Your own is enough."

They found a canteen that was handing out the English call coffee. But it was hot and ta good. The people were good too.

"I'll be on my way home tomorrow," Rick "But I'll be back in a week or so. You might as know—I'm ferrying bombers."

"I guessed it," she said. "Maybe I'll be here —waiting for you."

He toasted her in coffee. "How are we doing, 'f cat?"

"I'm not a 'fraid cat."

"Nor am I. So that makes us all right, doesn't

"Yes—" she said.

"Free," he said.

He looked at her as he had never looked at h not even when they'd been happiest. She knew he meant. They were free of each other's fear. smiled back at him.

"Together," she said.



TRY THIS FOR SIZE...

(ODDLY enough, this type of collar fits all kinds of people...Czechs and Poles, Frenchmen and Norwegians, Russians and Greeks.

It fits women as well as men, the old as snugly as the young, the strong as firmly as the weak.

It is designed especially for conquered people... and reserved for those among the conquered who dare to stick their necks out. Who presume they have the right to read or circulate forbidden newspapers and magazines, to listen to forbidden radio programs. Who get themselves accused...on no matter how little evidence...of spying or interfering or getting in the way.

Now, in the newspapers and magazines we so freely read, we see pictures of strange people... foreign people...hanging from such nooses. Still and silent, their arms by their sides, their heads slightly askew as if they did not completely comprehend what had happened.

We have escaped it...so far. So far, these hangings have happened only to far-away people. Have you ever seriously thought that someday *you* might be the mute subject for such photographs?

You *can* be...

The country that we expect to fight this war for us, the country we assume is invincible, the country we look upon as millions of "other people"...that country can *lose* this war.

Can lose it unless *you*...and unless we who sign this advertisement...look upon it as our individual responsibility. Unless we do not wait to be *told* what to do, but go out and *find out for ourselves* what to do, and *do* it. Unless we realize that each one of us *is* the country.

It's not a minute too soon to get the picture straight...not a minute too soon to pitch in and help turn the tide...not a minute too soon to do everything humanly possible, *now*, to save our necks.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. · MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS · GUN CARRIAGES · ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE · STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES



ORDER OF RELEASE

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SHE awoke violently. Every night, almost at the same time, she awoke like that, with her heart thumping. She turned her head cautiously and looked at Rick asleep in the next bed.

A reflection from a light across the street rested on his face. He looked awfully young when he was asleep—not much older than the first time when she'd danced with him at the high-school prom. Talk about love at first sight. Ann and Rick Thornton knew about it. They'd never had a doubt. They hadn't even discussed what they were going to do. They knew. They would belong to each other for as long as they lived.

It had been tough sledding. They'd had to work hard and wait. Ann's job on a newspaper took her all over the country. But at last they'd won out. It wasn't right that people who'd worked so hard for happiness should have it taken from them—should be made so desperately afraid.

She saw now that Rick was awake too.

"Rick—"

He turned to her. "Please don't worry, Ann. I can't sleep if you worry. I gotta sleep—"

"I can't help it. I try. But I can't—"

"When you scare so, it scares me too."

But he didn't tell her how badly. It was a queer business. He'd always wanted to fly. He had a knack for it, too. He'd got his wings ahead of all the men in his outfit. All the same, the first time he'd been up alone he'd panicked—nearly ditched himself. It was as though Ann had put her hand over his, on the controls, and it had been shaking and cold, as it was now.

"Rick—"

"Yes—"

"You're married. Maybe—if you tried for it they'd give you a ground job—"

He said, "Maybe. But I'm not trying—"

The first time he'd ferried a bomber over, the thing had got him again. He'd known, all through those black night hours that Ann was awake too and shivering. He'd had a job to hold onto himself. He'd thought, "Gosh, I'm yellow. That's what I am—yellow." He'd hated himself.

Her hand slid away from his. "All right," she said. But her voice was bitter. "I won't care so much either. I'll go to sleep—"

But she didn't. She lay there tense and very still, thinking. She thought how she'd given up a job to make a home for them both. Her boss had said she was a fool, throwing up a big career. He'd been right. During Rick's last leave when he had said goodby they'd had a sort of quarrel. She'd run after him, and right there in the middle of the street, they'd clung to each other.

They were quarreling now—silently—and fear lay between them like a drawn sword.

ANN'S old boss took a steady look at her across his desk. "So marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be," he said.

"I guess," she said, trying to be bright, "it isn't all it was."

She might have told him that she couldn't stand what it had become. She couldn't sit all day in a two-by-four apartment, getting scratch meals for herself, waiting for bedtime and then not sleeping. Going sick every time the bell rang.

"Well, I haven't forgotten your stuff, Ann," the boss said. "We're short of manpower in this outfit. Besides, this is a woman's war too. I want to know what a woman thinks of women over there. If you want it the job is yours—" He must have heard her catch her breath. "Think your husband will stand for it?" he asked.

She said defiantly, "He's got to. I've stood for it."

When Ann reached her hotel, it wasn't so stagg ing to find Rick. Perhaps because his face w grimed, he didn't kiss her; he took her arm a grinned. "Fancy meeting you here, Mrs. Thorn

She never knew where Rick was. He just sho up when he could. So she left a letter on her bur She closed the door of their little apartment so It was like closing the door on someone who had d

THIS was a new fear. It was all hers. It was herself. It was as though her body didn't care more about Rick Thornton. It only cared about A Her eyes looked down on the floor of moonlit cl and told her body that there was nothing down th but a black, empty sea. And her body didn't lik It was plain scared. But then her mind got hold of body by the scruff of its neck. "Don't be yello Ann's mind said. She thought of Rick. If he kn he'd be scared too. She found she could manage own scare. But not the thought of his. So she ha stop thinking about him.

It was like that in London—that first bad ni She'd been in London before on an assignment. I she didn't know it any more. It was black and de late and torn. The siren wasn't like when you ha it in the movies—just a noise that stirred your bl and made you sit tense in your seat. It turned y stomach over.

The first bomb seemed to hit her straight over heart. She found herself in the underground, crow with men and women and children and cats and d —everything they had that, in this terror, still m tered to them. This was what she'd been sent to perience—the old writer's blood was up.

A bomb must have fallen right overhead. It sh the underground like a toy in the hands of an an child. Someone began to whimper. And sudde Ann remembered that she had a nice voice. She s an American song—a bit of jazz that would make want to step out when you were dying.

She could feel what it did. White, tired fa turned to her. The tenseness went out of them. T began to grin.

"That's the stuff. Go it, Miss."

She made them sing with her. Soon they could hear the bombs for their own singing. An old cockn woman plucked at Ann's sleeve. "American, are you, Miss?"

"Yes—"

The old woman showed her the shawl she w wearing. "That's American too, Miss. They gave it me when I was bombed out. Gawd love you n she said.

The tears came into Ann's eyes. But she swell. She and these people were all right. R must feel sometimes what she felt. She wasn't ac ally thinking about him. But she felt close to him wherever he was.

The feeling was so strong that when at last s reached her hotel, it wasn't so staggering to find h waiting for her. It seemed natural. Perhaps beca his face was grimed and sweat-streaked, he didn't k her. He just took her by the arm and grinned.

"Fancy meeting you here, Mrs. Thornton."

"And you, Mr. Thornton."

"I've been hunting you all over the town," he sa "They told me where you were. By the way—t was a nice welcoming letter you left."

"Weren't you mad?"

"As hops."

"And scared?"

"Pink."

"I could feel you being scared—"

"It isn't easy to take," he said. "Your own sc is enough."

They found a canteen that was handing out wh the English call coffee. But it was hot and tast good. The people were good too.

"I'll be on my way home tomorrow," Rick sa "But I'll be back in a week or so. You might as w know—I'm ferrying bombers."

"I guessed it," she said. "Maybe I'll be here s —waiting for you."

He toasted her in coffee. "How are we doing, 'fr cat?"

"I'm not a 'fraid cat."

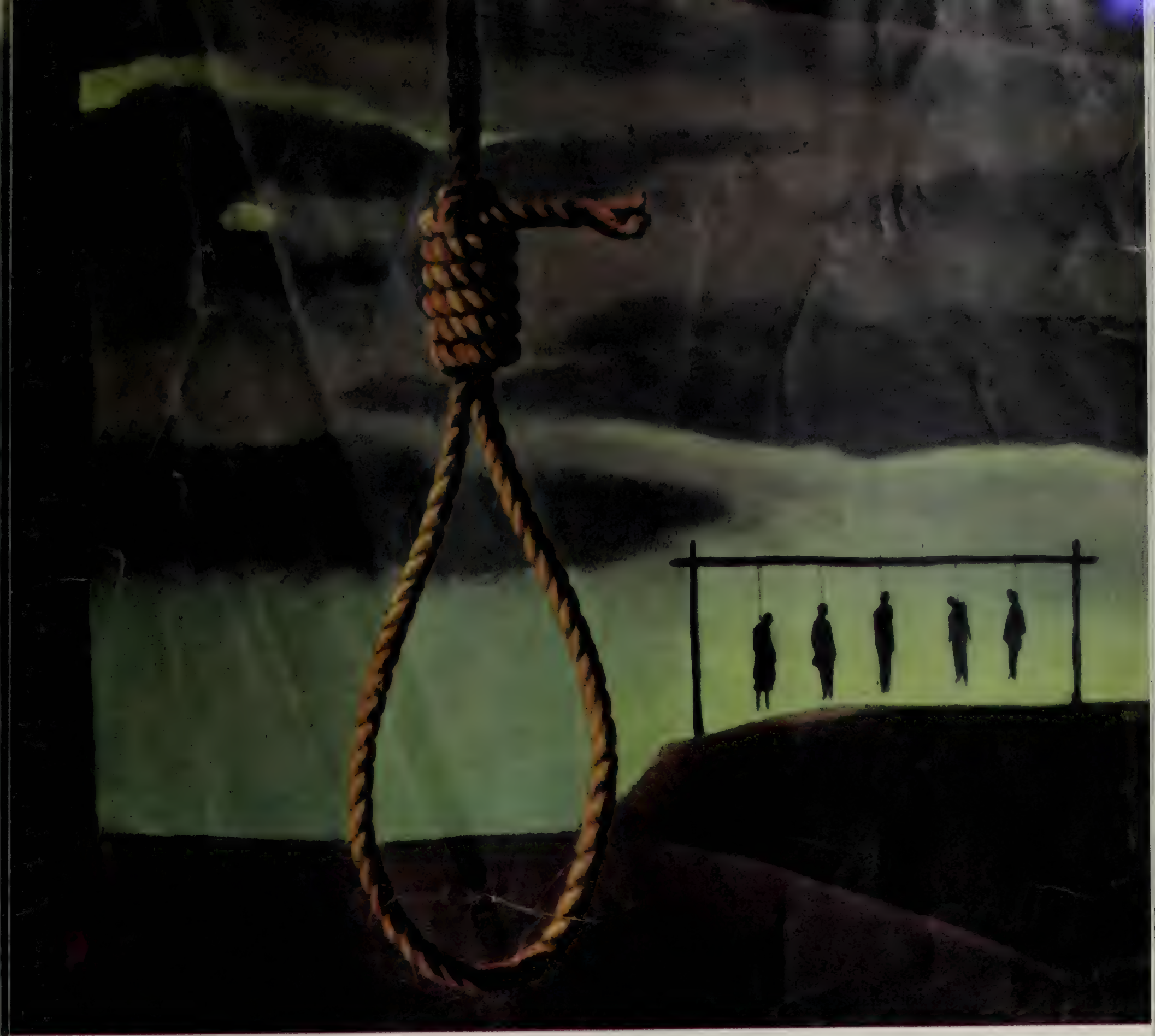
"Nor am I. So that makes us all right, doesn't it

"Yes—" she said.

"Free," he said.

He looked at her as he had never looked at he not even when they'd been happiest. She knew wh he meant. They were free of each other's fear. S smiled back at him.

"Together," she said.



TRY THIS FOR SIZE...

ODDLY enough, this type of collar fits all kinds of people...Czechs and Poles, Frenchmen and Norwegians, Russians and Greeks.

It fits women as well as men, the old as snugly as the young, the strong as firmly as the weak.

It is designed especially for conquered people... and reserved for those among the conquered who dare to stick their necks out. Who presume they have the right to read or circulate forbidden newspapers and magazines, to listen to forbidden radio programs. Who get themselves accused...on no matter how little evidence...of spying or interfering or getting in the way.

Now, in the newspapers and magazines we so freely read, we see pictures of strange people... foreign people...hanging from such nooses. Still and silent, their arms by their sides, their heads slightly askew as if they did not completely comprehend what had happened.

We have escaped it...so far. So far, these hangings have happened only to far-away people. Have you ever seriously thought that someday *you* might be the mute subject for such photographs?

You *can* be...

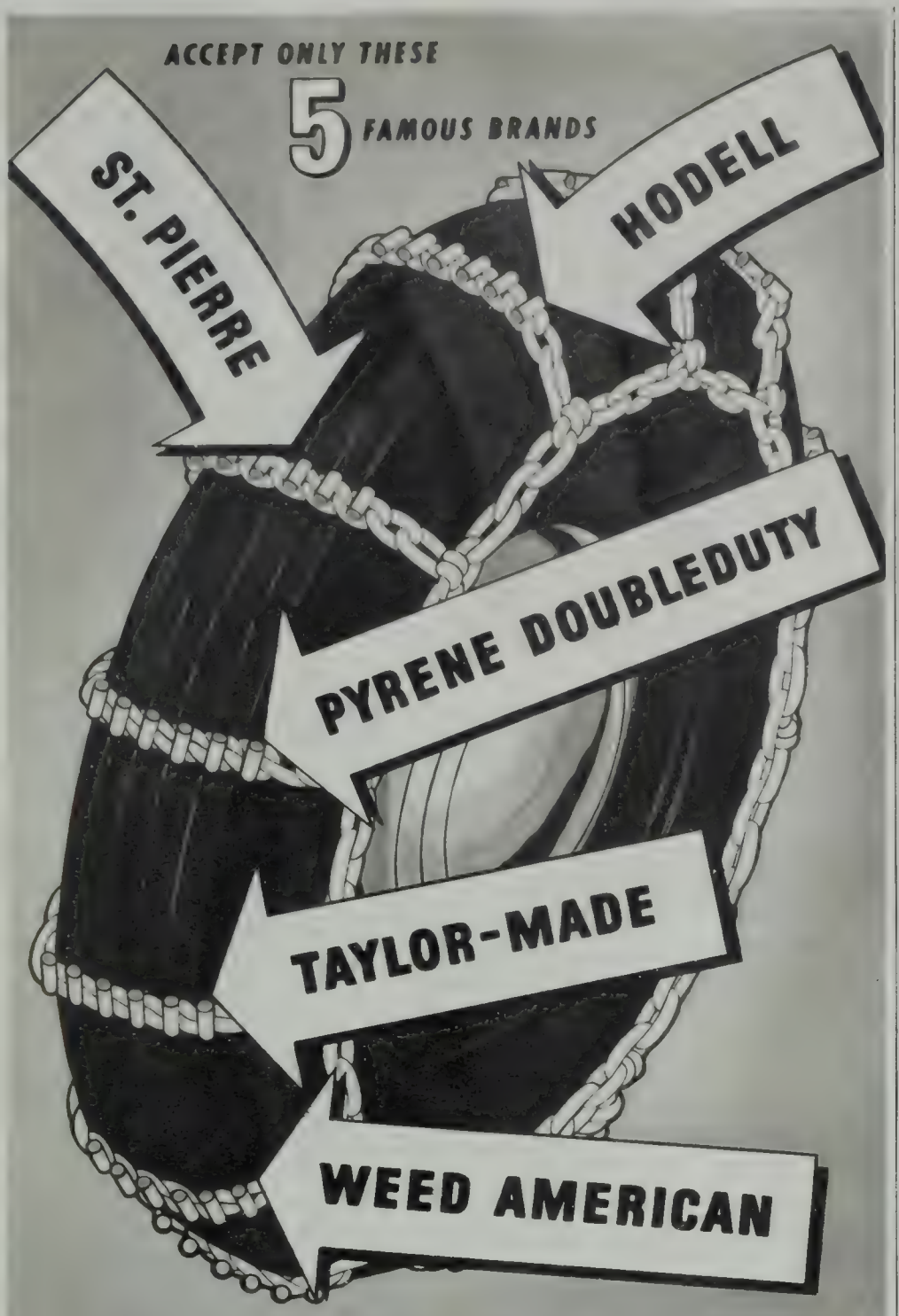
The country that we expect to fight this war for us, the country we assume is invincible, the country we look upon as millions of "other people"...that country can *lose* this war.

Can lose it unless *you*...and unless we who sign this advertisement...look upon it as our individual responsibility. Unless we do not wait to be *told* what to do, but go out and *find out for ourselves* what to do, and *do* it. Unless we realize that each one of us *is* the country.

It's not a minute too soon to get the picture straight...not a minute too soon to pitch in and help turn the tide...not a minute too soon to do everything humanly possible, *now*, to save our necks.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

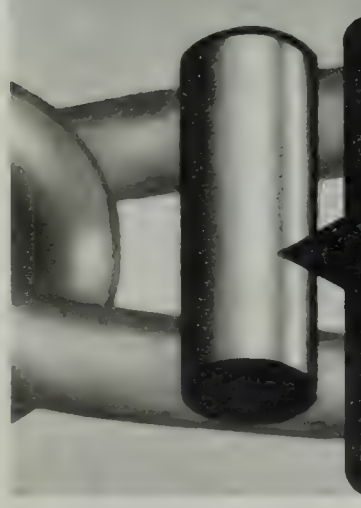
30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. · MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS · GUN CARRIAGES · ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE · STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES



Look Before You Buy

First look for old tire chains that are still serviceable. Take them to your service station for any necessary repairs. Then, if you must have new tire chains to get through this winter, look for **Bar-Reinforced.**

Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains grip in soft snow. They bite into hard-packed snow and ice. So they increase traction when starting and stopping. They shove through drifts. They retard both forward and side skids. You can rely on **Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains.**



BAR-Reinforced
TIRE CHAINS
GIVE GREATER SAFETY...
—LIVES ARE VITAL
GIVE DOUBLE MILEAGE...
—STEEL MUST BE SAVED

Rommel Meets A.A.F.

Continued from page 14

just experienced "Snabu"—which means: "Situation normal. All balled up." Our soldiers demonstrate an aptitude for laughing and kidding about their difficulties that's unique among armies. "Snabu" synthesizes their mental outlook. Their ability to improvise seems inexhaustible. Say they have three planes which can't fly for lack of spares. If they can't make the parts, they'll grab a brand-new plane and dissect it to keep the others flying despite an airman's abhorrence of desecrating a new crate. They'll even make English cigarettes do when they can't get their own brands, and that for an American is improvisation of a high order.

Somebody ought to do something about this cigarette business. Men and officers in the field here aren't receiving many of those "smokes for Yanks" you people at home are sending. Another source of irritation for our fighting men here was the fact that they hadn't been receiving reading matter. They missed American magazines, detective stories, books and newspapers.

A Doctor Mails a Magazine

Reporter Tom Treanor of the Los Angeles Times, who is the only newspaperman here from west of the Mississippi, wrote an item about this deficiency in his column. A few weeks later, a flood of magazines arrived addressed to the Halverson Detachment, which was the pioneer bombardment squadron in the Middle East and considers itself the elite of this gang of house wreckers.

One West Coast doctor was so impressed with the need for supplying reading matter to our troops that he put $7.50 worth of stamps on a single copy of a magazine and sent it air mail, first class, special delivery. In case the doctor sees this, the boys say "Thanks!"

Otherwise, the boys are happy and healthy. They get just about the only decent potatoes in this part of the world, the best beef and the best fresh vegetables. Their hosts, the R.A.F., have in some cases denied themselves to provide for their guests. Our units are in a separate command under Brereton, but they function from R.A.F. bases as part of the R.A.F. operational command. The British furnish our Air Forces with information as to what targets to hit.

As any top sergeant will tell you, the cornerstone of morale among troops is mail from home. In this respect, our troops have been luckier than most soldiers fighting on distant fronts. I was present when they opened letters postmarked ten days and less from the date of receipt. You can watch their spirits rise at mail time as unmistakably as the red column moves upward in a thermometer when you put a match under its bulb.

They provide a fair sample of what our Army is like in the field. A few months ago, men who now live in tents, barracks and huts were soda jerkers, businessmen and mechanics. They were junkmen from Joplin, well drillers from Waco, pants pressers from Philly. But they look and act like an army.

Their equipment, from the neat insignia on shoulders and collars to their weapons, is indubitably the best in the world, and the envy of all soldiers who see it. Our discipline takes into consideration the fact that it's a citizens' army and therefore it's probably the unsalutingest army in the world, next to the Australian.

Off duty, officers don't work at their ranks at all. On duty, except on parade or inspection, the fundamental face equality seems to underlie even most respectful "Yes, sir." This is h to illustrate. You've got to see it, h it, live with it, to appreciate it.

Pride in themselves, but particul in their equipment, is one of our diers' characteristics that impresses most. Judging from the conversatio mealtimes and while waiting about the boys to return from their raid, planes supersede even the soldiers' cl sic subject of small talk—wom They'll talk airplanes to you until y head buzzes. They'll talk you int tail spin, for instance, about Minnie.

Minnie was born in the factories the Consolidated Aircraft Company California about two years ago, wh is a long time for an airplane. Like t other Minnie—the one in the son this one has lived. Last December 3 Minnie, known then merely as anot 1B-30 (which is a British version B-24) was flown to Trinidad by a r head named H. M. Markey, of I Field, Florida.

In Trinidad, Minnie developed a le gas tank and was laid over so long repairs that the boys speculated whether she'd ever get away or whet (like Minnie of the song) she was cau forever in the toils of the tropics. I this Minnie escaped.

One morning, Captain Horace W (who is a major now), a slight, san haired fellow from Magnolia, Te with a sort of half-pay blond mustac took Minnie off on what was to be a markable career. Minnie fought Japs off Borneo, returning from mission with the scalp of a Jap crui dangling from her blunt and let snout.

Minnie flew supplies into the leaguered Philippines and brought valuable pilots who thus lived to fi another day. She did reconnaissa work through acres of flak over Burr Malaya and the Dutch East Indi Minnie flew General Wavell from J to Ceylon, evacuated women and c dren out of Borneo. She carried Bre ton all over India on a survey of new routes and, just for exercise, bomt Rangoon once.

Minnie's Resting Up

Now Minnie's in the Middle East, complexion blotched by wind, sand a monsoon, but coveted by the Briti who can't have her. Men of Wad squadron feel that Minnie after m than four hundred hours in the air a more than a hundred thousand air-mi (which is about four times around world) has earned a rest. She lies on a field now, carefully tended by S geants Pekuri, Hitchcock and othe who keep her ready for more hou more miles, but not in action. They afraid something might happen to h When she dies, they want to see Min die this side of heaven where they pick up the pieces and give them pro burial.

Yeah! They're tough, these soldi of ours, especially about airplanes.

The major interrupted his sentimen small talk about Minnie to remind that the boys would be getting in so We went out and found the steps un the control tower crowded with m all talking in a subdued way.

We lighted cigarettes, flashes lighters and matches revealing lean s burned features of American faces.

Soon the first ship's motors soun overhead, and the control tower g her a green light. There was deep

e on the runway. Men watched the ling intently, catching every tech- l detail of operation. In a few nds the three wheels touched. re was a heavy screech of brakes. You can do that with a B-24," Woody l. "She's a perfectly balanced ship. try slapping on the brakes on a B-17 le her tail's still up. Boy! oh, boy! go over on your—"

Saaay! Looka here—" That was of the Texans who piloted B-17s.

he time until the second ship came was filled with loud argument about relative merits of B-24s and B-17s. ps came in singly, in precisely the he order in which they'd taken off. e of the men who'd just come down m the control room whispered that ships had all checked in except one. s killed conversation, and all waited etly, smoking in the dark.

hen we heard her motors. The sound n made at that moment was not ex- ly a cheer but something like that— sudden animated sound of relieved ces talking about everything except t airplane up there. Very soon she s down, too, and all planes had re- ned safely. Figures dim in the dark- s started piling out from trucks that d gone to various planes to take off ws. There was a rush for the mess hall, where there was a sort of breakfast.

Crews reported to intelligence officers, who took down details of their raid—but pictures would tell that part of the story better next day. Our men always take pictures, and when they claim they've hit something, they've usually got a picture to back up what they claim.

Hunting was good that night. The target had been Tobruk. You can get an idea of the share of the bombing which is carried out by American planes piloted by American crews or R.A.F. crews in the Middle East war from the fact that, on this particular night, about four out of every five bombers over the target were American ships flown either by our men or by R.A.F. pilots.

The coffee was very good, and a tall, lean, grinning Arab in a white gallabea, with a red sash around his middle and a black-tasseled, red tarboosh on his head, brought in eggs with an unusual flourish. Mohammed isn't demonstrative. In fact, the boys call him "Deadpan." But tonight, he had caught the drama of the situation. Tonight, he smiled almost to the point of outright laughter. He didn't forget the salt and pepper. Tonight, Rommel's supply base at Tobruk was in very bad shape indeed.

THE END

Girls' Town

Continued from page 53

ndsome blond chap from the parts de- rtment has been named Flash Gordon the girls of the mounting department, d it looks now as though he'll carry e scar to his grave. Other characters ve been dubbed Sailor, Superman, wboy, Harold Teen, Tarzan, and -Jo the Dog-faced Boy—which will ve you an idea of what a needle a mic strip can be. The incident of the ls who stood up on the Du Bois bus to er a reddening male a seat is part of nporium's psychological war between en and women.

"What the girls like most," said a neteen-year-old Indiana, miss, "is that ere's no one standing over you, yelling Production! Production!" The bawl- g-outs, threats and high pressure that e synonymous with production in 100 r cent male factories are unknown. lvania executives and foremen say at the girls are so sensitive that a wling-out ruins them for a week. So e bosses solve production problems being helpful and instructive rather an powerhouses.

"Don't ever try to drive women," said he foreman. "They can't be driven, t they can be led."

Formality is Out

Everybody in the plant is called by s first name and no one gets a "Mis- r," except B. G. Erskine, president— nd he gets it only in his office. There no social caste system, and nothing thought of a handsome young top ecutive stopping in for a soda with a ng of girls from the parts department fter work, or driving across the moun- in with one of them for some dancing.

Payday comes every two weeks and celebrated by a spending splurge that oes far beyond the brass rails of Cam- ron County, for most of the girls con- ibute to their family's incomes back n Punxie or Black Lick. The average irl knocks down $25 a week, which in he Bucktails is considered equivalent o a down payment on a mountain. Everybody is on the beam three days efore payday and you wonder if the hole town won't go up in smoke the inute the checks are dealt out.

Something like that actually happens. Everybody heads for the bank or store where she can get "cash money" and then, still running, hits the Hollywood Dress Shop, the Ladies' Bazaar, the shoe store, the hat shop and any one of the town's half-dozen beauty shops. Things fall off then until ten o'clock, when every night club and bar starts hanging out S.R.O. signs. It is a four-star show and the tamer places, like the roller rink, just fold up for the night. The Happiness Club, which lies just across the town line, pulls the biggest crowd—mostly girls.

By midnight the walls of every amusement place in town (including the Warner House, where the jive comes from an electric organ) are heaving and bulging. Next morning the whole town gets up a little surprised to see that anything is left, and pretty happy that payday comes only twice a month.

As in most wartime boom towns, recreational facilities are limited. Aside from juke joints and bars, the town has only a roller rink, a bowling alley and a movie. After you've seen the double feature and drunk so many sodas you can't even hear the juke box, there's nothing to do but go for a walk. From early evening until late at night the streets are filled with groups of girls walking.

One of them put it this way: "The trouble with this town is that there's nothing to do but walk the streets—walk up, walk down, walk up, walk down, walk your damn' legs off."

The recreational problem would be worse if it weren't for the fact that most of the girls go home week ends. Lugging suitcases bulging with clothes for Ma to wash, they pile out of the factory at four o'clock Saturday afternoons in a rush that would do credit to Yale. Then, jammed into busses and cars, they head for Driftwood and points west for a week end with the family.

You can feel the life go out of the town as the last singing busload pulls out. Everybody takes things easier. The juke boxes are quiet, and people you've never seen before come into focus. But on Sunday night the girls come back.

THE END





FASTEST, FIGHTIN'EST PLANE "the Havoc"

The Douglas A-20 "Havoc" has been termed the most vicious, versatile airplane of the war. Also known in Britain as the "Boston," it is used as an attack bomber, torpedo bomber, night fighter, long range fighter, pursuit, intercepter, intruder. For three years the "Havoc" has been the scourge of the Axis on every front. And no enemy craft has yet matched it! So, America, your aircraft industry has out-designed and is now out-producing our enemies. Yankee ingenuity will win! Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

DOUGLAS

Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

DOUGLAS BUILDS... BOMBER-FIGHTERS: THE A-20 "HAVOC" AND "BOSTON" • A-24 "BANSHEE" • SBD "DAUNTLESS" • TBD "DEVASTATOR"
WAR TRANSPORTS: THE DC-3 AND C-47 "SKYTRAIN" • C-53 "SKYTROOPER" • C-54 "SKYMASTER"

Working Like a Dog

Continued from page 57

o is now fit only for "bit" parts. tier keeps his dogs until they die of age.

Nobody wants an old dog," he says. ound that out."

he Gautier family has owned cir- es for three generations and the pres- Gautier, Leonard, was a part of his her's one-ring outfit as soon as he ld walk. The circus played in Scan- avia for years, with the family doing many of the acts as possible to save ney. Gautier *père* was a juggler, bler, bareback rider and trainer of animals. Mother Gautier was ally talented.

They taught me everything," says tier. "Even being a clown."

Leonard finally became a horse trainer l rider, using dogs in the finale of act along with a trick mule. In the ter, the elder Gautier would assem- an act and tour variety theaters all r Europe.

Freedom in Frisco

n 1910, the Gautiers brought a dog to America, doing the original ver- n of the Bricklayers. The family had died a map carefully and had con- ved some strange notions about the ation of Minneapolis, the first stop. ey started arranging their bags to off a few hours after leaving New rk; they finally did disembark two ys later, slightly tamed. Old man utier was tough with the kids and ey weren't allowed out of his sight they reached San Francisco. In this, all places, he gave them freedom. hen they got back to the hotel about the next morning, he gave them the ual lamming and then asked where y had been.

"Barbary Coast," said Leonard and brother proudly.

But the trip made firm Americans of em all, and Leonard returned to rope.

"When I was in California . . ." he uld howl nonchalantly whenever any- dy got within earshot.

It was at this time that he launched s first dog act, a nice conceit patterned er the old phonograph advertisement, His Master's Voice. The act was done on a big phonograph, which the dogs wound up. Dogs would come out of the machine; a little dog popped out of the horn. It was the first act in which the dogs were on stage alone. They would bring out a tumbling mat in their mouths, roll it out flat with their noses, and then go into their acrobatics. There was a big clock. The dogs would rush up a ladder, wind the clock, swing a while on the minute hand and then slide down the pendulum.

The big act at that time was the Lipinsky Dogs, which used forty canine performers and seven people. It pulled the biggest salary ever given a dog act but folded up after some years because it was too expensive to operate. Gautier stuck to his phonograph routine until 1934 when there was a noticeable falling off of interest in the subject because of the arrival of radio. He remembered the old Bricklayers act of his father and resurrected it, giving it the best possible start by introducing it in London where loyalty to old performers is such that a man who has once won the gallery gods at the Palladium can go on being lousy for the rest of his life and make a good living from it.

"They thought it was the old act," says Gautier, "and that was enough."

The present war ruined vaudeville in Europe and chased all performers over here, where Gautier almost starved along with his hounds before getting a break in a little theater in Paterson, N. J. After that, he began playing fairs, conventions and what vaudeville there was to be found. With their new success in New York and elsewhere, the future is rosy and animal acts in general have come into vogue again.

In searching for dogs, Gautier keeps two things in mind: The animal must be the right shape for the part he is to play and he must have very large, bright eyes.

"That shows they have brains," says Gautier.

For a three-month period, there is no prescribed routine for the quadruped. After that, the dog gets a daily half-hour lesson, with plenty of rest periods. Gautier neither uses a whip nor whacks the dogs for errors. The dogs are spoken to repeatedly, until they learn what various words mean. They have water during the day but are not fed until after the last show. Then they get the best ground beef Gautier can buy, carrots and dog food.

"People feel they are showing their love for a dog by stuffing him," says Gautier. "They're merely making him sick."

Time and patience were needed to teach Whitey to play dead. In the act, he is hit by a brick and promptly goes into a coma. Gautier comes out to revive him. He hoists Whitey aloft, and Whitey immediately collapses like an accordion. Nothing so dead has ever been seen in this world. A dog doctor works on him with a stethoscope. No dice. An ambulance arrives and Whitey is lugged off, mourned by the aforementioned widow and son, in black. The drunks from the corner saloon look on in grief.

Gautier was having breakfast one morning in a Times Square cafeteria when he looked out of the window and saw a dog on the corner. At once, his evil and avaricious nature got the better of him. He looked around cagily to see if anybody was watching. He gulped a last hot cup of coffee and sneaked out. He reached the dog, noted its big intelligent eyes and lean figure. He petted the mutt kindly and was elated to find it friendly and eager. He looked around guiltily again and was just folding the animal to his bosom when he noted something familiar.

"It was one of my own dogs," reports Gautier with disgust. "Somebody had left a door open at the theater."

Lost: Dog in Full Dress

His luck was not so good in Seattle when one of his dogs, fully dressed in stage costume, got away and was never recovered.

"It cost me sixteen dollars in taxi fares and my faith in human nature," says Gautier bitterly.

The dogs live in crates when traveling or playing at a theater but they can do what they please at the family home in Plainfield, New Jersey. The only exception is Maurice, who has been a disgrace. The favorite is Boy, who was found in a dog pound, full of mange, fleas and inferiority. They were about to put him out of his misery by asphyxiation when Gautier took pity on him, planked down the usual four bits and lugged him away. He is now the best dog in the act.

The finish of the act is an exciting trapeze routine in which the dogs leap from one swinging platform to another. This is all cued by Gautier or his wife from the wings and requires a great sense of timing on the part of the dogs.

The climax is a thriller where two dogs exchange places on the swings by one leaping over the other in midair. But the comedy howl in this sequence is where Pal jumps too soon, hangs on the ledge of a stage window and is rescued by Whitey who lands on him and pushes him through the window.

"Call me a liar if you want," says Gautier, "but those smart pups thought that one up themselves."

Maybe they did and maybe they didn't but they certainly don't act like dumb dogs. They really act like members of the German race: well-trained, clever and obedient. The parallel may soon be more apparent than ever: one meal a day.

THE END



"I wish they wouldn't get so friendly. It's bound to end up in a fight!"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

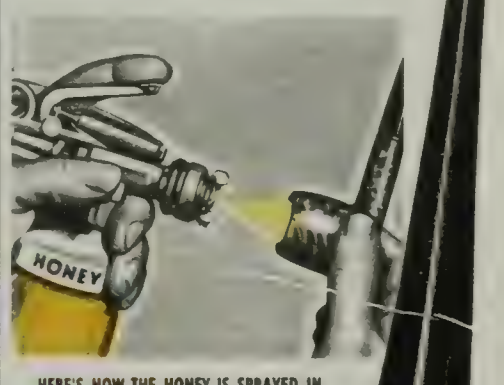
What a difference, when you smoke the

Imperial

the pipe that contains

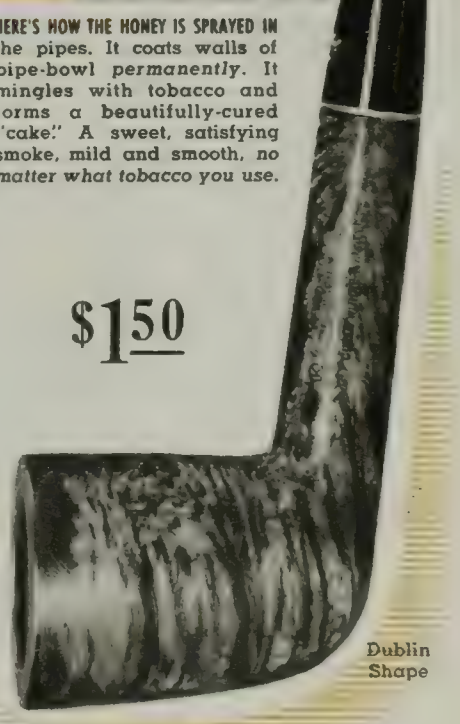


YES, THERE'S REAL HONEY in Imperial. Good enough to eat! Dear to the hearts of smokers everywhere because it entirely *eliminates "breaking-in"!*



HERE'S HOW THE HONEY IS SPRAYED IN the pipes. It coats walls of pipe-bowl *permanently*. It mingles with tobacco and forms a beautifully-cured "cake." A sweet, satisfying smoke, mild and smooth, *no matter what tobacco you use.*

$1.50



Dublin Shape

and for $1, there's the standard YELLO-BOLE also sprayed with real honey



Billiard Shape

These $1 Yello-Bole Pipes, also treated with Honey, smoke sweet, without breaking-in, and stay sweet and *mild.*

© 1942, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



Victory for America on far flung fronts is a thousand things . . . socks and solenoids, goggles and gasoline and quinine as well as food, guns, planes and tanks. And to transport these things upon which the very lives of our fighting men depend, is the staggering problem of the Army Services of Supply . . . a problem which you and your coal dealer can help solve —together.

FOR VICTORY . . .
COOPERATE WITH YOUR COAL DEALER

Order your coal needs well in advance and enable your dealer to get his shipments when they least interfere with the flow of war materials—also this advance ordering will enable your dealer to plan deliveries to use the minimum of equipment and save gasoline and tires.

FOR YOUR OWN COMFORT . . .
ASK YOUR COAL DEALER'S ADVICE

Ask your dealer's advice on the coal to buy—remember there are hundreds of different kinds of coal and many different kinds of heating equipment. The cheapest coal may not always be the most economical. And to conserve coal and get the most efficient heating results—ask your dealer's advice on firing, banking and regulating your furnace this winter.

For Victory—and for your own comfort—cooperate with your coal dealer. Then, after the War is finished turn your heating worries over to the Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker.

HOW COMBUSTIONEER
IS COOPERATING FOR VICTORY

To help speed production for Victory, Combustioneer's entire manufacturing facilities are dedicated to the full scale precision production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American Warplanes.

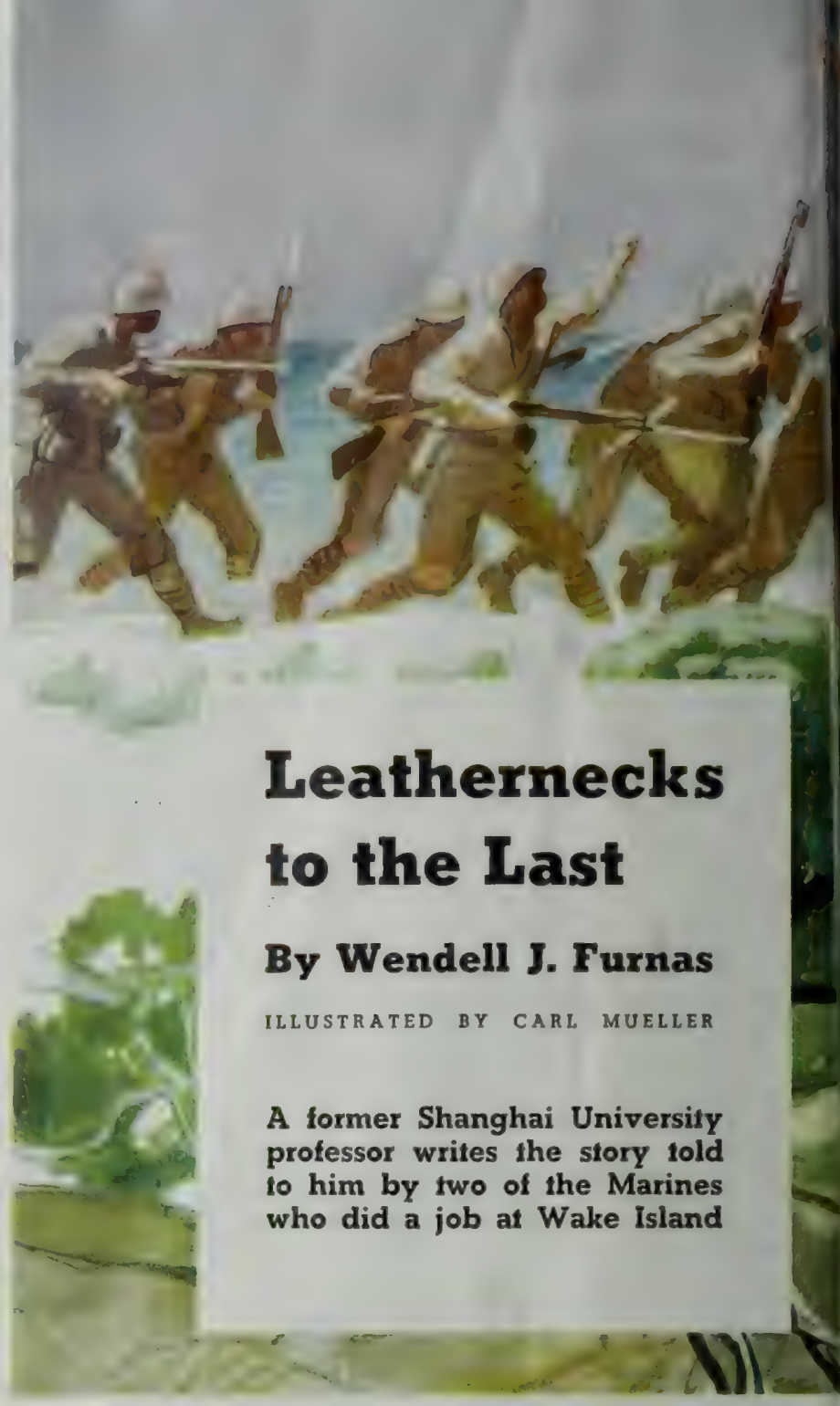
COMBUSTIONEER USERS

If you own a Combustioneer, take care of it. Let your dealer inspect and service it so that you may enjoy, to the utmost, the money-saving efficiency of uniform, economical Automatic Coal Firing.



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES
DIVISION, THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Keep on making it hot for the Axis—Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps



Leathernecks to the Last

By Wendell J. Furnas

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A former Shanghai University professor writes the story told to him by two of the Marines who did a job at Wake Island

INTERNED in a former Japanese cavalry barracks on the muddy banks of the Yangtze River near Shanghai, American Marine and civilian prisoners from Wake Island await the end of World War II.

They arrived summer-clad in wintry Shanghai aboard the former NYK luxury liner Nita Maru in February. A miserable, bedraggled group—bearded, sunken-eyed, shivering, undernourished, pushed around by bowlegged Jap guards —the Wake Islanders were scheduled to be victory-paraded down the main streets of Shanghai upon arrival, ostensibly to permit them to see Shanghai.

In reality, this was planned to make the white man lose face before staring, face-conscious Chinese. Only a cold, near-sleet rain which fell on the day of the parade and their lack of warm winter clothing saved them this humiliation. Propaganda-conscious Jap army press chiefs would be unable to proclaim "most just treatment" of enemy prisoners if Shanghai-landers were to see captured Americans marched through an icy rain in shorts and flimsy summer suits to make a Roman holiday.

Comparatively inactive in their internment camp, Wake Island service men bolster camp morale by telling fellow internees stories of heroic combat and final surrender in the face of overwhelming odds. The latter include Peking and Tientsin Marines, Wake gunboat sailors, seamen from torpedoed merchant ships, and officers from the S. S. President Harrison.

Not until virtually all weapons larger than machine guns had been shelled and bombed to uselessness did Commander Cunningham, naval officer in charge of Wake Island, order a white flag ... render to be raised. Commun... with the outside world was entir... off, no American aid was expecte... the news of Pearl Harbor d... reached them, and sea-gray unit... reinforced Japanese fleet, some of ... were capital ships and aircraft c... hovered on the distant horizo... patient to blast Wake atoll with ... fenders back into the Pacific.

But at the time of surrender, ... defenders boast, the only Japs ... lay dead in rich windrows alon... beaches. The final casualty score ... fighting was more than 50 to 1 in ... of the Marines. Marine losses amo... to no more than 80; civilian, ap... mately 150 more. The Japs pri... admitted the loss of 5,000 men.

The Mystic Parade

Marines who manned the ma... guns which guarded the beache... strange stories of Japanese *Bu*... fanaticism. Out of curiosity, one ... chine-gun unit permitted a boatlo... Japs to land unmolested. The ... could be swept by annihilating fir... moment's notice. As soon as the ... of the landing boat grounded o... shore, the Jap officer in com... leaped into the water, splashed t... ground and planted the Rising Su... on Wake soil. When his men j... him, instead of storming enemy ... tions, he led them, one hundred s... up and down the beach shouting, '... *zai!*"

One Marine, desiring to see th... action, drew a rifle bead on the Jap... cer carrying the flag and shot him



Instead of storming enemy positions, the Jap officer led them, one hundred strong, up and down the beach shouting "Banzai!"

r panic nor confusion resulted. empt was made to hunt out the Another Jap officer merely up the fallen flag and the *banzai*g soldiers continued their mystic on the beach. All intentions to e the island were apparently for- When the Marines tired of rformance, which showed no signs ing to an end, they leveled the yed paraders with machine-gun

ed with sake, a Japanese wine, religious zeal to die for the em- Japanese landing parties seldom ed to plunge into the deadly bar- f lead that flicked the sand of Island beaches when they at- Struck down by hand grenades llets, Jap soldiers slumped into aming combers, a human drift- which the ocean spurned and left upon the coral sand.

r each landing attempt, Marines it necessary to walk up and down aches among the Jap dead, shoot- se who played possum. Part of p technique was to simulate death er to find an opportunity to jump ind an American and shoot him. larine, well known for his exploits ti, was killed in this manner but ded in bayoneting his assailant to before dying.

rgy of murder and torture of the can forces after the surrender was ted only by the strict discipline ed by Japanese officers. One sad- shot a Marine prisoner through ead without cause and was im- tely beheaded on the spot by his anding officer who witnessed the Another officer prevented a Jap soldier from murdering an American Marine who was boarding a ship for transportation to Japan. On being slapped for no apparent reason, the Marine, a machine gunner, muttered. "It'll take a hell of a lot more than that to make up for all the damage I did to you fellows." The Jap understood English and wanted to shoot him there and then.

After the surrender, Americans were stripped of their clothing and exposed to the weather for twenty-four hours without food, a common Japanese practice designed to lower enemy morale and engender obedience.

An eerie scene after capture was the cremation of all Jap dead. A funeral pyre was built on the beach, sprinkled with gasoline and lighted after the bodies were deposited on top. The smell of burned flesh and hair drifted with the smoke across the tropical atoll. The darkness of the night was lighted by the blaze; the quiet of the evening was broken by the squealing, high-pitched tones of Japanese funeral music. The ashes of the dead were sent in urns to the families of the deceased, the souls were sent to Yasakuni shrine in Tokyo where all Japanese war dead are deified.

American dead were buried or neglected. American wounded were kept on the island when the other Americans were sent away. They have not been heard from since. ★★★

Signed

with the proudest signature in whiskeydom

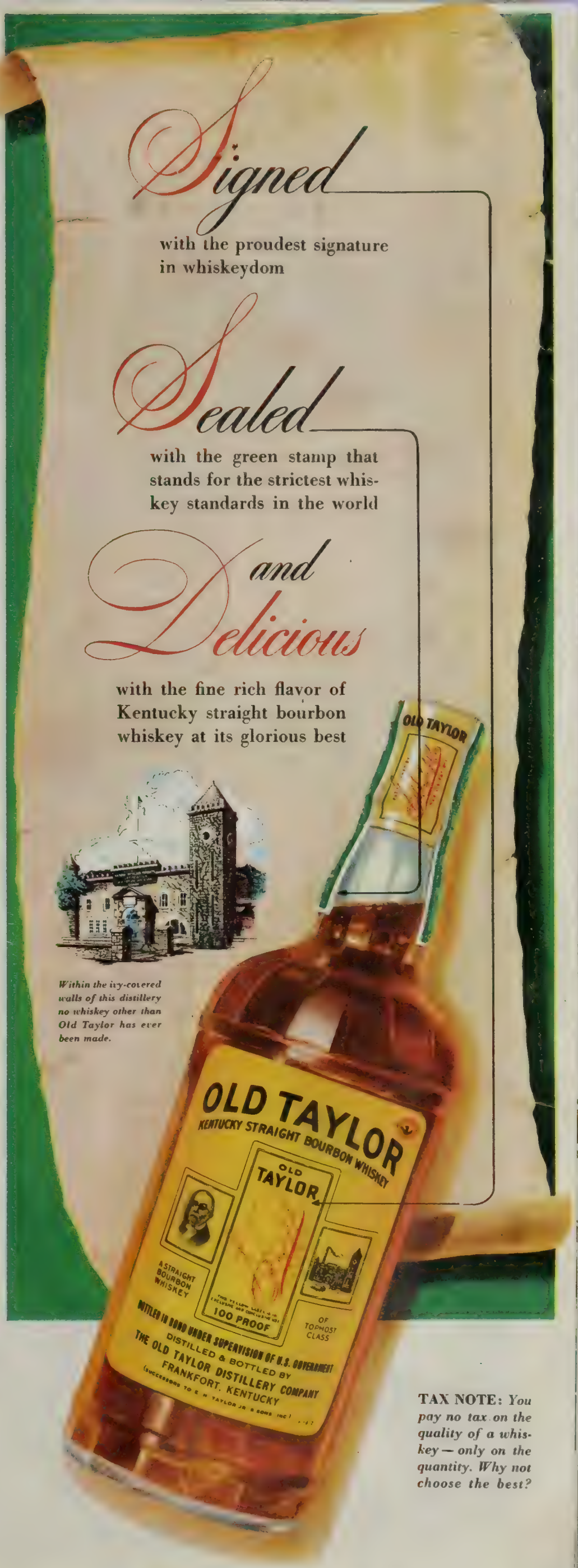
Sealed

with the green stamp that stands for the strictest whiskey standards in the world

and Delicious

with the fine rich flavor of Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey at its glorious best

Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.



TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey — only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, STEVE?



Go modern—Smoke REGENT!

STEVE, I'll let you in on something. The cigarette for *moderns* like us is Regent...a King Sizer that's over 20% longer!

What's more, Regent is made with choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, *specially selected* for finer flavor...then Multiple Blended for *extra mildness.*

Yes, and even Regent's oval shape is modern, while this crushproof box keeps the cigarettes firm and fresh! So go modern, Steve...get Regent for *more* smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS



The only modern cigarette with ALL the modern features!

The Negro Lifts His Head

Continued from page 17

the Negro vote which, for the first time in our history, went Democratic in 1932 and repeated in 1936 and 1940. This, of course, is delicate stuff. Many of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers see nothing but more and louder trouble were the black voters to elect local and national legislators of their own race in such heavily Negro-populated states as Mississippi, South Carolina with forty-three per cent, Alabama with thirty-five per cent, Louisiana with thirty-six and Georgia with thirty-five. As we shall set down in a few moments, the white Southerner already is more than apprehensive and is preparing to resist any changes in local racial custom.

There are just short of 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States. More than seventy-five per cent of them live in the South. In the past twenty-five or thirty years they have improved their position and influence until today those whites whose attitude toward the Negro is still ancestral are inviting a wholly avoidable shock. As the Negro has improved his lot and gained higher ground he has raised his sights. Whether the majority of them join with Mr. White and Mr. Randolph in demanding the end of all segregation, it is not yet possible to say. But short of the abolition of segregation (which can be accomplished only with the consent of the individual whites and not by fiat or law) the improved Negro is as nearly unanimous as is possible in 13,000,000 people.

Illiteracy Cut to the Bone

Forty years ago, thirty per cent of our Negroes were illiterate. That has been reduced to eight per cent. The Negro offers this fact when told that lack of education (not exactly his fault) makes him unfit for equality. Or he ignores such rebuttal, contending that he is an American of long standing, entitled to an American's constitutional privileges. There are more than 2,500 Negro high schools today whereas there were only 64 in 1915. The annual death rate among Negroes was thirty-three per thousand. It is now about fourteen. The Negro has learned the value of cohesive effort for social and economic improvement. A few years ago the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had but fifty local chapters. There are more than five hundred today. The National Negro Congress has increased to a hundred and two widespread units, and the Negro's National Urban League flourishes in about fifty cities.

The Negro press, particularly since Pearl Harbor, has been officially viewed with suspicion because of its eagerness to make howling headlines of all incidents involving clashes between the two races.

There are today two hundred and thirty Negro papers. These share a combined circulation of 1,500,000. This is less than many individual white papers have, the point being that rivalry of Negro papers for readers is terrific, and the little fellows, having a nasty job of survival to contend with, leave very little of a sensational nature undone. Their pages make calamitous tidings of racial frictions, which have but a minimum of legitimate news value.

They have learned the lesson of circulation from white journalists who now regard this imitation as very evil indeed, and even subversive.

All these facts are germane, making it clear that it is going to require more than custom and prejudice to settle the issue. There are now something like 200,000 Negroes in our Armed Forces. When our Army reaches the impressive total of 7,500,000 there will be nearly a million. There is not a shred of reason to doubt the assurances of Secretary Stimson and General Marshall that they are excellent fighting men. They and the Negroes not in uniform are being reminded daily by their racial leaders that they are fighting for democracy and that their rights as Americans are as important as the rights of Poles, Dutch, Chinese, Czechs and Scandinavians. The Negro asks you to consider that the immigrant can vote without restriction after being in America from three to five years. The American Negro has been here two hundred years. Let's stop kidding ourselves.

Actually it is seldom necessary for the Negro propagandist, rabble rouser or rationalist, to grasp at trivialities for such passionate appeal to his people. Negro editors have plenty of major injustices to inspire their hottest pens. And the white man, maliciously, ignorantly, unwittingly, politically or by his old prejudices, sees to it that the supply doesn't dwindle.

In Georgia three political friends of Negro-hating Gene Talmadge whom the white voters of the state recently deposed have organized a new secret society called the Vigilantes. Membership is limited to "white males of sound health, good morals and high character," all of which qualities can, of course, be strictly relative. Its purposes, set forth in its charter, are "purely eleemosynary, patriotic, social and benevolent." Until the Vigilantes prove otherwise they will be regarded as Ku Klux Klannish, none of the organizers having shown much visible evidence of advocating any of the higher aspirations of the Negro. But the Negro press and the noneditorial promoters of Negro solidarity have no doubts about the lily-white program of the Vigilantes.

With the induction of many Neg into the Army and with the n clashes between Negro soldiers white authority, the Ku Klux Klan been rescued from what seemed t an imminent dissolution. Now the or ization fortunes of James A. Cole its Imperial Wizard, are on the men

Open Door in Washington

Not only are the Negro editors the organizers utilizing the Klan's re cence to arouse the black man to n aggressive solidarity but are assiduo seeing to it that the White House is l informed of the Negro's determina not to be bullied, and that the Negr no longer a mute, inglorious mino without spirit. Never in history has Negro had such ready access to White House. The President has dem strated his friendship and sympa Mrs. Roosevelt is so openly the Neg champion that among certain eleme in the South she is flatteringly ha Such aggressive Negro leaders as White take full advantage.

On July 22d, Mr. Horace C. Will son, veteran lawyer-politician of B mingham, Alabama, made what considered a necessary speech before Kiwanis Club of Bessemer, Alaba In Washington Mr. Wilkinson has b roundly cursed for adding considera heat to an already seething situati Said he, amongst other sinister thin

"My reasons for discussing racial lations today is that racial relations Alabama today are unsatisfactory. interest in the question was increa by a recent conversation with a bus op ator in Birmingham. We were stand on the corner discussing the World W A streetcar stopped and a number Negroes crowded around the entra attempting to get admission. This m pointed to the group of Negroes and s to me: 'Right here, mister, is where



FENN PIX

Leslie Perry, Esther Prescott of NAACP, one of Washington's busiest offices

war will break out and it might before this one is over.' "

hereupon Mr. Wilkinson grew in- nt that Negroes "are now being jobs that have always been filled hite men." He defended the Negro sion policies of certain trades ns, although in Alabama a third of C.I.O.'s 102,000 members are Ne- s. He attacked the United States eme Court for insisting that "No o in this country will be executed ny crime unless members of his race n the jury." He pointed with con- able feeling to the large number of o soldiers being trained in the South was obviously agitated by the pres- of armed Negro Military Police in tegee, Alabama, where trouble of rate importance might transpire be- e "one man in whom I have the st confidence told me that prac- ly every (white) male citizen in the was a special officer of some kind."

League for White Supremacy

r. Wilkinson had a solution for all He proposed the organization of tate-wide, South-wide, nation-wide gue for White Supremacy."

The time to act is now," he said. "An nization should be formed, so strong, owerful, so efficient, that this men- to our national security and our l way of life will rapidly disappear. n be done. It should be done. Ala- a must lead the way."

ad it not been for the new aggres- ness of the Negro leaders and the ro press it is more than merely ly that Mr. Wilkinson's speech ld have been forgotten. But there arcely a Negro within any shouting ance who is not now aware of Mr. kinson's words. His speech has been yed to the Negro people almost as all to arms. Mr. Roosevelt, over- lmed with cosmic tribulations, re- ved a copy of it and has not been mitted to be unaware of its contents import. The Federal Bureau of estigation, a model of industry and less effort, has been asked whether h utterances cannot be classified as versive or at least morale-impairing. robably no national social-economic stion ever to beset us has been so orted by blind prejudice or ob- red by lack of fact. To millions of tes the abolition of segregation ans the first and last step before ra- intermarriages and the gradual but vitable loss of white identity and su- macy.

Such unappeasable organizations as National Association for the Ad- ncement of Colored People are tire- s in their demands upon the federal vernment to do something about the usal of Governor Frank Dixon of Ala- ma to accept on behalf of his state Army contract for 1,750,000 yards of t cloth because there was a clause the contract against race discrimina- n. The material was to have been de by Alabama convicts, many of om are Negroes. Under the regula- ns of the Committee on Fair Employ- nt Practice, a Presidential decree, gro convicts would work with white d be paid the same wage. Governor xon is a nephew of Tom Dixon, au- or of The Clansman and The Leop- d's Spots, both of which gave the ader a harrowing picture of the dire sults of treating the Negro with any- ing but firmness and fire.

He was elected on a rather liberal atform. One of his promises was that would urge the legislature to reduce two the number of years of poll tax rears which debarred a citizen from e right to vote. He was just about to this when the Southern Conference r Human Welfare met in Birming- am. Present at that meeting were a umber of Northern Negroes, Northern federal officials and a group of assorted political radicals who were branded as Communists whether they were or were not. Anyway, they made a nasty scene over Birmingham's city segregation laws, ruining everything as far as the governor's liberal intentions were concerned.

When refusing the Army contract the governor said, in part: "I will not permit the employees of the state of Alabama to be placed in a position where they must abandon the principle of segregation or lose their jobs."

As a pressure group increasing in political potency and organization efficiency, the Negro has no intention of seeing the Committee's work end with the war. He assures you that he is not going to be ignored by industry as he was after the economic depression of the early and mid-thirties. When the number of white relief recipients fell off in encouraging numbers in 1939 the Negroes on the WPA rolls increased fourteen per cent. By the beginning of 1942 the increase had grown to seventeen per cent.

The war industry was growing hugely. Industry preferred the white man to the black regardless of the training he had had or the material he represented. A survey made by the United States Bureau of Employment Security in war industry regions wherein Negro labor was plentiful showed that fifty-one per cent of nearly 300,000 jobs that wanted takers were closed to Negroes as a matter of company policy—or at least the policies of company employment agents.

That silly situation has been materially changed by Executive Order No. 8802—the Fair Employment Practice Committee. But the issuance of the order on June 25, 1942, by the President was forced by the Negroes and not voluntarily granted.

March on the Capital

A. Philip Randolph and Walter White had announced that on July 1st, a large number of Negroes would march on Washington, demanding that industrial discrimination cease. When it became apparent that the Messrs. Randolph and White were not only in earnest but that the number of marchers was very likely to be very large, Mr. Fiorello La Guardia, mayor of New York and then boss of the Office of Civilian Defense, pleaded with them to abandon it. They refused, sensing their advantage. Mrs. Roosevelt, deservedly reverenced by the American Negro, bade the organizers consider the dangers such a march would entail.

But the demonstration was due to be made when the President called the organizers to the White House. They went, demanding the issuance of an executive order forbidding job discrimination.

Sitting with President Roosevelt were members of his cabinet and representatives of the Office of Production Management, predecessor of the War Production Board. The Negroes were offered an executive order which would have called upon industry to lay aside its discrimination but which did not commit the government. They scorned it. Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt wrote his Executive Order No. 8802. The march on Washington was canceled. Mr. Roosevelt had become the second President to issue a national decree directly affecting the economic status of the Negro. The first was Abraham Lincoln.

Only the hottest of the Negro torchbearers contend that all the blame of the delicacy of the interracial situation is traceable to the segregationists. These propagandists themselves are doing nothing to ease the tension. There is very little they can do. A number of them, beginning to fear that Mr. Wilkin-







"It appeared the day I made a mince pie with Borden's NONE SUCH—the eatingest, spiciest mince meat of them all." *Costs a few pennies more . . . and worth it!*

© Borden Co.

MAGAZINES have put before all classes in America finer ideals of living. *MAGAZINE ADVERTISING* has helped turn these ideals into *REALITY* • • • • •



ITCH CHECKED *In A Jiffy*

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

WANTED: *100 Community Representatives!*

WHATEVER your age or occupation may be, you may increase your income by acting as a Community Subscription Representative for this magazine in spare time. It's easy to get started because your earnings begin on your first order.

You can earn extra money for War Stamps, for new clothes, for doctor's bills, or for 1,001 other things. For full details of this attractive offer, *just mail the coupon or send a penny postal now.*



Independent Agency Division, Desk C-68
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How can I increase my income as a Community Representative for this magazine?

Name..... Address.....

Town..... State.....

MEDICATED FOR **SANDPAPER THROAT**

Throat raw, raspy, due to a cold? Get yourself Luden's and help yourself to quick and soothing relief. Special medicinal ingredients and cooling, comforting menthol help ease sore, tender throat membranes.





son's bus operator may be more than a minor prophet, are losing sleep.

It is almost impossible to isolate the truth, so garbled is the testimony gathered by Army investigators into the frequent clashes between colored troops and civil authority. Numerous Southern congressmen, notably Senator Bankhead of Alabama have implored General Marshall to train Northern Negroes anywhere but in the South. Their requests are not without reason. The Northern Negro recruit, either unfamiliar with the South's Jim Crow traditions and local segregation ordinances or determined to flout them in the sanctity of the uniform, almost inevitably runs into trouble. There are many examples, one of the worst being the Gurdon, Arkansas, incident.

Trouble in the South

Accepting the Army's own record as the closest approximation to the fact, the 94th Battalion of Engineers (Negro) was approaching Gurdon, having come from Camp Custer in Michigan. A white man driving a truck demanded that they get off the road—out of his way. The white commander of the black troops ignored him. There was a wrangle. Arkansas state police intervened. They slapped the officer's face, breaking his glasses, knocked him down. They ordered the black troops to disperse, take to the near-by swamps. Panic-stricken, many of them did. Others were forced into near-by ditches. Nearly two hundred of the ammunitionless Negroes went A.W.O.L., some of them not stopping until they got back to Michigan.

The trouble spread. A state cop is alleged to have jammed a gun into a Negro soldier's belly, demanding his rifle. Fortunately or otherwise, the rifle wasn't loaded and the soldier had no ammunition. Seldom are Negro soldiers, even Military Police, given ammunition in the South. Anyway the cop snatched the Negro's rifle away, turned to the near-by Army officer and shouted: "Put a white man on guard here; we don't stand for niggers in this town." And a bit later, when a Negro M.P. asked a white citizen to move on, the latter started the trouble anew by demanding: "Nigger, where do you get off to tell me where and when to walk?" The black M.P. was armed only with a club. Maybe that was just as well too.

We might cite the records at great length. There were the Alexandria, Louisiana, riots. The Negro troop[s] fer to that incident as Little Pearl bor. A white military policeman to arrest a Negro soldier. Negro got into the argument. The Ne were unarmed, the white soldiers armed. The local white constab got into it. Twenty-nine Ne twenty-one of them soldiers, wer injured. Ten Negroes died. The re for what it is worth, states that al shooting was done by the white civ police. We do not attempt to vouc the truth of that. The black troop volved were from the North. The A whatever its tendency might be t cede to the South's demands that Northern Negro be trained elsew finds itself in a nasty political spot. radical Negro leaders protest that this would be to broaden segrega unendurably. They demand that Army protect its uniform whatever race of the wearer may be. They their protest against further segrega to the Secretary of War, to the W House. Both President Roosevelt Mr. Stimson agree that the Army give the same protection to Negro diers that it extends to its white tro The South listens, repeats its anc decision to handle race difficulties i own way.

It is only simplification to attrib the increasing dolor of the situa merely to clashes between the o zealous, aroused Negro, with a rifl one shoulder and a chip on the ot and the tradition-shackled white m And yet you have some trouble av ing the conviction that if the oldster both sides, the professional Kluxers the salaried defenders, were to stop tating, many of the tougher aspect the problem would vanish for the w of excitement. Certainly no solutio to be found in exhortations, ro torches, guns and knives.

You've probably heard of the Elea Clubs. So have we. We have made s eral fruitless attempts to find one, t to its membership. Mrs. Roosevelt nies any knowledge of their existe Her first intimation of the possible istence of such organizations came her in a Southern newspaper colu More than a little apprehensive, asked the F.B.I. to interview the umnist. He disavowed knowing wh one might find an Eleanor Club, say that he had published mere hears The F.B.I. did its usual painstaking and reported back that there were such organizations—at that time.

LARRY MONAHAN



NAACP has five hundred chapters. New York office gives you a hint



"I'm going to have to cut off your water for a while" CHON DAY

publicity has doubtless given to a few by now.

anor Clubs were supposedly ed and membered by Negro maids pledged to quit working with in homes where Mrs. Roose- was spoken of slightingly. In the there are many such homes, that being quite outspoken in its dis- for the First Lady and her sym- for the Negro. The Selma, ama, Times-Journal produces a y applauded editorial calling Mrs. evelt the "mother of racial agita- and warns its readers against a ble harvest." Supposedly, if an nor Club member quits a house ein Mrs. Roosevelt is spoken of ly, that employer is blacklisted by o servants.

Out of the Kitchen

ese clubs were also alleged to have motto: Out of the Kitchen by stmas. We have talked to colored estics who, although denying knowl- of Eleanor Clubs, subscribed en- astically to such an ambition. But motivation is more economic than l. Reasonably enough they seek y available jobs in war industry use such jobs pay better. Or if they equipped to take clerical or steno- hic jobs and have been compelled to pt service jobs because other places not available, they jump at the ce. In clerical or stenographic work see emancipation from tradition, ces for advancement. Because he insistence of the White House, number of Negro clerks and steno- ers in government departments has ed almost overnight. Bureau and ion chiefs report that they are her better nor worse than white girls. e important, they are discovering the two races can work together in te-collar jobs in the same harmony obtains in industrial plants.

he F.B.I. and the State Department e discovered that the situation is en- ly to the liking of the Japs and the is. Their propagandists, having in- asing difficulty in operating in the ited States, are hard at work in South erica, particularly in Brazil where a e portion of the population is Negro. Jap and German radio broadcasts are listened to with great earnestness by American Negroes. The Jap spellbinders even go so far as to promise Negroes political control over their "white oppressors," and the Nazis are at considerable pains to acquaint the American Negro with the plight of his colored cousin in India.

The F.B.I. is doing a minimum of talking about its investigations into the subversive activities of Negro stooges of Germany and Japan within Negro lodges, clubs and fraternities. But you may expect repetitions of its Chicago descent upon such organizations. In Chicago the G-Men pounced upon The Temple of Islam, the Brotherhood of Liberty for the Black People of America, the World Wide Friends of Africa, and the Peace Movement of Ethiopia. They have discovered that the Black Dragon Society, set up in this country by the hard-working Satochasi Takahashi of the Imperial Japanese Intelligence, was not dead but merely playing possum.

They arrested nearly a hundred Negroes on charges of urging draft-dodging, sedition and pro-Jap agitation—among which were a fantastic black man named Elijah Poole, who, for business interests as head of the Temple of Islam, was known as Elijah Mohammed and Muck-Muhd the Prophet. Elijah's followers went in for draft dodging, claiming to have been advised by him that they were Moslems and therefore not draftable. His more bedazzled disciples called Elijah Poole Mohammed Muck-Muhd the Prophet, Allah. When he is tried you'll learn whether he was just another racketeer or something more sinister. It's not easy to take it all as seriously as its implications warrant. But the F.B.I. is very sober about it. And the Jap and Nazi radio shills are seeing to it that non-member Negroes are not permitted to take it lightly.

We have given you no more than an outline. What the government is going to do about it is obscure. We have talked to a number of people in Washington who realize the potentialities of the situation. They speak vaguely of "a law." But it's as formless as the minds of its advocates.

THE END



INFINITY IS ONE INCH LONG!

"INFINITE" is a word that gets kicked around a lot.

Most people (including us) say "infinite" when they really mean something finite and measurable—such as the number of blades of grass in the world. Actually, infinity is *never* a measure of size or number. And it often has finite limits!

If you draw a line an inch long, and then erase half of it, and then half of what's left, and keep repeating the process, you would have to make an *infinite* number of erasures before the line would be completely rubbed away.

In this case, *the limits of infinity are one inch!*

Personally, we're much more interested in strictly finite numbers. And to take care of *them*, we make Comptometer adding-calculating machines—which breeze through the toughest problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division the way you'd breeze through two-plus-two (almost!).

Business men like Comptometers (and modern Comptometer methods) because they are remarkably fast, accurate and economical. Not only on costs and payroll problems, but on all sorts of figure work, the Comptometer is an effective weapon in Industry's anti-Axis arsenal.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

COMPTOMETER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

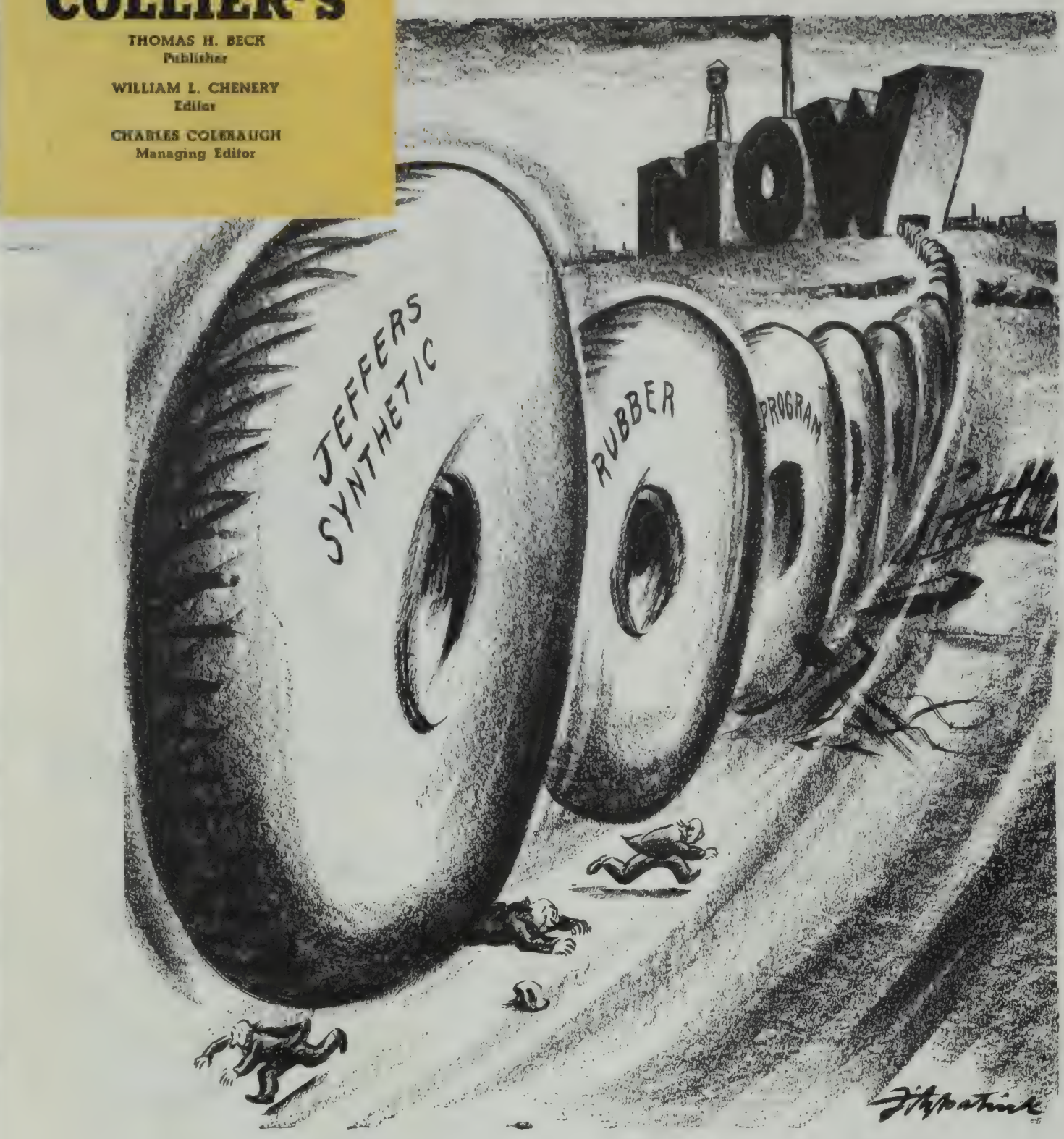
ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES AND METHODS

COLLIER'S

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



WHAT-A-MAN JEFFERS

FOR the current stout leader on the U. S. Home Front we will now nominate William M. Jeffers, National Rubber Conservation Director. It was Mr. Jeffers who squared away recently and bawled at farm bloc Senators McKellar of Tennessee, Bankhead of Alabama and "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina:

"Nobody—no congressional committee, no pressure group nor anyone else—is going to influence me any time or anywhere . . .

'I'll agree that there's been a lot of gambling on the war program; but it's been mostly by a lot of muddling men down here (in Washington) who were afraid that some congressional committee or pressure group wouldn't like their decisions. I'll make my own decisions on the basis of the facts the Army reports to me in this matter (rayon vs. cotton for heavy-duty tire fabric), and I'll stand by them.

"The trouble is that we've been gambling with this war too damned long."

The Jeffers blast moved Cotton Ed Smith to lament:

"Good God, gentlemen, what in heaven's name are we coming to? What is Congress coming to? Bureaucrats! It looks like he's going to run the program just as he pleases."

Jeffers at this writing is proceeding to confirm these horrid fears of Cotton Ed's. A principal piece of advice emphasized by the Baruch Rubber Committee in its masterly report was that some sort of synthetic rubber program be "bulled through"—that there be no more waiting around until the last conceivable experiments on better and easier ways of making the stuff should be completed. Jeffers is doing just that.

As a result, he is already able to tell the press that large-scale synthetic rubber production will get under way next month, and that there is now hope for enough synthetic rubber for military and civilian needs before a nation-crippling percentage of cars are laid up for lack of tires. We've got to conserve rubber religiously for a time; but if we do so, we can squeeze around this perilous corner.

Cotton Ed and his farm bloc pals wanted to hold up the whole show for another sixty days or so because the Army had said it liked rayon better than cotton for heavy-duty tires. Jeffers said the Army was going to get the rayon tires it wanted. For the cotton senator's consolation, it can be stated that civilian demand for cotton is bound to keep increasing as long as the war goes on taking more an rayon, nylon, etc.; also that here is a ch to the cotton industry to speed up its energetic researches into new uses for co

Meanwhile, Jeffers should be kept on and backed up by public opinion. It is well for the politicians to logroll, swap and dillydally in peacetime. In warti need men like Jeffers in key positions who can get things done, and who refuse mit that any obstacle is unbeatable.

Age of Adventure

AS THE 18- and 19-year-old boys move the draft assembly lines, we could d a little more common sense about what a thing it is for the nation to snatch thes from home and school and send them fight.

It is a tragic thing that this war was upon us. Now that that tragedy has occ it is a good deal less of a tragedy, at leas these boys' point of view, that they ha help fight the war.

At that age, you're more adventurous, a quicker in mind and muscle and in smoo ordination, than you're likely ever to be This generation of young men is as a turous as previous generations; witnes hundreds of thousands of volunteer enlist of 17-, 18- and 19-year-olders before the law was changed.

Far be it from us to glorify this or any war. Nevertheless, this war is the bigge venture of our times. Every man who c back from it will have the satisfaction of k ing he did his duty, memories to keep fo rest of his life, and the knowledge that lif few terrors for a man who has been in a w

Like it or not, those are some of the thi war experience does for a man. So we fa little more envying of these men by those have to stay home, a little less pitying of t and an end to the kind of "protection" out-of-this-world impossibilists as the dry trying to extend to them. It's a lead-pipe that 99 out of every 100 of these men neither pity nor protection from us.

Uncle's Little Helpe

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Orson W actors, hatch an artists' group to proc Administration to open a second front reg less of what the generals think. Deems Ta composer, in concert with 400 others of pursuit, needles the State Department to b off with Franco's Spanish government, though that might add another nation to list of active Axis enemies. Henry R. L editor, tells the British people to get busy tering American sensibilities, and preci how to go about it. Uncle Sam has lots of l helpers.

Well, that's just the way things go in a mocracy. People of good will get excited a multitude of things, and everybody in a mocracy has a right to speak his piece, whe he makes sense or not. As the war goes more and more people will get more and m excited, and we'll have more and more of th pronouncements on subjects about which pronouncers really know nothing. We'd be all just brace ourselves to take it—but no take it too seriously.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Collier's

NOVEMBER 28, 1942 TEN CENTS

THE P. F. COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



WE'LL HAVE TO FEED THE WORLD AGAIN

BY HERBERT HOOV

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



Airplane Gasoline Tank with Bullet-Puncture-Sealing Lining of Goodyear Chemigum

SYNTHETIC RUBBER keeps 'em flying!

WHEN you read of a badly shot-up American plane returning safely to its base, chances are synthetic rubber deserves a share of the credit.

That is because all American battle planes being built today have gasoline tanks protected by a bullet-puncture-sealing lining of soft gum, insulated by a gasoline-resistant synthetic rubber such as Chemigum, made by Goodyear.

So swift and efficient is the self-sealing action of these Chemigum-lined tanks, they lose only a few drops of gasoline when pierced by bullets that leave jagged fist-big holes in ordinary metal tanks.

How important this is you can judge from the fact that of all the airplanes lost in the last war, 75% were forced down or set afire by bullets through the gas tank.

We can't tell you how these bullet-sealing linings are made, or how they function—that is a military secret. But we can say this:

Only a synthetic like Chemigum makes them possible because, unlike natural rubber, it does not soften and disintegrate in direct contact with high-test, aromatic aviation gasoline.

This is no *post*-Pearl-Harbor development. Goodyear has been producing Chemigum for many specialized applications for the past four years, as a result of years of experimental work. Our first patent on synthetic rubber manufacture dates back to 1927.

This long experience is proving priceless today in speeding up mass production of Chemigum, in cooperation with the government program to offset the rubber shortage. In addition to vast numbers of bullet-puncture-sealing airplane gas tanks, Goodyear is now building for our armed forces Chemigum tires and many other military necessities once made of natural rubber.

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum - T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Picture OF THE MONTH

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with

Robert YOUNG · Laraine DAY

Fay Bainter, Nigel Bruce, William Severn

DIRECTED BY: *Major W. S. Van Dyke II*

PRODUCED BY:.....*B. P. Fineman*

AND PRESENTING:*"Margaret"O'Brien*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *David Hertz and William Ludwig*

BASED UPON THE BOOK BY:.....*William L. White*



CAPSULE REVIEW: With many of the stars in the armed forces, the movies are faced with a challenge and we will say they are meeting it well. Most of us critics who have deprecated the star system must realize that the system is one made by the public and not merely by the producers. We give you "Journey For Margaret" as Exhibit A. Here is a gem based on the novel by William L. White which also ran in the Reader's Digest. A tot named "Margaret" O'Brien with no previous camera experience tears at your heart-strings like a miniature Duse. The picture at the moment is not star-studded but we cannot guarantee that the star system will not swing into action again when the public sees little Margaret.



The screen treatment was tended with loving care and Major W. S. Van Dyke II, the all-round megaphone man, seems to have imparted to his players the inspiration of direction which resulted in an approximation of life itself. We are with Robert Young in his pilgrimage guiding the prize human package to its destination of freedom from the cruelties against which we are all fighting. How we appreciate Laraine Day in her personal emotional struggle. And the gallant lady of the home-front, taking care of people and things in a world where everything seems to have gone awry, is gently revealed by Fay Bainter.

It was our privilege to see "Journey For Margaret" at a preview. We hope it will be out by Christmas as a present for all parents and as a tribute to all Hollywood (MGM in particular) and its ability to present a simple story without unnecessarily fancying it up.

ECHO: The boys in the forces are singing the praises of Judy Garland in "For Me And My Gal".

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

TEMPORARILY at least, Frank Gervasi and Frank Morris, two of our durable war correspondents, are home. Mr. Gervasi has been rushing back and forth on the sands of North Africa keeping score of the fluctuating fortunes of the British army. He says that at times it reminded him of chasing his hat in a high wind. Mr. Morris has been with our fleet and troops in the South Pacific. He didn't run so much, the opportunities offered by a warship and the jungle trails of Guadalcanal being limited. A moment ago it was our purpose to summarize what they've told us but the shadow of the censor chills us, benumbing the two fingers with which we typewrite. Gervasi and Morris are now sitting yonder, writing adroitly of what they saw, heard and felt, but not all of what they think and know. Oh, yes, we'll win the war but we shall grow thinner doing it. The world we used to know will have grown thinner with us. Listening to the Messrs. Gervasi and Morris, we began to realize that 1943 is about to come over the hill and that it's going to be a tough twelvemonth. We won't like it much, but the lads assure us that the Axis will like it even less. We don't know that we envy Gervasi and Morris. We wonder how men who have seen so much epic stuff will adjust themselves to the dreary scenes of postwar reconstruction—or simple chores like this little maunder of ours, for example.



AS WE'VE predicted all along, the war has eventually got to Petaluma, California. We know this because Mr. O. E. Elmore of that energetic town has sent a copy of the Petaluma Argus-Courier, wherein we find: "Wanted —to trade pair of silver fox furs, have been worn twice, for two cows or pigs." We seem to have collected considerable trivia of that caliber. Mrs. Wilhelmina Cuddle of Fort Worth, Texas, advises us that she knows a lady who has been hoarding canned goods, storing them in her cellar. Came the rains. The cellar was flooded, all the labels were washed off the cans. The lady hoarder is a little upset, but the rest of the family are too busy making bets on can contents to mind much. You can't close an opened can and depend upon it. When you open it, you eat what's in it—prunes, pumpkin, pineapple, peaches or spinach. Mrs. Cuddle reports, too, that another lady foresaw sugar rationing and bought five one-hundred-pound bags. She stored them in the attic, unhappily close to winter clothing heavily camphored against the summer's moths. She still has the sugar. It's still sweet, too—but pretty camphorish. And this bit, from Colonel Dudley V. Haddock of Tampa, Florida, should awaken Doctor Goebbels to forensic reprisals.



The colonel tells us that the Young Men's Hebrew Association there has taken over a handsome building on Nebraska Avenue. It used to be the German Club, where considerable heiling was indulged in. And Mr. Lockwood Barr of New York City offers a selection of newspaper personals wherein we discover that a landlord has "Two Rooms for Rent. Adults. No beer, dogs or seminakedness." We have just received a copy of the Honorable Gene Talmadge's newspaper, The Statesman. Mr. Talmadge is still licking his political wounds, having, as you know, been furiously repudiated by his people at the polls. He launches this issue with a nice piece of candor: "I am flooded daily with letters from Negroes rejoicing over the primary election in Georgia for governor. They are very insulting." And Mr. Harold Helfer of Birmingham, Alabama, comes in with the information that, war or no war, a nudist organization has applied to the Arkansas authorities for permission to set up a colony in the Ozarks. Deputy Land Commissioner H. P. Merritt, although not overenthusiastic about nudists, is nevertheless a man of integrity. He notified the nakies that there was no law on the Arkansas books denying them the right to set up, but he immediately added the information: "You might like to know, though, that the Arkansas chigger bug is a mighty voracious animal." He has had no reply.

PERSONALLY, we're getting a trifle weary of the sobs uttered by radio and newspaper columnists about the demands of congressional committees on the valuable time of our war lords and production directors. It's our observation that when Washington brass hats are not being questioned by congressional committees, they're roaming the country thundering at conventions and

(Continued on page 82)

Vol. 110, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. R. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Edito
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Ma

THIS W

NOVEMBER 2

SHORT STORIES

MICHAEL FOSTER
The Coast of Fortune. meets his first actress.

WILLIAM E. BARRETT
A Man's Wife. A tough sentimental journey.

FRANK X. TOLBERT
Virgie and the Jump-C Little Miss Fix-it declare son on hogs.

HENRY MEADE WILLIA
The Scorched Earth. T captain catches a tartar.

MONA GARDNER
A River Came. A new li to Weya.

THE SHORT SHORT STO
Bullfighters Can Read, Ziegler.

SERIAL STORIES

VERA CASPARY
Ring Twice for Laura. C

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. The si parts.

ARTICLES

HERBERT HOOVER
We'll Have to Feed the W America's obligation to world.

ARTHUR MANN
The Time of His Life. W yan has more fun than writer.

WALTER DAVENPORT
Rum Racket Returns. A Joe the bootlegger.

HELENA HUNTINGTON
Uncle Sam's Seminary. ishing school for girls in

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROO
To Care for Him Who S
Borne the Battle. The Firs its the wounded.

J. D. RATCLIFF
Better Men in Better Tank research makes tank cre fighters.

SHIRLEY ALEXANDER
The Rabbit Goes to War are a good investment.

WILLIAM HOWLETT
Epitaph. A poem.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS.

COVER ARTH

What flavor has a vitamin?



WE DON'T KNOW the flavor of a vitamin . . . but we do know that flavor and food value generally go hand in hand in cooked foods.

This means that when food is prepared so that its flavor is retained, the chances are that most of its vitamins and minerals have been retained, as well. The most *nutritious* food is usually the most *delicious* food . . . especially as regards vegetables.

This is cheering information. It is also a challenge to every person who cooks a meal, either for herself or for others. Unskillful cooking can be responsible for flat-tasting, unappetizing meals . . . and for the loss of valuable minerals and vitamins.

Good cooking can make even the most inexpensive foods into appetizing, nourishing dishes. Variety may be obtained by combining them with other foods, and by using tasty sauces and garnishes. Modern cook books, magazines and radio programs offer many suggestions.

Here are some suggestions for conserving vitamins—and flavor!—in the meals you serve your family.

Suggestions for saving vitamins

▶ In cooking vegetables, it is best to raise the temperature to the boiling point as rapidly as possible. Heat may then be lowered.

▶ Stirring air into foods while they are cooking causes vitamin destruction.

▶ Foods should not be put through a sieve while still hot.

▶ When cooking use as little water as possible.

▶ The water used in cooking and from canned vegetables is valuable for soups, sauces, gravies.

▶ Chopped fruits and vegetables should be prepared just before serving.

▶ Start cooking frozen foods while they are still frozen.

▶ Frozen foods which are to be served raw should be used immediately after thawing.

Additional suggestions and information about the nutritive value of various foods can be found in Metropolitan's free pamphlet, "Your Food—How does it rate for Health?" We will gladly send you a copy.

• • •

This advertisement is published in the interest of the National Nutrition Program of the Federal Security Administration.

COPYRIGHT 1942—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your pamphlet, 122-C, "Your Food—How does it rate for Health?"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON — no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

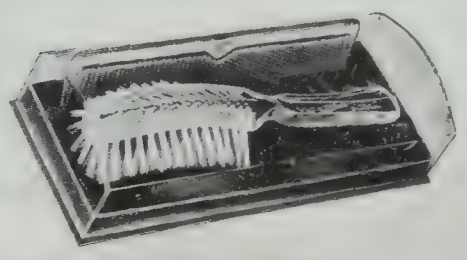
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush —the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

By Freling Foster

The odds against making a hole-in-one in golf are about 30,000 to one, while the odds against making a perfect score of 300 in bowling on new alleys with new pins is about 290,000 to one. In other words, it is far easier to shoot a hole-in-one than it is to make twelve consecutive strikes.—*By John C. Barr, Los Angeles, California.*

Frederic W. Goudy is the most prolific and famous designer of type faces in printing history. So far he has produced 114 designs, more than sixty of which are in use throughout the world. No other master designer has ever created more than about thirty with only a few in general use. Even the Smithsonian Institution has a permanent Goudy exhibit.—*By Mildred L. Brooks, Newark, New Jersey.*

Most of the rubber trees in the world today that produce latex in commercial quantities are located in a narrow belt that encircles the earth and extends approximately seven hundred miles north and south of the equator.

Four major railroads and a number of their subsidiaries, owned or controlled by the Canadian government, operate in eleven of our states: Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Vermont and Wisconsin. They are the Canadian National Lines, the Central Vermont, the Grand Trunk and the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific.—*By O. T. Anderson, Chicago, Illinois.*

Champagne is the only wine or liquor whose bottle sizes are misnomers. A pint contains thirteen instead of sixteen ounces, a quart contains twenty-six instead of thirty-two ounces and a magnum, or two quarts, contains fifty-two instead of sixty-four ounces.

Only ten men and six women in all medical history have weighed seven hundred pounds or more. The heaviest man was Miles Darden, who died in Tennessee in 1857 weighing more than 1,000 pounds. The heaviest woman was a Negress, name not recorded, who died in Maryland in 1888 weighing 850 pounds.—*By J. Ruth, Dallas, Texas.*

For a decade after 1920, Alc Dossena, an Italian sculptor, cleverly imitated the works of masters that, unknown to him, u scrupulous dealers sold many them as genuine. After the expo Dossena became famous and imitations were eagerly sought. an auction of his work in New Yo in 1933, every purchaser request and received a certificate from t Italian government guarantee each piece to be a "genuine fak

The Catafighters, or catapul launched hydroplanes, that are ca ried by several ships in Briti convoys today, have to be aba doned after making one flight fr the mother vessel. When they ha driven off enemy bombers and su marines, the pilots bail out and a rescued by motorboats, while t planes are left behind in the wate The ships do not carry hoistir equipment to retrieve them b cause it is costly and requires t much space.

According to many hymnologist the two most popular Christia hymns are "Jesus, Lover of M Soul," written by Charles Wesl in 1740, and "Rock of Ages, Cle for Me," written by A. M. Toplad in 1775.—*By Ruth Finzer, Clev land, Ohio.*

Marriages between both anima and inanimate objects sometim take place in the Orient with elab rate religious ceremonies. India h had weddings of trees, monkey and statues, and Japan of rock flagons and kimonos. For instanc a famed kimono wedding too place in Kyoto in 1934 with fu Shinto rites, the bride being a cele brated, hand-painted silk garmen while the groom was a renowne hand-embroidered cotton robe.

No Latin-American country h an airline that carries mail, freigh or passengers at night over sched uled routes, because the air lane have not yet been equipped wit light beacons and radio beams.

Five dollars will be paid for each interestin or unusual fact accepted for this colum Contributions must be accompanied by sati factory proof. Address Keep Up with th World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Yor City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items ma be reproduced without express permission o the publisher

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



"My brother Bill will be 18 next month"



The kid means a lot to me. There's four years difference between us, but it never stopped him from trying to keep up with me. He's game as a banty rooster.

Last time I was home on leave we had a talk. Bill finished high school last June and he's been working — making good money. It's not a skilled job, but he's helping in the war by putting his pay into War Bonds.

Some folks would say that's enough, but I could see the kid wasn't satisfied. He wanted my advice. Okay, I gave it to him straight.

★ ★

"Bill," I said, "you're the kind the Army needs. You'll make a top-notch soldier because you're young and can learn fast. You haven't filled out yet, but a few months of Army work and Army grub will turn you into a bearcat of a fighting man.

"You know what would make me mighty proud? To salute you as a commissioned officer! I'm not kidding, Bill. If you enlist now you'll have a head start on most men of your age. You'll have first-class training and a fine chance of getting into Officer Candidate School.

"But that's not the only reason for joining up now. Before you're twenty you can choose any one of thirteen branches of the service. I know how keen you are about radio, and the Army needs lots of radio men. We use it for all kinds of communication. You like to tinker with things, too. There are plenty of places in the Army where mechanical skill counts. Pick your service. You'll have a chance to get fine training for almost any career you want to follow. The Army is a good school, Bill.

"And one more thing. You'll sleep with a clear conscience, nights. You'll know you've done the right thing for your country."

Well, Bill went to the Recruiting Office his next day off. He's in the Army now!

"It is not enough for our Army to be as big and as well-equipped as the enemy's — it should also be as well-balanced in age groups. The Army invites American youth to answer that challenge.

"The privilege of electing their branches of the service can safely be given to the men in the younger age group for precisely the reason for which the Army needs them — their adaptability and ready response to training."

LIEUT. GENERAL BREHON B. SOMERVELL
Commanding General,
Services of Supply

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

U.S.Army

Recruiting and Induction Service

...n of 18 and 19 who enlist in the U. S. Army can choose any one of 13 branches of service: Air Force (including ...ation Cadets), Armored Force, Cavalry, Chemical Warfare Service, Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft or Harbor ...ense), Corps of Engineers, Corps of Military Police, Field Artillery, Infantry, Medical Department, Ordnance ...artment, Quartermaster Corps or Signal Corps. Call at the nearest Army Recruiting and Induction Station.



What kind of men do New England Women like?

An independent survey reveals they prefer men with ruddy complexions, light wavy hair, blue eyes, quiet business or semi-sport clothes—the kind of men who wear . . .

ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

Give her eyes a feast, yourself a treat! Essleys are styled by America's foremost men's fashion authority. They're *hand-detailed* by Troy craftsmen. It's this *Woman-Wise* combination of perfect fit, skillful needlework and distinctive character that makes a man look his best in a woman's eyes! $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and up.

Originators of
TRUBENIZED* Collar
ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York City

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS MADE BY ESSLEY SHIRTMAKERS.
TAILORED FOR FIT . . . STYLED FOR SMARTNESS.

WING TALK

FROM a person in the Army Air Forces, who is what is usually described as "a reliable source," comes an objection to the general assumption (which he says Wing Talk shares) that the "airplane of tomorrow" will be a civilian ship.

"It will be a military plane," he says, "because the war will still be going on when it comes. And it will be just as marvelous and strange, compared with what we have now, as the postwar machines for civilian use." He didn't go into detail, on the usual grounds of military secrecy.

From what's happening today, however, it is possible for any man of imagination to foresee some of the wonders to come—soon—in Navy and Army air work. The planes ahead won't all be mere improvements of types we already have; many will be designed for new functions not now attempted by anything on wings. But all will result from present-day needs.

We will probably have, for example, what will amount to flying pillboxes, huge craft carrying armor and guns in place of bombs. Machine guns and cannons, 75-millimeter and bigger, will stick out in all directions like pins in a cushion. They will be one answer to the problem of escorting bombers with ranges so great that short-range fighter planes cannot go along to protect them.

Our Flying Fortresses and Liberators, both four-engined bombers equipped only with machine guns, have picked off attacking German and Jap fighter planes in sufficient quantities to indicate that a plane devoted entirely to such work would be a downright nuisance to the enemy. They would behave in the air in much the way heavy warships behave on the water when they throw comforting rings of defense around transports and cargo ships.

With these scowling monsters will go extremely high-altitude bombers, carrying loads beyond anything we ordinarily think of now. Already the Briti supposed to be using eight-ton b and the Germans are reported to big ship with Diesel engines and a pressure cabin to keep crews hap conscious in the rare atmosphere and nine miles up. All of whic start.

Much closer to the ground— tically on it—will be other bo relatively small and preposterousl They will zip along the treetops and so swiftly that antiaircraft gu curl up with dizziness just watchin pursuit planes will have the most trouble trying to maneuver and fi such miserable heights.

As a companion plane, we will day see aircraft that are simply w artillery pieces. They will go alon ground troops and armored forces, much of the work now handled b mobile rifles and howitzers. The b cannon has a range of 20 miles a smaller piece mounted on a plan a range equal to that of the plane a little. Hundreds of miles, in words. The Bell P-39, with a 20- millimeter cannon in the nose, sample. The Russians have used destroy German tanks in quantity. Russians have another ship of thei which operates similarly.

A 37-mm. shell from a plane is j deadly as one fired from the gr generally speaking, and the aerial non is much easier to move arou can go find a tank, rather than wa a tank to find it. The flying cann tomorrow will be stable enough to more accurate aiming than is po now.

Along with these will be high-alt fighters, of course, and all the standard designs of today. And s or later, according to electrical ex somebody in this war will pop up robot planes controlled by radio. are distinctly more practical than might guess from reading the strips. . . . R.



"These chutes certainly do come in handy, don't they"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRIC



NAZI NIGHTMARE

NST the moon, a mist-shrouded phantom icking across the Irish sea.

and blacker than the hounds of hell it . higher, more ominous than the Flying an of yore—it's a nightmare, a Nazi re coming true.

ese wings—stretching across the sky—are ith the stars of the U. S. Navy. And that belly is fat with freight. Cargo picked up la a few hours ago for delivery tomorrow ltar. . . or Cairo . . . or Murmansk.

Convoy 1943—a never-ending bridge of proof ships across the ceiling of the world.

uilding of Vought-Sikorsky cargo-carrying one of the many Nash-Kelvinator war ong with 2,000 H.P., supercharged, high- engines to give our naval aviators their highest-flying, fastest fighter—the *Corsair*.

. . . Along with Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers—to turn those Axis nightmares into nights of fearful reality.

Let this be an example, Hitler, of how all America is back of its fighting forces—men who yesterday made refrigerators and automobiles are now working on more deadly, precise instruments of destruction than a Nazi mind ever conceived of. And we are *all* in this fight to win—buying War Bonds . . . bringing in the scrap for victory.

So sleep while you can in Berchtesgaden . . . or Berlin . . . take your rest in Tokio. *The awakening is coming!* The might of America is on wing.

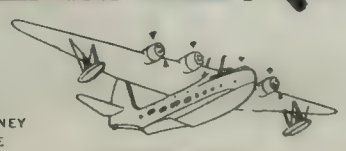
• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

NASH KELVINATOR



PRATT & WHITNEY HIGH-ALTITUDE ENGINES



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY FLYING BOATS



HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

Save Tin - Help Win!

BUY SHAVE CREAM in GLASS JARS

No Empty Tube Required



LATHER SHAVE—Two kinds: Menthol-iced (extra cool) and Plain



BRUSHLESS—It's a Cream, not a Grease

Everyone knows that metal, particularly tin, is scarce. Despite this critical shortage, our Government has been extremely generous in permitting even a limited use of metal tubes for shave cream. But Mennen believes that the men at home will gladly accept shave cream in glass jars if they know that they will be helping our Government overcome the metal shortage. Voluntarily, Mennen is conserving metal by putting its same high quality shave cream in convenient glass jars. A limited supply of tubes is still available, but you can "Save Tin and Help Win"—buy Mennen Shave Cream in glass jars. And you don't have to return an empty tube to your druggist.

THE CHOICE OF SKIN SPECIALISTS—A recent survey revealed that more Dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. This personal preference on the part of these members of the medical profession, authorities on skin care, is proof of the quality of Mennen Shave Products.



We'll Have to Feed the World Again

by Herbert Hoover

Must we starve ourselves to feed the world after the war? Out of his vast experience in feeding the hungry Mr. Hoover shows why we should plan now

A STARVING world must be fed after this war ends. That has been promised to the victims of the war again and again by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. Even if it had not been promised, we would have to do it if we want to make a lasting peace instead of lasting anarchy. And we will need to do it unless we are willing to stand by and watch millions of human beings die after we have made gigantic sacrifices to give them a chance to live. If this war stopped tomorrow, there would be millions of permanently debilitated adults and millions of stunted children. But there will always be millions who can be saved. If European civilization is to live, they must be fed. And especially this must be done for the children, or we shall be faced with a generation of physical degenerates and potential gangsters.

But if these promises are to be kept we shall need to begin preparedness long before the war ends. That preparedness means some new direction and new strategy for American agriculture. It means preparation of supplies from South America. It means advance agreements with our allies as to control of world supplies, finance, shipping and administration. It means creation of organization in advance, with an understanding of the huge volumes needed, the kind of food needed, the source of these supplies, their transportation, distribution, and the economic, social and political problems which must be met.

There are more Horsemen that follow modern war than at the time the Apocalypse was written. In modern total war, Famine and Pestilence are accompanied by four new recruits whose names are Revolution, Unemployment, Suspicion and Hate. These additional destroyers make the job harder to manage.

That there is and will be famine, needs little demonstration. Already 148,000,000 people in the occupied democracies in Europe and Asia are short of food; millions of them are actually starving, and our allies are obviously running on very short rations.

The Nazis' food supply is sufficient for their evils of today. They are working hordes of prisoners on the farms and robbing some of the occupied territories. But their internal production will grow worse as the war goes on and there is less to steal from the subjected peoples.

In fact, the whole of Europe will continue to degenerate in domestic food supply. The reasons for that are simple enough: Europe in peacetime—and by Europe I here mean Britain and all of Europe excluding Russia—has to import large amounts of food for human beings. That is now cut off by the blockade, except to Britain, and some small amounts to the neutral countries.

On top of this, under the pressure of total war, field crops decline year by year. Manpower and horsepower are increasingly drained to the war; farm implements cannot be replaced; fertilizers are diverted to explosives; planting is less effective, and harvesting less perfect. Also, the animals in Europe are in considerable degree dependent upon imported feed. In consequence of the blockade, some part of the dairy and breeding herds must be slaughtered early in total war, and domestic feed for the remaining animals decreases because more fields must be turned to direct food for humans—and thus still more of the flocks and herds must be slaughtered.

In the last war, the principal food animals of Europe—cattle, hogs and sheep

EUROPEAN

Street scene, Vichy, 1942: Eloquent evidence that food, or the lack of it, is rapidly becoming the major preoccupation of Europe's conquered millions



BONNEY

n devastated Spain, thousands will ot survive the war but other thou-ands, especially the children, may be aved if postwar help is planned now

For the Polish refugees, below, herded into a German prison camp, semistarvation will become real starvation because Germany will feed its armies first of all

—decreased by over 70,000,000 head, and that is again taking place. The invaluable chicken vanishes, and fishing is greatly diminished. Thus the stream of animal products steadily decreases. To all this must be added the ravages of armies and scorched-earth policies.

Nor will famine this time be limited to Europe, for these causes are also working in Asia and Russia.

It is difficult for Americans to picture widespread hunger or starvation. We have not had such a thing in America.

Nationwide hunger and starvation mean grim suffering, incalculable grief over wilting children, physical degeneration, stunted growth, distorted, embittered minds and death. Its lasting effect is one of degree and time. Adults can recuperate from months of undernourishment. Children can stand less. In fact, the undersized, rickets, and the death rate among children are the sensitive barometers of starvation. Not even during our Civil War was there a town or city where these effects reached one tenth of what they are in certain cities of the occupied democracies at this moment.

The Threat of Disease

From all food shortages comes the danger of pestilence. People do not often die directly from starvation. Their resistance is weakened and they fall easy prey to contagions. Moreover, people consume their available fat supplies and have little or none left for soap. Uncleanliness invites such scourges as typhus—which is transmitted by body lice.

There is another vital peril in this question. Unless these masses of people in scores of nations can have food and be protected from pestilence, there can be no social or political stability upon which peace can be built.

We had a parallel experience with this problem after the first World War. In that famine, America bore the major load of supplies, finance and administration. Except for American food preparedness, food strategy and American intervention, there would then have been the greatest sacrifice of human life in all history—even more devas ing than that which followed the Th Years' War, when one third of the po lation of Europe is said to have d That America succeeded in its ta evidenced not alone by grateful st ments of every government in Eu but by the statistical fact that t populations did not decrease during period.

No nation had ever undertaken s a mission before. We had to pio through the thickets and swamps governmental, social, financial and nomic problems, including human ture in the raw. From that experie we can make some estimate as to need next time, the source of supp and the strategy and tactics necessar defeat both famine and pestilence to set millions upon the road back strength and health.

The size of the problem is partly i cated by the number of human be who will be in some degree short of f After the first World War, twenty-c nations outside of Russia were invol They comprised over 375,000,000 p ple.

After the present war these numb will apparently be increased by 15 o millions, and this time Russia and Ch must be added.

In the last war, defeated Russia, v roughly 140,000,000 people, was fami stricken in certain areas. We made effort to furnish food but Russia refu relief because the Allies stipulated she must stop fighting her neighbors was not until the renewed famine 1922 that we were able to assist her a large scale.

Russia will need food help during war; and afterward, with lands despo and scorched by the Germans, there be tens of millions to add to the p spective totals.

China's normal food supply is a b subsistence level and therefore short spreads disaster even faster than countries of higher standards. Despo and ravaged by Japan, she will h scores of millions to add to these v totals.

Therefore it is possible to estim that over 500,000,000 people will suffering from some degree of f shortage after this war, and that sc European countries—Norway, Holla Belgium, France, Greece, Poland, Yu slavia and the Baltic states—will much worse off than last time. Certai the amount of food required to meet emergency cannot be less than after first World War, even if the war sho end tomorrow. The ultimate need depend on the length of the war, as t controls the degree of the demorali tion in domestic supplies.

EUROPEAN



The Food We Sent to Europe

The total amount of food for hun beings imported from overseas into European area during the acute per of twelve months following the Arm tice in November, 1918, was about 000,000 tons (54 billion pounds). this, between 4,500,000 and 5,000, tons (9 to 10 billion pounds) were a mal and vegetable oil products, the b ance mostly grains, rice, peas, beans sugar. There was insufficient shipp to transport much food for animals. T total value of this food at the prices that time was roughly $6,000,000,000.

Something over 16,000,000 out of 27,000,000 tons of food came from United States, including about 2,400, tons of animal and vegetable oil pr ucts.

Of the American food, which hac value of about $3,300,000,000, we f nished about $2,400,000,000 on cre about $325,000,000 in charity (mos for children), and about $575,000,

(Continued on page 59)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Then Dan's right fist hooked upward and in with a short jolting slash

The Coast of Fortune

By Michael Foster

was a benighted young l with a false notion of resses. He learned a at deal from the first one that profession he met

OLLING slowly on the long blue noonday swell, the clipper ship Sea Moth lay in the sun, and the ple of Chatto's Greater Theatrical erprises lined the rail, looking at the den hills of California low upon the horizon. Felicity Sullivan, with her ds folded primly in her tippet, stole aughty glance at Mr. Cordret, the ite.

Mr. Dan Cordret stood, from habit, h his feet braced wide apart, as if deck were really rolling. For so ng a man he had a very hard face, ladies of the company had agreed ny times; but there was something ut the way he wore his high-peaked raked over one ear that set off the short, cruel hook of his nose, and his sideburns were scorched coppery by the suns of the Line. The men of both watches were ganged on the main deck, well forward. They, too, were staring at the distant coast, and talking in lowered voices among themselves.

With his head thrust forward, Dan Cordret was watching them with a cold blue eye. Felicity had known for a long time that he expected trouble from the hands when the ship reached San Francisco. Crews were deserting wholesale to make their way upcountry to the gold creeks.

On the foredeck was another little crowd of men: roughly bearded, silent, in red or plaid wool shirts and canvas jackets—the steerage passengers, the men bound for the gold creeks of the High Sierras.

Away on the horizon, coming nearer, was the sail of a small boat.

"Stand by for the pilot," Dan said.

With a growl, the second mate slouched down the poop ladder and went forward along the main deck. Hooking an impatient hand at a couple of idling seamen, he shambled on without looking back. The next time Felicity looked, they had dragged out the pilot ladder and were paying it out over the side.

Dan stamped on the deck above the captain's cabin, and almost at once Captain Griswold came up like a tired and ill-tempered djinn in a seagoing frock coat—a burly old man who looked ill.

"Pilot's on the leeboard, sir," Dan said.

"Well, mister, get more sail back on her, then," Captain Griswold said. "We've waited long enough."

AS DAN went down to the main deck, Captain Griswold stalked toward the passengers at the rail. To Mrs. Tuttle he bowed and said throatily:

"Madame, it is a great disappointment to me—to be a hundred and ten days out of New York. I thank Our Maker, however, that Staghound and Golden Fleece are somewhere well astern, where we left 'em."

Mrs. Tuttle clasped her hands in an impulsive, girlish gesture and answered in her most elegant aristocratic voice:

"Oh, but, Captain Griswold, I am sure that you and your gallant men have left no stone unturned to give us a most enjoyable and a most rapid voyage."

Felicity listened with wonder, as she always did to Mrs. Tuttle's languishing manners, her sonorous gentility in public—especially when there was a gentleman within earshot. Felicity had shared a stateroom with Mrs. Tuttle all the way from New York around the Horn, and night after night had listened to the old girl's meditations when she had hung her switch on the hook provided in every stateroom for a gentleman's razorstrop, and was brushing it out vigorously.

The captain turned his head again and glared uncertainly.

"Eh? Eh?" he said, blinking. "Stones? Stones, Madame?"

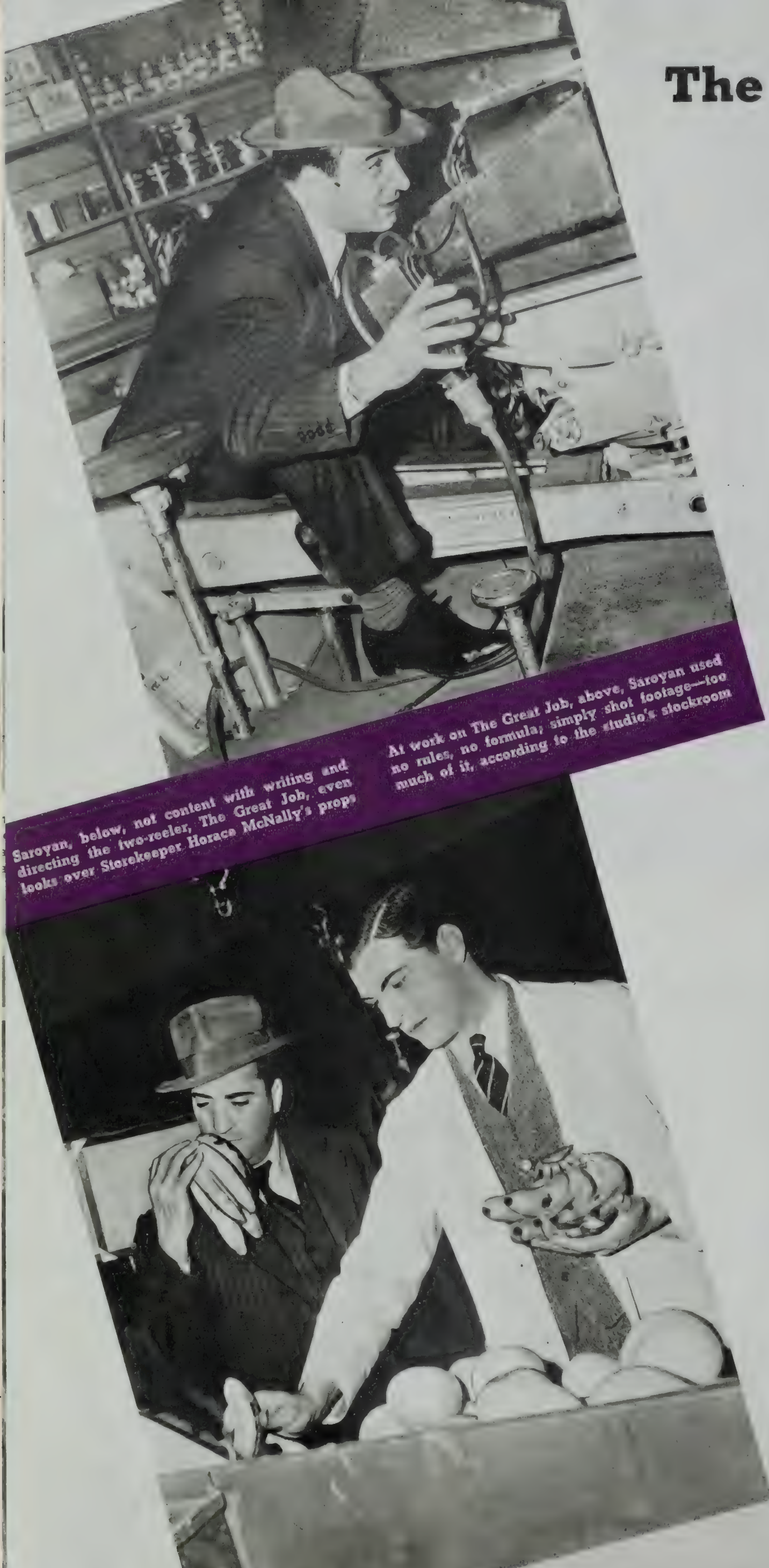
He walked away, breathing heavily, and Mrs. Tuttle hissed in Felicity's ear, "Ignorant old rooster! Doesn't know the first thing about cultured conversation. God's buttons, but I hate a ninny!"

(Continued on page 32)

The Time of His Li

By Arthur Ma

No other writer is anywhere near as amu as William Saroyan nor has nearly as m fun. If you doubt it, just ask Mr. Saro



At work on The Great Job, above, Saroyan used no rules, no formula; simply shot footage—too much of it, according to the studio's stockroom

Saroyan, below, not content with writing and directing the two-reeler, The Great Job, even looks over Storekeeper Horace McNally's props

MOST people go broke trying to make money, bu incredible William Saroyan has a system a own. He took the first big step toward financia titution early this year when Hollywood paid him $6 for an original movie script called The Human Comedy distributed the money among relatives and friends in fornia with the naïve insistence that one person d need so much money, and collectively, many peopl Then in August he dropped his last $9,000, and $5,00 he didn't have, in a dismal week of Saroyan reperto the Belasco Theater in New York.

Indifferent to reunion with penury and imminent induction, he set about completing a 70,000-word nov fall publication, working between conferences on the of picture rights to his prize-winning play, The Tim Your Life. With this money he hoped to get out of and relaunch his ill-starred dramatic venture.

The picture-sale effort carried a touch of irony, fo than two years ago all Hollywood was bidding for The of Your Life, which had won both the Pulitzer Prize fused) and the New York Critics Circle Award (accep To the top offer of $100,000, he countered with this o his own: Any producer could film the play for nothing, vided all picture profits were pledged to some phase of was then called National Defense. It could be in the of Red Cross contributions, Defense Bonds, or any kin service relief. The proposition ended all bidding.

The bidding was resumed recently and offers reached $50,000 when Saroyan suddenly halted all neg tions. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with whom he had q reled and traded insults early in the year, was not making The Human Comedy, but had started "shoot on his 34th birthday, August 31st. His sentimental na melted under the warmth of such a gesture.

"That's my company," he declared. "If M-G-M do want The Time of Your Life, nobody gets it at any pri

Birth of a Playwright

With the play still unsold, the ambitious Saroyan Th ter was never resurrected and his severest critics breath sigh of relief. His week-long setback as an impresario the only vindication they had enjoyed since he launched playwriting career a few years ago under strange impe The New York Times had expressed casual lament such a prolific author had written no play. By next mai dispatched a letter of thanks to the paper and annou that he would take up the matter at once. Within a wee delivered a full-length drama called Subway Circus to Theater Guild, which almost produced it. But his p writing had begun.

From then on, every move he made in the the seemed in startling violation of sacred precedent—arti technical and especially financial. Producers sickened he gave away his groceries. Not only did he invite pe to dress rehearsals for free, but his independent produc of The Beautiful People will be remembered less for its s ple beauty than for his offer of admission price cheerf refunded on the way out, for any reason whatever. For weeks his stubborn faith in public honesty cost him 1½% of box-office gross, which was considerably less t the value of newspaper space used in recording the ne

His contempt for rules and rote of dramatic construct is best reflected by his proposition to Artie Shaw, the b leader, whom he sought to star in a play called Jim Dan He wanted Shaw for the character Johnny, a clarinetist w one foot in the grave. This ghoulish aspect was to be sy bolized by a coffin tied to one of Johnny's feet. Shaw r the play and Saroyan's persuasive letter on why he sho accept.

"I couldn't do it," the band leader replied. "Anyho like your letter a lot better than the play."

"Okay," Saroyan wrote back with his customary co teroffer, "I'll dramatize the letter. Will you act in tha

Thus has the Californian, sometimes called San Fr cisco's Second Earthquake, annoyed first the literary wo and lately the theatrical and motion-picture industries, pressing opinions with the highest brass content on rec More annoying than his stinging criticism, however, been his ability to put forth in *(Continued on page*

LA MAN'S WIFE

By William E. Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

as a pickup, the first experience of its kind for iner of them. And, more than likely, the last

ART ROWAN was tough. He had been tough all of his life. You do not get an aeronautical education vi small airports, repair hangars and aircraft factories by being a shy type waiting for someone to say, "Hey, Bo." Rowan had never waited for anyone: he rammed his way in wherever his wide shoulders would fit—and into some places where they wouldn't. Now he held practically every rating that a pilot could have and he was flying for the Army Corps Transport Command with a captain's bars on his shoulders and silver wings over his heart.

Security gives a man poise, and the knowledge that he is tops in his own line smooths the edges off his aggressiveness. People who met Rowan liked him. They liked his drawl, the slow smile that broke across his weather-tanned face, the easy way that he carried a compact, powerful body. Most people liked his air of complete self-confidence: nobody doubted the hard-muscles underneath.

Rowan himself doubted the iron-man legend sometimes. He was aware of the broad sentimental streak in himself because he had to fight with it. Along the way that he had come, he had left many things that he wanted, some things that he loved. A man who is going up fills his life with partings and a tough man who dies that swallows so many unshed tears that he dilutes the chemical ingredients of toughness.

He had fought for a home of his own and he had won it with his own hands; when his country had called him to fly all kinds of ships to all kinds of places in all kinds of weather. At the very peak of his career he was a ferry pilot and he one thing that no ferry pilot could have was a home. Rowan slept wherever he set a ship down and he took his flying where he found it, clamping down hard on whatever he felt about Marion, about the home that was theirs in Maryland and the flowers that they had planted around it.

Marion in a dress of cloudy blue, the white house with lights yellow in the dusk, scarlet roses climbing over the summerhouse: those things belonged to a nation at peace and to a man who could win them. . . .

Rowan brought the big fighter over the far fringe of the airport. He coasted down at eighty miles an hour, the engine roaring now where once it roared. His wheels touched, bounced lightly and rolled.

He checked in at the operations office, exchanged a few curt words with a youthful second lieutenant and barged out into a night that was sticky with heat.

The airport was an island in the river, less than a mile from downtown. You did not often hit airports that close to towns, but this was the flat, wide Middle West. He had left the Coast that he did not live on a mere five hours ago; he was as far from home as he was from the factory that had spawned this ship. How long was it since he had seen Marion? Two months. He had flown ships to every place in the United States except the place that he called home.

There seemed to be some perverse streak of Army cruelty in that. If he was stuck in one spot it would not be so bad, but hitting so many wrong cities was hard. Two months!

He strode out along the viaduct that led downtown and he did not see anyone in the cars or along the sidewalk. As far as he was concerned this town did not exist, it was zero bounded by nothing. He was not sure that its inhabitants were people and he did not care. Only when he reached movie row did he become alert. He was suddenly a shopper: a motorman riding streetcars on his day off, a sailor rowing rowboats. Bart Rowan wanted an aviation picture.

He found one in the middle of a block. The picture was just beginning and he stumbled down the aisle in the dark. He sat down heavily with his legs straight out and for a few minutes he felt motion under him, an urge to move his feet on the rudder pedals. Instead of glowing instruments to watch, however, he had the screen.

He accepted the plot's beginnings with resignation. All of these reel-life pilots were natty lads, they never had any work to do which would spoil the heroine's fun and they were never embarrassed in swank places by a lack of money. Marvelous.

(Continued on page 71)



She was half smiling, a trifle embarrassed, holding her cigarette in the half-apologetic manner of all women without matches. "Do you mind?" she asked



Collier's The National Weekly
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAN H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

Unenforced and Unenforcible

AFTER ten years the prohibition fight is more furious than ever. Dry leaders in the Senate and elsewhere are outspoken in their criticisms of the failure of the Federal government. Senator Borah said recently:

"In my opinion it will never be enforced with the present personnel from top to bottom."

Other dry members of the Senate have gone still farther. Senator Brookhart demanded the resignation of Secretary Mellon and the three Treasury officials immediately responsible for prohibition enforcement. Yet the minor enforcement agents are chosen by Civil Service and the higher officials have been selected by Presidents favorable to prohibition.

Coolidge and Hoover certainly increasingly have put the full strength of the government behind this law. Still, in spite of every effort, dry leaders say that the law is not being satisfactorily enforced.

The situation is extraordinary. The government has no great difficulty in compelling the observance of the great body of laws. If prohibition were readily enforcible, the law would have been made effective long ago. It is not voluntarily obeyed nor made to be, so far as the majority of intolerant idealists compelled those who do not condemn drinking to observe the Eighteenth Amendment.

The inevitable result of such a law is the evasion, subterfuge and hypocrisy which characterize prohibition.

There is a point beyond which people will not tolerate public interference with what they consider their private affairs, and if a rigid constitution stands in the way it is disregarded.

In such circumstances the reasonable course is to reconsider the law. Many different kinds of laws cannot be enforced.

The anti-trust laws are designed to frustrate the growth of large corporations are familiar examples. Public opinion demanded anti-trust legislation and Congress was pleased to comply. The laws were out of step with economic trends and were not obeyed. Now public opinion has changed and the issue is dying.

The most famous example of an unenforcible law is the Fugitive Slave Act. Congress decreed that runaway slaves must be returned to their masters.

Politicians accepted it and possibly majorities of voters were apathetic concerning it. An aroused minority was in outspoken opposition. Ralph Waldo Emerson minced no words.

"Laws do not make right," was his message. He urged open disregard of the statute, saying: "This law comes with insane in it and out of it . . . The law must be made inoperative. It must be abrogated and wiped out, but whilst it stands there it must be disobeyed . . . An immoral law cannot be valid."

Time showed that the opponents of the Fugitive Slave Act were right. The law was bad and it was disregarded before it was repealed.

Federal prohibition has bred an opposition not less stubborn. Prohibition came in the guise of moral reform. Men forgot that it was also an interference with human liberty. Where liberty is involved men are reckless of consequences.

Millions regard the question of drinking alcohol as a private matter and they think that prohibition is an unwarranted interference with their freedom.

This is the reason that after ten years not even dry senators are satisfied with prohibition enforcement.

Both President Hoover and his Commission on Law Enforcement have insisted upon treating prohibition as a closed issue and upon considering only better technical methods of enforcement.

That just defers the question. It settles nothing except that this Administration and this Congress are unable to deal with the important facts.

Unless President Hoover or his successors can convince the American people that prohibition is not an improper interference with human liberty, we shall be complaining of ineffectual enforcement as long as the

Collier's for February 11, 1933

THE RUM RACKET RETURNS

By Walter Davenport

That man's here again—with his full assortment of moonshine, popskull, rotgut, calamity juice and bottled-in-barn. Seekers of third-rail entertainment will be glad to hear that his business is as good, and his product as bad, as ever

Collier's fight for prohibit repeal helped crystallize p lic opinion—here are th famous articles, shots in a b tle we may have to fight ag

WE DIDN'T recognize him at first, but it was Joe all right. Joe hadn't been around since the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed. Back in the late twenties, Joe, succeeding a guy named Tony who was knocked off by Al Capone's mob on the eve of his appearance before a federal grand jury, used to sell us popskull Scotch, rye, bourbon, gin and even champagne (swift cider). But with repeal, Joe went to work in a filling station upstate somewhere, and we hadn't seen him.

It's likely we wouldn't have seen him yet if we hadn't dropped into a liquor store shopping for a couple of bottles of rye for the week end. When the clerk asked us four bucks for stuff we'd been paying two thirty-five for, we settled for one bottle and said something about what is the world coming to. The clerk explained something we should have known: that the new federal revenue bill was hiking the tax on a gallon of liquor from four to six dollars, and that the chances were the tax would go higher.

The clerk sold us one bottle, said he was sorry. The moment we were gone, he phoned Joe, and Joe came around an hour later offering us hooch at two-fifty a bottle—in case lots, if we wanted it.

Joe is fifteen years older than when we first knew him, many pounds heavier, and he has lost his hair. One of his sons is in the Navy. Another's just been drafted. His daughter is married to a guy who has a forty-eight-hundred-dollar government job.

All told, Joe is feeling swell and patriotic and is glad to be back in the old bootleg clothes. He is getting his clientele through clerks in legal liquor stores, who pass on to him the names of guys who can't afford to buy regular stuff now that taxes are zooming, and on which the government can't put a price ceiling because it won't stop boosting the imposts. Joe slips the clerk a dollar or two for each name. If the clerk puts something very good in his way, Joe pays him accordingly—maybe five bucks. If the clerk is young enough, he figures that he's going to be drafted. And, anyway, he tells himself, business is all shot.

Among the first things we learned as the result of this reunion with Joe is that, country-wide, the legitimate sales of legal liquor are anywhere from twenty to forty per cent less than they were at this time last year. These are official figures, not Joe's.

But that's how we got started. Forthwith, we consulted all the authorities—the Federal Alcohol Control people, the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue office, state liquor dispensing boards, the prohibitionists, the legal distillers, and a few happy gents who have gone into the moonshine and wildcat alcohol rackets unworried by priorities, price ceilings and raw materials.

The prohibitionists (who still think that what Herbert Hoover called a Noble Experiment never got a chance) are busily launching a second drive toward a second prohibition amendment and enactment law. They could say that it never had a chance, but they're cleve today than they were then. Their f objective is to pass the Bilbo-Cap Bill, which would make dry all ar "within a reasonable distance of m tary camps and industrial war cente And if you don't believe that would p hibit the legal sale of liquor in alm all inhabited sections of our coun you're wrong.

In Washington they'll assure you t if this bill reaches the Senate floor it v have an excellent chance of be passed. The campaign is on. Recen there was a checkup of the Presider mail. Out of approximately 2,500 l ters received in one day, more than demanded that he stop vice and the s of liquor in the vicinity of Army cam

A recent Gallup poll has it that thir six out of every hundred polled wo

(Continued on page 78)

irgie
nd the
ump-Crazy
arine

Frank X. Tolbert

TRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

onel Grew's peerless eight-year-daughter again shapes Marine ps justice, to the complete sat-ction of one Sergeant Donohoe

HAT day the battalion made two prac-ice landings. The ramp boats rode in n the breakers and spilled Marines and pment on Onslow Beach.

olonel Grew didn't like the first landing. he boys had to go back to the mockups he inlet and start all over again. This nd time the entire battalion, including husky, red-haired colonel, required only minutes to scramble down the cargo nets into the barges.

iss Virgie Grew, the colonel's eight-old daughter, missed most of the fun. appened that Mrs. Grew had directed ittle girl to take a nap at about the same the boys were going down the sides of mockups for the first landing.

at morning, Mrs. Grew had said to the nel:

iving here on the island is almost like ng a child on a battlefield. Why do those s have to shout so much on the beach? inia gets more nervous every day. She almost in hysterics when we passed the range on the way to Jacksonville the r day. I'm going to have her take a nap of the afternoon."

it was that Virgie spent the early part he afternoon in her room, simulating p whenever her mother came in. At ut two o'clock, Mrs. Grew said to Creola, Negro cook, "The poor darling is sleep-Don't disturb her. She gets little enough around here."

hen Mrs. Grew left in the station wagon a shopping trip to Kinston.

irgie stood at a window and watched station wagon roll along the sandy road ard the ferry. There was a bridge being structed between the island and the nland, but the bridge wasn't finished. gie tiptoed out on the back porch of the ch house. Creola was busy in the kitchen. Virgie left the porch and moved at a trot ough the sand dunes for about two hun-d yards. Somewhere off in the dunes she ld hear a baritone cadence count. The s were marching back to the barracks. Near the inlet she dropped on the topside a high dune and peered through the tas-ed reeds. Below, a jeep was parked by e of the beached "Y" boats. Colonel Grew d a Marine captain, with a paratrooper's ignia on his blouse, were sitting in the p. They were talking to a Coast Guard ef petty officer.

Virgie started to squirm back through the eds. But the captain had spotted her flam-g hair. *(Continued on page 56)*

rgie didn't have time to reply to her ther. She plopped down in the front at of the jeep and started the engine



About the luckiest thing that can happen to a girl in Washington is to be picked as a hostess for the local Stage Door Canteen. They serve two nights a week and there is a long waiting list for the jobs



Here a group of members of the Women's Battalion is loaded on an Army truck after a dance at Fort Myer, ready to be taken back to Washington. You will agree that these girls don't look like a lot of lonely-hearts



With two and often four girls sharing a single room, the closet problem can become very acute. They try to limit their wardrobes as much as possible and keep their clothes in suitcases under the bed

Uncle Sam's Seminary

By Helena Huntington Smith

You can stop worrying about Washington's 66,000 girl newcomers, who know what their real problems are and what to do about solving them. And we don't mean housing either

Left: These girls are employed in the Quartermaster's office filing endless records. They love their work. Washington is just wonderful and you see so many famous people

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

A forty-dollar-a-month (including two meals daily) boardinghouse affords little privacy. As many as twenty persons use one house telephone and the conversation over it comes under the head of public information





EVER since Pearl Harbor or earlier, Uncle Sa conducting a young ladies' seminary on th the Potomac. If you haven't heard about t cause the seminary is rarely mentioned in just t It's a fact, however, that since the war started, yo Uncle with the white whiskers has got hold of se by the tail—such as controlling prices and desig girdles—and that now, on top of everything e taken over the problems and duties of the head a girls' boarding school.

Women in the government are nothing new, in the government, Heaven help us, were neve Before Lend-Lease, the typical U. S. office h sober-sided young woman who gave every sig more interested in her pension (due to start in she was in next Saturday night's date. But sin spectable modern war has to be fought in the before it is fought on the battlefronts, there are 6 women in Washington offices today than there w cember, 1940, or more than double the previou bringing the grand total of government females 000. And the newcomers are a different kind tirely.

They're young. According to the records otherwise Office of Emergency Management, and organization of the big civilian war agencies— half of those who have come to Washington in t months are between nineteen and twenty-two.

Thousands have never been away from ho Thousands come from small towns. (But the Brooklyn and Chicago get just as homesick.) passed their Civil Service tests back home, an come to Washington with flying colors, but oh green some of them are! One little dame, who cently to do Uncle Sam's typing, astonished her in the training section by admitting that she'd n carbon paper. Another one, from somewhere in open spaces, had never seen a traffic light before.

Hicksville Learns Fast

Well, they helped the little Hicksville girl to room—the first and greatest problem that confro comer in crowded Washington. It was pretty f the supervisor, who lived on the same bus lin she'd better take the girl home the first night to she got there. But finding out at the last minut couldn't go, she gave the kid a dollar and told h a cab.

Little Hicksville studied out for herself ho went, and used the dollar to go to a movie. Th that she'll do all right.

Most of the new arrivals were put on board when they left, by anxious mothers or aunties w ing word were: "Now, Sallie Mae, if you don't Washington, you come right back home."

This is excellent maternal advice, but if Sallie to take it on any considerable scale she would disrupt the government and would certainly har winning of the war. Hence large numbers of peo haustively concerned over her state of health an of mind. Chins wag endlessly over her flighty lo head (up hair-dos, like Daché hats, nose veils an effects in general, being not much worn). She i ferred to as "Washington's girl problem," by t people who see problems in everything and esp being young, contrary to the normal human belie only serious problem is in being older than you u Everybody in Washington worries about the gi the girls.

Elderly ladies of thirty-five or so labor and sit over the girls' housing, their recreation, their finances and their boy friends. Which is a good cause some of these little matters do require amount of attending to, and the girls themselv never do it. Washington papers have X-rayed ev of a government girl's life, from her underwe weekly budget. One sob series even turned up new worry: twenty-five years hence, it was pre residue of today's government girls would be frus maids, still clinging to a government pay roll.

Meanwhile most of them are having the tim lives.

Pick out any normal, average-looking girl wh your eye around a government office and ask her thinks about Washington—but not unless you ha of time. For the probability is that she will get a g in her eyes, and will talk for ten minutes without st sum, Washington is wo-o-onderful! *(Continued on*

One of the major problems that faces a worke time Washington is where and how to wash, iron laundry. These girls have solved the problem, with or without their landlady's pe





OFFICIAL U S NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

At Mare Island hospital in the Francisco Bay area, Mrs. Roose passes down a line of wounded r

To Care for Him Who Shall Have Borne the Battle

—Lincoln's Second Inaugural

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

"HOW are you feeling today?" Universally the answer came back: "Fine, ma'am," accompanied by a smile which made you think the boy really did feel fine. So young they were, except for an old sea dog here and there or an old-time Marine who had had many cruises in the Service. The spirit was the same in every case, however, among these men back from the battles of the Solomons, Midway, Pearl Harbor and Australia.

These men were not fond of telling about how they happened to be in the hospital, and sometimes the nurses or the ward doctor would have to tell me about some particular exploit, like the man who, during one of the landings on the Solomon Islands, singlehanded shot thirty-six Japanese before he himself was shot.

I could not help thinking as I progressed through those wards that the story of a particular exploit which you often wanted them to tell was not really the story of the greatest heroism—rather, it was the weeks spent in a hospital bed undergoing operation after operation and still being able to smile. That was heroism.

I remember one boy in the Mare Island hospital who had been badly burned in Honolulu. Much plasma, for which we in civilian life have been donating our blood, had gone into keeping that boy alive, and the doctor said to me: "He is a very sick boy, Mrs. Roosevelt, but it will do him good if you can go in to see him." He was a sick boy, there was no question about that. But I had a feeling just the same that if getting well depended upon the fight which he and the doctors and the nurses put up, he would get well.

At Mare Island hospital they had drawn up all the young doctors and nurses on one side of the walk, and on the other side, wheel chairs with various wounded men who could leave the wards. These chairs were pushed by the white-clad hospital corps men. Some of the wounded men had been drawn up in similar fashion to greet the President just a week or so before.

I never knew when I asked the doctors or the nurses what was the matter with "that boy" just what the answer would be.

They Still Keep Smiling

Many a time, however, the answer was: "He's lost a leg," or "He's lost a foot," and yet the wounded boy's smile was still there and stayed there while I tried to tell him how much modern science could accomplish, how he would be able to do practically all of the things that he had ever done in the past, and that losing a leg or a foot did not amount to a hill of beans these days.

I had to swallow hard when I said it. Down in my heart I was asking myself how I would feel if I had to start in on this long period of training, how I would feel if it were one of my own sons lying in that bed and facing months of readjustment. But that did not seem to come to the surface—at least with these particular boys. They evidently were not going to think of the difficulties; they were only going to think of the final, successful achievement.

Young America is extraordinarily heartening. They may come from farms or factories or colleges, but there is a spirit in all of them which binds them together. That spirit which somehow knows that victory is theirs.

I visited only one Army hospital—Lettermen's in the Presidio. It is a lovely location and beautifully kept, but it hasn't been obliged to expand in the same way that the Navy hospitals have. So I feel I want to tell you primarily about the naval hospitals.

The mothers, wives and sweethearts of the men in the Armed Forces of this country want to know how their menfolk are housed and fed and cared for when they themselves cannot be with them. I kept wishing a hundred times a day, as I went down between the long aisles of beds, that the boys could look up and instead of finding a stranger's eyes upon them, could see the women they loved.

One can only hope that in having a great desire to pass on to these patients a sense of security and affection and admiration, one does succeed; and perhaps through their own imagination, they see the woman they love in any woman who comes to them with a real interest and affection in her eyes.

San Diego hospital has grown from 900 to 5,000. This might imply confusion—as new buildings have gone up everywhere—but the small units are as neat and well cared for as the large ones. I went into the small TB building in which there were some boys from the southern islands of the Pacific. They might well be there for weeks, but at least the disease has been discovered and with proper care they have a chance for recovery.

Some of the old Fair buildings h been converted into barracks where men who are convalescing are sen spend their last few weeks of con lescence. Here they have more fr dom. They may wander in the gard and there is a Red Cross room v trained workers who visit the ward well as talk to the boys in the of Many a difficulty is ironed out whe is talked over with these capable yo women.

The nurses have pleasant quart though arranged to simulate, as fa possible, the space which they will h to fit into at sea, in the hope of bre ing them in gently in case they needed.

I remember having attended a l luncheon in the gallery of this v building, and I could not help think that today all of this beauty is ser a far better purpose than it did e during the years of the Exposition.

An Awkward Moment

Not all the boys in the hospitals casualties from actual fighting zo Some of them are brought in from sh stations or from ships at sea, and v often their ailments are characteri of a civilian population. Jaundice n be found, and there were four ward appendicitis cases in one hospital. fact, I was allowed to look into operating room, where, under lo anesthetic, two boys were having th appendixes removed.

I would never have tried to attr their attention, but the doctor in cha said that they would be disappointe they did not see me, so he suggested both of them that they turn their e and look at me. I responded in a rat embarrassed and nervous manner fear, but then, I could see what was h pening to those appendixes!

Some of the patients play chess; m of them play games of some kind. Ma of them read, and the Red Cross ha canteen and a traveling library in nea every large hospital. Few of the b I talked with were near their o homes. One boy made the whole w laugh as he told me, "I'm going to ha a baby in December and I sure hope get home for it."

South Carolina is a long way from S Francisco!

You got the feeling that most of Te had gone into the Navy as boy af boy, asked about his home, named so little Texas town.

Bremerton hospital, of course, h not had to expand so much, but ther came across the one case which seem really depressing—a nervous case—a the boy told me he did not think would ever be able to go back again the Navy. The doctor said he thou in all probability he would be better in his old civilian job, which was strain on him. This is true, of cour of a number of men in this war, just it was in the last war.

The organization of all of these h pitals, the choice of men to head th up, is a gigantic business ventu When you think that they are dotted over the East Coast and the W Coast, over the islands of the Paci and the Caribbean, you look with pri at the surgeon general of the Na and feel a great sense of satisfaction the medical profession of the wh country, which has responded so ma nificently to the call to enter the arm services, and which has made this nec sary expansion possible. ★



Our War-Bond Gifts Do DOUBLE-DUTY!

WE GOT our heads together and decided to be really *sensible* about presents this year—so Jim and I are giving each other War Bonds—and Susie's emptied her pig-bank to buy Stamps! And of course we have *two* big ideas in mind. By helping win the war we're making sure there'll be *years* of real American Christmases to come . . . And we're also building a nest-egg for the Hotpoint Electric Kitchen we're going to buy as soon as Hotpoint turns from war work to making home appliances again.

FOR HOMES COSTING $6000

Someday We'll Have a HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN Like . . .





FOR A $4,000 HOME—The Daffodil Kitchen (above), typical of thousands installed in low-cost defense homes, is equipped with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Sink and Steel Cabinets.

FOR HOMES COSTING $4000

FOR A $6,000 HOME—The Victory Kitchen (above), complete with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Electric Dishwasher, Sink and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, costs so little many $6,000 homes now enjoy them.

The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen, including Appliances, Sink and Cabinets, averages about 10% of home-building costs.

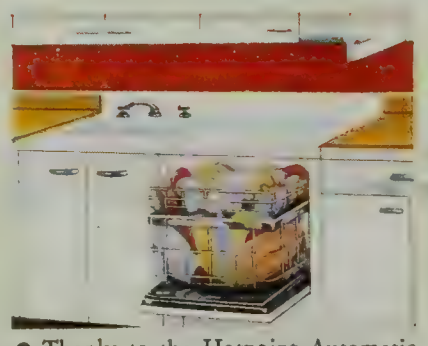
Give War Bonds Today . . . Electric Kitchens Tomorrow



● A Hotpoint Electric Range will bring me the cleanliness of electricity. Meals will taste better—be better *for* us, because natural juices and precious vitamins are *not* cooked away!



● Every feature of the big Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator is designed to save! It is built to preserve meats, fruits and vegetables at flavor peak!



● Thanks to the Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher, Disposall and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, my kitchen will be as modern as tomorrow's news.

Hotpoint
ELECTRIC
KITCHENS



A BOY ON A HILL-TOP

He used to wave at me from that hill...we lived just beyond it. He knew the exact time I'd be by ...and I'd wave to him from the cab.

And on my time off, I'd go to the hill with him, and we'd sit together, my son and I, and wait for the trains to come along. We'd hear their whistle calling across the distance...then see the long plume of smoke come into view, racing like the wind...and as they thundered by, we'd both wave to the engineer.

Maybe there's something in heredity—he seemed to have the railroad in his blood. When he finished school...well, I rolled into the yards one day, and there he was—no longer my little boy, but a man. A *railroad* man!

He might someday have taken over my run. But, last December 7, he was twenty-one...

I don't know where he is now. He got his two weeks leave before he left. But whenever I pass that hill, I seem to see him, as he used to be, before he became a man and had to shoulder the responsibility of being a man.

I know he wants to come back to the railroad ...and I'm going to see that he does come back! Those Japs and Nazis who started all this—when they creep up on him and all his fellows in arms —even if they come with a thousand tanks and mobile guns and all the dive-bombers they can find in hell—he and his buddies will meet th with fifty thousand tanks and a hundred thous planes and two hundred thousand guns. My j now, is to get that equipment to the ships tha take it to him and to all the other American b like him, no matter where they are.

And it can rain and snow and sleet and it blow, and nothing will stop me. I'll get the s through to him. I *am* getting it through to h You only have to lie still in the night and lis to the rumble of the trains—the trains everywh —to know that I'm speaking the truth. It's son, and it's my country, whose lives are at sta and I can't fail and I won't.

Published as a tribute to the railroad workers of America

NEW YORK CENTRAL

Invest in Victory... Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



The Story Thus Far:

LARA HUNT, a young New York City advertising woman, has a cocktail with her fiancé, Shelby Carpenter. She tells him that she is to dine, a little later, with Waldo Lydecker, a brilliant—and unusually eccentric—newspaper columnist. She takes a cab and starts for Lydecker's apartment.

The following morning, her maid, Bessie Clark, finds a headless body in her apartment. The face, mutilated, is unrecognizable; but, since Laura is missing, it is quite naturally assumed that it was she who had been murdered.

Mark McPherson, a clever police official, is assigned to the case. He interviews everyone who may, possibly, give him a "lead." The taxi driver testifies that Laura had not gone to Lydecker's place; he says that, obedient to her instructions, he had taken her to the Grand Central Station.

The body is cremated. After which, Mark receives the greatest surprise of his life: *He finds Laura Hunt, alive and in excellent health, in her apartment!* Her story is that suddenly deciding not to dine with Lydecker, she had gone to Connecticut; and that, having seen no newspapers and since her radio had been out of order, she had learned nothing of her "death." She says that the murdered woman must have been Diane Redfern, a model, to whom she had lent her apartment.

In the course of a series of interviews with Lydecker, Carpenter and Laura, Mark learns that Diane had been in love with Carpenter and that Laura's jealousy had been strongly aroused—for a time, at least. He feels sure that Carpenter is trying to protect someone; and he feels equally sure that Laura knows more—far more—than she cares to admit.

Laura *does* know more than she cares to admit. For example: She knows (Carpenter has told her) that her fiancé had been in her bedroom, when someone had rung the doorbell, stepped in, shot Diane to death and slipped quietly away, without being seen by anyone. . . .

Lydecker, it appears, is in love with Laura. He calls on her at her apartment, inveighs wildly against both Carpenter and Mark; and he raves about his yearning for her.

While he is talking, Mark comes in. He says that he has been checking up on Laura's Connecticut alibi—a very good one. Laura, tense, quivering, listens. Then: "Nothing Mark says quietly, "I discovered up there mitigates the case against you."

Laura now goes on to describe the tense scene that followed Mark's words.

Conclusion

WALDO said, "How pious! Quite as if he had gone to seek evidence of your innocence rather than proof of your guilt. Amazingly charitable for a member of the detective bureau, don't you think?"

"It's my job to uncover all evidence whether it proves guilt or innocence," Mark said.

"Come now, don't tell me that guilt isn't preferable. We're realists, McPherson. We know that notoriety will inevitably accompany your triumph in a case as startling as this. Don't tell me, my dear fellow, that you're going to let Preble take all the bows."

Mark's face darkened. His embarrassment pleased Waldo. "Why deny it, McPherson? Your career is nourished by notoriety. Laura and I were discussing it at dinner. Quite interesting, wasn't it, pet?" He smiled toward me as if we shared opinions. "She's as well aware as you or I, McPherson, of the celebrity this case could give your name. Consider the mutations of this murder case, the fascinating facets of this contradictory crime. A murder victim arises from the grave and becomes the murderer!

"Here, my little dears, is what the public wants, two-penny lust, Sunday-supplement passion, sin in the Park Avenue sector. Hour by hour, minute by minute, a nation will wait for dollar-a-word coverage on the trial of the decade. And the murderess!" He rolled his eyes. "You yourself, McPherson, paid tribute to her ankles."

The muscles tightened on Mark's cheeks.

"Who emerges as the hero of this plushy drama?" Waldo went on, enjoying his eloquence. "The hero of it all, that dauntless fellow who uncovers the secrets of a modern Lucrezia Borgia, is none other"—Waldo rose, bowed low and continued—"none other than our most gallant

The doorbell is ringing. Perhaps he has come back to arrest me. He will find me slipping into a robe, my hair unfastened

If you're going around like this...➡





⬅when you could go around like this...

TRY THIS➡

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.





Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

McPherson, the limping Hawkshaw."

Mark's hand, curved around his pipe, showed white at the knuckles.

The quiet and the dignity irked Waldo. He had expected his victim to squirm. "All right, go ahead with it. Arrest her if you think you've got sufficient proof. Bring her to trial on your flimsy evidence."

"Waldo," I said, "let's quit this. I'm quite prepared for anything that can happen."

"Our hero," Waldo said with swelling pride and power. "But wait, Laura, until he hears a nation's laughter. Let him try to prove you guilty, my love, let him swagger on the witness stand with his few poor shreds of evidence. What a jackanapes he'll be after I get through with him. Millions of Lydecker fans will roll with mirth at the crude antics of the silver-shinned bumpkin."

Waldo had seated himself on the arm of my chair, had taken hold of my hand again, displaying possession triumphantly.

Mark said, "You sound, Lydecker, as if you wanted to see her tried for this murder."

"We are not afraid," Waldo said. "Laura knows that I will use all of my power to help her."

MARK became official: "Very well then, since you're assuming responsibility for Miss Hunt's welfare, there's no reason why you shouldn't know that the gun has been discovered. It was in the chest under the window of her bedroom in the cottage at Wilton. It's a lady's hunting gun marked with the initials D.S.C. and was once owned by Mrs. John Carpenter. It is still in good condition, has been cleaned, oiled and discharged recently. Shelby has identified it as the gun he gave Miss Hunt . . ."

It had been like waiting for the doctor and being relieved when the final word killed all hope. I pulled away from Waldo and stood before Mark. "All right," I said. "All right, I've been expecting it. My attorneys are Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone. Do I get in touch with them now, or do you arrest me first?"

"Careful, Laura."

That was Waldo. I paid no attention. Mark had risen, too. Mark stood with his hands on my shoulders, his eyes looking into mine. The air shivered between us. Mark looked sorry. I was glad; I wanted Mark to be sorry. I was less afraid because there was a sorry look in Mark's eyes. It is hard to be coherent, to set this all down in words. I can't always remember the right words. I know that I was crying and that Mark's coat sleeve was rough.

Waldo watched us. I was looking at Mark's face but I felt Waldo w as if his eyes were shooting arro my back. Waldo's voice said, an act, Laura?" Mark's arm tigh

Waldo said, "A classic pre you know, you're not the first who's given herself to the jaile you'll never buy your freedor way, Laura . . ."

Mark had deserted me, he stoo Waldo, fists raised above V waxen face. Waldo's eyes bulg hind his glasses, but he sat ere arms folded on his breast. I Mark. I pulled at his arms, "Mark, please. It won't do any g get angry. If you've got to arre it's all right. I'm not afraid!" was laughing at us.

"You see, my noble lad, she your gallantry."

"I'm not afraid," I said to W laughter.

"You ought to have learned b my dear, that gallantry is the last of a cad."

I was looking at Mark's face. H gone without sleep, he'd spent the driving to Wilton, he was a tired But a man, as Bessie had sai Auntie Sue when she had contra her whole way of life to tell m some men were bigger than the comes. I had been gay enough, I plenty of fun, enjoyed men's co ionship, but there had been too fussy old maids and six-foot babi

I took hold of Mark's arm I looked at him, I smiled to give r courage. Mark wasn't listeni Waldo either, he was looking at m and smiling delicately. I was tire longing to cling and feel his str to rest my head against his should

"Tough, Hawkshaw, to have t in a doll? Before you've had the c to make the grade with her, eh, H shaw?"

Waldo's voice was shrill, his crude and out of character. The and words came between Mark an our moment was gone, and I was ing air in my closed fingers.

Waldo had taken off his glasses looked at me with naked eyes. "I I'm an old friend. What I'm saying be distasteful but I beg you to re ber that you've known this man fo forty-eight hours . . ."

"I don't care," I said. "I don't about time. Time doesn't mean thing."

"He's a detective."

"I don't care, Waldo. Maybe he scheme and lay traps for crooks racketeers, but he couldn't be any but honest with me, could you, M

For all Mark saw of me, I might lived in another world. He was st



"Isn't it nice, our being able to get together on the same Thanksgiving again?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER

...e mercury glass vase on my mantel, ...gift Waldo had given me at Christ... I looked at Waldo, then, I saw the ...oking of his thick, sensitive lips and ...reeping mist that rose over his pale, ...cal eyeballs.

...aldo's voice taunted and tore at me: "It ... always the same, isn't it, Laura? ...same pattern over and over, the ...e trap, the same eagerness and de... The lean, the lithe, the obvious ...muscular, and you fail to sense the ...ness and decay and corruption un... ...eath. Do you remember a man ...ed Shelby Carpenter? He used you, ..."

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" I ...ated at Waldo's swollen eyes. "You're right, Waldo, it's the same pat..., the same sickness and decay and ...uption, only they're in you. You! ..., Waldo! It's your malice. You've ...ked and ridiculed and ruined every ...e I've ever had, Waldo. You hate ... men I like, you find their weak ...es, you make them weaker, you've ...ed and shamed them before my eyes ...l they've hated me!"

...loodthirsty, Waldo had called me, ... bloodthirsty I had become in the ...den fever of hating him. I had not ...n it clearly with Shelby or the others, ...ad never smelled the malice until ...ldo tried to shame Mark before me. ...outed bravely, I spoke as if I had ...wn before, but I had been too blind ... obstinate to see how his sharp little ...fe thrusts had hurt my friends and ...troyed love for me. I saw it clearly ..., as if I were a god upon a mountain, ...king down at humans through a clear ...t. And I was glad for my anger, I ...lted in hatred, I screamed for re...ge, I was bloodthirsty.

"You're trying to destroy him, too. ...u hate him. You're jealous. He's a ...n. Mark's a man. That's why you've ... to destroy him."

"Mark needs no help," Waldo said. ...ark seems quite capable of self-de...uction."

...Waldo could always do that to me, al...ys diminish me in an argument, turn...g my just anger into a fishwife's cheap ...nzy. My face felt its ugliness and I ...ned so that Mark should not see me. ...t Mark was untouched, he held him...f scornful. As I turned, Mark's arm ...ght me, pulled me close, and I stood ...side him.

"So you've chosen?" Waldo said, his ...ce an echo of mockery. There was ... more strength in the poison. Mark's ...rd, straight, unwavering gaze met ...aldo's oblique taunting glance and ...aldo was left without defenses, except ... the small, shrill weapon of petulance.

"Blessings upon your self-destruc...n, my children," Waldo said and ...tled his glasses on his nose.

...E HAD lost the fight. He was trying ... to make a dignified retreat. I felt ...ry. The anger was all drained out of ..., and now that Mark had taken my ...r, I had no wish to punish Waldo. We ...d quarreled, we had unclothed all the ...ked venom of our disappointments, ... were finished with friendship, but I ...uld not forget his kindness and gener...ity, the years behind us, the jokes and ...inions we had shared. The intimacy ... our little quarrels.

"Waldo," I said and took a half-step ...ward him. Mark's arm tightened, he ...ught me, held me, and I forgot the ...d friend standing with his hat in his ...nd at my door. I forgot everything, ...melted shamelessly, my mind clouded, ...let go of all my taut fear, I lay back ... his arms. I did not see Waldo leave ...r hear the door close nor recollect the ...tuation. What room was there in me ...r any sense of danger, any hint of ...ickery, any memory of warning? My ...other had said: Never give yourself. ...nd I was giving myself with wayward delight, spending myself with such abandon that Mark's lips must have known and his heart and muscles that he possessed me.

He let go so suddenly that I felt as if I'd been flung against a wall. He let go as if he had tried to conquer and won and were eager to be finished.

"Mark," I cried. "Mark."

He was gone.

That was three hours ago, three hours and eighteen minutes. I am still sitting on the edge of the bed, half undressed. The night is damp and there is a dampness like dew on my flesh. I feel dull and dead, my hands are so cold that I can barely hold the pencil. But I must write, I have to keep on writing it down so I can clear my mind of confusion and think clearly. I have tried to remember every scene and incident and every word he said to me.

Waldo had warned me; and Shelby. Mark's a detective. But if he believed me guilty, why are there no more guards outside? Or had he grown fond of me and, believing me guilty, given me this chance to escape? Every excuse and every solace are crowded out of my mind by Waldo's warnings. I had tried to believe that these warnings were born of Waldo's jealousy, that Waldo had contrived with cruel cunning to equip Mark with a set of faults and sins that were Waldo's own disguised weaknesses.

The doorbell is ringing. Perhaps he has come back to arrest me. He will find me slipping into a robe, my hair unfastened. Like a doll, like a dame . . .

The bell is still ringing. It's very late. The street has grown quiet. It must have been like this the night Diane opened the door for the murderer.

IN THE files of the department you will find full reports on the Laura Hunt case. As officially recorded the case seems like hundreds of other successful investigations. Report of Lt. McPherson, Report of Sgt. Mooney, Report of Lt. McPherson, case closed, August 28th.

The most interesting developments of the case never got into the department files. My report on that scene in Laura's living room, for instance, read like this.

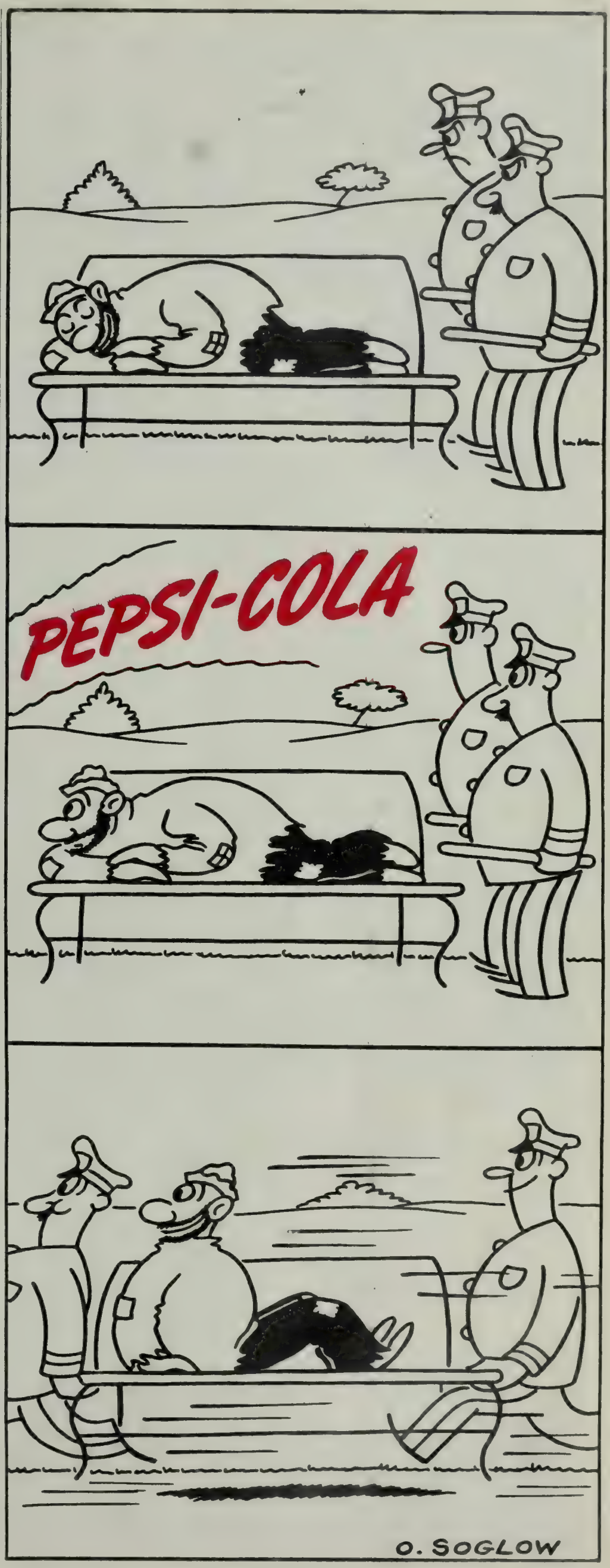
"At 8:15 found Lydecker in Hunt apartment with Laura. He was doing some fast talking to prove that I was plotting to get her to confess. Stayed until 9:40 (approx.) when he left, sent Behrens and Muzzio, who had been stationed at door to trail him. I proceeded to Claudius Cohen's place . . ."

The story deserves more human treatment than police records allow.

I want to confess before I write any more that Waldo's unfinished story and Laura's manuscript were in my hands before I put a word on paper. In writing that section which comes between his document and Laura's, I have tried to tell what happened as it happened, without too much of my own opinion or prejudice. But I am human. I had seen what Waldo wrote about me and had read Laura's flattering comments. My opinions were naturally influenced.

I can't help wondering what would have happened if the deputy commissioner hadn't pulled the snide trick of assigning me to the case when he knew I was counting on a Saturday afternoon at Ebbets Field. The murder might never have been uncovered. I say this without trying to take any bows for solving the mystery. I fell for a woman and she happened to like me. That circumstance furnished the key that unlocked the main door.

I knew from the start that Waldo was hiding something. I cannot honestly say that I suspected him of love or murder. That Sunday morning when he looked in the mirror and talked about the "singular innocence" of his face, I knew I was playing with a screwball. But it was not unpleasant; he was al-





When your car or truck is equipped with an AC Oil Filter, you can be sure of *maximum* oil economy. Here is why:

Your engine will economize on oil as long as its moving parts fit snugly. Oil which a filter keeps clean preserves that snug fit longer.

OTHER ECONOMIES, TOO

AC Oil Filters also help to preserve gas economy, retard the formation of carbon, and postpone those really costly repairs which are called engine overhauls.

WATCH YOUR OIL

Ask the attendant at your service station to test your oil for dirt with an AC Oil Test Pad. When he wipes your dip stick on the Pad, look at the spot. If it's dirty and black—replace your oil filter element, or have an AC filter installed.



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN → OIL FILTER AC SERVICE

AC PRODUCES FOR VICTORY

ARMY E NAVY

Machine guns, aircraft spark plugs, standard spark plugs, oil filters, and many other products are being supplied to our armed forces.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

ways good company. He had told me plainly that he had loved Laura, but I thought that he had become adjusted to the role of faithful friend.

I had to know what he was hiding, although I suspected the sort of game that would make an amateur feel superior to a professional detective. Waldo imagined himself a great authority on crime.

I played my own game. I flattered him, I sought his company, I laughed at his jokes. While I asked questions about Laura's habits, I studied his. What made a man collect old glassware and china? What caused him to scream when someone tried to drink out of his pet coffee cup? Clues to character are the only clues that add up to the solution of any but the crudest crime.

Before that night in Montagnino's back yard when he told me about the song, Waldo's talk had made his *love* for Laura sound like a paternal and unromantic relationship. It was then that I began to see his midnight walks as something besides the affectation of a man who considered himself an heir to the literary tradition. Perhaps he had not spent all of Friday night reading Gibbon in a tepid bath.

Then Laura returned. When I discovered that it was Diane Redfern who had been murdered, I went completely off the track. There were so many crossed wires: Shelby, three unexplained lies, a gold cigarette case. During that stage of the investigation, I couldn't help looking in the mirror and asking myself if I looked like the kind of sucker who trusts a woman.

Shelby honestly believed that his fatal beauty had led Laura to murder. To relieve his two-timing conscience, Shelby protected her. If I ever saw gallantry in reverse, that was it.

BUT Shelby was no coward. He risked his neck that night he went up to her cottage to get the gun. He failed because a yellow taxi was on his trail, and even Shelby was smart enough to know the department wasn't spending money just to give one of its men a joy ride. When Shelby saw that shotgun for the first time after the murder, it lay on my desk.

The gun was a clue to Shelby. It was marked with his mother's initials. C stood for Carpenter, S for Shelby, D for Delilah. I could see him as a kid in knee pants and Buster Brown collar reciting pieces for a mother named Delilah.

He told me the gun had been used a month before. He had shot a rabbit.

I said, "Look here, Carpenter, you can relax. If you tell the truth now, we might be able to forget a few dozen lies that make you an accessory after the fact. Tomorrow may be too late."

He looked at me as though I'd said out loud what I thought about Delilah. He would never turn state's evidence, no suh, not a Kentucky Shelby. That was an underworld trick which no gentleman could sanction.

It took three hours for me to make him understand the difference between a gentleman and an ordinary heel. Then he broke down and confessed that he had been in the bedroom with Diane when the doorbell rang.

I let Preble give out the news of Shelby's confession, because I was playing a game with him, too. In world politics it's called appeasement. From Preble's point of view, the gun and Shelby's confession clinched the evidence against Laura. We could have booked her then and there on suspicion of murder. A quick arrest, Preble thought, would bring a juicy confession. And orchids for the department under the efficient administration of Deputy Commissioner Preble.

I could see his hand as clearly as though he'd shown me the cards. This was Friday and on Monday the commissioner would be back from his vacation. Preble had little time to garner his share of personal publicity. And this case, since Laura had come back alive, was strictly front page, and coast to coast on the networks. Preble's wife and kids were waiting at a summer hotel in the Thousand Islands to hear over the air waves that Papa had solved the murder mystery of the decade.

WE HAD a knock-down-and-drag-out argument. I wanted time, he wanted action. I called him the worn-out wheel horse of a political party that should have been buried years ago. He told the world that I was hanging on to the band wagon of the party in power. I said he belonged back with the Indian chiefs who'd given their name to his stinking loyalties, and he said I'd send my old mother out on the Bowery if I thought it would further my career.



"All I said was, 'Where does one turn in excess gas-ration coupons?' "

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHAS

I am not reporting our actual language because, as I mentioned before, I haven't had a college education and I keep my writing clean.

It ended in a draw.

"If you don't bring in the murderer, dead or alive, by tomorrow morning . . ."

"I'll have him stuffed and trussed and ready for your breakfast," I said.

"Her," he said.

"Wait," I bluffed.

I hadn't a shred of evidence that wasn't against Laura. But even though my own hands had dragged that gun from the chest in her bedroom, I couldn't believe her guilty. She might conk a rival with a trayful of hors d'oeuvres but she could no more plan a murder than I could go in for collecting antique glassware.

It was around eight o'clock. I had about twelve hours to clear Laura and prove that I wasn't one hundred per cent sucker.

I drove up to Sixty-second Street. When I opened the door I knew that I had burst in on a love scene. It was the fat man's field day. Shelby had betrayed her and I seemed to be threatening her with arrest. Waldo was the man in possession, and the deeper the spot she was in, the greater her need for him, the surer his hold. It would have been to his advantage in more ways than one to have her convicted for m

My presence was poison to him face took on the color of cabbag his fat flesh shook like cafeteria g He tried his best to make me look a cheap dick who'd try to make a w fall for me so that I could advanc self. It was something like Preble mark about my sending my moth on the Bowery to help my career. marks like this are not so muc cusations as revelations. Frigh people try to defend themselves b cusing others of their own motives was never so clear as when Wald gan to make cracks about my ba When a man goes so far below the you can be sure he's hiding his weakness.

At that moment I quit thinki Waldo as the faithful old friend. derstood why his manner towar had changed after Laura came bac had made a great romance of my i est in the dead girl; it gave him a panion in frustration. But with L alive, I had become a rival.

I sat back and listened while he c me names. The shabbier he trie make me look, the more clearly I his motives. For eight years he kept her for himself by the destruc of her suitors. Only Shelby had vived. Shelby might have been a v man but he was too stubborn to let self be ousted. He had allowed W to insult him again and again bu had stuck, finding solace in playing shot for Diane.

THE pattern had straightened out evidence was lacking. I saw myse the deputy commissioner might see a stubborn jackass working on ins against known fact. Training and perience had taught me that ins had no value in the courtroom. Honor, I know this man to have bitterly jealous. Try that on the ness stand and see how far you get.

Under ordinary circumstances my love-making in private. But I to turn the screws on Waldo's jealo When I took Laura in my arms I playing a scene. Her response al ended my usefulness in the case. I k she liked me but I hadn't asked heaven.

She believed that I was embracing



"GIVE TOUGHNESS THE WORKS!"
say the 5 Crowns

Old TOUGHNESS has played his
last game,
And 5 Crown is winning new fame...
Without that crude blighter
Our "5's" smooth and lighter...
Just taste it and you'll say the same!

The HOST bottle's swell—Take
a peek!
No doubt if a bottle could speak
This smart one would say
"Try 5 Crown today"—
It's FINER—delicious—unique!

THE FINER **Seagram's 5 Crown**

AGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

because she had been hurt and I, loving her, offered comfort and protection. That was the deeper truth. But I had Waldo on my mind, too. The love scene was too strong for his sensitive nerves, and he slipped out.

I had no time to explain anything. It wasn't easy to break away, leaving Laura to think that Waldo had been right in accusing me of using her sincerity as a trap. But he was gone and I could take no chance of losing him.

I lost him.

Behrens and Muzzio let him pass. By my own instructions Waldo Lydecker had been allowed to come and go as he chose. The two cops had been lounging on the stoop, bragging about their kids probably, and not paying the slightest attention to his movements. It was my fault, not theirs.

There was no trace of his squat figure, his black hat, his thick cane on Sixty-second Street. Either he had turned the corner or he was hiding in some dark areaway. I sent Behrens toward Third Avenue and Muzzio to Lexington and ordered them to find and trail him. I jumped in my car.

It was just eighteen minutes of ten when I found Claudius putting up his shutters.

"Claudius," I said, "tell me something. Are people who collect antiques always screwy?"

He laughed.

"Claudius, when a man who's crazy about this old glassware finds a beautiful piece that he can't own, do you think he'd deliberately smash it so that no other man could ever enjoy it?"

Claudius licked his lips. "Guess I know what you're talking about, Mr. McPherson."

"Was it an accident last night?"

"I couldn't say yes and I couldn't say no. Mr. Lydecker was willing to pay and I took the money, but it could've been an accident. You see, I hadn't put any shot in . . ."

"Shot? What do you mean, shot?"

"Shot. We use it to weight down stuff when it's light and breakable."

"Not BB shot?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "BB shot."

I HAD looked over Waldo's antiques once while I was waiting for him. There had been no BB shot weighing the old cups and vases down, but he was not such a cluck as to leave unmistakable evidence around for the first detective. I wanted to make a thorough examination this time, but I had no time to get a warrant. I entered the building through the basement and climbed eighteen flights to his apartment. This was to avoid the elevator man who had begun to welcome me as Mr. Lydecker's best pal. If Waldo came home, he was not to have any suspicions that would cause him to leave hastily.

I let myself in with a passkey. The place was silent and dark.

There had been a murder. There had to be a gun. It wasn't a shotgun, whole or sawed-off. Waldo wasn't the type. If he owned a gun it would look like a museum piece among the China dogs and shepherdesses and old bottles. Licenses aren't required of people who buy antiques although some of those old-fashioned pistols are as efficient today as they were in the Civil War.

I made a search of cabinets and shelves in the living room, then went into the bedroom and started on the dresser drawers. Everything he owned was special and rare. His favorite books had been bound in selected leathers, he kept his monogrammed handkerchiefs and shorts and pajamas in silk cases embroidered with his initials. Even his mouthwash and toothpaste had been made up from special prescriptions.

I heard the snap of the light switch in the next room. My hand went automatically to my hip pocket. But I had no gun. As I had once told Waldo, I carry weapons when I go out to look for trouble. I hadn't figured on violence as part of this evening's entertainment.

I turned quickly, put myself behind a chair and saw Roberto in a black silk dressing gown that looked as if he was paying the rent for this high-class apartment.

Before he had time to ask questions, I said, "What are you doing her you usually go home nights?"

"Mr. Lydecker need me toni said.

"Why?"

"He not feel himself."

"Oh," I said, and took the cue why I'm here, Roberto. Mr. L didn't feel himself at dinner, so me the key and asked me to c and wait for him."

Roberto smiled.

"I was just going to the bathr said. That seemed the simples nation of my being in the bedr went to the bathroom. When out Roberto was waiting in th He asked if I'd like a drink or coffee.

"No, thanks," I said. "You r to bed. I'll see that Mr. Ly okay." He started to leave but him back. "What do you thi matter with Mr. Lydecker, R He seems nervous, doesn't he?"

Roberto smiled.

I said, "It's this murder I su it's been getting on his nerve you think?"

His smile got me nervous. E Rhode Island Clam was a big compared with this Filipino oy

I said, "Did you ever know Waco?"

That woke him up. There many Filipinos in New York a stick together like brothers. houseboys used to put their mo Quentin Waco who was top ligh until he got mixed up with t around the Sixty-sixth Street halls. He spent more than he and when young Kardansky k him out, they accused him of t the fight. One of Quentin's pals n at the door of the Shamrock Ba one night and pulled a knife. I honor of the Islands, he told the A little later it came out that Q hadn't thrown the fight, and th made a martyr of him. The re ones kept candles burning in a on Ninth Avenue.

I happened to have been the m got hold of the evidence that Quentin's name and, without k it, restored the honor of the I When I told this to Roberto, he s smiling and became human.

WE TALKED about Mr. Lyd health. We talked about th der and about Laura's return. Ro point of view was strictly out tabloids. Miss Hunt was a nic always friendly to Roberto, b treatment of Mr. Lydecker show to have been no better than a dan hostess. According to Roberto all were the same. They'd turn d steady fellow every time for a bi guy who knew all the latest step

I jerked the talk around to the he had cooked on the night of th der. It wasn't hard to get him g that subject. He wanted to give mushroom-by-mushroom descrip the menu. Every half-hour duri afternoon, Roberto said, Mr. Ly had quit his writing and come in kitchen to taste, smell and ask tions.

"We have champagne; six do bottle," Roberto bragged.

"Oh, boy!" I said.

Roberto told me there had beer than food and wine prepared fo evening. Waldo had arranged th ords on his automatic phonogra that Laura should enjoy her fa music with the meal.

"He certainly prepared. What appointment when Miss Hunt ch her mind," I said. "What did Roberto?"

"Not eat."

Waldo told us he had eaten a s



COLLIER'S

"Well, that blackout didn't last long, did it?"

ROBERT DAY

Keep Your War Bonds in this

FREE BUDGET PORTFOLIO



COPYRIGHT, 1942

Budget each bond for a specific after-war use

As a service to America's patriotic War Bond buyers, Norge offers this useful War Bond Budget Portfolio free on request. It serves you as a convenient container for bonds—as a guard against misplacing them—as a systematic method of budgeting each bond for later use. Half the pleasure in life lies in planning for the future. This Portfolio provides the ideal method for planning and achieving your goal.

★ ★ ★

The entire resources of Norge are devoted to war production. Norge believes it can make an additional contribution toward Victory by offering this practical Budget Portfolio free to all War Bond buyers. Be patriotic—buy more War Bonds to win the war. Be wise—budget them for Tomorrow's use. And this Christmas—give War Bonds. Present them in this free Portfolio. Write for your free Portfolio now. This offer expires February 20, 1943.

WHEN WE WIN—SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY

Buy more War Bonds regularly for Victory—and budget them in the Portfolio bond compartments for savings, children's education, travel and vacation, new house or farm, new car or plane. The complete, compact Portfolio will hold and budget up to 100 U. S. War Bonds. ☆ Send for your free Budget Portfolio. Write today to Department 1, Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

PRODUCT OF BORG-WARNER

BW

NORGE

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

ORGE DIVISION · BORG-WARNER CORPORATION · DETROIT · MICHIGAN

WHAT'S YOUR GUESS?

WHY IS AMERICA SMOKING MORE—

as shown by Government figures?



Smoking Less—or Smoking *More**?

You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

You see—this cigarette has been scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat!

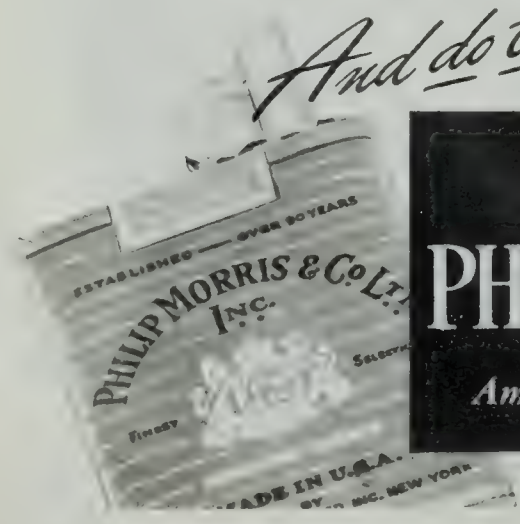
Eminent doctors report, in medical journals that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared completely or definitely improved!

We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence clearly proves they are *far less irritating* for nose and throat!

So—you *are safer smoking* PHILIP MORRIS!

And do they taste GOOD!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette



"I suppose if I was a dizzy blonde I'd get an extra pound of coffee!"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY H

meal and spent the evening reading Gibbon in the bathtub.

"He didn't eat, huh? Wouldn't go near the table?"

"He go table," Roberto said. "He have me bring food, he put on plate, not eat."

"I don't expect he played the phonograph either."

"No," said Roberto.

"He hasn't played it since, I suppose."

The phonograph was big and expensive. It played ten records, then turned them over and played the other side. I looked at them to see if any of the tunes checked with the music they had talked about. There was none of this Toccata and Fugue stuff, but a lot of old songs from shows. The last was Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

"Roberto," I said, "maybe I'll have a whisky anyway."

I thought of that hot night in Montagnino's back yard. A storm had been rolling in and the lady at the next table sang with the music. Waldo had talked about hearing that song with Laura as if there had been a lot more to it than just listening to music with a woman.

"I think I'll have another, Roberto."

I NEEDED Scotch less than I needed time to think it out. The pieces were beginning to fit together. The last dinner before her marriage. Champagne and her favorite songs. Memories of shows they had seen together, talk of the past. Old stories retold. And when the meal was over and they were drinking brandy, the last record would fall into place, the needle fit into the groove.

Roberto waited with a glass in his hand. I drank. I was cold and sweating.

Since that Sunday when I'd first walked into his apartment, I'd been reading the complete works of Waldo Lydecker. There is no better key to a man's character than his use of the written word. Read enough of any man's writing and you'll have his Number One Secret. There was a line that I remembered from one of his essays: *The high crisis of frustration.*

He had planned so carefully that even the music was timed for it. And that night Laura had failed to show up.

I said, "Go to bed, Roberto. I'll wait up for Mr. Lydecker."

Roberto disappeared like a shadow.

I was alone in the room. Around me were Waldo's things, spindly overdecorated furniture, striped silks, books and music and antiques. There had to be a gun somewhere. When murder and suicide are planned like a seduction, s must have his weapon handy.

While I waited in his parlor, V was pounding his stick along the ments. He dared not look back His pursuers might see him tur head and know that he was fright

Muzzio caught sight of him alm block ahead on Lexington. Waldo no sign that he observed Muzzio walked on quickly, turning ea Sixty-fourth. At the end of the b he saw Behrens, who had turned on Third Avenue.

Waldo disappeared. The two searched every areaway and vest on the block, but Waldo had evid used the service tunnel of a big a ment house, gone through the base to the rear of the building and f another basement and service entr on Sixty-third.

He walked for three hours. He p a lot of people on their way home theaters and picture shows and bar met them in the light of arc lamps under the lighted marquees of pi shows. They noticed his massive fi his black hat and stick.

We learned about it later the wa always do when an important ca finished and people phone in to r themselves important. Mary Lou mons, fifteen, of East Seventy-sixth been frightened by a man who d out of the vestibule as she came h from an evening at a girl chum's h Gregory Finch and Enid Mu thought it was Enid's father lea over the banister in the dark hall w they were kissing. Mrs. Lea Ke saw a ghost behind her newsst Several taxi drivers had stopped ir hope of picking up a passenger couple of drivers had recognized W Lydecker.

He walked until the streets quiet. There were few taxis and ha any pedestrians. He chose the da streets, hid in doorways, crouche subway steps. It was almost two o'c when he came back to Sixty-se Street. There was only one lighted dow on the block. According to Sh that light had been burning on Fr night, too.

Her door was not guarded. M was still waiting on Sixty-fourth S and Behrens had gone off duty. I given no instructions for a man t place him for I had no idea, when L Laura alone and sent the men to fo him, that he was carrying his weap

He climbed the steps and rang doorbell.

e thought I had come back to arrest
er. That seemed more reasonable
ha a return of the murderer. For a
ment she thought of Shelby's de-
cr tion of Diane's death. Then she
rr ped herself in a white bathrobe and
re to the door.

I that time I knew Waldo's secret.
fond no gun in his apartment; he was
ar ing the gun concealed on his per-
or loaded with the rest of the BB
ho What I found was a pile of un-
n ed and unpublished manuscript. I
re it because I was planning to wait
n e apartment, confront him, make
he accusation and see what happened.
und the following sentence in a
ie called The Porches of Thy Fa-
he s Ear:

n the cultivated individual, malice,
eapon darkly concealed, wears the
a ents of usefulness, flashes the dis-
ue of wit or flaunts the ornaments of
uty."

he piece was about poisons hidden
n ntique rings, of swords in sticks, of
rms concealed in old prayer books.

TOOK me about three minutes to
t the connection. Last night when
we were leaving the Golden Lizard, I
tried to look at his stick. He had
n ched it away with a crack about get-
me a rubber-tipped cane. That
k was loaded. Resentment kept me
n asking any more questions. Pos-
e ions were like people with Waldo.
I wanted to protect his precious stick
n my profane hands, so he brought
his malice without the garments of
or beauty. I had thought that he
showing off another of his whims,
drinking his coffee from the Na-
x on cup.

ow I knew why he had wanted to
p me from examining the gold rings
his cane. He carried it, he had told
to give himself importance. There
the man's hidden power. He prob-
y smiled as he stood before Laura's
r and unscrewed his secret weapon.
second time was like the first. In
failing and disordered mind there
no original crime, no repetition.

When the doorknob turned he aimed.
I knew Laura's height and the place
re her face would appear like an
l in the dark. As the door opened
fired.

here was a shivering crash. Turning,
ura saw a thousand slivers of light.
shot, missing her by the fraction of
nch, had shattered the mercury glass
l. Its fragments shone on the dark
pet.

He had missed his aim because, as he fired, his legs were jerked out from under him. I had left his apartment as soon as I realized where the gun was hidden and remembered that I had deliberately put on a scene to stir up his jealousy. He was on the third floor landing, his finger on the bell, when I opened the door downstairs.

The old-fashioned hall was dimly lighted. On the landings, pale bulbs glowed. Waldo was a madman struggling for his life with an enemy whose face he couldn't see. I am a younger man, in better condition, and I know how to handle myself in a fight. But he had the strength of desperation. And a gun in his hand.

When I jerked his legs out from under him, he rolled over on top of me. Laura came out of her door, looked down at us, straining to see our dark struggle on the staircase. We rolled down the steps.

Under the bulb of the second floor landing I saw his face. He had lost his glasses but his pale eyes seemed to see into the distance. He said, "While a whole city pursued the killer, Waldo Lydecker, with his usual urbanity, pursued the law."

He laughed. My spine chilled. I was fighting a madman. His face contorted, his lips writhed, pointed eyeballs seemed to jerk out of their sockets. He wrenched his arm loose, raised the gun, waved it like a baton.

"Get back! Get out of the way," I shouted up at Laura.

His flesh had seemed flabby but there was well over two hundred pounds of it, and when I jerked his arm back, he rolled over on me. The light flashed in his eyes, he recognized me, sanity returned, and with it hatred. White streaks of foam soaped his lips. Laura called out, warning me, but his groans were closer to my ears. I managed to shove my knees up under his fat belly and push him back toward the post of the banister. He waved his gun, then shot wild, firing without aim.

Laura screamed.

With the firing of that shot, his strength was gone. His eyes froze, his limbs became rigid. But I was taking no chances. I knocked his head against the banister post. On the third floor landing, Laura heard bone crack against wood.

In the ambulance and at the hospital he kept on talking. Always about himself, always in the third person. Waldo Lydecker was someone far away from the dying fat man on the stretcher, he was like a hero a boy has always worshiped. It was the same thing over and over again, never straight and con-



"Here's one that costs a little extra, but it's well worth it"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson



The Boss: Sorry. Can't use it. That song's got no whoosh! No bang! No *pep appeal!*

Joe: That lets us out, Art. You've got no words—I've got no tune!



Art: No pep appeal, huh? Say! I was reading the other day about how you can't have pep without vitamins. And that's us, pal! I bet we haven't been eating right. You know, not getting all our vitamins.

Joe: Maybe you're right, Art. And *that* gives *me* an idea. Come with me, boy!



Joe: This is the ticket, Art. Look what it says: "KELLOGG'S PEP is made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat and contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D."

Art: And, mister, does it taste *good!* Boy! If getting the rest of our vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell, crunchy cereal, we'll be in the big time before we know it!

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B_1 (1/2 for children up to 5).

The active man of today needs a BUXTON "3-Way"

Buxton's patented *stitchless* construction proves so durable this billfold is guaranteed to last until the leather itself wears out!



Ingeniously folded — no stitches to rip!

A *patented* self-interlocking construction requires *neither stitches* nor *glue* to hold it together! Our guarantee—if any stitchless Buxton gives out in normal use before the leather itself wears out, we will replace it FREE!

"3-Way" in Levant Goat—**$3.50**

"3-Way" in Pin Morocco—**$7.50**

"3-Way" in India Goat—**$5**

Today Buxton "3-Way" is the one most in demand. Designed to meet the needs of active men everywhere, the unique "3-Way" *organizes* and *safeguards* all the many essentials a busy man must carry.

The "3-Way" is roomy. *Three* convenient full-length compartments for separating private papers, bills and checks; eight smaller compartments, including a double "window" case for identification, provide plenty of space for cards, credentials, papers.

The Buxton "3-Way" is well-made, good-looking and so durable that a man *knows* he'll find it useful *for years to come!* For a special *patented* construction permits a Buxton to keep that "just-bought" look. When you fill it full, *it expands*—lighten the load, and *it eases back!* A Buxton always keeps its "waistline" down!

Write for this Free Gift Book

Dozens of "what-to-give" suggestions—thoughtful remembrances from 75¢ and $1.00 to lovely matched sets at $25. Clear instructions for fancy gift-wrapping. Information on leathers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4247 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass. or Dept. X, 47 West 34th St., New York City.

3 Billfolds for the Price of One!

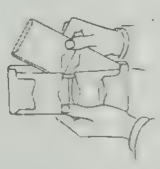
1. FOR GENERAL USE—Here's organization that'll save you from fumbling for papers, money, cards, credentials! The Buxton "3-Way" is so trim and shapely you won't believe it contains 3 full-length compartments and 8 smaller ones! The best leathers are used throughout—and the craftsmanship is unexcelled!



2. FOR ADDED SECURITY—The "3-Way" contains a second fold. Lift it out and you have a complete, streamlined billfold that slips into an inside pocket without making a bulge. Use it to carry money or confidential papers in two places when you travel. Can be separately checked at hotel—or used for evening wear.



3. FOR CONFIDENTIAL MATTERS—Here's a third billfold! The inner fold reversed and locked in becomes a secret pocket providing a swell hideout for large bills or private papers. When traveling, and you don't want strangers to see contents of your billfold, simply reverse the inner partition and you have a "hidden compartment" safely *locked in.*



Buxton "3-Way"

nected, but telling as much as a sworn confession.

"Ever the connoisseur who cunningly mates flavor with occasion, Waldo Lydecker selected the vintage of the year '14 . . .

"As might Cesare Borgia have diverted himself on an afternoon pregnant with the infant of new infamy, so Waldo Lydecker passed the nervous hours in civilized diversion, reading and writing . . .

"A man might sit thus, erect as a tombstone, while composing his will; so sat Waldo Lydecker at his rosewood desk writing the essay that was to have been his legacy . . .

"The woman had failed him. Secret and alone, Waldo Lydecker celebrated death's impotence. Bitter herbs mingled their savor with the mushrooms. The soup was rue-scented . . .

"Habit led Waldo Lydecker that night past windows illumined by her treachery . . .

"Calm and untroubled Waldo Lydecker stood, pressing an imperious finger against her doorbell . . ."

When he died the doctor had to unclasp the fingers that gripped Laura's hand.

"Poor, poor Waldo," she said.

"He tried to kill you twice minded her.

"He wanted so desperately to I loved him."

I looked at her face. She was mourning the death of an old The malice had died with h Laura remembered that he h kind. It is generosity, Waldo s evil, that flourishes like the gr tree.

HE IS dead now. Let him have word. Among the papers on I found the unfinished piece, t legacy which he had written w records were waiting on the pho the wine being chilled in the Roberto cooking the mushroom

He had written:

"Then, as the final contra there remains the truth that she man of him as fully as man c made of that stubborn clay. Ar that frail manhood is threatene her own womanliness demand than he can give, his malice se destruction. But she is carve Adam's rib, indestructible as lege no man will ever aim his mali sufficient accuracy to destroy h

THE END

The Coast of Fortune

Continued from page 13

"But he likes you, Amalpha," Felicity said. "Everyone has noticed it."

"Bah!" Mrs. Tuttle said in a normal tone. "I am accustomed to having the most polished gentlemen pay their addresses. In my time, I've seen a major general and a very wealthy planter from Natchez—a gentleman of old, ancient lineage—waiting outside my dressing-room door, and each one holding in his fist a bunch of hothouse roses half the size of a load of hay. And the two of them, mind you, bowing to each other like knights of old with nodding plumes and calling each other out of name in the most elegant language imaginable before going out into the alley and beating the ears off each other to see who got to buy m'supper."

"BUT, Amalpha," Felicity said absentmindedly. Dan Cordret had swung up onto the bulwark and holding on with one hand was standing there, watching the pilot boat slip across in front of the clipper's soaring bows. "Surely, you can't—"

"Yes, and that isn't all," Mrs. Tuttle said. "When a lady of refinement has—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Jerrold? Are we not having a lovely day for our arrival?"

"I guess so. I just got up," Harry Jerrold said. His big, too-handsome, too-masculine face, freshly shaved and powdered, was lifted proudly, dramatically, to gaze at the new horizons. He took Felicity's hand, and folding it into the crook of his elbow, patted it.

"And how is our quiet little leading lady this morning?" he asked in a deep, manly murmur. Felicity looked at him thoughtfully. He did have too much chin, and his eyes, beautiful and lustrous, bulged slightly. But he dressed magnificently—she knew his salary and wondered how he did it. When he touched her, she was conscious of a half-repulsive, slightly fearful pleasure, but she supposed it was part of being in love with him.

"I'm quite well, thank you, Harry," she said.

Mrs. Tuttle sniffed—a thin and venomous sound—and moved away.

On the far side of the ship, the pilot boat spun around before the wind and came racing in; and a few momen the pilot's head and shoulders ap above the bulwark: a cada mournful-looking man, smoking black cigar.

"Ship Sea Moth of New York Cordret said. "A hundred and te fourteen hours, from Sandy Hook one beat us?"

"Well, that's a good summer pa mister," the pilot said mildly.

As they turned to start towa quarter-deck, the hands, drifting the deck, had crowded closer. somewhere in the semicircle a voice demanded: "They found an gold fields, Cap'n?"

Without taking the cigar out teeth, the pilot grinned, and the something in a low tone to Dan. nodded grimly, and cleared a pa them with a flick of his ice-blue

Captain Griswold waited for the hand in his coat front; and as they walking toward him, they passe place where Felicity and Harry standing at the rail. Seeing her covered by Harry's upon his arm quickly stared straight ahead agai a crease deepened contemptuou his lean cheek, and the back of his was very red as he walked on.

Felicity sighed. She considere Cordret a barbarous young harshly brutal in some ways, a bearable prig in others—the New land conscience gone to sea. She b lip, and withdrew her hand from Ha and from his arm.

Dan Cordret had been a both her mind since the first time she seen him. It was sailing day, it wa day when the company trouped al to sail for the coast of fortune, fo mountains in the sun, where even dering players who had always poor and sometimes hungry coul their fingers in the shining dust. Fe was strolling across the deck on Ha arm when she saw the mate bounding up the companionway o light, fighter's feet. With the wo loading all finished he was scrubbe shaved and half-choked by sta linen. But there was a bruised kn cut on one cheekbone, giving his elegance a raffishly sinister air.

A he caught sight of the cabin pas-
ners, the troupe, he stopped for an
stant, giving them an amazed stare.
d, with a twitching knotted eyebrow,
urried on—only to stop again as he
ned past Felicity. He didn't seem
e Harry at all. Felicity had been
ld at by many men, but she thought
a this man's eyes, suddenly meeting
r had an actual quality of impact,
e the shock of glacier water. It was
ll a second, and then he lifted an
rtain hand to the visor of his cap—
only fumbling gesture she ever saw
make—and went on, down to the
h deck.

"Ha! Insolent beggar," Harry growled. She touched his hand absent-mindedly, soothingly: but there remained in her a curious and uneasy sense that between her and a stranger had arisen, without a word being spoken, a situation which sometime would have to be resolved. She was right. But the next time was a long time coming, although they talked politenesses to each other at the supper table on lamp-lit evenings through the tropical latitudes.

When it did come, it was a night of heavy close and smothering. They were off the Falklands, ready to come about and knife into the great westerlies which lay forever past the Horn. It was a stormy time, and Felicity had been on the deck through the short watch of the day's end, muffled in her long thick sealing cloak and standing by the mizzen shrouds whose black-tarred ropes dripped clear drops of mist turned into water. The mate, standing behind the man at the wheel, had been motionless for a long time, his face floating like a pale mask, half-lit from the pale captive illumination of the compass card inside the binnacle.

Suddenly and decisively, he moved and came walking toward her. She tried to smile, casually.

"Felicity Sullivan. Felicity Sullivan," he said. "What a queer name."

"M-my mother was from Vermont," she said idiotically. "That's why it's a queer name."

He leaned down toward her. Instinctively, as naturally as a flower lifts to the quiet power of the sun, she waited—and despised herself for it afterward, when she remembered it, because he didn't kiss her. His face stopped, arrested by thought. It was dark, and she couldn't see very well, but she could read the thoughts upon his face. She could feel herself wilting suddenly, all over.

"Arrrr," he made a sound deep in his chest. "It must be a great life you have, actress," he said.

That, she thought afterward, was hideously unnecessary. But at the time—After a minute, her lips could move again, and she said:

"W-well, it's . . . it's . . . We are . . ."

"Ah," he said, in a tone like a slap, and turned away.

"Wait!" she said. "You have no—What do you mean?"

Over his shoulder, he said, "Never mind."

THAT was all there was to it, and he avoided her eyes after that when they passed. She didn't understand very clearly what the matter was: until one night when, still burning with shame and with fury that she had automatically lifted her face to him when he came near, she heard Amalpha Tuttle upon the subject:

"I've been watching that young Mr. Cordret, that young officer, when he's anywhere around you, dearie," the old girl said. "If I read my signs right—and believe me, dearie, there isn't a woman alive who knows 'em better than I do—he is a desperate man because of you. I don't know what's happened between you and heaven knows I am not one to seek for confidences though I do think that there are times when a young girl needs the advice of an experienced woman."

She cleared her throat.

"It's too bad, my sweet," she said meditatively, "that the nicest men, those of the loftiest character—the sensitive type to whom we poor weak women are the most attracted, and in spite of his tough ways among the brutal men with whom his lot is cast, I can see with half an eye that your Mr. Cordret is a sensitive and tortured boy who could be very sweet—it's a star-crossed destiny, dearie, that makes all the nicest men think that to be an actress is to be *ex officio*, so to speak, a loose woman."

"A . . . !" Felicity sat bolt upright, clutching the sheet to her breast with thin, horrified hands. "A loose woman—you mean a wanton?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tuttle said. "It is a cross which we artistes must bear, forgiving them as we do so. Especially with the New England type. They have been taught from earliest childhood, I believe, to fear an actress. It reminds me," Mrs. Tuttle said sadly, "of once, dearie, when a bishop's son was in love with me—madly, madly. With him it was an all-consuming passion, he was the thin delicate type with a pale pure face like a young saint, though when I think back on it now maybe it was consumption. . . .

"Eh? What was the thought I had in



"It's a grand party, but I'm leaving before I've had too much!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER



• Who *wouldn't* "borrow" Arrow Shirts? Arrows have the smooth-fitting "Mitoga" figure-fit . . . and are crowned with the famous Arrow collar. Every button is *anchored* by a special stitch. Arrow Shirts are *Sanforized-labeled* — they can't shrink over 1%! Try Hitt ($2.25) Dart ($2.50) Dale ($2.75) — all with non-wilt collars!* *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW SHIRTS

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

*Made by patented Celanese wrinkle-free process.

War Bird's Powerhouse! Generating 1850 to 2000 horsepower, Ford-built Pratt & Whitney engines are made to watch-like precision in a modern mass-production plant. This plant was constructed by Ford and the first motor turned out *all within 11 months!* The Ford-developed method of casting cylinders centrifugally is employed in making these engines. For every motor built this way, *four hours' time is saved* and a *third less critical material used!*



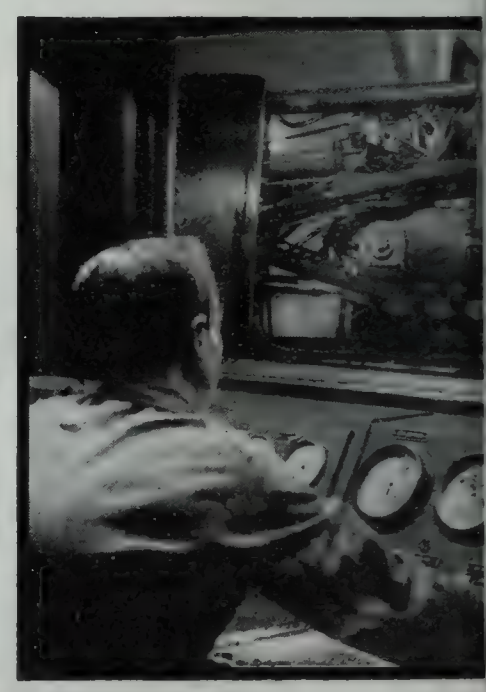
These Soldiers On The Home Front are part of Ford's great army *behind* the Army! Working three shifts a day to keep the big armament production lines moving at top speed in all the Ford plants, these men are now over 100,000 strong!



Deft-Fingered Hands of a woman worker are helping put the finishing touches on the pilot's compartment of a B-24 Bomber built at the vast Willow Run Bomber Plant. Here over 6,000 women are now employed!



Rugged Little Jeeps—Army reconnais which roll from Ford production lines ing numbers—are proving their servi *"eyes"* of United Nations' troops e



Broken-in On Test Blocks, Ford-built aircra deliver top performance from the firs Ford methods have cut the time of engines on test from four hours to 30

ALL OUR ABILITY, SKILL, EFFORT AND RESOURCES



Vital Role private cars and trucks play in national transportation, Ford ... "keep 'em rolling" with Ford Protective Service. That includes check-ups, ...rained mechanics and replacements with reliable parts. To keep it running ...*onger,* take your car to your Ford dealer at regular intervals.



Stout Wings For A Tough Bird! These Ford men at the Willow Run Bomber Plant are busy at work on the wing of a B-24 Bomber. Ford-built to do its job *well,* this husky, long-range, four-engined plane has more than 400,000 volume-produced parts—and is characterized by outstanding speed and performance at high altitudes.

FORD WORKING FOR VICTORY

...ID YOU KNOW?

...Army posts throughout the country, ...Traveling Schools taught khaki-clad ...ics modern methods of servicing ...vehicles.

... mammoth runways at Willow Run ... contain enough concrete to build ... 60 miles long and 20 feet in width.

... test of Ford precision manufacture, ...rom a Ford-built and a Pratt & ...y-built aircraft engine were scrambled ...e engines re-assembled with parts of ... the other. Both ran perfectly.

...elp supply the need for skilled air-...roduction workers, more than 6,000 ...d women are now being trained in ...rd Airplane School at Willow Run.

...r-accurate Johansson Gage Blocks ...y Ford are the standard of precision ...ement for American industry. Accu- ... millionths of an inch, these gages ...made possible mass production of ...angeable parts.

...ical and surgical attention are at in- ...all in all Ford factories. Complete ... hospitals serve the Rouge and ... Run Plants. Every shop has a med- ...ation with a registered physician on ...t duty. While getting emergency ...l care, the Ford worker's pay goes on.

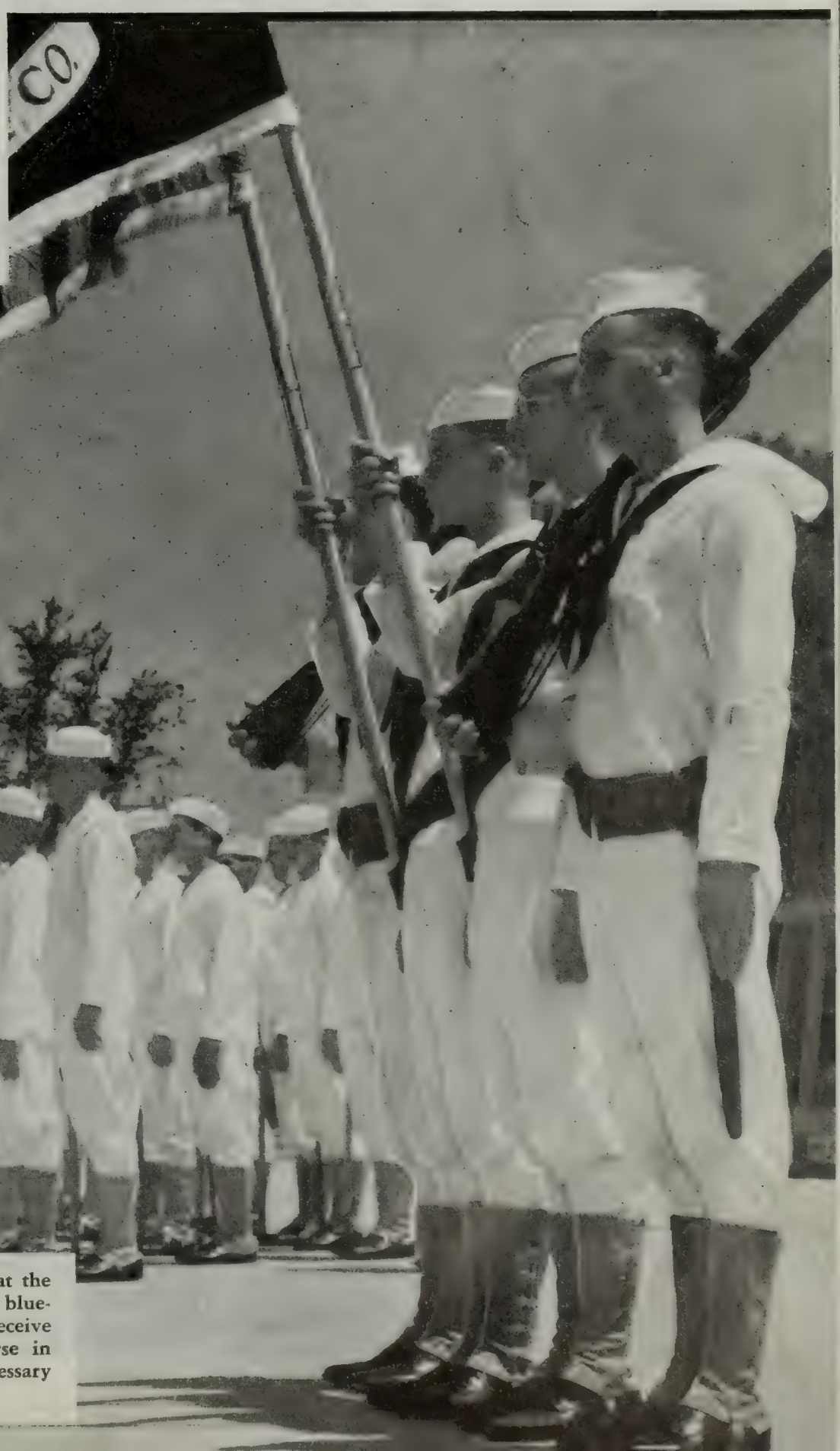
... than sixteen months after construc- ...ngs began clearing farms and wood- ...or the Ford Willow Run Plant, this ... bomber factory in the world was ...g out long-range B-24 bombers—one ... biggest and most powerful planes ...eing built.

...troducing mass production, shorter ...nd higher wages, I have tried to give ...erican workman security for himself ...s family and the chance of a future ... children."

—HENRY FORD

Ford

...GED TO VICTORY



In The Ford-Built Navy School at the Rouge Plant, Uncle Sam's blue-jackets—2000 at a time—receive a complete instruction course in trades and technical skills necessary to modern naval operation.



If you want results tell a Yank "it can't be done!"

Good old American "know how" has done it again! For this winter—despite the meager allotment of rubber—manufacturers are able to provide rubber footwear for the essential health protection of millions. Necessary W.P.B. rulings have restricted styles, and eliminated colors and frills.

We at Hood and B. F. Goodrich have named this footwear "Duration Quality."

By drawing on our background of experience and ingenuity, we have found ways to give you more service and better looks than would seem possible under the circumstances. And we know you will wear this footwear with patriotic good will till the war is won!

* * *

NOTE TO GOOD CITIZENS: Buy only what you need—take care of what you have. *And be sure to throw your scrap into the fight!*

FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

mind?—Oh, yes: although his love racked him body and soul, poor boy, alas, it was never to be. His father the bishop, a fine figure of a man for all his years and with the most beautiful pure white Dundreary whiskers I ever saw on a man, came to denounce, and I received him like a queen, with a high inviolate dignity, in my dressing room. Yes, though he came to denounce, he remained to kneel—just between us, dearie, woman to woman, a mite tiddly with the wine that had flowed like water that mad, tragic night—and we played out between us, the three of us, a scene that would have torn the roof off'n any theater in the great glittering capitals of the world if only it was on the stage with proper lighting and maybe a few solemn strains of music and not in the dressing room of a poor heartbroken woman, who saw through her tears the pain and agony she was causing two noble men. Oh, Judas Priest, what a drama!" Mrs. Tuttle said. "—But you see what I mean, dearie."

Making all allowances, Felicity did. Burning and tossing with self-consciousness, going rigidly cold with horror and with anger, Felicity understood why Mr. Dan Cordret avoided her eyes as he passed her in an alleyway of the ship.

THEY stood in through the Golden Gate in the middle of the autumn afternoon. The Sea Moth whispered through the blue tide, her taut nervousness left behind with the restless lift of the open sea. When they took the royals off her, some hands were whipped aloft by Dan Cordret's cold snarl to make fast along the foreroyal yard a canvas sign that Mr. Chatto had had painted, red and black, in New York before they sailed:

CHATTO'S GREATER THEATRICAL ENTERPRISES

STARS! GIRLS! MUSIC!

Songs You Love by Girls You Will Love

DRAMA!

World's Greatest Love Dramas
presented by
Refined Company of Stars
Fresh From

TRIUMPHS

In World's Greatest Capitals

The hands snickered as they worked, and Dan Cordret, with a face like frozen death, came through the crowd of men in the waist of the ship to the quarter-deck and took his place to leeward of Captain Griswold and the pilot, staring rigidly straight ahead.

Felicity was standing alone by the rail when Mr. Chatto appeared, a sallow wisp of a man with great pouches under his sparse black eyebrows, and standing in the center of the deck, clapped his hands for attention.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is just another new town, and we will have our customary street parade to the theater. I expect that each and every one of you, ladies and gentlemen alike, will have the customary gracious smile for the prospective customers who will line the sidewalks. That's all, ladies and gentlemen."

So they came in through the Golden Gate, and far off the beach where the blue smoke of late afternoon drifted across a city of tents and raw frame buildings the anchors went down with a rusty clattering roar.

"I will now go ashore," Mr. Chatto said, pulling on his pale dogskin gloves at the gangway, "and procure suitable vehicles for our street parade, ladies and gentlemen."

Shore boats, sent by the captain, came out after a while to take the steerage passengers and their baggage a
Standing at the gangway, with the
ugly lump of a .45 derringer maki
jacket pocket sag a little, Dan cl
them over the side, one by one.
end of the shuffling line of miners
near, the hands crowded closer and
but none of them crossed the ima
line which Dan drew with his
glancing slowly from under his l
the half-circle of rebellious fe
hoarse voice muttered something
Dan rapped:

"If you have anything to say,
lon, come out here and say it."

But Hanlon, a burly Liverpool
man with a fringe of black w
under his chin, only scraped hi
truculently on the deck and then st
back a pace, growling under his b

It was late afternoon and the
was quiet when the Sea Moth's
came back from the beach in cha
the second mate, who said shortly
Captain Griswold was staying a
for the night on business and that
ers would be out in the morning to
taking off cargo. Mr. Chatto, cla
his hands, assembled the ladies an
tlemen of the company. Arranger
were now complete, he said. They
go ashore at once. Unfortunately,
ever, he had discovered that hot
commodations for the company
not be had: so he had arranged
Captain Griswold that after the
ning's performance the ladies and
tlemen would return to the ship to
one more night. Tomorrow, they
look about the city to find lodging

In the crowd around the gang
Felicity was icily aware of Dan Co
standing aloof, and happening to
a glimpse of the bleak and remote
upon his face, she was taken wi
queer impulse—one of which she
half-contemptuous, even at the
Slipping away, she ran down the
panionway steps and into the sa
Here she found paper and a pen, an
nervous sloping scrawl wrote out a
admitting Mr. Dan Cordret to the
ter by courtesy of Miss Felicity S
van, leading woman.

Biting her lip, she stared at it do
fully for a moment—but, hating
she did want him to see her in her
element, applauded and adored.
would do him good, the insuffer
self-righteous yokel. Blotting it
folding it resolutely, she arose
walked with dignity to the gang
again. With a whispered instruc
she placed it in Harry's hand. "He
been most courteous to all of us,"
said firmly.

SHE saw Harry haughtily appr
Dan Cordret, and with the sma
and stiffest bow possible hand him
folded paper. Dan opened it, looke
it, nodded curtly—and from somewh
among the mutinously crowding
men the hoarse voice of Hanlon sna
again, something indistinguishable
ugly.

Moving fast as the startled blink
Felicity's eyes, Dan didn't take tim
turn. Starting with a backward step
whirled before his other foot touched
deck, and was through the crowd of
men in a leap straight as a snake's str
One shoulder knotted and jarred as
left fist went to the belt, and then
right hooked upward and in with a sl
jolting slash. Something glittered on
knuckles. After that it didn't glitter
more, and the seaman was sagging
the knees, his great hair-matted ha
pawing feebly. Calculating with nar
eyes, Dan hit him once more and t
without looking at him again, turned
the hands and said in a level voice:

"Get forward. Take him with y
He can still walk. Next time, he won

The whole scene melted away in s
motion, in inconclusive mutters. Co

ick ng up the business where it had ee interrupted, Dan looked from ar to Felicity, and with a slight bow, is l his hand mockingly, ironically, to ie sor of his cap. There was blood on is huckles.

Harry looked white, and nobody said ny ing until in the boat on the way o ore, Mrs. Tuttle said, "My, my!"

The hills of San Francisco, patched it sprawling shacks, were bright be- re them with the last of the sunlight, ga st the high Western sky. The ladies nd gentlemen of the company preened ie selves nervously, with little touches o te hair and eyebrows. When the boat ro d against the landing stage and ie climbed out, they found waiting ie nly suitable vehicle Mr. Chatto had ee able to procure—a livery-stable ug y, used for funerals but now hung it their gaudy signs. Felicity rode in t side Mr. Chatto, bowing and smil- g o the sidewalk crowds; the others a ed behind, carrying hand signs and ai ed banners.

At a corner on Market Street where a gang of miners trooped roaring and h pping down a slanting hillside and o ed the traffic with their horseplay, a old girl edged up beside the buggy, n smiled grimly up at Felicity.

"My little sweet, an actress never gets e joy the cool of the evening," she ai "Not like other women, in their l ming rocking chairs . . . For thirty e s, girl and woman, I been in show u ness. There ain't a malaria town o the Ohio to Mobile Bay with a s wide enough for a yellow hound to e n the dust while a street parade a es that I haven't hawked the drama t ugh. Some were good parades, and s e were sorry things, but my feet h me in all of them."

The theater, when they got to it, was o e than any they had ever played i. It still smelled of the rains and the f of the coastal forest where its raw l ks had been sawed out of trees, and s hugely daubed scenery had been s le out of the sails of ships aban- d ed in the bay. The play Mr. Chatto h decided they would open with was *T ee Times a Widow, or The Indian's V enge;* and all through the first act, Felicity kept watching the house to see if that insolent jackanapes Dan Cordret would have the effrontery to use the pass she had given him. But as far as she could see into the darkened aisles, he didn't show up.

In the first entr'acte, she sang a group of new ballads, which were very well received with stamping and whistling, although the orchestra which Mr. Chatto had recruited in the barrooms was abominable and quite out of key all the time. This was an audience of men, who brought their whisky with them, and they wanted shows in the entr'actes.

She still watched the house, disdainfully, from time to time through the second act, but by the time Harry's entr'acte turn came, she had quite, quite forgotten all about Mr. Dan Cordret. Harry was doing a solo dance turn which had been popular in the towns along The River last winter. But this male audience watched him coldly. Harry needed women in the audience, she thought. As he charged up and down, chest thrust out, arms pumping, he was, undeniably, stupid. But he was hers, and—

"Strutting rascal," a quiet voice said in her ear.

She whirled from the peephole in the backdrop. Dan Cordret stood looking bitterly down at her.

"He's fine. He's an artist," she retorted. "He's the man I'm going to—How did you get here? How dare you come back here?"

"Where did you expect me to come?" he said harshly.

"Where did I—what do you mean?"

"Why did you give me that invitation, then?" he rasped.

"Invitation . . . ?" She watched him, not quite understanding, her eyes dancing in an agony of not understanding, back and forth between his. There was a loud final blare and thumping going on on the other side of the curtain, but they didn't hear it. Dan Cordret's face was bleak and haggard with long torture, with long hag-ridden thoughts that she didn't know, and his lips thinned in a snarl of anguish, whispering:

"I don't care. I did—oh, God, whatever you are— But I don't care any more, now. I . . . I . . . It's all right—



"Trouble is, I walk in my sleep every night, too!"

COLLIER'S ST SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

For More Mileage from your battery
Get
CARE AND CONSERVATION
Service

See Your
DELCO BATTERY DEALER
He will

CHECK WITH HYDROMETER . . . ADD WATER
CHECK FOR WORN OR DAMAGED CABLES
CHECK GENERATOR CHARGING RATE
CLEAN TERMINALS . . . RECHARGE BATTERY

and when you MUST replace—



replace with a
DELCO BATTERY

Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES MANY VITAL PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA'S LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES



Today there are countless heroines in the homes, the hospitals and the factories, as well as in the war services. To them, Longines dedicates charming watches styled with simple lines. In each watch is the famous Longines "Observatory Movement". The illustrations above are greatly enlarged.*

Longines*

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Because of the war, only a very limited number of Longines Watches are available for civilians at Longines jewelers. If you want a Longines Watch for yourself, or as a gift, better make your selection soon from the watches now in your jeweler's stock. ¶ If you now own a Longines Watch, we urge you to take particular care of it for the duration. Have your Longines' jeweler clean it or adjust it regularly. ¶ A companion line to Longines—the Wittnauer Watch—famous for sturdy and dependable construction, is also for sale at Longines jeweler agencies.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc.
New York, Montreal, Geneva.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

on any terms. Where did you want us to go after all this noise is over?"

There really was an awful noise going on somewhere and lights were beating into her eyes and she finally understood, for the second time. When she slapped him, it made her arm ache to the elbow. His face receded rigid and frozen with realization, at last, and with horror—some fool had rung up the backdrop onto the third act set where they had been standing in shadow, and the audience of miners standing in the aisles, roaring.

And then Dan Cordret was gone, and she stood alone in the dark wings with her face in her hands.

All the way back to the Sea Moth in the boat the ladies and gentlemen of the company didn't say anything. The decks were empty, and the old second mate, establishing himself in a chair at the break of the quarter-deck, lit a cigar, blowing the smoke out as he looked to his pistol, ready for the long night watch.

In their cabin, Mrs. Tuttle didn't bother to brush her switch. Hanging it up, she mumbled:

"Chatto's a female sort of man, and tonight he's in a temper with you, but I'll do my best tomorrow, dearie. Don't you worry, now, a night's sleep, and the world will—"

"Please don't bother, Amalpha," Felicity said from her high bunk, motionless now, and dead-feeling. Mrs. Tuttle sighed and blew out the light. It was a great sacrifice, and Felicity loved the old girl for it.

It was hours later, black and lonely hours crawling slowly with horror, that Felicity sat up suddenly, awakened from some stupor of misery. Choking, groping with blind stiff hands, she felt emptiness beside her and the world was an empty blackness filled with something that clawed your throat with pain and kept you from breathing—and she fell a long way, clawing at trailing bedclothes on the way down, and then crawled gasping and punching with her fist into the lower bunk:

"Amalpha! Amalpha! Wake up—oh, please wake up. There's smoke everywhere. I think . . ."

STUMBLING up the companionway steps, she was shocked into blinking consciousness by a blast of air and a horrible wavering red glare of light, of burning gold. People were running and shouting, and she had a brief dazed glimpse of the stern davits, with the boatfalls hanging limp and abandoned. And then Dan's voice panting in her ear:

"Oh. There you are. I was just—Stay here, right here, until I come for you. I'll be—"

"Oh, Dan, Dan—what is it? I—"

"The hands," he said. "With the boats. They're gone. And that Hanlon set us . . ."

He vanished, running then, and in the great whipping red glare she saw Harry come up the companionway. Even among the uproar and the flames, Felicity stared at him, fascinated. Because he wore a sort of hair-net arrangement to keep his hair in place, and his nightshirt flapped nimbly at his heels as he galloped forward, shouting in a deep, manly voice. There was a chicken coop, where on the voyage some fowls had clucked like cabin passengers in their vanities and alarms, and with one gigantic heave, Harry threw it over the side and followed it with a great nightshirt-ballooning plunge from the rail.

Worrying about Mrs. Tuttle, Felicity peered back down into the smoky companionway. But she needn't have worried. With stately puffings, Mrs. Tuttle was coming up the stairs.

"Now, what's the pother?" she said. "I should have thought that for one night, dearie, you'd created enough uproar, but no, here you drag me out of bed to . . ." She emerged majestically from the companionway and stood on deck, ready to face man, hell or high water . . .

"Hell's delight!—The ship's afire!" she roared.

And diving overboard, she came up in a storm of shattered water and swam for shore like a porpoise.

Felicity, standing at the taffrail, watched her, and then turned to see the foremast begin to lean like a sagging tower of flame. The fore part of the ship, where Dan had gone, was incandescent gold. It was time to leave, and Dan was gone, and Harry, too, and Felicity stood on the rail, and, holding her nightgown at the knees with flattened hands so it wouldn't blow up over her head, jumped. It was a long way down, farther than it had ever looked, and the water was black and bitter-cold as death: and after she came up, her hair floated for a while, outspread, and then sank.

SHE was alone on black, bitter waters stained with fire. There was a dot, off yonder, which might have been Harry on his chicken coop. Blinded by the glare, by the pillar of rolling smoke which threw, backhanded, insolent sparks at the stars, Felicity couldn't see the lights of the shore, anywhere beyond the burning ship, but she started swimming.

It was a long time, and her legs ached horribly and she was breathing curdling salt water into her throat, and the ship was a stain of light, a rolling horrible smoke a long way behind her, when a hand lifted her chin, and another hand quieted her sinking shoulders, and a deep-panting voice said:

"Here. You can float. You can float on my finger, dear. It's under your chin."

And she could. It was Dan Cordret's finger, under her chin.

"Oh!" she choked. "You—"

"Now, now. Never mind," he "I think you need a navigator. Yo setting a course straight out throu Golden Gate. I followed you. I doned my ship. I haven't got any more."

"Oh, really," she said, able to b again, now he was holding h "Well, I haven't got a theater any either. Nor a job. Nor even any c You—"

"Easy does it, dear," he said.

"Oh, no," she said, swallowing mouthful of cold salt water. " you, it will never be easy."

"No," he said. "I'm . . . I Now."

"Never mind," she said. "I'm a cook, and miners look hungry. open a cook tent, and you can co the back door and I will feed you utterly stupid—"

"No," he said. They were fl quietly, and shore boats were c out. They could hear the shouts, way off. "I heard today of a place Angels' Camp," he said. "Up i hills where the gold creeks come from the High Sierras. I heard place called Chinese Flats, and I of the way the sun would set behi mountain there. That's up in th timber, and the creek would come ing down from the high snows and you look at your fingers at sun darling, they will be shining with dust."

"No. With love," she said, "you Looking back at the ship, they the masts come slowly down, a fl tangled ruin a long way off and fa hind them.

On the other shore, the hills dark and unknown against the They started, and they would reach coast empty-handed.

THE END



"That's in case we run short of firewood this winter!"

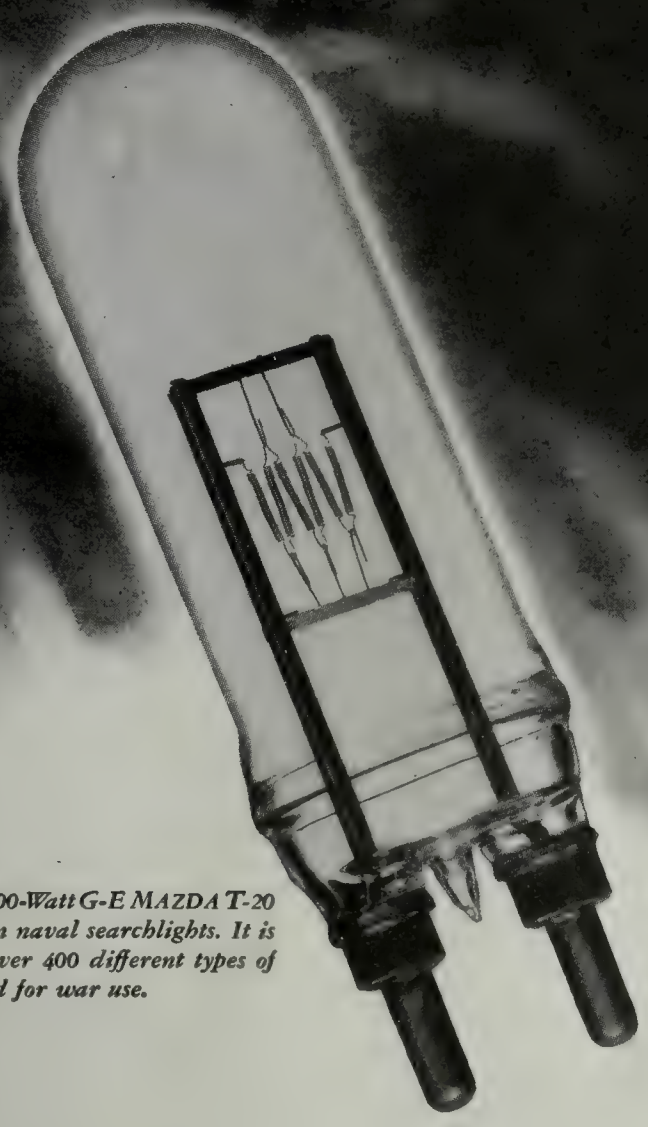
COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

"DID YOU BRING THE EVENING PAPER?"

Night. After five other nights of biting, freezing spray and mountainous seas. Five seamen and a third officer clinging grimly to a slippery, pitching raft. No water. One candy bar. Then . . . a stabbing finger of light, weaving . . . probing. It passes. Returns. A "PC" boat roars toward them, its guide a naval searchlight.

On the raft a braced figure manages to keep erect. He grins into the light of the big G-E searchlight. Grins and waves. "Hey you guys!" he yells, "Did you bring the evening paper?"



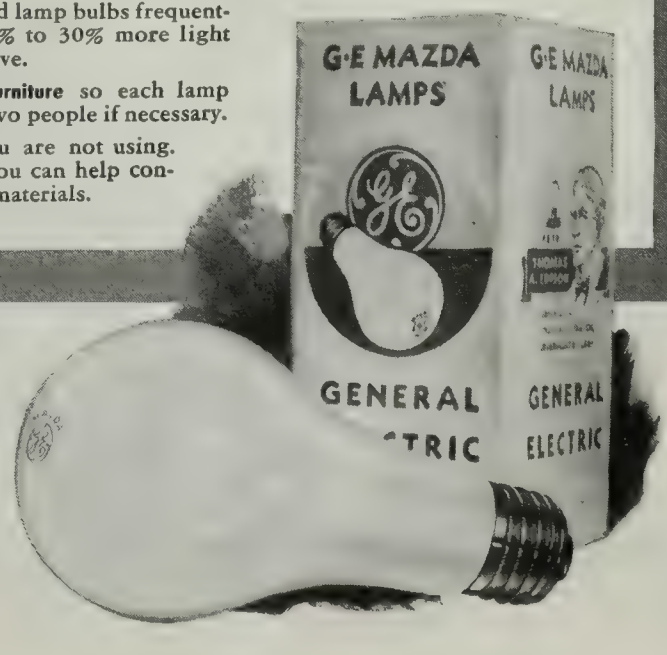
This is the 1000-Watt G-E MAZDA T-20 lamp, used in naval searchlights. It is only one of over 400 different types of lamps needed for war use.

Back Home on Elm Street, Pop moved his lamp a little closer . . .



Conserving eyes and bulbs is not only patriotic but important these days. That's why Pop moved his lamp. Here are some simple things you can do to help:

1. **Sit close enough** to the lamp to get all the help it can give your eyes. A difference of a few inches may mean 50% less light.
2. **Use white shades** or shades with white linings (re-paint or re-line 'em if necessary).
3. **Clean lamp bowls** and lamp bulbs frequently, to get from 25% to 30% more light from lamps you have.
4. **Move lamps and furniture** so each lamp can serve at least two people if necessary.
5. **Turn off** lamps you are not using. This is one way you can help conserve critical war materials.



G·E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

The Story Thus Far:

IN TOKYO, Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs, a young American journalist, loses his job with a great news service. Within a short time, however, he has another—pinch-hitting for Gregory Cogswell, a noted radio broadcaster, in Shanghai, while Cogswell (secretly in the pay of the Japanese) is in Manila.

In the great Chinese city, Nick sees much of a charming girl: Betty Gaspard, whose father (a Frenchman) is strongly anti-Vichy; and soon he and Betty are in love. . . . Gaspard is kidnaped by his enemies, taken to Saigon.

Like the Frenchman, Nick makes some powerful enemies; and a group of them—Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American secret agent; Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles; Ernst Sperling, a German Nazi, and others—decide to have him "eliminated."

Obedient to cabled orders, Cogswell directs Nick to join him in Manila; and Nick prepares to sail—on the Maréchal Joffre, bound for Manila *and* Saigon. Meanwhile, Betty has learned that her father, in prison in Saigon, is to be accused of disloyalty to his country, and tried. So, when Nick sails she sails with him, hoping to reach Saigon and protect her father.

Ernst Sperling has a wife. Nevertheless, he makes frequent calls on a beautiful Indo-European—Madame Manis Vooren, who (as the German is well aware) is in love with Cogswell. In the course of one of his visits, he tells the woman that Cogswell will meet Nick in Manila—and discharge him! He says, furthermore, that, after Betty and Nick part in Manila, they will never meet again! . . .

It so happens, though, that the Maréchal Joffre does not go to Manila—it goes straight to Saigon! There Betty and Nick part; and Nick phones a hotel, asks for a room. The clerk informs him that no rooms are available. As he does so, Harold Makita, who professes to like Nick, and who has just flown in with a military mission, steps forward, orders the clerk to find a room. The clerk assures Nick of a room, after which, Makita and some Japanese newspaper correspondents examine the register.

"There!" one of the correspondents exclaims, pointing to two names. "That's a convenient room. And the officers who occupy it are now on the terrace. A couple of young pilots."

VI

MAKITA grinned. "Convenient? Good. Give Mr. Griggs room 37," he told the clerk. "Lieutenants Minami and Ichinomiya are leaving." He looked at his wrist watch. "I must keep an appointment," he said to the Domei men. "Yagi, you know, is one person it isn't prudent to keep waiting. Tell those pilots to get their stuff out immediately. If they can't find a better place, they can sleep in their squadron barracks." He signaled his chauffeur, parked in the Place de Théâtre; then he called over his shoulder to the Domei correspondents: "Say hello to Griggs for me. Tell him I'll be seeing him in a little while."

Makita had not seen Yagi since the day they were both ordered south from Shanghai, for Yagi had left earlier on another plane.

Nick opened the door to a sl... Japanese, a civilian, who smile... cantly. "Oh, I so sorry," he said, ... ing away. "I go wrong room, ...

Yagi was waiting for him on th... anda of a private home set far ... from the street and hidden behind ... neatly trimmed hedge. Coming ... denly out of the bright sun int... shaded half-light of the porch, M... barely recognized him in his ... shorts and sports shirt.

"We have our friend Mr. Grigg... with us, *ne?*" Yagi said, pleasantly. ... is almost a diversion among our ... serious problems."

"The Maréchal Joffre did not st... Manila—" Makita began.

"*Ah, sa,*" Yagi said, smiling. "A... you have provided him with room ... ber 37 at the Hotel Continental."

Makita's jaw dropped.

"You have done well," Yagi ... "Mr. Griggs is now a simpler pro... There is no International Settleme... which he may retreat, *ne?*"

"I haven't seen him yet, but left ... that I would be back," Makita sai...

"He is now a simpler problem," ... repeated. "In fact, he may now be ... to be of service to us."

"Will we permit him to remain?" ... kita asked.

"For the present, do not hamper ... Yagi said. "There will soon be ... duties for you, but for the momen... keep yourself informed of his activ... The cables he files, the notes he m... the conferences he seeks, may all ... interesting." He pulled his sticky ... away from his chest. "If he is as ... getic here as he was in Shangha... may provide us with worth-... items."

Makita nodded.

"Now we need no longer depen... Mr. Cogswell to control his comm... cations," Yagi said. "I will fix no ... for your return, but come to me ... you believe you have something o... portance—or amusement."

THE climate's got him, Makita tho... as he drove back to the hotel. ... was almost human. And then he thou... Maybe it's because things are co... our way.

The Domei men were drinking ... tails on the terrace when Ma... reached the Continental.

"He's checked in," the paunchy ... said to Makita. "He will join us ... drink. He remembered me. We ... ered Matsuoka's return together."

"Hiya, pal," Makita called, se... Nick step out from the lobby. "Are ... going to follow me all over Asia?"

"I was wondering who was follo... who," Nick said.

"That's a nifty," Makita said. ... I'm practically a native here—got in ... days ago. Shanghai was never like t...

The waiter brought a round of dr...

"Here's to our Greater East A... said the paunchy Domei correspond... beginning to blubber.

A half-dozen Japanese soldier... white shorts walked down the cente... the street.

Nick said, "Are these the boys yo... been training all these months in ... mosa? Don't tell me you don't kn...

"You guessed it," Makita said. ... don't know." He grinned at Nick. "C... around for an interview tomorrow. ... night, how about dinner and a loo... the town?"

"Why not?" said Nick.

It developed, as he expected, ... there was more drinking than explo... The Domei men passed out before ... night. Makita stayed on his feet ... became incoherent. Nick drank wa...



A WORD FROM THE
MEN WHO BUILD THE
CANNON YOU CARRY
THROUGH THE SKY—

KEEP 'EM FIRING!

You've got a tough job, and we know it. You had to be *good* to get in the Air Corps in the first place. You worked hard and long, learning how to bank and roll and dive and slip, until you felt as natural on wings as on your feet. You spent tedious months practicing aerial combat tactics. And now you're up there fighting in earnest! On your own, alone at the stick, it's up to you to out-fly, out-think, out-shoot any enemy who comes your way. There's a split-second in every duel when everything you're fighting for depends on your fire-power. *Your cannon must not fail!* We at Oldsmobile realize that only too well. We who build automatic fast-firing cannon for fighter planes know how vital it is to build them *right!* It's the greatest responsibility we have ever faced. We know that we've got to do our job as thoroughly and skillfully and aggressively as you do yours! And we're giving our fighting best, every last man of us, for you *and for Victory!*

SIGNED, *THE MEN OF OLDSMOBILE*

FOR VICTORY, BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS!

In addition to aircraft cannon, Oldsmobile also builds cannon for tanks—shot and shell for tanks and artillery.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF "*FIRE-POWER*" FOR THE U. S. A. ★

and went to bed sober. But it was hard to sleep, worrying about Betty and having to wait until noon to see her.

At a quarter to twelve, just in case Betty should be early, Nick seated himself under the awning of the Continental Terrace, on the Rue Catinat side. He ordered a beer, lit a local cigarette which made him choke, and tried to puzzle out more of the morning newspapers. On nearly every page, there were blank spaces—censored columns—and, after a while, he decided to fill them for Betty. He drew a series of horrible profiles, all facing the same way.

At noon, the terrace filled up as though by command. The Japanese officers sat with Japanese officers. The Frenchmen sat with Frenchwomen who looked as though they had all bleached their hair by command. The women conducted themselves with too much animation. They twisted themselves in their chairs, called across tables, uttered high-pitched stagy laughter and constantly powdered their ruined complexions, bleached more fiercely than their hair by the remorseless climate.

NICK turned from their vivacious voices and lackluster eyes to look at the narrow, blinding street. The keepers of the tobacco shop, the cosmetics shop, the gramophone shop and the bookstore had already drawn down their metal shutters; they would not raise them until three o'clock.

On foot and in the *pousse-pousse*—the rickshas propelled by coolies pedaling tricycles—the Annamite women showed up better than the French, he thought. They carried themselves nobly, they wore their glossy dark hair in royal wreaths. Their wonderfully colored tunics, narrower than Shanghai dresses, were slit higher to show their full fluid satin trousers. At twelve, even at twelve-ten, Nick could have enjoyed watching their slight figures move past him. At twelve-thirty, he could not watch anything but his wrist watch.

Dixon did not help, coming to the table with the tobacco man and saying, "Where's Betty?"

"I don't know."

Dixon and the tobacco man were stylish in white shorts. From their belts down, they looked the picture of how the *pukka sahib* should dress in the tropics. From their belts up, with their shirts plastered to them, they looked like miserable northerners actually in the tropics.

"What do you make of it, Nick?" Dixon said, as he and his friend sat down at the table. "Better come along with me to Singapore, what? You can't tell when the French will let another boat stop at Manila."

"You know, most of the British still here are leaving on the Faucault," Dixon's friend said.

Presently, the tobacco man lost interest in Nick, after he learned that Nick did not play golf, was tired of bridge and had never been in Hollywood. Nick did not lose interest in him. The tobacco man had a full tin of American cigarettes. It was easier to wait for Betty, smoking an American cigarette instead of a local one.

By one-thirty, he morosely consented to go into the dining room with his two companions. He insisted upon a table at a window opening onto the terrace: Rue Catinat side.

After he left them, he applied at the hotel desk. There was no message for him. He had not expected one from her, only from Cogswell. There was no note in his bedroom, and he had not expected one from her there, either; only hoped.

He took a cold bath, changed his linen and put on a freshly laundered suit. Outside, the stores were again unshuttered; a *pousse-pousse* coolie followed him, urging him to ride. He shook his head. The American consulate was only a few blocks away.



COLLIER'S **"These things certainly fill you up, don't they?"** LOUIS JAMME

The consul was pleased to see him. He was a plump man with moist heavy circles around his eyes. "I heard an American came in on the Joffre," he said. "I guess you were on your way to Manila."

"I still am," said Nick.

"Well, there aren't many Americans left here," said the consul. "I believe most of them will leave on the Faucault for Singapore and go to Manila from there."

"That's an idea," said Nick. "If I could only get some kind of word from my boss, in Manila."

"Did you cable him from here?" asked the consul.

"Radio from the boat."

"Oh. Then he surely got it."

"Do you think a message from him to me might be intercepted?" asked Nick. "Even here, care of the consulate?"

THE consul reached for a pillow off the lounge and, with it, smothered the telephone on his desk. Then he answered, "Anything's possible here."

Automatically Nick hitched his chair closer to the desk. "What's going to happen?" he said.

"Well, they'll take Thailand for one thing," said the consul. "The rainy season is over very soon up by the border."

"Just like that? We don't do anything to stop them?"

The consul raised his eyebrows and did not reply. He held out a tin of cigarettes; he had American ones, too.

Nick said, "I want to get out some kind of a story."

"Of course. Still, I shouldn't advise you to cable anything from here," the consul said. "Or even to make full notes. Singapore is about the nearest place from which to get out stuff safely."

"Thanks," said Nick. "I guess they really do everything here but tail you."

"Oh, there's no doubt they're following you; probably they know how many times you snored last night," the consul said. "Most of us have a crick in our neck, from looking behind."

After that, Nick started to look behind him, to halt abruptly and jerk around. But he never saw his shadower. Once he was sure he saw Yagi in a Japanese staff car. Once he thought he saw a Frenchwoman with naturally dark hair. But nowhere did he see Betty.

She said she would meet him at twelve on the Continental terrace: some day.

The following noon, he became superstitious and did not select a table until the clock struck twelve. By twelve-thirty, she had not arrived and this time he lacked the heart to scribble on the blank columns of the morning papers.

Makita joined him when he was starting, wretchedly, on his second beer. "How do you like this little burg?" he said, seating himself. "Or haven't you had time to give it a real once-over?"

"I've seen enough of it to come to the conclusion," Nick said, "that it's hot."

"And how," said Makita. "Although the French here, they know how to live. They either sleep or sit out here, drinking wine." He whistled. "The Paree of the Orient."

Nick rose and checked himself from darting forward. She was here after all. She was getting out of a *pousse-pousse*. Her hair was soft and it wasn't bleached. She had on a dress he had probably seen before, only it looked different. She looked like a million dollars.

Makita rose too. "If it isn't Betty Gaspard," he said. "I haven't seen her since once in Shanghai."

Betty did not remember ever having met Makita. She acted as though she remembered Nick but did not know him too well.

MAKITA leaned his elbows on the table and settled himself more cozily and Nick nearly groaned aloud. Until this jerk goes away, he thought, I can't ask Betty about her father, I can't ask her about herself, I can't tell her I was worried and I love her. He said aloud:

"Makita flew here. He left Shanghai after we did." He looked fondly at the Nisei. "You must be awfully busy down here. Not much time to sit around, you know, like the French?"

"Time's what I've got nothing but, today," Makita said genially.

"Then I guess we ought to have a drink," Nick said in a sour voice.

An hour later, Makita said, about going inside for lunch?"

Nick looked mournfully at Bet

"I guess so," she said in a de voice. "We're probably all hungr

The waiter was testy, the tabl was soiled and there was a cont howl from a party of Japanese o spilling wine on a long table in th ter of the dining room. But N seemed to enjoy the atmosphere. said once, dismally, "The Paree Orient."

Then he caught Betty betrayin self, her disappointment alterin face. He began to plot.

His manner toward Makita b gallant. He said: "Let's have cof the terrace."

It was warmer under the awnin inside under the ceiling fans; bu sat there stoically until three o when the shops across the way reo

Nick jumped up. "Be back in minute," he said brightly. He loo Betty, as he added: "Don't move

Across the street, in the gramo shop, he rented a machine and th half-dozen records he could g hands on. He was grinning as h turned to the terrace.

Betty seemed nervous. Makita l perplexed. Both of them opened mouths wide when Nick said. " Betty and I have to go up to my now to practice our dance steps."

He put his hand under her elbo almost lifted her to her feet. closed her mouth. Makita's wa hanging open as he followed them and to the stairway.

"In all this heat—" he began w

Nick laughed. "Betty and I a veloping a rumba that's—" he g in the air, as though searching f word, and then he almost stuck h ger in Makita's face—"okie-doke

INSIDE his room, after he lock door, he placed the machine o table, inserted a record and star Under the cover of the loud dance they whispered.

"They have it all planned for Fa Betty told him. "His court-marti take place next week. Before th will be moved to another prison the courtroom."

Nick shivered.

"We have a plan," she said. "It that I'll leave on the Faucault, sec

"For Singapore?" said Nick, what about your father?"

Even under the protection of th sic, she was uneasy and moved cl him. "We plan to have him on the cault, too," she said.

"Neat," he answered. "Only, he going to get away?"

"Father is weak," she said. "N turbingly ill, but so weak that it pected only one guard, the van will transfer him to the new prison night, just after dark, not later seven, though. The guard is with

"All right. And then on the shi

"The captain is on our side, too

Nick's face lighted. "I'm goi that ship."

"It leaves tomorrow."

"Just when I planned to go," he "Even the American consul advis to take it."

She smiled slowly. "That's p Since, on the ship, we're only sure captain and he may need assistan

"What about before that?"

"A sampan will row Father out Faucault tonight," she said. "The is to return to the old prison v forged receipt from the new p Father shouldn't be missed unt day of the trial. If everything right."

The machine ran down and, as rose to wind it, a key rattled in th Hastily he pulled Betty to her fe



"— takes Brawn-food, these days!"

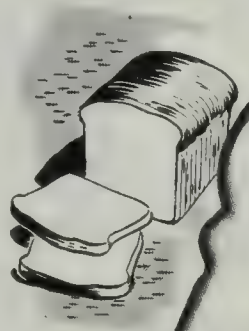
You can't wield one of these rivet-bounding babies hour after hour on ladybird food. It has to be real hunger-routing grub that stays with you and stiffens your spine and spirits.



What's good is plenty of bread. You can prove it. The records show that more bread is being eaten where brawn is building ships and guns. More bread is being eaten where engineers turn blueprints into miracles.

More bread is being consumed by our Army and Navy and Air Corps — men in training and at battle stations.

What kind of bread? Not the war bread you read about — not ersatz. For here in America our bread is a lusty, nourishing, white loaf that's a champ energy-food. The white bread most bakers bake is enriched with extra helpings of Vitamin B_1, niacin and iron to help keep up your "bounce."



Eat other foods, of course. But to keep up to full war strength, go heavy on bread. Enjoy an extra slice or two at every meal. And urge the rest of the family to follow your example.

MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B_1.

Bread *is basic*

HISTORY

WE DID IT BEFORE . . .





Here are two Champion Spark Plug advertisements of 1918. They dramatically portray the part that Champion played in World War I and are again playing in World War II against the same arch-enemy. Time has improved the type, the size, and the striking power of the engines of war as well as the capabilities and dependability of Champion Spark Plugs.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAR

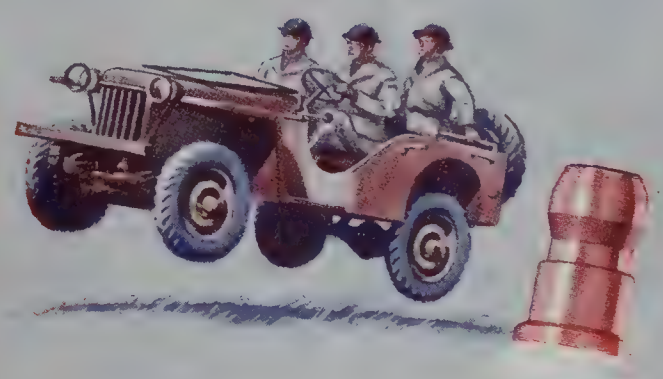
REPEATS

WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!





1942





Champion Spark Plug performance now as in the past is the result of the most exhaustive research, the most advanced engineering and manufacturing in the spark plug industry.

Today, as in the past, Champions are the only product of a company devoted exclusively to the production of better, more dependable spark plugs.

More and more of our output is being used in wartime engines—engines which present wholly new problems in design, performance and operating conditions almost daily.

But on every front today Champion Spark Plugs are winning new laurels for absolute dependability.

On the home front Champion Spark Plugs are serving too—keeping engines economical and dependable, and revitalizing engines which are, of necessity, being prolonged in service for the duration.

Now as then, Champion Spark Plugs excel and outsell throughout the world.



More Vital - More Dependable than ever!

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



SOCKS TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

That's what you want 'round your ankles *now*—socks that deliver—Westminster's! Close-knit for warmth against wintry winds; full-sized for foot-action comfort—and woven the Westminster way for walk-a-lot wear! In looks, price, fit and wear they're socks to be thankful for—Westminster's!



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

began to prance around the room. The key continued to rattle. As if he had just heard it, Nick shouted:

"Sounds like someone at the door."

He opened it to a strange Japanese, a civilian, who smiled vacantly. "Oh, I so sorry," he said, backing away. "I go wrong room, please."

"Your error," said Nick. He closed the door, rattled the key from the inside, reopened it and looked out in one swift movement. The Japanese was opening the door to the right.

Nick closed his door, changed the record and moved closer to Betty.

"I don't understand all of your plan," he whispered. "Is the guard taking your father right to the river in the van?"

She shook her head. "He stops en route," she said. "At a certain pharmacy. At the back, there will be an ordinary car, you see, and another driver to take Father on to the river."

"That's better."

"After that, it's necessary for the guard to pass through a control gate in the governor general's compound, en route to the new prison," she whispered. "And then to turn around as though he had accomplished his mission—of delivering Father."

Nick frowned. "Only he hasn't got anyone in the van when he goes through the gate?"

"We hope no one will look inside," Betty said. "He must take that chance."

"Well, so do you and so does Henri."

"It's got to work," she said. "And I've got to go back now."

"Wait a minute," he said. "I've got an idea. I'll ride in the van from the pharmacy past the compound gate."

"You can't. You're followed."

"I'll shake them."

"But how would you ever get out of the compound?"

"Easy," he said. "I was in there only this morning, seeing the governor general. What's to keep me from going back? I'm an American. The Vichy boys don't want to start anything with Americans. Not yet. Where's the pharmacy?"

The moment she gave him the address, she was troubled again. She said: "I must ask them. If they object, you'll have a call or a message within an hour and you must promise me not to go."

"There won't be a call," he said. "All that worries me now is: If something goes wrong, will you be on the Faucault anyway?"

"Only if I'm told Father's on."

"Well, then I'd be on there and you wouldn't and what would happen to you and me?"

She whispered: "It's got to work." Then she opened the door and hurried away.

HE THOUGHT, waiting for exactly sixty minutes to pass, that all he needed to do was to evade the man next door and maybe Makita if he was still around the hotel. He could do that, he could do everything—play a sick man in the van, play the inquiring reporter around the governor general's compound—but he could not insure all details of the escape or guarantee that Betty would be on the Faucault.

The telephone did not ring. There was no message. He walked out of the hotel, neither too fast nor too slow; crossed the Rue Catinat and strolled into the gramaphone shop. Then he acquired speed, darting out of the side entrance, into the Arcade, skimming through the L-shaped Arcade and jumping into one of the *pousse-pousse* stationed on the Boulevard Bonnard side. No one seemed to be following him.

The pharmacy was in the center of a row of small shop fronts that looked identical, except for their signs and their wares. Its door was closed and there were no lights within. Nick tried the doorknob. It gave. He closed the door behind him and stood uncertainly in the dark. By the time his eyes became adjusted and he thought he saw someone moving behind the counter, he heard an old man's voice:

"Wait at this side, please."

He moved toward the counter and again he waited in the dark and in the silence.

Presently he heard a car halt outside. The door opened; two men entered; one had a dragging step. The other spoke. He said, "Quick."

Nick followed him. As he got into the van, he heard the man whisper: "I will not lock the door. You will get out when I give you a signal."

The van started. Nick stretched out on the bench, his sun helmet over his face. It seemed a long time before the van stopped and he heard the driver say:

"One prisoner. A transfer."

"Proceed."

The van moved on a short distance and again halted. The driver whispered, "Now. Wait here five minutes. Then, good luck."

Outside the van, Nick could not at first identify his surroundings. Then he recognized that he was at the side of the governor general's residence. He followed the driveway past the front steps, down to a gateway.

"Your governor general's a busy man," he said to the guard at the gate. He hardly recognized his own voice.

The guard grunted and Nick walked out onto the street.

Heading toward his hotel, he thought: Now, all I have to do is to wait for tomorrow. That will be the toughest part of all.

THE Japanese driver halted the staff car before the airy, elegant three-story house where a Saigon rice broker had dwelt until Bunshiro Yagi appropriated it. Makita left the car and opened the grilled gate which still bore the French broker's sign, *Beware Dangerous* [illegible] and he told himself: I hope the old [illegible] low is still as cheerful as he was [illegible] days ago.

Yagi's secretary showed him in [illegible] small study and closed the door. [illegible] nearly an hour, the secretary did not [illegible] appear, but at last, Yagi was ready [illegible] see him. As he followed the secretary [illegible] he caught a glimpse of a general, [illegible] bull-shouldered and bandy-legged [illegible] his creased, hot-looking boots. M[illegible] could not identify him.

He thought: it looks like the [illegible] event is pretty near.

YAGI eyed him coldly. "Has [illegible] Griggs so soon produced some [illegible] of importance?" he asked.

"He bought passage on the Fau[illegible] two hours ago," Makita said.

"He has received no instructions [illegible] Mr. Cogswell?" Yagi asked.

"None."

"I did not think he would," said [illegible] "When Mr. Cogswell wirelessed [illegible] seeking advice, I replied that he sh[illegible] do nothing at all. For the present.

"Griggs hasn't heard from an[illegible] since he reached Saigon," Makita [illegible]

"He sent messages?"

"Not a word," said Makita. "An[illegible] far, there's nothing from him in[illegible] American consul's pouch that's [illegible] on the Faucault."

"If Griggs is leaving himself, [illegible] would be no need of sending any [illegible] in the pouch, *ne?*" Yagi said.

"I believe he suddenly made u[illegible] mind to go," said Makita. "He [illegible] have submitted letters to the c[illegible] earlier."

"*Ah, sa,*" said Yagi. "And why h[illegible] suddenly decided to go?"

"I don't know," said Makita sin[illegible] bracing himself. At this moment h[illegible] cided against telling Yagi that no[illegible] knew where Nick was for several h[illegible] last evening.

Yagi motioned impatiently to his [illegible] retary. "Do not disturb me until I [illegible]



"Sure, eighteen dollars a week is all right to start, but if I ever become Mrs. Wotley I want you to know that's just chicken feed"

Steel Workers Hail Health for Victory Club!

EMPLOYES CLUB OF SOUTH WORKS, CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION, STAGES GIANT RALLY AS EATING-FOR-HEALTH PROGRAM GETS UNDER WAY

Now, over 500 South Chicago women have joined the Health for Victory crusade! Eagerly, intensely, wives and mothers of workers who are members of the Good Fellow Club of the vital South Works Plant listened at their first meeting while Mrs. Julia Kiene explained the importance of good diet to health. "Eat right and feel better, eat right and work steadier," said Mrs. Kiene. "Above all, eating right means more pep and vigor to keep war production rolling at top speed."

To help war workers keep physically fit through proper food, is the main objective of the "H for V" Club sponsored by the Employes Club at this Carnegie-Illinois Plant, and over 250 other war plants throughout the country. At monthly meetings trained Home Economists demonstrate "Why We Need Vitamins," "Milk in the Wartime Diet," "Lunch Box Planning" and a wide range of other wartime food subjects. New Meal-Planning Guides distributed at each meeting, suggest health-building menus and recipes for every meal in the following month.

Started by Mrs. Kiene, Director of Westinghouse Home Economics Institute, for our own employes, the "H for V" Club is rapidly spreading to war industries everywhere, through electric service companies.

War workers, as well as nutrition authorities, approve "H for V" as a sound, practical program to increase the health of our "Soldiers of Production."

NOTE TO HEALTH FOR VICTORY CLUB MEMBERS: *If your club has just been organized, the meeting this month will demonstrate a subject of vital interest—"Protective Cooking of Vegetables." If more than two meetings have been held, the feature will be "Stretching Your Meat Dollar"—a particularly timely program.*



"O'er the Land of the Free"—with swelling patriotic fervor, 500 voices join in the National Anthem, and pledge themselves to build a healthier America with properly balanced meals.



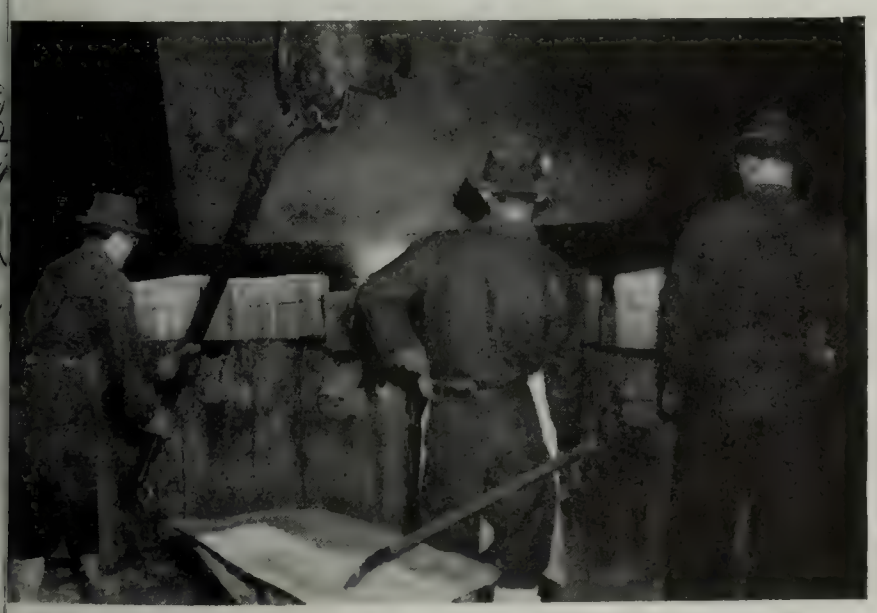


(Left) **"H for V" Club Charter** is accepted by B. M. Livezey, General Superintendent of plant, in name of South Works employes. *(Right)* **Mistress of Ceremonies,** Mrs. M. J. Devaney, talks over "H for V" program with G. P. Wardley, Assistant Vice-President of Industrial Relations, Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation.





(Left) **"Do You Pack a Lunch Box?"** and other registration card questions are used in planning future menus. *(Right)* **Women Bring Children,** rather than miss meeting.



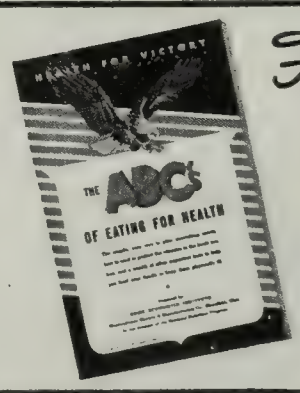
Pouring a Heat demands skill and strength. Steel workers require hearty, energy-building food, like that recommended in appetizing "H for V" menus.



$14 to $16 a Week feeds family of five the health-building menus suggested in Meal-Planning Guide.



Future Generations, as well as war workers, will benefit from nutritionally sound meals.



Free! **THE ABC's OF EATING FOR HEALTH!**

16-page booklet shows easier way to plan health-building meals.

Also tells how to cook foods to retain valuable vitamins and minerals, *with the cooking utensils you now own* . . . how to store foods to preserve nutritive qualities, and a wealth of other up-to-date information on meal planning and nutrition. Send for free sample copy.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
278 Fourth Street, Mansfield, Ohio

HEALTH FOR VICTORY—*a contribution to America's war effort by*

Westinghouse



Copyright 1942, Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.

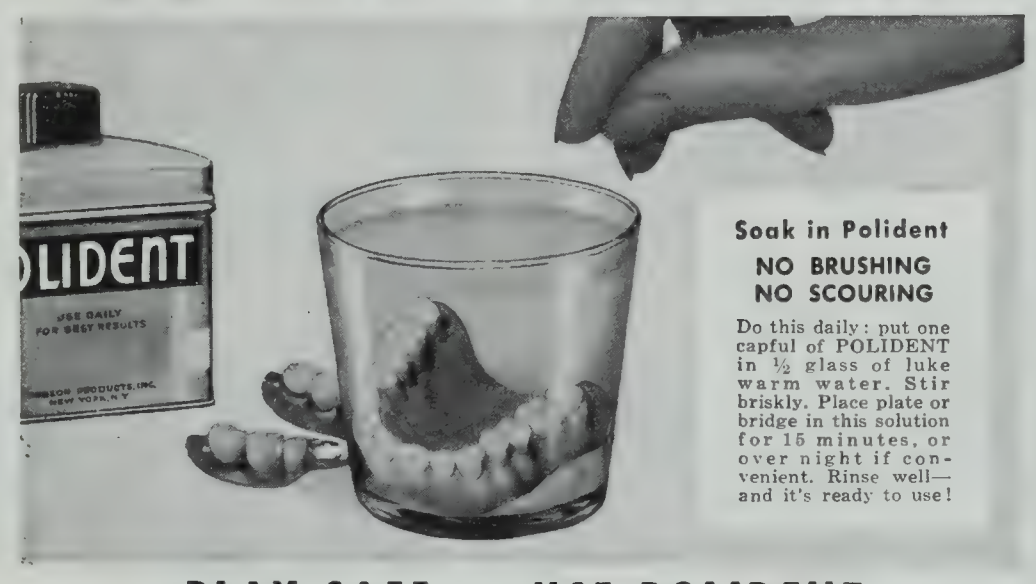
ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCE DIVISION

BRUSHING
WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS
MAY RUIN FALSE TEETH



TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS —and household cleansers are not intended for false teeth—dental plates are much softer than natural teeth. Many of these "makeshift" cleaners wear down important "fitting ridges"—scratch polished surfaces, causing stains to collect faster, cling tighter. Continued use may ruin dental plates.

DO THIS EVERY DAY!



Soak in Polident
NO BRUSHING
NO SCOURING

Do this daily: put one capful of POLIDENT in ½ glass of luke warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes, or over night if convenient. Rinse well—and it's ready to use!

PLAY SAFE...USE POLIDENT

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident *dissolves* the cloudy film and ugly stains . . . *dissolves* food particles from hard-to-reach crevices and corners. The purifying action of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of dentures—without danger of scratching them or wearing down the important fitting ridges.

Soaking in Polident means less handling and therefore less chance of breakage than when old-fashioned brushing methods are used.



Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The dark film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know if you have it—*but others will!* Yet POLIDENT quickly dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

POLIDENT IS APPROVED

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

Only 30¢ at All Drug Stores

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢; Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. Costs only a fraction of a cent a day. At all drug stores. *Your money back if not delighted.* Today get Polident.

BUY WAR BONDS

POLIDENT

BUY WAR STAMPS

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

mon you." He turned to Makita: "Tell me what he has been doing."

"He has been very energetic," said Makita. "In everything except writing out his reports. He has visited Governor General Decoux, he has been pestering the press officer at General Sumita's headquarters for an interview with the general, he has been running in and out of the American consulate, once spending an hour there with the editor of the suppressed Annamite newspaper.

Yagi said, "What did General Sumita's press officer tell him?"

"We merely gave him no definite answer."

"He has compiled no reports whatsoever?"

"Only some scribbled comments," said Makita. He reached in his pocket for a pad. "After he saw Decoux he made a few notations: 'the usual claptrap—British deserted French army; democracy through, people need discipline; Japan protects France's interests Indo-China.' "

"And his notes on the Annamite editor?"

Makita flipped a few pages. "Just a few reminders: 'Educated Paris; natives detest French; Japs sucking up local Quislings; thinks U. S. and China only hope for Orient.' "

Yagi said dryly, "It is clear he has developed an unfair bias against Nippon."

Makita nodded. "Which he will spread from Singapore."

"If he reaches there," said Yagi.

Makita reflected for a moment. Then he said: "The ship leaves today."

"Would he remain here if he believed General Sumita would receive him tomorrow, or the next day?" Yagi asked.

"I will try," Makita said. "And if not?"

"Then it will be wisest to permit him to start on the Singapore ship," said Yagi. "Although it is still worth your time today to determine if he has acquired impressions of military decisions."

"I can see him to the boat," said Makita.

"Should he insist on departing, yes," said Yagi. "Then, if he reaches Singapore we can leave him to Mr. Cogswell who will know how to deal with him without embarrassing us."

"Maybe I could hold him by saying you, too, would give him an interview," Makita said.

"No," said Yagi firmly. "If he doesn't wait for General Sumita's promised audience, let him go. Your responsibility will end when the ship departs. If he goes, report to me tomorrow. I have work for you."

Makita bowed, hurried to his car and directed the driver to speed to the Continental.

HE FOUND Nick in his room struggling with the straps of a suitcase. "Trying to give me the slip?" Makita said. "And where were you around dinnertime last night?"

"Around," Nick said. He looked as though he were in a bad humor or agitated about something.

"Why didn't you let me in on your sailing?" Makita asked. "I could have told you I'm trying to fix it for you to see Sumita."

"Sure."

"I'm not trying to sell you a package," said Makita. "I've just about got an interview all set for tomorrow afternoon."

"Send me the transcript," Nick said. "Address: Singapore."

"He's been darned busy," Makita said plaintively. "In a day or so he'll be settled and able to sit down and chat."

"So the war's over," said Nick. "Interesting."

Five Annamites entered for Nick's two suitcases and portable typewrit

"That's too much to give them," M kita said, watching Nick hand tips all of them.

Nick counted the remaining bills his hand. "This leaves me just enou piasters to get onto the boat," he sa and followed the Annamites from t room. He waved to Makita. "See y in the funny papers."

"Wait a minute," Makita called. " take you to the boat in my car."

"Don't bother," Nick said.

"It's no bother."

Nick sighed. "Well, why not?" It w daylight, he thought, and it was only short run through populous streets.

When they got to the river, Nick s the Faucault moored in midstrea surrounded by cargo barges. Along t muddy shore Annamite coolies wait beside sampans, competing for t ship's passengers.

While Nick picked up his typewrit coolies snatched his suitcases, and M kita followed them onto the sampan.

Well, at any rate, he's not going Singapore, Nick thought as he glared Makita. They exchanged no words the Annamites paddled the sampan t tween barges to the side of the Faucau

WHEN he climbed the badly slu ladder to the ship's only deck, Ni began to feel sick with misgivings. board, with Makita yapping beside hi he saw Hindu deck passengers, crouch in the stern among crates of foul-sme ing duck eggs; he saw the Europea clustered sociably at the stern. And though he had not expected to fi Betty and her father out on deck, recognized now that he had taken an i escapable and irrevocable step.

In the presence of Makita, in the pre ence of passengers who might tattle, a crew that might be inimical, he dar not try to learn if she was on boa Finesse it, finesse it, he told hims roughly; you'll find out when it's ti to be told. Only, that would be af the Faucault was on her way to sea. something had gone wrong between t pharmacy and the ship, if she had stay behind, what then? He could take t boat right back to Saigon, sure, with week, more likely two weeks lost; a all the time he would not know wh had happened to her or if she would in Saigon when he went back to find h For that matter, he thought grim there was always the possibility that the meantime the Japanese mig strike. Then, he would never see h again.

This kind of dread, slippery as dream, dilutes you. He found hims agreeing with Makita, although scarcely knew what he was sayi When the immigration officers, seat at two small tables amidships, called him, he halted, wheeled and approach them like an obedient soldier.

Then he saw that the officer exami ing his papers was Gignoux, the unde cover De Gaullist, the one Betty sa was her father's friend. He became hi self again, alert, ready to accept a cro of the inspector's finger as a clue.

Gignoux flipped through his pape stamped them and handed them ba Looking at him without recognition, said: *"Voila, Monsieur."* Those we his only words.

Makita said, moving a few steps aw with Nick, "Who you looking for? Bet Gaspard?"

Nick stiffened.

"Isn't she even coming to tell y goodby?"

"I don't know."

"What happened? You two have fight when you were practicing yo dancing the other afternoon?"

"Yes," said Nick. "I stepped on h foot."

Makita looked puzzled. "Okie-doke

h said. "We better go down and take a ook-see at your cabin. You'll find y rself without baggage, if you depend o these Annamites."

Nick wiped his forehead with the s eve of his jacket. "You don't need to b ther to go below," he said. "We can s/ so long right here."

"No bother at all. Come on." Makita s rted down the steep stairway. Nick g mly followed. Below, in the long rrow saloon that was just large ough to accommodate one long narrow ning table, he thought it might give n intense pleasure to strangle Makita. e thought he would enjoy hiding the rpse in his cabin until he could push i through the porthole.

WHEN he saw his stateroom and decided there would not be room to hide Makita's body. Stumbling over some orn, expensive traveling bags, he oubted that there would be room for mself.

Makita looked at the tags on the luge. "Nifty," he said. "You're bunkg with your old pal, Dixon."

"Dixon," Nick cried out happily. Let's look for him. I forgot all about ixon. Let's look for him quick."

Dixon, hedged in by several Britons, ll as palace guards, was standing in triangle of slack ropes attached to the eering gear at the stern. The tobacco an, his wife, a fiddle-faced woman, eir wan little boy and their wan fide-faced little girl, sat on a sloping vered wooden hatch. Everyone but e children held a toothbrush tumbler his hand; and Dixon kept the mugs rt filled with whisky.

He found an extra glass for Nick but ne for Makita.

"I'll get one," said Makita and started way. The children tagged after him.

The tobacco man addressed Nick: "Do u want me to get rid of him?" He set own his glass. "I'll do it up properly."

Nick said: "No. He'll be leaving under his own steam."

When Makita returned with a glass, e tobacco man's wife said: "Where re my children?" She looked as though e suspected him of eating them.

"They were playing with a little boy ttached to his mother with a harness," aid Makita.

One of the wives said, "Rhoda Trumine's little brat. He bites."

The tobacco man said, "Rhoda Trumine should never have had anything ut dogs."

"Her filthy dogs bite everyone," said is wife. "We never allow our children o go there."

As she spoke, her little boy ran to her, howling, his sister at his heels. "Rollie tried to bite him," the little girl said importantly.

The woman who had spoken earlier nodded briskly. "What did I tell you? Rollie learned it from the dogs."

The mother patted her son's behind. "You're not hurt," she said. "Stop whining and be my little Spartan."

Nick thought gloomily: Maybe it would help if I had been brought up to be a little Spartan. From where he stood, he could see the length of the starboard deck; by moving one foot to the left, he could see the length of the port deck. Forward, on both sides, chloroformed hogs in wicker baskets were slowly being hauled onto the deck. He wished he could be chloroformed and revived at the exact hour when he would learn if Betty was on board. Then he began to taste the new torment that would visit him when the captain said: No, it did not work. She did not come.

All the other props for a nightmare had been set up, he thought: The stench of the livestock, the flogging heat, the squalling children, the game adults overplaying their roles, outdoing Kipling. His imagination fattened and he looked wildly around for someone who looked like a ship's officer. He had seen no one but barefoot Annamites and a few unshaven Frenchmen in dirty jeans. Maybe they would start off to sea without a skipper. There would not even be a captain to give or take away hope.

THROUGHOUT the long afternoon, he stayed at Dixon's side. Makita wore down and became silent. The children flung themselves on the hatch covers and slept. The British cheer sounded more artificial.

At teatime, Makita left. By dinnertime, the ship was moving. The British washed their children and washed themselves and sat, expecting worse cooking than their own, at the single table in the stifling, smelly saloon. Nick stayed above. He did not want to eat any kind of cooking. He sat in the dark, watching the lights flicker on the Japanese ships moored in the river, wishing himself somebody else, somewhere else.

When he tried walking, he saw a man at the table on the open deck amidships where Gignoux had refused to speak. It was one of the unshaven Frenchmen, eating his dinner by a hurricane lamp. He looked up as Nick passed and, with his mouth full of bread, beckoned to him.

"You're Monsieur Griggs, aren't you?" he said, chewing.

"Yes," said Nick. His mouth felt dry.

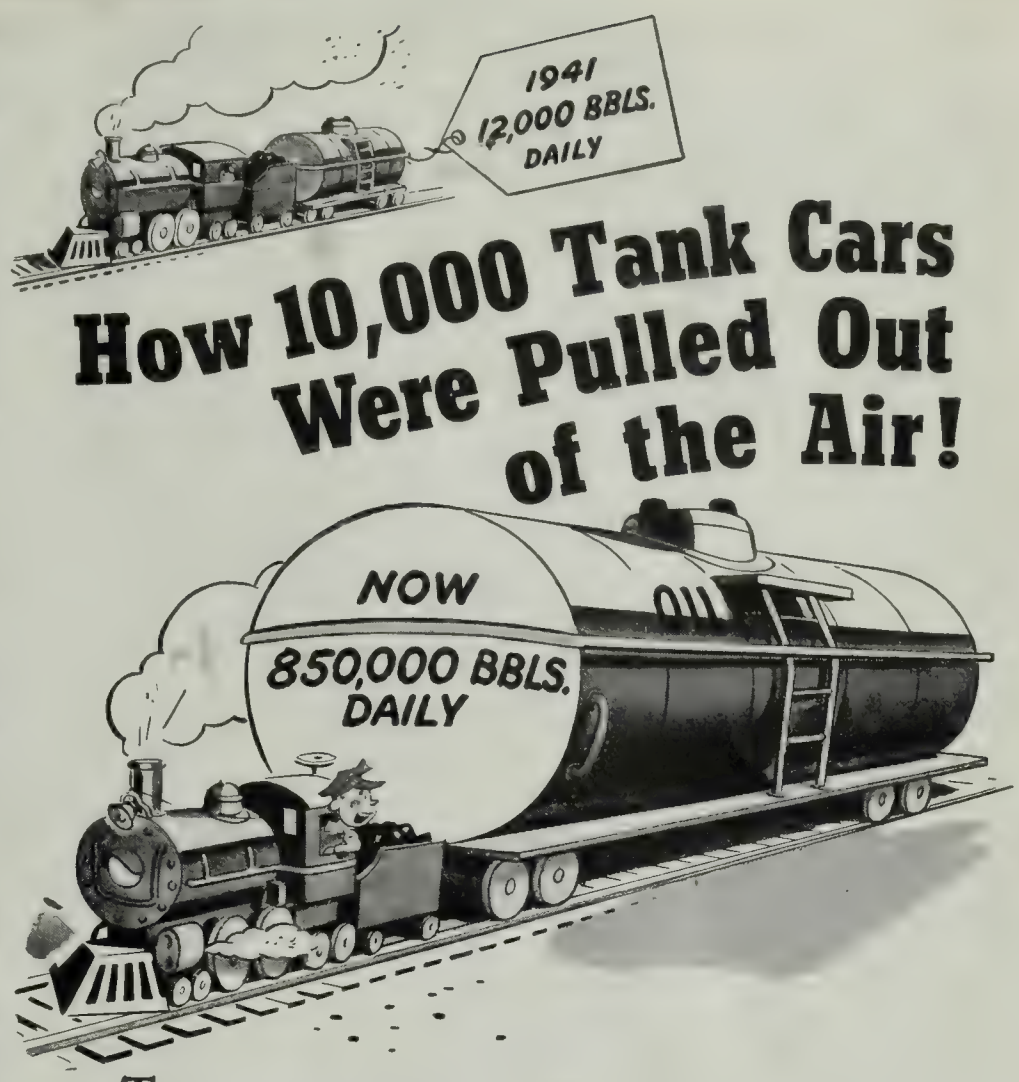
"I'm the captain." He looked around and lowered his voice and said, "They're in my cabin."

(To be continued next week)



"We thought it was someone in costume until he refused a drink"

COLLIER'S GENE STANLEY



How 10,000 Tank Cars Were Pulled Out of the Air!

This is a story of headlines.

The first headline reads, "Navy Announces Two Tankers Sunk in Atlantic".

The second headline says much the same: "Fuel Runs Low in Massachusetts". Hot water becomes a luxury in New York. Cars without gasoline stand idle in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Virginia.

What to do?

America turns to her railroads. Can *they* carry a greater share of the load?

They can and they *do.*

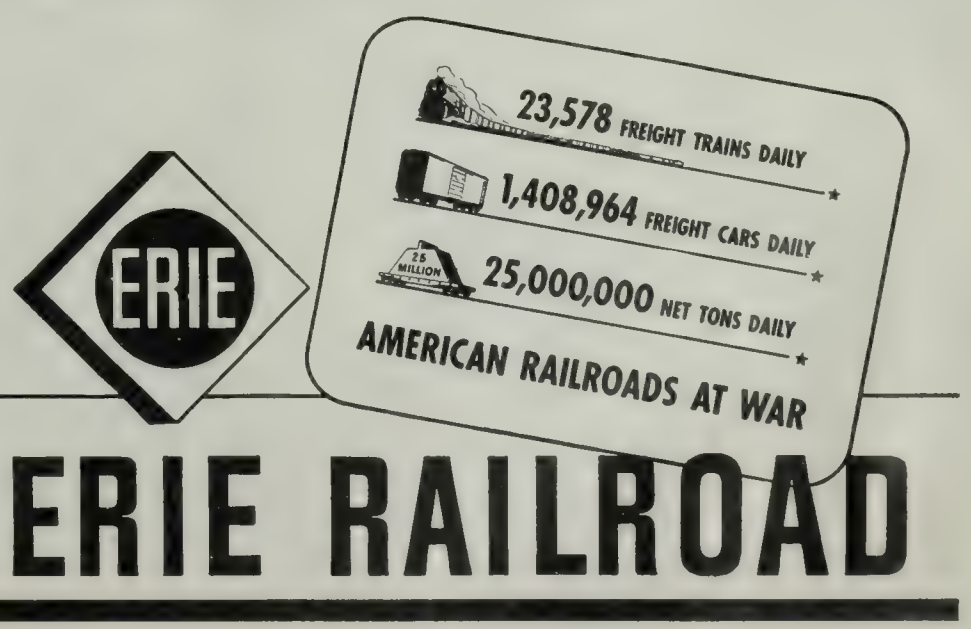
Starting with normal shipments of 12,000 bbls. of oil a day, the Erie together with other railroads doubled this figure. Then we doubled it again and again until we are carrying 850,000 bbls. a day. Seventy times as much today as in 1941!

It takes years of "know-how", the pooling of facilities, and the interchange of new operating ideas to make one train do the work of many—to pull 10,000 tank cars out of the air.

The wholehearted support of government agencies helped. So did the cooperation of civilian shippers and car owners. But the most important factor was a *will to serve* the American people that is present all the time.

In spite of every submarine in the Nazi navy, fuel oil and gasoline are going through.

And the last headline reads, "Threat to Comfort and Health of America's Homes Banished".



ERIE RAILROAD

Better Men in Better Tanks

By J. D. Ratcliff

How much can a tank's crew take and still fight efficiently? That's what our tank doctors are finding out as they fight heat, fatigue and thirst; gases, noise and contusions. Their experiments are improving both men and machine



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROY PINNEY

l. Stanley M. Kiern with a throat microphone, ich makes conversation possible in tanks. The voice picked up from the Adam's apple, not the mouth

Lt. L. M. Eichna tests the reaction of Pvt. W. M. James on the ballistocardiograph table, an apparatus recording momentum of blood thrust out at each heartbeat



THE tank is buttoned up. Outside, the hot wi howls. Coarse Egyptian sand blasts against t machine's armored hide. Inside, the temperatu climbs past 150 degrees. The commander, drench in sweat, traverses the turret, touches the firing bu ton on the 75-millimeter cannon. The driver tugs steering levers and the co-driver, eyes glued to periscope, waits for a target to come into his g sights. War in North Africa? No. Medical resear in Kentucky.

This is the new laboratory set up at Fort Knox study the health hazards of the tank. For a whi tanks got out of hand. Engineers loaded them wi performance. They got too good for the men wh ran them. The new lab has the job of finding exact how much men can take—then redesigning tanks fit these limits. If some slight change can lift the eff ciency of tank crews 4 or 5 per cent, that is more va uable than additional fire power. It gives our sid a tremendous edge.

Like the plane, the tank is a product of enginee ing evolution. The first tanks that rumbled throug the dawn mist on the Somme, September 15, 191 were pretty sorry machines by modern standard They were built to move with infantry—at 4 mil per hour. They carried 6-pound guns and had onl enough armor to turn rifle fire.

This war brought a new concept of tank functio Hitler's quarterbacks changed the rules. They sa the tank as a fast, powerful weapon, operating we ahead of infantry. It would blast its way throug fixed positions and let the infantry, trailing miles be hind, consolidate these gains. But the machine whic would do this work had little relation to World War tanks. It traveled upward of 30 miles an hour, ha enough armor to withstand moderate artillery fir and carried heavy guns. It was designed by tactician who didn't bother to consult physicians. As a result tanks forced men up to the limits of human endur ance—and sometimes beyond that point.

Making Tanks Habitable

Makeshift changes in tank design were impera tive. After having numerous men gassed by the fumes of their own machines, the Germans added supplementary ventilating fans. We added sponge rubber padding at strategic spots to reduce skeleta injuries. Better safety belts and crash helmets were added. Still, these things failed to get at the fundamental problem: How much could men stand? What changes in tank design would make them more efficient? Was it possible to reduce noise and keep temperatures within reasonable limits?

These problems worried Colonel Albert Kenner Armored Force Surgeon. He took them to the Army Medical Corps, the National Research Council, and the Office of Scientific Research and Development He outlined his case. There had been scattered tank research—some of it good. The British had studied the effects of concussion—by putting goats in tanks and firing point-blank at the machines. The Germans had done a lot of work on the psychological requirements for men who fought in tanks. And our men had conducted a number of studies on claustrophobia—fear of confined spaces—which washes a number of men out of the Armored Force. Still, these were minor and unrelated attacks on a big problem.

The Air Corps, Colonel Kenner continued, had faced the same situation. Planes were becoming so good that they threatened to surpass the abilities of the men who manned them. So the Air Corps set up a magnificent laboratory at Wright Field, Dayton. Work done at this lab was in large part responsible

How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production



The War Production Drive Committee of the Radio Tube Plant in Harrison, N. J., meeting to plan new ways of "Beating the Promise." (Left to right): G. D. Watson; J. Titchworth; W. J. Langan; Miss Martha Fitzpatrick; A. A. Priest; Miss Mildred Parks; J. N. Mayer; G. W. Crawford; Robert Youngquist; C. E. Burnett; David Sloan; W. L. Van Keuren; A. F. Watters, Chairman.

Take a *good* look. Because this little group is symbolic of a larger group of over 130,000,000 who are going to lick the stuffing out of you.

They're known as the RCA Victor "War Production Drive Committee to Beat the Promise." They represent the many thousands of determined workers of RCA Victor engaged in a common cause . . . to speed production on vital war orders.

What about results?

Well, RCA Victor, prior to the start of our Nation's Defense Program, was a substantial producer of radio communications equipment for the armed forces. But 1940 production was four times greater than in 1939. In 1941 it was four times greater than for the previous year—sixteen times ahead of 1939. And for the first six months of 1942 was 49 times greater than the average monthly output for 1939!

Now take another *good* look, Adolf, and while you are looking, note a few of the "Beat the Promise" posters below—just one phase of a complete production campaign which has been adopted in whole or in part by 141 other war-producing industries. It's this kind of activity and spirit that will bring about your final defeat!

RCA Victor invites inquiries from all firms now engaged in war production, concerning these posters or any part of its "Beat the Promise" Campaign. Address RCA Victor, Dept. BTP-1B, Camden, N. J.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!

RCA VICTOR

A Service of the
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Let these Victory Posters help speed war production in your plant

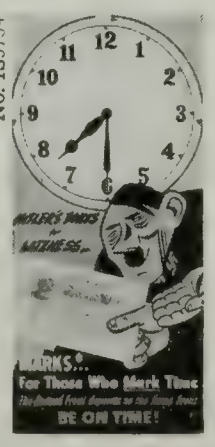
No. 1S5687



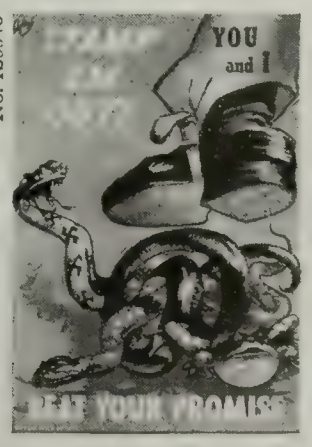
No. 1S4807



No. 1S5734



No. 1S5348



No. 1S5778



These five full-color posters, typical of scores that were displayed in every plant since October, 1940, proved effective weapons in RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign. The one at extreme right is a life-size cut-out of Hitler, and is being used to promote the newest phase of the campaign under the slogan "The Second Front Depends on the Home Front." All these posters were inspired by employees of RCA Victor and are available, at cost, to other manufacturers engaged in war work.

"A heelth tae ye an' yours frae th' hearts o' me an' mine"

With a toast it is sincerity that counts; with Teacher's, the Scotch for hospitable occasions... "It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



THE POWER OF A NAME

Today, when buying underwear, it's more important than ever to look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They assure you of Coopers patented construction that provides masculine support . . . the convenient *Y-front no-gap opening . . . knit fabrics that free you from bind or squirm and are easy to launder. You'll still find Jockey by Coopers the most comfortable underwear made under present wartime restrictions. *Λ *The source of support*

Coopers INC
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

for the spectacular performance of our planes at high altitudes. The Armored Force needed scientific work of a similar nature.

Everyone who listened saw reason in his arguments. There was a job to be done—and in a hurry. Funds were set aside and last April, work started on the $500,000 lab. Top research men were recruited from all over the country. Lt. Col. Willard F. Machle, big and businesslike, dropped his job at the Kettering Laboratory of Applied Physiology to head the staff. Captains William Bean and William Ashe came from the University of Cincinnati; Lt. Steven Horvath from the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory; Major Theodore Brackett from the National Institute of Health; Major Theodore Hatch from the University of Pennsylvania. Altogether, a dozen top-ranking researchers joined the staff.

Colonel Machle went off to England to talk to British research groups and check on what they had done—so there would be no duplication. Meanwhile, construction men were rushing work on the laboratory, placed off in a corner of the vast Fort Knox reservation. Staff members went to the Armored Force School to learn the rough-and-tumble art of tank warfare. They learned to drive tanks and fire guns — so they would have firsthand knowledge of the problems they were to work on.

The Dangers of Sandstorms

The completed laboratory is a scientific wonderland. It is equipped to reproduce conditions the Armored Force may encounter at any spot on earth.

Temperature in the room can be held at any point up to 158 degrees. Any degree of humidity can be achieved. Blasts are available to reproduce sandstorms—and sand has been imported from all the war's major battlefields for this purpose. This is an important point. Sand may be sand to the casual observer, but not to the research man. Particles vary in size from a hundredth that of a red blood cell up to the size of a grain of table salt. One produces dust pneumonia, another silicosis, another "tank throat." Dust masks for men and dust filters for engines must be designed for specific jobs.

The cold room at the other end of the building reproduces arctic conditions. This, too, is big enough to hold a tank. Temperatures can be dropped to minus 62 degrees, and artificial snowstorms produced simply by admitting moist outside air. When lights are switched on at this bottom temperature, nothing happens. Heat is conducted away from lamp filaments so rapidly that they fail to light. But if they are switched on before the temperature dives, they continue to provide illumination.

Gases produce a host of tank problems. Oil fumes from the transmission are annoying. Nitrous fumes from explosives produce a quick-acting pneumonia. Carbon monoxide from engine exhaust is lethal. Keeping these gases below danger levels is a prime laboratory problem.

In a typical experiment, a tank engine is allowed to idle for an hour or so in a hot room. Every few minutes a researcher takes a vacuum-bottle sample of air inside the tank. Meanwhile, another worker is taking blood samples from the tank crew—to check toxic concentrations in the blood. If this work indicates danger, the tank will get a larger ventilating fan.

Fatigue is another factor of tremendous importance. A tired man doesn't function as well or as efficiently as a rested man. In the hot fury of a tank engagement a fresh crew has a big edge over a weary enemy. So one of the lab's jobs is to eliminate as many fatigue factors as possible. Take the case of ta seats. It was a strain on short men reach for clutch pedals, or for gunn to have to crane their necks to rea periscopes. Such minor effort can more than annoying—it can bring general bodily fatigue. This is partic larly important in a tank, where ever one must function as a member of team. The team is only as strong as weakest member.

Realizing all these facts, the labor tory undertook a large-scale study sitting postures, and made sure th tanks got seats that could be adjust to fit all men.

In the laboratory, tank crews g orders to execute maneuvers—and through the same motions they wou go through in battle. These mythic engagements may last two or thr hours. Then researchers pounce on t subjects. Blood samples go to t chemical laboratory for analysis. If t much lactic acid is present, the man h been overworked. The tanker's reflex are checked and he is subjected standard performance tests—putti square pegs in square holes and th sort of thing. If excessive fatigue h impaired his efficiency, ways must l found to ease his job.

Ability of men to adjust themselv to various climatic conditions is anoth subject vital to the Armored Force. the desert sun, tank plates get so h that they burn hands. But the body cooling system is such that many m can withstand temperatures which wou roast a leg of lamb. Some men, that i Not all men. Even for those who ca stand it, excessive heat is apt to pla hob with efficiency.

Studies in this field represent a lot laboratory work. It is costly and foo ish to train a man for tank warfare Kentucky, then find that he can't adju himself to the climate of North Afric So the lab strives to determine in ac vance how a man will react.

Hotter than Libya's Desert

In a typical experiment, a crew mar a tank in the hot room—getting orde to execute mock maneuvers. They wor just as hard as they would if they wer facing Rommel in Egypt. As they worl research men check pulse, blood pres sure, temperature. If a man gets feve ish, if his blood pressure rises and hi pulse falls, it isn't likely that he will b much good in a hot country.

Yet the scientists are finding out tha it is possible to condition men for al most anything. Arctic explorers hav noted this. And the Germans have pro vided an artificial method of condition ing men for the Afrika Korps. For te days they do hard work in a gymnasiur heated to about 120 degrees. At the en of this course, they fly directly to Africa Our Army is doing much the same thin under natural conditions at the trainin center. Temperatures at this swelterin

THE HUNTERS

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

The brilliant story of a man who made many women pay for the hurt one had done him

A great new novel beginning in next week's Collier's

oot run, on the average, about 10° otter than temperatures in the Libyan esert.

Similar work is going on to determine an's ability to adapt himself to cold. Food and water requirements of tank orps men are getting a lot of thought. Inder working conditions at high temerature a man may lose as much as 3 allons of water a day—and a proporionately large amount of blood salt. If eat fatigue or heat prostration are to e avoided these must be replaced. The aboratory is working out exact data.

Work on nutritional requirements is arely getting under way—but exerimental procedures are thoroughly orked out. A man is placed in a tank, quipped with a nose clamp and a outh tube. The air expired by his ungs is analyzed to determine carbonioxide content. This is an exact measire of the amount of food that has been urned into energy. It provides a ethod of determining the calorie requirements of the men. This is important information in determining the dequacy of hard rations—used on long ampaigns. If the ration doesn't supply nergy requirements, the man's effiiency goes downhill rapidly.

Air-Conditioning for Victory

Besides these physiological problems, he laboratory also does work in the echanical field. There are scores of roblems here. One is a tank heater for old-climate fighting. Engines generate ast amounts of heat, but most of it is arried away by exhausts. So far, no ethod has been found to harness this eat. As a result, in cold-climate fighting, tank temperatures drop to a level nly a few degrees above that of outside air. And men can't do their best work at these frigid levels. If a lab can find a heater which will keep our tanks going while the Nazis are frozen up, we will have a staggering advantage.

At the other end of the line, an air-conditioning system for tanks would give us a big edge in the desert. Intense heat stops most African activity in the summer. But if we had machinery to cool tanks we could keep going—with disastrous effects to the Germans. The laboratory men are thinking of a small, compact cooler which will lower temperatures only enough to make life tolerable.

Other problems crop up. Noise is one of them. In a full burst of activity, noise within a tank rises to 120 decibels —the decibel count at the base of Niagara Falls is 85. A clever device overcomes this so far as man-to-man communications are concerned. The tankers wear a dog collar with a microphone placed directly over the larynx. Thus, voice is picked up from the Adam's apple—and not the mouth. It is transmitted to others via earphone. So sound isn't a problem so far as communications are concerned. But it does have a nerve-jangling effect sufficiently troubling to suggest the study of soundproofing possibilities.

Other mechanical problems arise constantly. Steering levers on some models require a pull of 60 to 80 pounds. This is fatiguing—particularly so because cramped quarters rule big men out of tank jobs. This has been corrected by installing boosters. So the tank is gradually evolving as a weapon built to fit the capabilities of the men who run it. In essence, the job of the laboratory is to determine how much wear and tear human beings can safely stand—and see that tanks are designed to fit these limits.

Not long ago a naval flight surgeon described the ideal Navy flier as a man: "twenty-two years old, not married, not in love, broke." The laboratory is writing a similar though far more exacting description of tank corps men; one which has to do with reflexes, blood picture, metabolism, adaptability. Our arsenals are turning out tanks at an ever-increasing tempo: 45,000 in 1942, 60,000 in 1943. The lab's job is to see that we have men who can get the last ounce of performance from them.

THE END

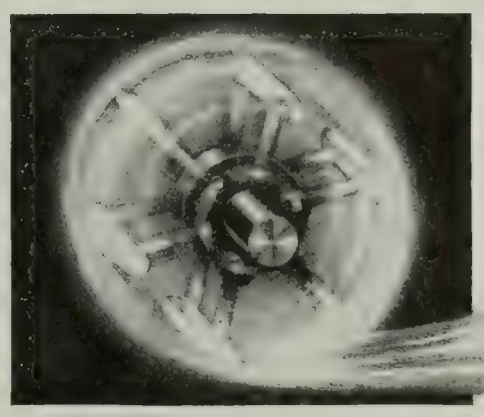


COLLIER'S "Six months ago this was just a toy factory!" BANDEL LINN



For cleaner, brighter teeth use

KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

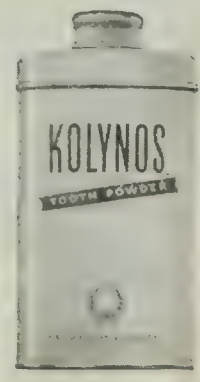


It's SOFTER, GENTLER, SAFER because it's Micro-Pulverized!

This is the Micro-Pulverizer—it grinds and re-grinds tangy flavored Kolynos until it's light as thistle-down...superfine as an expensive face powder. And, as your own dentist may have told you, a powder as soft and fine as this is sure to be safe...gentle...*really good to your teeth!*

Combines the foaming action of paste with the cleansing action of powder!

That's because the new Micro-Pulverized Kolynos transforms into bubbly foam as you brush your teeth. And this foam is so fine in texture that it gets in the crevices . . . helps the toothbrush whisk away those hidden food particles that often cause discoloration and decay. Ordinary surface stains disappear after a single brushing! What's more, the new Kolynos has a tangy, bracing flavor that's new and different. It's wonderfully refreshing...lingers on after each brushing.



Try Kolynos Tooth Powder at our risk. You must agree that it does a better job of cleaning your teeth . . . refreshing your mouth . . . or you get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

IT'S GOOD TO YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT'S SUPERFINE!

Day of Reckoning . . . *made in U.S.A.*

THE Day of Reckoning is here . . . a day of destruction . . . *made in U. S. A.*

The Axis...first to resort to the savagery of mechanized warfare . . . must now answer to an aroused, united, vengeful nation of master mechanics.

Those who sought to destroy whole cities from the air are discovering that the kind of warfare they began is now turning against its creators . . . with ever-increasing fury.

Here in America, day and night, the entire aircraft industry is working round the clock to turn out more and more planes to darken Axis skies.

To speed the day of Victory, all of us are straining every nerve to build as many as possible of *next* year's planes *this* year. And in doing so, we have accomplished something that had always been thought impossible: We are building heavy bombers by *mass-production* methods.

Battleship of the Air—the Liberator

From our huge Consolidated plants comes a 24-hour-a-day flow of heavy bombers . . . chief of which is the Consolidated B-24, known as the Liberator.

This giant 4-engined bomber — 28 tons of winged destruction — is truly one of America's most formidable aerial weapons. With its trans-oceanic flying range, the Liberator can reach overseas objectives under its own power, fully loaded, in a matter of hours.

We're sharing the Liberator

Naturally, we're proud of the Consolidated Liberator. And we're proud to share her with others, in the common cause of Victory. That's why we've turned our blueprints over to Douglas, Ford, and North American. Teaming up together, we shall put even more Consolidated-designed Liberators into the skies.

Big bombers for the Navy, too

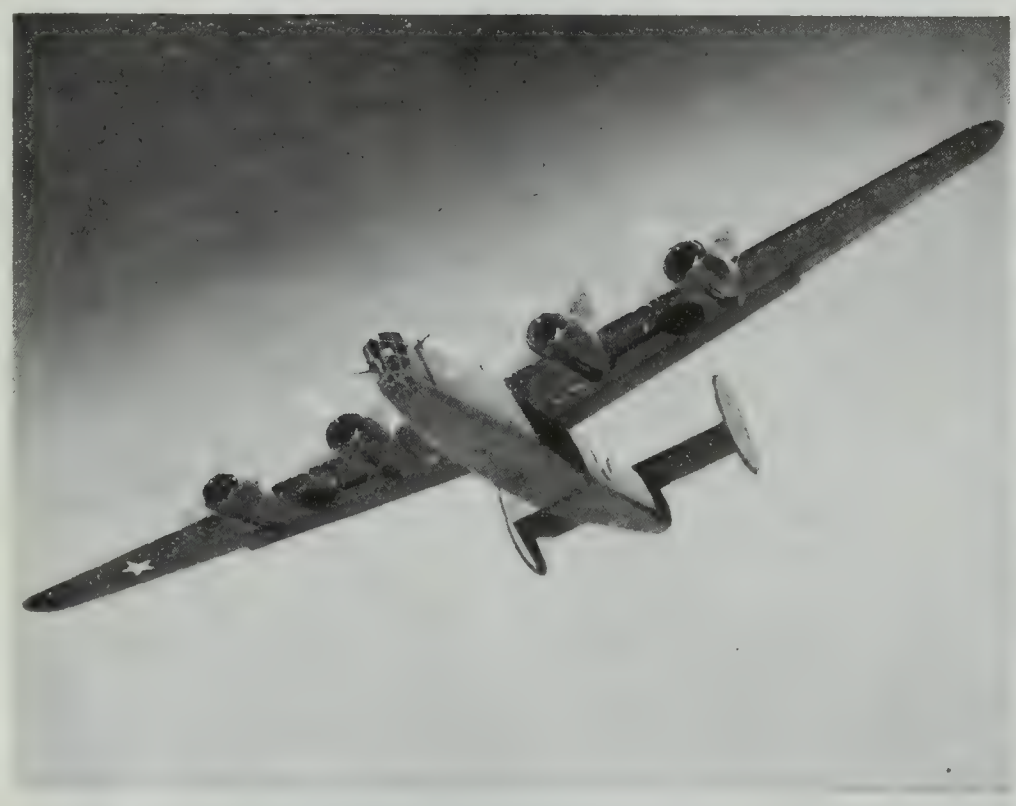
Consolidated is also turning out huge PBY and PB2Y flying boats. Known as Catalinas and Coronados, these aerial giants have been giving good account of themselves in the work for which they were designed.

But, fine though American bombers are, you can rest assured of this: Consolidated, along with others in the aviation industry, is now developing bombers that will surpass even today's best. In the meantime, we are not forgetting for one moment that a bomber in the air today is worth *three* a year hence. *Consolidated Aircraft Corp., San Diego, Calif. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*



CONSOLIDATED builds Battleships of the Air*

**Originator of the LIBERATOR . . . CATALINA . . . CORONADO*



A veritable battleship of the air, the 28-ton Consolidated Liberator is one of America's ace 4-engined, long-range bombers. It can fly under its own power, with full bomb-load, across the Atlantic in a very few hours... or across the Pacific to Hawaii and then on to Australia.



Moving down America's first heavy-bomber assembly line, 24 hours a day, Consolidated Liberators are trundled out onto the apron into the hands of the test pilots. Cargo-transport versions of the Liberators are daily ferrying stores and supplies across both oceans.

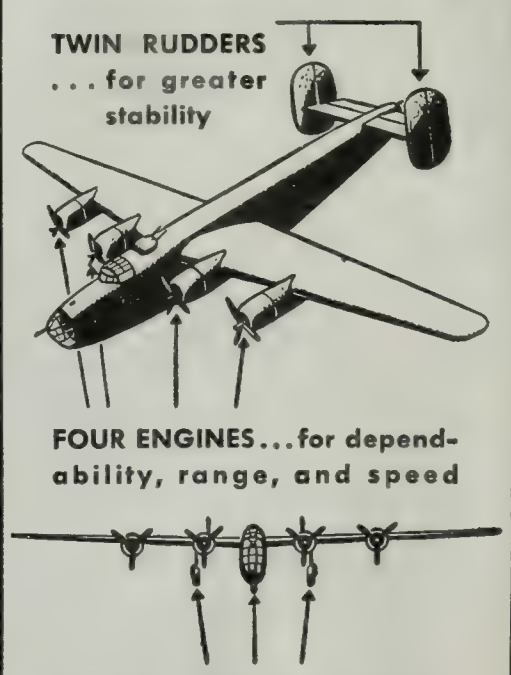
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

With terrific striking power, and accuracy unknown until now, American heavy bombers continue to blast the nerve centers of tyranny and oppression.



"Eyes of the Fleet"—Consolidated also builds the PBY and PB2Y flying boats, known as the Catalina and Coronado. The 33-ton, 4-engined Coronado (*above*) carries a tremendous bomb-load, is literally an aerial dreadnaught. Equipped with a complete galley and sleeping quarters for its crew, this giant patrol bomber has a trans-oceanic flying range, can stay aloft 24 hours at a time if need be.

How to spot the LIBERATOR (B-24)



Virgie and the Jump-Crazy Marine

Continued from page 17

"Where you going, scamp? You'll get snake bit," he called.

"What the devil are you doing out here, Virgie?" asked the colonel. "Your mother's going to punish you good for this. Get in the back seat."

Virgie didn't bother to rise out of the reeds. She just rolled down the dune into the road. She got up, brushing sand out of her hair. She crawled into the rear seat of the little car, pushing a Thompson submachine gun off the cushions and onto the floor.

"Careful of that tommy, kid," said the captain. His name was Barry Wilson and he was one of Virgie's best friends.

"We're going to take a little trip over on the mainland," said the colonel, "and I guess, little pest, that you'll have to go along since your mother has gone for the afternoon."

The jeep fled along the road to the ferry. Once on the mainland they came to a stretch of rough road, and Virgie bounced around on the back seat. It had been two months since Colonel Grew had been transferred from the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., to the Corps' great new base at New River. And Virgie had changed a lot. The hot North Carolina sun had colored the little girl's face a flushed pink, which blended smoothly with her sweetly sullen, crossbow-shaped mouth and her vivid hair. Her hands were brown and her plump knees were rough, from rolling in the sand.

ALREADY she loved the wild shore country. There was the broad green river, flowing into the angry Atlantic. There were the forests of tall turpentine pines and spruce and gum and pecan.

"These are sure beautiful boondocks," Virgie said to her friend, Sergeant Michael J. "Asiatic" Donohoe.

Asiatic was at New River, too. When the colonel had left Washington, Asiatic had put in for and secured his own transfer to the school for paratroopers at the new base. The Grews had been at New River for only a day when the big sergeant reported for duty at the training center. It had been like that, always, as far back as Virgie could remember.

Donohoe was a wild private with the Fourth Marines when the little girl was born in Shanghai. And when she was a toddler in Shanghai and Chungking one of the first persons she had learned to know was Sergeant (sometimes Corporal and Pfc) Donohoe. Asiatic had followed the colonel for duty in London, San Diego, Quantico, Washington and, now, North Carolina.

The jeep left the main highway and started up a side road that was gashed through the somber pines. Through the trees, Virgie could see the dark green waters of the river. A formation of amphibian tractors, like a family of ducks, moved down the stream. On the river bank, a platoon of helmeted Marines was resting after a combat problem. The platoon's rifles were stacked. The officers were sitting under a tree smoking. But the kids of the platoon were not resting. Some of them were wrestling on a sand spit, using the tactics they'd learned in the hand-to-hand conflict classes. Some of them were throwing knives, with remarkable accuracy, at tree trunks. Two of the boys had their rifles and they were practicing the exchange manual.

"There are people in this country who think our boys are soft," said the captain, with a laugh. "I wish they could watch these New River Marines for about a half-hour."

"These kids spend all their spare time beating the hell out of one another," said the colonel. "They never want to rest."

Gently, so the men in front would not hear, Virgie picked up the submachine gun and held it fondly. The gun was new, without even a scar on the butt stock. The little girl slipped out the drum-type magazine and began to field-strip the weapon.

"How's Asiatic getting along in parachute school?" the colonel asked, casually.

"Too darn' good, sir," replied Wilson. There was a serious look in his eyes. "He's so good that I'm pretty sure I'll have to throw him out of the school. And I might even have to secure him in the brig."

"I don't get it," said the colonel. "I would have sworn that Donohoe would make an ideal paratrooper. I've seen that boy in action—in China. And he can really go. I'd like to have him on my side when we go into combat."

"Did you," asked the captain, "ever hear of a guy going jump-crazy, sir? That's what we call it, anyway. Sometimes the boys get punch-drunk. Maybe, the connecting links in the shroud lines hit them on the back of the neck too much. Anyway, they get so they want to jump out of a plane every time they go aloft.

"Right now, Asiatic is supposed to have made only six jumps. But I know that he has made at least twenty. And maybe more behind my back. This is not so good for discipline among the men. Every time Donohoe sees a meadow he wants to jump into it. The other day I was taking a bunch of new recruits on an indoctrination flight. I let Donohoe go along. I didn't pay any attention to him for a few minutes. And the next thing I knew, Asiatic was gone. He landed so far out in the boondocks that he didn't get back to barracks for six hours. That almost amounts to desertion. Anyway, it was disobedience."

"Lord knows," said the colonel, "that Asiatic has always been a lot of trouble. But you'll find him worth a lot more than the trouble he causes. Maybe I can talk to him and he'll snap out of all this."

"I'm afraid it may be too late," replied Wilson. "One more slip and I will have to make an example of him. The boys are flying over to Atlanta late this afternoon for a jumping exhibition. Asiatic is going along, with a bunch of instructors. And if he pulls something today it's going to be just too bad."

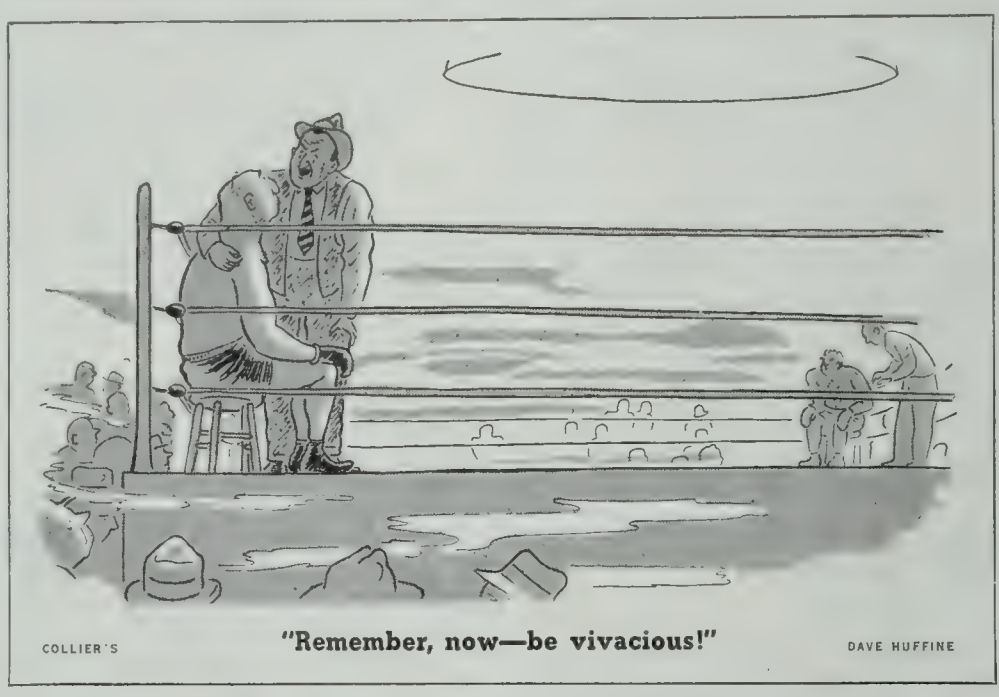
Virgie was worried about Asiatic. She knew that things would be very bad for Donohoe if the big sergeant were brigged for disobedience or thrown out of the parachute school. On three previous occasions, he had been busted from sergeant to pfc.

"I've always thought Asiatic was snapping in for a bad-conduct discharge. And now it looks as if it's going to come true," Virgie thought. "He's really going to get it if he's not careful."

"What time's the flight going to Atlanta?" she asked the captain.

"You couldn't make it, honey," he replied. "They're taking off in about an hour."

Now they were in one of the wildest sections of the reservation's two hundred square miles. The colonel stopped the jeep in the smooth sand road. All around was the forest, and the forest was filled with the chorus of the swamp lands, frogs and water birds.



COLLIER'S "Remember, now—be vivacious!" DAVE HUFFINE

"Along here it's pretty swampy," said Colonel Grew, "but it's grand hunting, according to Billy Arthur, the newspaper editor at Jacksonville. There are black bear and deer and wild hogs in droves. Those hogs make the sportiest hunting of all. Some of the boars are almost as big as baby elephants and they're meaner than so many gorillas. The Negroes call them tush hogs."

"I know," said Wilson. "I was on a hunting trip down in south Texas once, and one of the Mexican kids with us was mauled and almost killed by a bunch of javelinas. They're little wild hogs."

"These here are bigger and tougher," said the colonel.

THE colonel was studying the terrain. He was planning to bring part of the battalion here the next week for a problem.

"I think I'd better have the boys bivouac on that high ground," he said, pointing to a rise in the timber to the left. "It'll be too damp to camp any place else."

Colonel Grew crawled from the jeep and the captain followed. Virgie started to get out, too.

"Stay here, Virgie," said the colonel. "We're going to scout around a bit."

Virgie said nothing. She was thinking about how terrible Asiatic would feel if he had to leave the parachute school and walk out the gate with a B.C.D.

"And he would still be jump-crazy," she thought. "Why does everything have to happen to such a good guy when some of the biggest poges in the corps do worse things and never get in trouble?"

Virgie looked at the rise and saw that Colonel Grew and Wilson had reached the crest and were standing by a huge pine. Around the men, branches in the timber began to crack. Dark shapes moved along in the shadows of the pines, rooting in the soft earth and grunting. Suddenly, it seemed to Virgie that there were wild hogs everywhere—big fellows, some of them. And there was a lean, red-eyed boar, with sharp tusks, moving up close to the men.

"Look out, Daddy!" Virgie yelled.

And just then the big boar in the lead lowered his black head and charged the Marine officers. Colonel Grew hit the leader on the snout with a piece of sandstone. Squealing his anger, the hog turned. But others were pressing in.

"It looks like tall timber for us," said the colonel.

"After you, sir," said the captain. And he gave the older man a boost up the large pine tree. He grabbed a branch and followed up the trunk, too. He was just in time, for the hogs had surrounded the base, and the lead boar was running around the tree with blood running from his snout.

"I never thought I would run from a pig," commented the colonel.

"You mean lots of pigs," said the captain.

DOWN on the road, Virgie was standing up in the jeep.

"Stay in there, honey," the colonel called. "Don't budge from the car."

"Hang on, Daddy," Virgie yelled.

"How about the jeep?" said Wilson to the colonel. "Can Virgie drive it?"

"Yeah," replied the colonel, "she had driven in my lap when my wife wasn around. But she couldn't get through this timber in that jeep. It would take a tank to make it. There's no ammunition for the tommy gun, even if I would let Virgie use it. I guess she'll have to drive back for help. These fellows below don't act as if they're planning to leave soon."

Then Colonel Grew called instructions to the little girl:

"Drive slowly back to headquarters. Get somebody here in a hurry. I don' like this Tarzan stuff."

Some of the hogs were moving down toward the little car. So Virgie didn' have time to reply to her father. She plopped down in the front seat, started the engine, turned around the jeep in the road and headed toward the base.

About ten minutes later the little girl arrived at headquarters. She parked the jeep and ran to the guardhouse.

"Could I use the phone, Lieutenant Wilkinson?" she said to the officer of the day.

"Surest thing, Virgie," said the lieutenant. "What are you doing over here? Who're you going to call—your pa?"

"No," answered Virgie slowly. She saw no objection to telling the truth. Anyway, she liked Lieutenant Wilkinson. "No, Lieutenant, I'm just going to call Asiatic over at Parachute School. It's awfully important that I talk to him before he shoves off in about ten minutes for a flight to Atlanta."

"I'll get the call right through, Virgie," said the young officer.

Sergeant Donohoe sounded pretty puzzled over the phone.

"What are you calling me for, honey?" said Asiatic. "I got things to do. I'm lia-

Wine ~ *friendly as holiday fun*

Over good food and moderate glasses of wine, people find it easier to be good companions

As THE WAR goes on, we need to gather friends about us more often. We discover we want to sit down at table together. Want to share food and moderate glasses of wine. Want to relax and rest up.

During many lifetimes, wine has been this kind of companion—a companion of free people gathered at neighborly tables. You sense an invitation to a cheering dinner in the natural fragrance and bouquet of wine. You realize more fully, as you sip from your glass, that wine is made on purpose for friendship.

We've a new booklet which tells about wines and wine serving — and also about ways to use wine in cooking. This booklet is free. If you would like to have it, write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

Your wine merchant's shelves now hold many excellent California wines. They are sound, well-developed and true to type. And not expensive! Your dealer will be glad to help you select from among them.



To gather friends around your table actually improves your dinner. In much the same way, wine makes "turkey-and-fixings" even better eating. Choose a red table wine like Burgundy or Claret or a white wine of the Chablis type. Serve the white wines well chilled — the reds at cool room temperature

LADIES PREFER PIPES IF...



...if your tobacco meets the

INDOOR TEST

What a difference, mister! So delightfully aromatic the ladies *cheer!*

And mild? Just compare it to the finest custom blend! Smooth. Sweet-smoking. Bite-free. Moreover—it doesn't lose its flavor.

BOND STREET *contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture*. Notice particularly — it leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Make this Indoor Test today . . . and see!



Most discriminating pipe smokers stay with BOND STREET "forever after"—once they try it. It's *that* good! Economical, too. 15¢ for large pocket tin. Pouch, 10¢.

15¢ POCKET TIN

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO

A product of PHILIP MORRIS

ble to go off without my spare if people start bothering me just before a flight."

"Take off your pack, Poge, and listen to me," said Virgie sternly, "you're going to be in the brig on P. and P., waiting for a B.C.D., if you don't quit jumping out of planes when Captain Wilson tells you not to."

"I ain't really jump-crazy, like the scuttle butt that's going around," replied the sergeant. "But sometimes I just get curious about what's down there on the ground—and I just heave out of the plane. But I'll try my best not to jump too previous on this trip—if that's what you're calling about."

"This time only," said Virgie, "I want you to jump before you get to Atlanta. You know where Cavalier Point is, on the north side of the river?"

"Yeah," said Asiatic. "Hurry, Virgie, I got to go."

"Well," continued Virgie, "you peel out at Cavalier Point. I know Captain Wilson will be glad to see you, because he's waiting up a tree with a lot of wild pigs for company."

"I get it," said Sergeant Donohoe. "Goodby, honey."

Lieutenant Wilkinson looked up from his desk. He had been only half listening. "What are you reading off Asiatic about now?" he asked. "And what was that about Captain Wilson being up a tree?"

Virgie ignored these questions, and said, "Your wife is really pretty, Lieutenant. I guess she is the most beautiful fi-fi on the base."

And then Virgie asked the officer about his training with the commandos in England. And the little girl didn't have to answer any embarrassing questions.

It was twenty minutes before Virgie, suddenly, broke off the conversation and announced:

"Lieutenant, I've got a jeep outside. I believe you had better let me have a couple of supernumeraries with rifles and let them go up the road with me. My dad and Captain Wilson are kind of in a little trouble."

BACK at Cavalier Point, in the branches of the big pine, the two Marine officers were still clinging and looking down at the backs of the wild hogs. The big boar with blood on his nose still moved excitedly among his fellows. And the colonel, wearily, thought of a war dance he'd once seen in the Dutch East Indies.

"This isn't getting funny fast," said the captain. "Those fellows are liable to root down this tree if they keep on messing around down there."

"I don't know what could be keeping Virgie," said the colonel; "she should have been back long ago. I hope nothing has happened to her."

"Don't worry about that one," said the captain; "she'll always make it." He tried to move out on his perch but he found that his thigh and leg muscles were numb. So he clung tighter to the tree trunk.

From far away, they could hear the roar of a plane's motor. And then it was very near.

"That may be the boys going to Atlanta," said Captain Wilson. "But they'll never see us here in this thick shinnery."

A big transport plane came over the treetops and into their vision. It was flying at about six hundred feet, but it looked closer. Something hurtled from the plane. The canopy of a parachute opened and a form floated down toward the hilltop.

The plane passed quickly out of sight. And there was nothing in the sky but the parachutist. He was coming down fast, tugging at his shroud lines. He landed about thirty yards from the crest of the rise. He rolled over once and sprang to his feet, snapping harness.

The parachutist was Asiatic. was carrying a Reising submachi cradled in his arms.

"Good afternoon, sir," said D to the colonel. The sergeant rai steel helmet for better vision s serted a magazine in the gun.

"Good afternoon, sir," said D to the captain, and he adjust folding steel stock and took aim hogs.

Then .45-caliber slugs started around the base of the big tre boar with the bloody snout c Asiatic. But a few rounds fro wicked little gun knocked over t Donohoe inserted another magazi he started picking off the biggest boars.

"We ought to open a slaughte here on the river, sir," said Do speaking to either the captain colonel. But Asiatic's fun stoppe he had killed the boars. The othe turned and started moving off do hill into the swamp.

THE two officers climbed stiffly the tree. Donohoe gathered parachute tenderly. And the walked down the sandy road, wor for a while.

At last Asiatic said to the ca

"I'm sorry, sir, that I didn't m to Atlanta. I'm not really jump like they say. I just like to ju some. The country always loo pretty down there."

"It doesn't matter," said the c "It was just an exhibition over th Atlanta, anyway. And you'll be g ating this week. You'll have lo fun when you join a combat outfi learn about demolition and sabo

"Yes, sir," said Asiatic, and he a long breath.

They'd walked for more than a before they met Virgie and the s numeraries in the jeep.

"Good evening, Sergeant Donc said Virgie formally. "What are doing in these parts?"

The supernumeraries, two young Oklahomans with hunting k strapped to their hips, crawled fro jeep and gave the officers rifle sa

Colonel Grew groaned as he br his arm up to return the salutes. H garded his daughter for a few mo and then said, "What in the world you, Virgie? Did you go to Norfo

"I had trouble with the jeep," Virgie, frowning at one of the sup meraries, who seemed on the ver saying something.

"How are you, honey?" said A to Virgie. He took a ramrod and swabs from the back seat of the jee started cleaning the bore of his sul chine gun.

The colonel got in the front seat o little car and continued to questio daughter: "You didn't look very prised when you saw Asiatic with

"That poge is liable to turn up place," said Virgie.

"Don't read her off," said the cap "she went for help as fast as she c After all, an eight-year-old girl dri a car—"

"Hurried, yes," replied the col "to the nearest telephone. Virgie, can you do things like this to me

Virgie couldn't answer that. She contentedly in the back seat of the with Asiatic, for a while. And then little girl realized that she still plenty of worries. She knew that mother had returned from the shop trip by now.

"And I was supposed to be in my taking a nap," said Virgie to Serg Donohoe. "I am really going to get off this time."

THE END

We'll Have to Feed the World Again

Continued from page 12

paid for in goods, gold and services. ne credits (our war "loans") were about 6 per cent repaid, the balance at item can be written off as a gift

the 11,000,000 tons from other ters, most of it went to the neutrals our allies and was paid for in gold foreign trade. The allies and neu- also furnished $200,000,000 worth od on credits to the more desperate tries. Of this, the British furnished t $100,000,000; the French, $30,- 00; the Italians $30,000,000; and alance came from the neutral na-

fight these famines and their in- ible companion of pestilence, we need to have great preparedness in lies. I will deal with this very seri- question of supplies in the second ese articles. In the meantime, we lay some foundations of organiza- in advance.

It's Not Bread-Line Work

ter the present war, the organiza- the tactics, the strategy will not much from the last one. Advance aredness in 1918 was placed by the ident in the hands of the United es Food Administration. We not had great reserves prepared but we accurate knowledge of all the other ible supplies in the world. In Oc- r, 1918, with the Armistice in pros- we were able to lay before the ident an estimate of such world plies. It showed a total of about 30,- 000 tons of essential food available overseas shipment, and as 27,000,000 of it was delivered, the estimate reasonably accurate.

n days after the Armistice we had oes at sea headed for the famine s and we had arranged to turn over ral hundred thousand tons accumu- d in France as a reserve for our es as insurance against submarines.

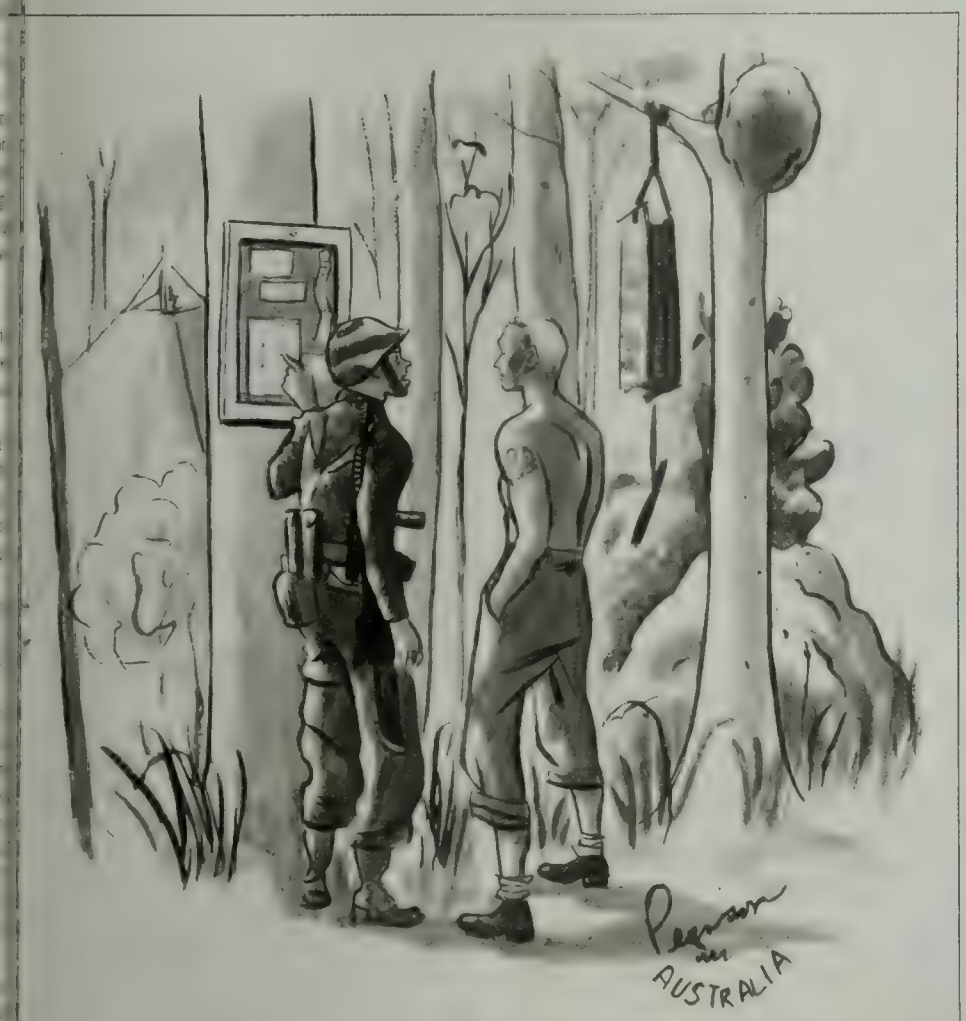
During the last war we demonstrated certain fundamentals in organization that will repeat themselves again.

The first of these was that fighting famine is a gigantic economic and governmental operation handled by experts and not "welfare" work of benevolent bread lines. There must be no waste, no inefficiency.

The second was that when this mass of hungry people add their demands upon world food supplies, there will not be enough meats and fats to go around on a normal basis of consumption for everybody. There will again likely be a shortage in shipping. Therefore, the division of food among nations must be controlled, during the emergency period. To do this, a large part of the purchase, the overseas transportation and the distribution must be in the hands of governments. And with the economic prostration of the famine area, the food must be largely financed by the allied governments. Restoration of commerce is too slow to meet such emergencies.

The third fundamental which developed was that the problem divided itself into two periods—the Acute Period and the Reconstruction Period. The Acute Period lasted about twelve months, from the Armistice in November, 1918, until after the harvest of 1919. This is a period demanding fast work and complete controls. The second, or Reconstruction Period, last time extended from the autumn of 1919 until the harvest of 1921. Peace having been made, the harvest of 1919 being in hand, the situation relaxed. Industry, exports and private credits revived somewhat, and we abandoned control of shipping and control of distribution.

The European shortage of food during this second period was of great dimensions but was largely overcome by the initiative of European governments themselves. We were able to confine our activities in this period to the aid of those governments still economically



COLLIER'S "Can they put a Commando on K.P.?" PVT. CHARLES PEARSON



BE SURE YOU CAN STOP YOUR CAR *Quickly and Safely*

It doesn't pay to go on month after month without taking steps to make sure that the brakes on your automobile are in good working condition. For safety's sake, and in order to conserve the life of your car, act today.

It won't take long for a brake expert to determine exactly what's what. His inspection may disclose wear and minor faults which can be corrected before serious trouble occurs. He may find that the brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention, or that the brake lining is badly worn. In checking the master cylinder he may find all that is required is a small additional quantity of No. 21 Brake Fluid—or he may find nothing is needed because everything is okay. There is an expert serviceman near you. Better see him now.

★LOOK FOR A WAGNER SERVICE SIGN.
Drive in the shop or station displaying this red, white and blue sign. Ask the serviceman to check the brake system "the Wagner way."

We use GENUINE WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS & FLUID
For Safety and Maximum Brake Performance

When your car needs additional brake fluid--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify

WAGNER LOCKHEED
No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID



No. 21 is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

Behind this quality product are seventeen years of Wagner development and research. No. 21 is recommended for the service needs of *all* cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

For safety's sake—why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto).

H42-31

FOR VICTORY—BUY UNITED STATES BONDS and STAMPS

Wagner
LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID...
AIR BRAKES...CoMaX BRAKE LINING...NoRoL...TACHOGRAPH

Dear Bob:

I want you to know an old friend of mine—the most distinguished and enjoyable companion a man could have—Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Scotland, you'll agree, has fairly outdone herself in producing this finest of Scotches.

Truthfully yours
George

BORN 1820
. . . still going strong

Black Label 12
Red Label
Bot

"Johnnie Walker" Black Label

OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD. OF KILMARNOCK SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES 12 YEARS
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND CONTENTS 4/5TH OF A QUART

IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INCORPORATED
730 EAST FORTY-SECOND STREET NEW YORK.

12 YEARS OLD

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLACK LABEL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
12 YEARS OLD 86.8 PROOF
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INC., NEW YORK
SOLE IMPORTER

stitute or to groups of destitute chil-re and others which weak govern-ts were unable to protect.

he fourth fundamental was that the rdlem of undernourished and dis-d children had to be separated from ther questions and handled directly independently of local govern-ts.

he fifth fundamental was that some vidual with great powers must ect and co-ordinate all this. Such an p ation would be hopeless in the ds of international commissions or mittees. In the last war, by the ap-tment of the allied governments with the willing co-operation of all countries short of food, I occupied position—which is my justification speaking on the subject.

aving been appointed by the allied ernments to direct and co-ordinate e matters, I set up headquarters in s within two weeks after the Armis-c.

or the American staff, I brought to ope some key men from the United es Food Administration and in time ed to them—through the co-opera-of General Pershing and Admiral son—a magnificent staff of some 0 American officers. They were tly prewar civilians who had special ls, courage and singlemindedness. e from clerks, no civilian received lary; some received expenses. The y and Navy officers and men re-ed pay and allowances from those vices.

o save time and to avoid duplication red tape, we made as much use as sible of our existing American organ-ions, that is, the United States Food inistration, its subsidiary, the Grain poration, and the Belgian Relief ch had functioned during the war ding 10,000,000 people in Belgium France.

Simplifying Complex Problems

We created only one new organiza-n—the American Relief Administra-n—which dealt largely with the ritable problems, chiefly children. used the European branches of the ited States Shipping Board, the asury and the Federal Reserve Bank New York. We set up branches of nbined organizations in each of the nty-eight countries short of food and eight countries which were major rces of food supplies.

Co-ordination with the other allied vernments was worked through the ied Food Council, of which I had n a part during the war. This council mprised the food ministers of the ed countries. We cleared many prob-ns through the Allied Blockade uncil, the Allied Shipping Council d the Supreme Economic Council.

In order to co-ordinate the division of rld supplies and to simplify the whole ministrative problem, we divided untries short of food into four groups. at is, the Allies, the Neutrals, the emy nations and the Liberated tions. We further separated out the ecial problem of undernourished chil-en.

The Allied countries—Britain, France, ly, Greece and Portugal—comprising out 132,000,000 people—drew part of eir supplies from the Far East, the uthern Hemisphere and Canada, and rt from the United States. For the pplies from outside the United States, ey did their own purchasing, shipping d finance. We furnished their Ameri-n supplies through the United States od Administration as we had done fore the Armistice.

Our European allies provided the ipping for their American food, and we nanced their supplies through loans om the United States Treasury. The allies restored their consumption to not far below normal. Their total overseas supplies during the acute period amounted to about 17,000,000 tons, of which some secondary part was feed for animals.

The Neutral group of six nations—Denmark, Holland, Norway, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland—comprising about 43,000,000 people, were assigned their supplies partly from the United States, but mainly from other parts of the world. They furnished their own shipping and finance. They co-operated splendidly with us in co-ordination of sources of supply and in chartering their surplus shipping to us. On many occasions, they diverted cargoes and their own stocks to us, with which to meet emergencies. We replaced these supplies to them later on. This group restored the consumption of their people to near normal by importing during the Acute Period about 4,300,000 tons of food.

In the Liberated and Enemy groups, our administrative problems were enormously greater than with the other groups. This was the area not only of acute famine but of economic prostration. Our organization had not only to procure the food, finance and ships, and organize the distribution, but we had to do it amid the chaos of revolution, suspicion, hate and conflicting allied purposes.



"It's the postwar situation I'm concerned about!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

The Liberated group of thirteen nations with 98,000,000 people embraced Albania, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Belgium, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Georgia, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia.

The Enemy group comprised Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Germany and Turkey, with a total population of about 102,000,000 people.

Hunger Versus Revolutions

During the Acute Period, our organization brought about 4,000,000 tons of food from one quarter or another into the Liberated countries and about 3,000,000 tons into the Enemy countries. This food, added to domestic supplies, lifted the ration for adults to an endurable level.

Prior to the Armistice, all the peoples under enemy domination—Liberated as well as Enemy—were being rigidly rationed. At the Armistice, the people in the thirteen Liberated countries at once set up their own independent governments in democratic form. Most of their ministries were formed of revolutionaries who had been active against the old empires. In the shrunken enemy areas of Germany, Austria, Hungary and Turkey, the old governments collapsed in revolutions and also emerged in democratic forms. They likewise were controlled by men of revolutionary type. Hungary, in fact, went through four revolutions while we were trying to feed her. Most of the former officials of all these nations were driven from office.

In these revolutions, the disciplines, such as rationing food, either collapsed or near-collapsed, and thus control of distribution was weakened or nonexistent. Thus the poorer people of the towns and cities were for a time much worse off than they had been before the Armistice, when there were rigid food controls.

Thus a considerable part of the 200,000,000 hungry people in the Liberated and Enemy groups were suddenly governed by men with little or no experience in administration, whose minds were more fixed upon political and ideological ideas than upon the hard toil of government housekeeping. Added to all the other growing pains of these new democracies was the fact that the Communists were stirring up more revolutions and they found so receptive an audience among hungry people that Communist revolutions at one time or another seized a dozen large cities and one whole country—Hungary.

Our major purpose was to save hundreds of millions of lives. But food and restored employment were the foundations upon which order could be preserved and the completion of the peace made possible. Moreover, we sought to sustain the feeble plants of democracy which had sprung up in all these countries. We had hope that they would bring not only freedom to men but that they would make the firm foundations of lasting peace.

A weak government possessed of the weapon of food for starving people can preserve and strengthen itself more effectively than by arms. Therefore, in our major operations we sought to work through these governments, even at the price of some lost efficiency.

In consequence, one of our first necessities was to stiffen or set up a Food Administration in each new government. To secure the proper working of distribution, we had to furnish experienced Americans as advisers to many of them. These new Food Administrations took control of agriculture and all domestic food stocks, plus the imports which we furnished, and they rationed their populations anew. We set up machinery to check constantly, to see that food reached the people equitably and sufficiently.

I believed that the problem of restoring the acutely undernourished children was of such importance from a humane point of view and so vital to the future, that we organized it as the American Relief Administration independently of all local governments, but in co-operation with them. We set up in each country a national committee, principally of women who, with the assistance of our staff, extended their organization into every ward and village. We selected the initial staff from Americans who had already had experience in Belgium.

The plan was to give, under medical supervision, one meal a day to undernourished and undeveloped infants and children in addition to the national ration. This food and clothing for the children was a gift, partly American private charity and partly from our government. We delivered the supplies to seaboard, and these devoted women raised the money locally to transport it, to equip and conduct the canteens. Schoolhouses, public buildings, and any other structures available were turned into kitchens and eating places. Some twelve or fifteen million of these children, enemy and friend alike, were thus fed until they were restored to normal.

Gifts of Shoes and Clothing

We handled some 175,000 tons of secondhand gift clothing, made over by workrooms which we organized among women in the different countries. Mostly for the waifs and undernourished children, we furnished millions of yards of new materials and new shoes to the value of several millions of dollars.

The total of our American charitable outlays amounted to about $325,000,000. The expenditure of the local committees for transportation and equipment amounted to at least this much again. We continued this work for over two years. The local organizations were strong enough to carry on thereafter.

Originally it had been intended that problems of pestilence should be met by the Red Cross organizations of the different countries, assisted by the American and Allied Red Cross organizations, but typhus developed on a fearful scale along the line of the old Russian front and began to spread over Europe.

The health authorities of the infected countries reported to the Supreme Council in Paris that there were one million cases and a mortality of 125,000 every week. It was not the province of my organization, but of the Red Cross societies. Finding themselves unable to cope with it, the job was assigned to us by the President and the prime ministers.

As typhus is a louse disease, our job was to quarantine a huge area and then delouse the population in it. We secured a staff from the Army Medical Corps, some 8,000 carloads of delousing equipment of the British, American, French and German armies. The job required many months of steadily pushing back the invasion, but we completely succeeded.

This is the first of two articles. In his second article Mr. Hoover will deal with further problems of organization and with preparation of supplies for the future.

TREAT YOURSELF TO A PERFECT HIGHBALL!

Tonight . . . take home a bottle of Fine Arts and introduce yourself to the matchless flavor of the "**multi-blended**" whiskey! Golden-smooth whiskies skilfully united with other deep-flavored whiskies . . . "**multi-blended**" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And all whiskey—all 5-years old!



FINE ARTS

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES — 90 PROOF

Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

The Rabbit Goes To War

By Shirley Alexander



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S

Even the rabbits do their part; wool from these Angoras ends up in fliers' gloves, suits and helmets

HIGH in the stratosphere, the soft, fluffy Angora wool that used to be reserved for the fluffiest sweaters is doing its part in winning the war. The crews of our bombers and fighting planes are wearing specially designed helmets, suits and gloves of Angora combined with sheep's wool, for maximum warmth and minimum weight. And the chances are that the Angora that is keeping our boys warm and comfortable came from a back-yard rabbitry somewhere in your neighborhood. There are now approximately 3,000 of these little establishments, run by smart people who are getting in on the ground floor of a potential $2,000,000 industry. At least 10,000 more breeders are needed if we are to meet our wartime requirements of 250,000 pounds of rabbit wool a year.

Before the war, England and France shipped us from 70,000 to 100,000 pounds of Angora every year, while another 60,000 pounds came from Japan. When we entered the war, nearly all of these imports were cut off, and America, with no native production, was in a fair way to find itself out on a limb as far as Angora was concerned. The fact that we aren't is due to the efforts and foresight of a few American breeders—people like Mrs. Betty Johnston, who lives on Long Island.

Late in 1939, Mrs. Johnston succeeded in importing a few Angoras and, as a hobby, started to raise two does and a buck in her back yard. Later, she acquired more stock, both by purchase and by natural processes, and now has forty-two pedigreed rabbits.

It is not difficult to raise Angoras; in fact, they are easier to raise than chickens. Anybody who has a fair-sized back yard or a bit of vacant lot can go into the business.

"All you need," says Mrs. Johnston, "is a little time, a little patience, and a little space about 25 by 16 feet." That is plenty of room for from forty to fifty rabbits, allowing two feet square for each wooler and a space 4 by 2 feet for each breeder. They should be housed in individual hutches, with a floor of fine-mesh hardware cloth, and their feet should never be allowed to touch the ground. If they don't, the rabbits won't learn to jump.

"They are easy to care for, and you'll be surprised how quickly they will increase in numbers. The gestation period is only from thirty-nine to forty-two days, and they multiply rapidly.

"Each adult rabbit will produce from one and a half to two ounces of wool three or four times a year, and you can sell it at from about $5.70 to $7 a pound. It is seven times as warm as sheep's wool in proportion to weight, and will not shrink or irritate the skin. Blended with silk, rayon, sheep's wool fibers, it can be manufactured warmest garment known.

"But to be successful in rai bits you must get rid of you about what they eat. Angor eat lettuce leaves, for instance do, it results in a nasty liver often fatal. I use a special die barley, wheat and soybean mea sionally, I feed my rabbits bro beet leaves."

Harvesting Angora wool easier than shearing sheep. Yo pluck it out with the first two fi the thumb of the right hand, ho rabbit lightly with the left. Y hurt the animal, for the Angor skins. The wool can then be s an indefinite period and will teriorate if kept away from m moisture.

If one of your Angoras turns a poor wool producer and an in breeder, it can be killed and ea they are delicious, much tast any other species of rabbit. the Angoras are closely confine usually fed on special diets, t is extremely tender. It is all wh like the breast of chicken, and i tive value is high. The gov rates chicken at fifty per cent, seventy-five per cent, and n eighty-three per cent.



The Axis started this war of machines... but Uncle Sam's Army is coming up fast with the weapons to finish it! One of the newest and most effective is this giant Mack Army Prime Mover.

...e-to-Order for the World's Toughest Customer...

...my's newest and biggest prime mover is probably the best single job in truck history. ...its details can't be made public . . . but you can see for yourself that it's *big*. And we ...you that it hooks up to a whale of a big gun, takes on a terrific load and goes almost any- ...except straight up. We're proud of it, at Mack, and with good reason. Proud that the Army ...n Mack men and facilities to develop and build it. Proud, as Americans, that ...ting men are getting fighting equipment so fine. And proud that this, too, is "built like a ...uck"...with all that phrase has stood for in ruggedness and reliability for forty-two years!

Mack Trucks, Inc., New York, N. Y. Factory branches and dealers in all principal cities.

IF YOU'VE GOT A MACK, YOU'RE LUCKY...IF YOU PLAN TO GET ONE, YOU'RE WISE!



Mack

TRUCKS

ONE TON TO FORTY-FIVE TONS; BUSES, FIRE APPARATUS AND MARINE ENGINES

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS



Courtesy Defense Savings Staff

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN !
SO . . . FOR LONG CAR LIFE
BE SURE YOU - SOUND YOUR Z
PENNZOIL
CARE FOR YOUR CAR
-from coast to coast

AT LEAST 20 MILLION cars must be kept alive for the duration to get people to and from essential jobs.

That calls for stringent budgeting of every mile of driving. It emphasizes your responsibility for the hidden vitals of your car's engine and chassis.

Oil and lubricants are the only protection these wearable parts have. They deserve the best, regularly, consistently. They'll get them if you stop at the PennZoil yellow oval sign and *sound your "Z."*

★

For VICTORY put at least 10% of every pay into WAR BONDS!

★

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

ENGINES LAST LONGER when they are clean and free from sludge. PennZoil is refined by 3 extra steps especially to resist sludge and engine varnish. It stays safe longer!

THESE 3 EXTRA STEPS MAKE PENNZOIL
← OTHERS STOP HERE
← REFINING OF PLAIN OIL ENDS HERE

Oil is ammunition —use it wisely

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Uncle Sam's Seminary

Continued from page 18

At the Stage Door Canteen one night I met two little numbers, one from the Navy, the other from the War Department, who were thrilled to death at their luck in being picked as hostesses for thousands of lonely service men.

"I'd never have believed the things would happen to me, that have happened since I've been in Washington," said one.

"And they really happen, too," put in Number Two.

"For instance?" I asked, and prepared myself for a tall, dark lieutenant sending orchids. At least.

But that wasn't it.

"The other morning I saw the President when he was coming back from his trip," said Number One. "Imagine! I just happened to be there!"

"And one of my best girl friends," said the other, "was sent up last week with five other girls to do some special work, and it was right in the same office with a general!"

A small-town coziness, which persists in spite of everything, makes Washington seem less strange. When somebody from Oregon meets somebody else from Oregon, believe it or not, it's an event. Or take the girl from Nebraska, who met another girl from Nebraska. Now Nebraska is a big state; you wouldn't think that merely to come from there would be the same as blood sisterhood.

Nebraska Unites

But it was, in this case. Both girls immediately moved, so they could room together. Pretty soon they met three boys, also from Nebraska. They moved again, this time all five of them, and all took rooms in one house. The girls lived on the top floor and the boys in the basement, where the girls visited them evenings and played the phonograph. They played of all things, Tchaikovsky.

As in college, everybody goes without a hat, summer and winter. As in college, everybody dresses alike. Last summer it was bright cottons, with two-piece seersuckers leading the field. Right now it's suits, suits and more suits. When Washington has one of its little spells of fall rain, like the one which recently caused a flood on the Potomac, the whole town goes to work wearing tan gabardine raincoats.

Washington's summer climate is so obviously unsuited to stockings—or to any clothing whatever—that the first hint of a stocking shortage was promptly seized last spring as an excuse to stop wearing them. But working all day in an office is not conducive to a sun tan, and white legs aren't pretty. So every known variety of stickum, invented to make a bare leg look stockinged, received the greatest mass tryout in history.

Remember the dear old days when girls were cautioned against wearing too much lipstick and red fingernails in offices? Alas, alas! They are sometimes mourned in private by government executives who last summer learned to give dictation without batting an eye at red toenails.

It was generally felt that one old sourpuss of a congressman carried the boarding-school idea too far, when he proposed a curfew for government girls, so they would get to work bright and efficient in the morning. But when the public rose up and howled at him, he retracted all he had said with the greatest good nature, allowing that by him it was all right if they went to bed any time they wanted to.

For thousands it has been very gay, very exciting, this coming to ' ton. But it does have its diffi largely in connection with such as budget and living condition few frenzied weeks last spring arrivals were coming in at a rat a week, and the question was put them. It has been modera solved. Thousands of families ing in girls as roomers—though, nately, more families hold out for technical reasons connect laundry in the bathroom and a higher mess-and-nuisance rat taining to the female. From Au to September 20th, for example fense Housing Registry had 5,0 listed (this often meant, howeve the half of a double room), a 4,983 applications for rooms Today, while houses and ap are painfully scarce in Wa there are just about enough ac dations for the single and unatt

Washington has become a boardinghouses and rooming and they, more than any other residence, typify the home li government girl.

Some are for girls only; some girls and boys, with the girls, usually predominating. The co tional boardinghouses are lots and work well if there are enou rooms (well, two); and if the b girls are not on the same floor. If the more fastidious girls don't And the bathroom problem loo all over Washington. I met one lived in a house where thirteen five sailors shared one bath, and sisted that there was never any But there are always optimist sailors do get up early.

There are good, indifferent rooming houses. And a girl wh to be on the safe side in finding to live is advised to stick with fense Housing Registry. But the old, well-established, co-edu "clubs" are among the most d places to live in Washington, w waiting lists. They are also such ous hotbeds of love and ma that when one girl took a cab and told the driver to go to Scot his riposte was: "Oh! You m romance club!"

Lonely-Hearts Myth Explo

So much has been written ab lonely women of Washington, th ponderance in numbers over t and the frustration of the whit female, that it seems a shame to the myth. But it has to be do begin with, it just ain't so that W ton is a town of women. Col Service figures reveal that th about thirty-two civilian emplo the government in Washington women, for every thirty-seven m this takes no account of the uni boys in the Navy, the War Dep and the Marines.

But do they meet, in those gre ernment offices? Aren't they seg at their work?

Well, yes and no. There is a cute redhead who sits on the en OWI stenographic pool—one o vast beehives where forty or mo sit typing, row on row. In her fo position, the redhead catches the young men of the War Pro Board and the War Shipping A tration, as they pass back and They edge up to the supervisor. who is she?" She has lots of da

Even a mild pickup isn't frow

tolerant atmosphere of Washing-
n. Uncle Sam himself may be said to
ovide a hazy sort of introduction.
ay, it goes.
Sogovernment girls are a problem?
el maybe so. At any rate, there is
or maternal fussing and clucking
erthem in Washington than the ma-
rit ever received at home. The fed-
al government, the churches, the
SC the District of Columbia, the
arlers Aid and a dozen other wel-
re gencies are all trying to do things
or em in one way or another, not to
en on recreation divisions and en-
rtnment committees and housing
sociations and Heaven knows what
sepesides. Among other things, they
e ll working like beavers, devising
ay for Girl to meet Boy. And Girl
me meet Boy—with special reference
e thousands of service men sta-
ord around Washington.

Dates by the Truckload

e Women's Battalion of 6,000
embers—mostly government girls—
truckloads and busloads of them
nces at Fort Myer and Fort Belvoir
he Marines' camp at Quantico on
rday nights and several times a
. The USO, working with vari-
personnel chiefs in the government
cies, runs another series of dances
ort Meade. To go to one of these
es, all you have to do is sign up.
e are church sociables and lunches
suppers and Sunday afternoon
-ins, all well besprinkled with uni-
s, and there is nothing old-fogy
t the way all this is conducted. It
y takes—which is not always the
with manufactured entertainment.
e conclusion is inescapable, that
ody who suffers from lonely-heart
ple in Washington would suffer
it anywhere.
t with all the entertainment and all
effort to keep the girls happy on their
they do leave for one reason or an-
r. Civil Service figures show an
mous turnover rate, though the fig-
are confused by transfers out of
, and other factors which have
ing to do with ordinary quitting.
quit they do, a good many of them,
easons some of which stand out.
here is budget trouble, for one thing.
salary of $1,400 a year, the usual
paid to a beginner, looked enor-
s from Sauk Center, but how it
nks when it's stacked up against the
of living in Washington, when War
ds and Social Security payments are
n out.
Why, I could save more on $15 a week back home than I can here," said one disillusioned girl who spoke for a large number.

There is also plain, old-fashioned homesickness and plenty of it. "If I could have this job and be near home," the same girl said, "I'd be in the seventh heaven."

There is, above all, the little matter of laundry. The laundry problem is a by-product of the housing problem first, and second of the conflicts and contrariness of human nature. If Uncle Sam runs short of office help in this war it will be, more than for any other one reason, because women want to wash their clothes in the washbasin, and landladies won't let them.

Not all landladies are as bad as that, of course. In lots of houses the girls are allowed to do washing—and those that aren't do it anyway. But there are ironing problems, and telephone problems, and hot-water problems, and you've-left-the-light-on-again problems and all the other problems that come from too many people living in too little space. And a general lack of privacy.

Yet the happiest, prettiest, gayest, best-adjusted and most-satisfied group of girls I met in Washington were living four in a room, in a shabby house where eight people used one miserable little bathroom with a washbasin the size of a soup bowl and thoroughly stopped up at the time of my visit. Which is worth mentioning to show that nothing ever proves anything, and that those who worry about girls, like those who argue about religion, wind up back where they started.

But the lack of privacy does get them down, especially the kind of privacy that is so welcome now and then when one is entertaining a boy friend. If the girl lives with a private family, the family uses the parlor too. If she lives in a boardinghouse, there is also a mob. The result is that too often there is nothing to do and no place to go except out—and that, kept up week in and week out, puts an unfair strain on the admirer's pocketbook. What the soul craves now and then, or the two souls, is the chance to be alone and talk. And in young Washington, the only way to do that is by walking.

"I walk a lot," said one pretty girl.

Every so often, the walking gets them somewhere.

"A man told me the other night," said another pretty girl, "that he thought girls came to Washington to get husbands. Imagine! The idea!"

The idea, indeed! But somehow quite a lot of them do.

THE END

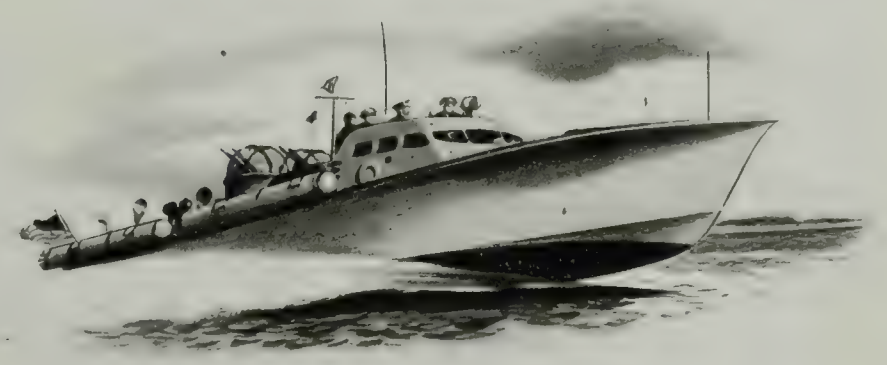


"Look, Harry—some of your buddies! Let's go over to their table!"

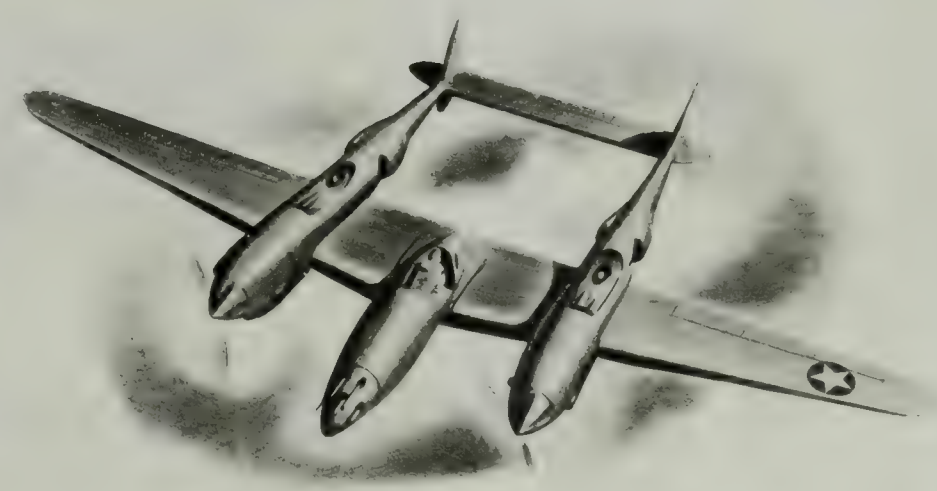
COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR



HALF A MILE IN A MEDIUM TANK—



A MILE IN A MOSQUITO BOAT—



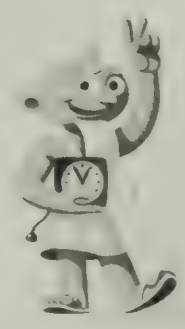
SEVEN MILES IN A "LIGHTNING"

THE split-second speed of modern war makes minutes more important than they have ever been before!

Minutes are just as important in turning out the *tools* of war. A tank can't roar against its target *on time* unless it comes off the production line *on time*.

One workman, doing the right job *at the right time*, can help to tip the scales toward Victory.

Fortunately, America has *the world's most accurate time*—thanks to thousands of Telechron Electric Clocks, synchronized by the silent pulse of the power-house.



Telechron ELECTRIC CLOCKS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ALL with the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for silence and long life. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.



There on the deep green water of the cove, Brent saw a long, sleek craft, motionless, silent

The Scorched Earth

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

No man is helpless against the invader as long as he has a home to defend

WHEN Caleb Brent heard the sound of heavy gunfire far out to sea, he stopped the team on the south edge of the hayfield, and looked out across the blue water. All afternoon the deep rumbling had moved up and down the coast line—now near and loud; now so far and faint it seemed to be the very birth of sound.

Brent stood there, a lean, thoughtful man, and idly rubbed the neck of the off horse. For the moment there was quiet. Then the guns rolled again, like summer thunder, and Brent shook his head as if dismissing them—as if they were of another world.

Vic Strout, loading the wagon with hay, came up beside Brent. The little, ruggedly built man looked up at Brent's face with eyes big in wonder. "That's nearer," he said. "Sounds as if they might be down Campobello way."

Brent did not turn, nor did he speak. To him Strout's interest seemed exaggerated; and he thought: *What has that battle out there to do with us here, on this isolated island?*

"Sounds like the whole fleet," Strout said. "What you want to do, Caleb? Unhitch the team and let the wagon stay here till tomorrow? We might get some news on the radio up to the house."

Brent looked away from that vague ominous horizon, and there was a hardness in his voice when he said, "We'll make this load." Then he jerked a thumb toward the sea upon which he had turned his back. "Isn't that sound news enough for you?"

FROM the brow of the hill the big house brooded over this field and the men working on it. It was a fine house with a mansard roof, a cupola, and lightning rods, and it was freshly painted yellow.

"Caleb," Vic Strout said, as they worked their way across the field, "did you ever think this country could be invaded?"

Brent gee-yapped the team and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He stared ahead of him and said, "No. What would they want with this place?"

Strout smiled. "I don't mean your island. I mean America. Did yo think of that?"

"It's not likely."

"Well, if it ever happened, Strout said dryly, "you'd probably know about it, living the way yo

The harness jangled and the swayed as the wagon rattled on road to the barn. "We'll hoist th Brent said, "then you can call it and go home."

Occasionally under the thunder guns, Caleb Brent heard, or rath a deep throb, a heavy vibrating chest. And as he approached the on the path from the barn, he hea windows rattle, and he hurried to pane in the front room, and press hand against it, feeling it, as a feels the pulse.

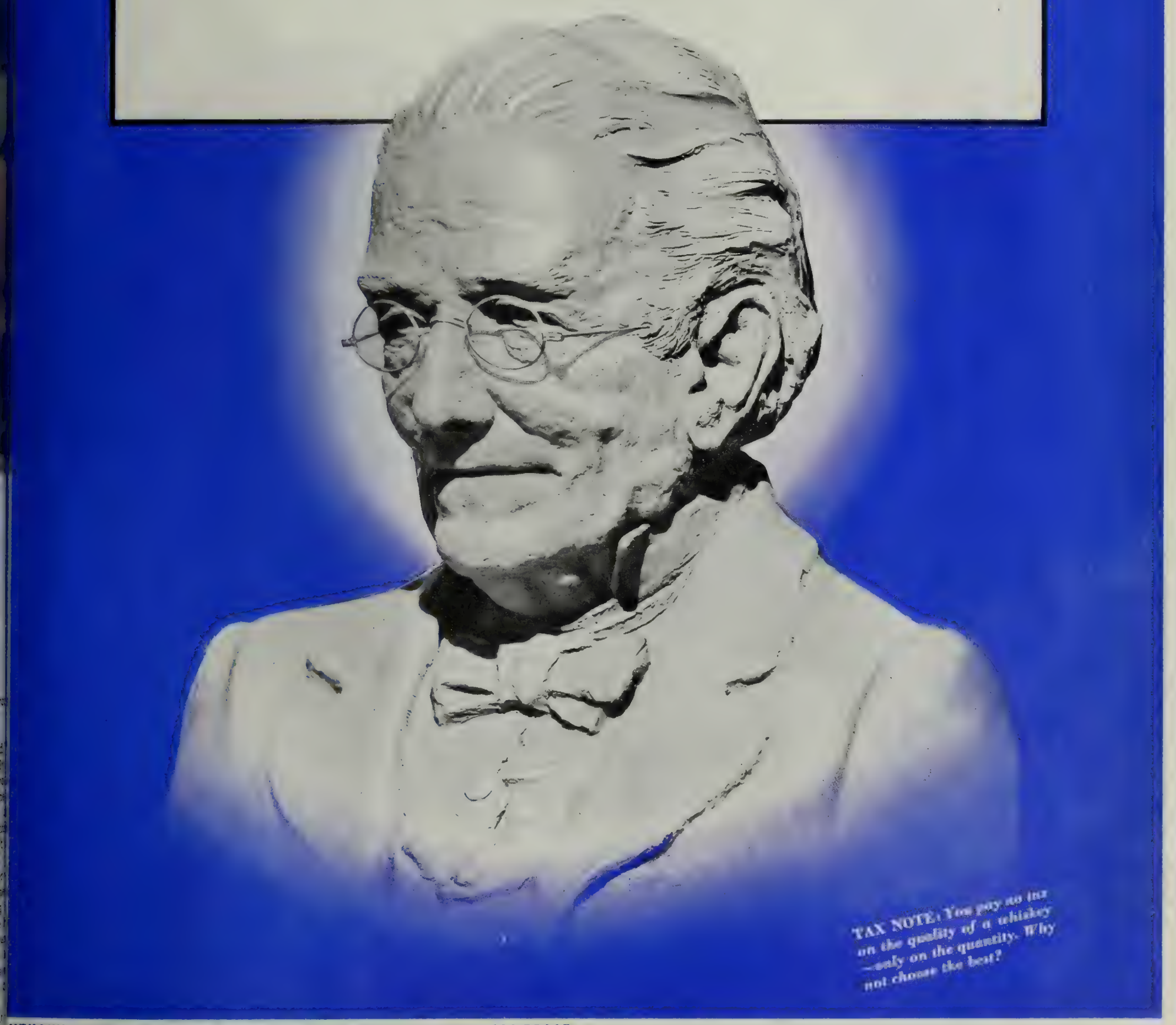
"Depth bombs," Vic Strout

It's good to know there are some things which the pressures of war have not changed, and one of them is

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

It comes to you with the same high quality that made this fine whiskey Head of the Bourbon Family.



TAX NOTE: You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?

NTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY . . . BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Wine bids Friends a Warm Welcom

In troubled times, there is balm for the spirit in the meeting of friends over a quiet dinner. The occasion will be more perfect, the companionship warmer, if you brighten the meal with wine. *To bring their wines to your table with flavor and bouquet well safeguarded, America's leading vintners rely on strong, sturdy Duraglas bottles. That's why . . .*

America's Finest Wines come to You in

Duraglas*
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF.
BOTTLES



Libbey Crystal Waterford Glasses

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY
TOLEDO

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLAS

Developers of Duraglas* — the improved technique in glassmaki

ningly. "There'll be dead fish floating with the next tide."

Brent, concerned over the window, said without looking up, "Fetch me two boards, some stout rope, and padding. We'll brace this glass before she gives."

Brent walked around his house as a skipper inspects his ship before a storm. Under his pride in his place, under the owner's privilege to build in his mind additions and improvements for his estate, a small voice was warning him, a voice heard seldom except by those who live far from others. Aloud he said stubbornly to himself, "They'll never come here."

From the house he could see the hay meadow sloping gently down to Deep Water Cove. Above this cove which ran deeply into the island were bare white hills which rose as a protection to the cove. Here and there a lone spruce silhouetted its pointed top against the eternal bank of summer fog, far out to sea. There was nothing else to see but sea, and evening sky, cornfields and meadow land—and all the land he could see was his land, and he loved it.

His grandfather had built the house on this island, as seafaring men will come back to the sea. His grandfather had held his family together, a self-sufficient unit. For weeks at a time the Brent clan would remain, complacent, secure and aloof on their island home. The white-bearded giant, who was his grandfather, used to say of this house, "She's built to stay, with oak beams and ironwood floors. She's as stout as a vessel, and she'll stand up to any gale." But Caleb's own father had let the place fall of its own weight, had spent all friendly life on his friends, and in Hank's Bar in North Fork, and on the white-water trout streams in the north country. When he died the house was old, unpainted, the fields were fallow. He had left this broken place to Caleb, and the boy, at twenty, took on a man's task, rebuilt it, timber by timber, field by field, until it was more a part of himself than the heritage it had been before.

A MAN who lives alone with his family grows to think of the world divided, not into nations, not into races, but into two parts: one, his own unit; and the other, the rest of the world. It was that way with young Caleb Brent. Here on this island, three miles from the mainland, he had built for himself all that he needed, all that he wanted, and he had put into this place all that he had ever made from the soil of this place. But a man who is a builder, who has strongly in him the instinct for completeness, is only half of himself, alone. Six years ago Brent looked up and down the homes of North Fork for a wife, and found India Coleson, and brought her here.

She was standing on the porch when he returned from his tour of the barns and sheds. He had seen Vic Strout start for home in his motored dory, and he had watched him send the little boat out to the sea, heading for the mainland, three miles away.

Sometimes, seeing India suddenly this way, he realized how beautiful she was, and he had to readjust his thoughts to the reality that she was his, and as much a part of him as was this place.

She turned now when she heard his step on the porch. With the back of her hand she moved her dark hair from her forehead. There was warm greeting in her eyes.

"It's so quiet now," she said, "after that awful noise out there. You can hear the waves on the ledges." She slipped her arm through his, and they stood there together for a moment, neither speaking the things in their separate minds—the fears stirred by the sound of the guns.

"Supper is ready," India said. "The boys are ravenous."

They turned and walked into the house together.

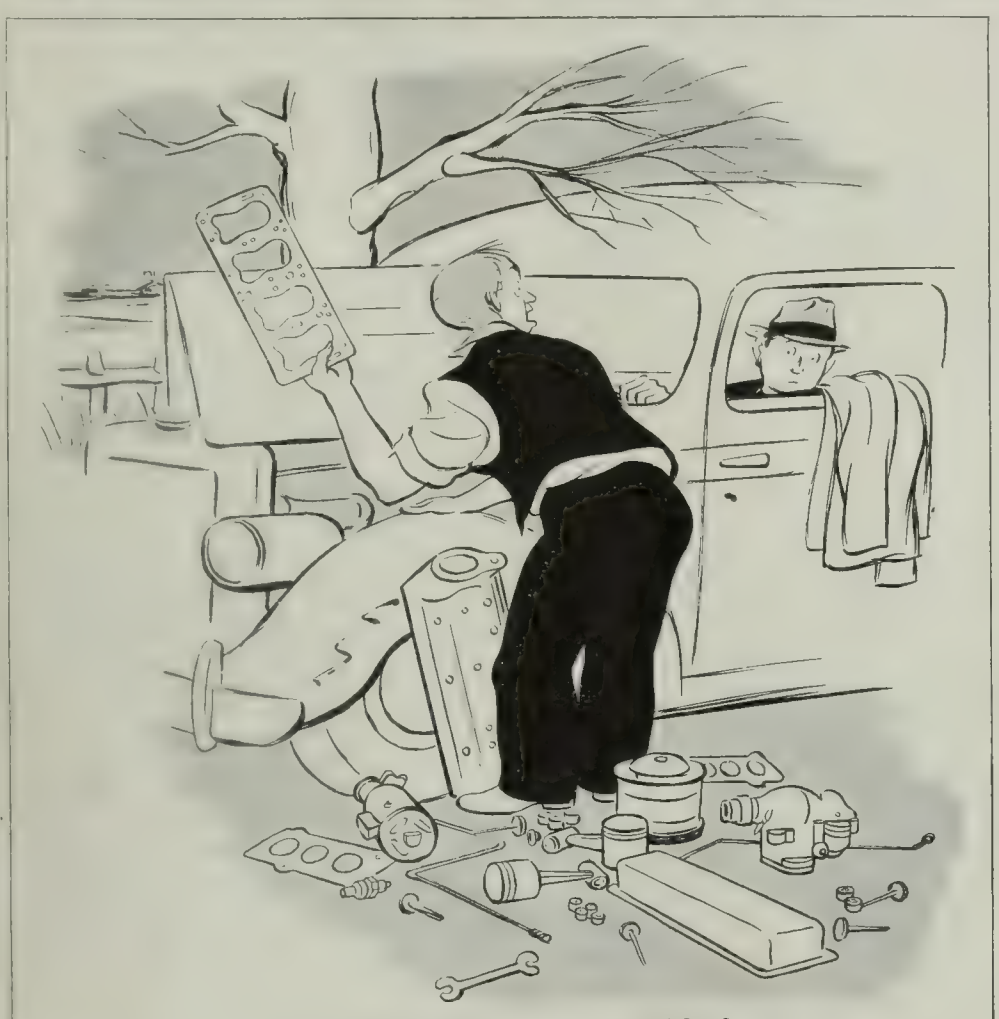
IT WAS the peremptory tone in the man's voice that brought Brent to his feet. The knock on the front door had been, in itself, startling—people so seldom came to the island—and Brent had heard no boat, no voices. India had gone to the door.

The man said in a clipped, crisp voice, "How do you do? I'm Lieutenant Reid—is there a man on the place?"

Brent didn't hear India's answer. The clipped voice spoke again: "How many people live here?"

Brent walked quickly, leaning into his own direction, his head thrust forward. Reaching the door, he said, "Just a minute. I'll speak with him, India. You go back with the children."

The northern twilight's golden color



"I can't find anything wrong with the motor. Let's check up on the gas and oil"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

was another sun. The man stood on the porch in the amber light, an erect, stocky, powerful-shouldered man in oil-stained dungarees and dress shoes that seemed too big for him. He wore an officer's cap from which the insignia had been torn. A gun in its canvas holster hung close to his right leg.

"Well?" Brent said.

"Good evening." The man made a short bow. "Reid is my name, second in command, U. S. submarine."

He turned his short neck to the cove, and Brent followed his glance and saw there on the deep green water, a long, sleek craft, motionless, silent. There were two men on her forward deck, four men aft, and one man on the narrow bridge forward of the conning tower.

Reid asked, "Have you a telephone?"

Brent shook his head.

"Where is the nearest one?"

"Ashore, four miles up the road."

"How far to the mainland?"

"Three miles."

"You say there are five of you here?"

"I didn't say."

"Well, come, man—how many are there?"

Brent looked the man over, feeling restlessness growing under his skin. His voice dropped, and his voice came out slowly, deliberately: "Mister, are these questions minded? Do they have to be asked?"

The man's face set. "Unless you are hiding something. This is war. The U. S. Navy cannot afford foolish formalities. We cannot submerge—the valves were hit and our rudders have been damaged. People on the land might be working for the enemy."

Brent said, "There are four in my family. My wife and the two little boys. Is there anything else, Mister?"

The man's eyes lifted and held Brent's. "Anyone working for you?"

"He's gone home."

"Good. Then we'll set to work." The man turned and raised his right hand, holding it up for an instant. The man on the narrow bridge returned the signal.

Brent waited but the man didn't go. He walked a few feet along the porch, turned smartly, and walked back. He stood for a moment, stiffly, listening.

Brent had heard the planes before Reid did. The man instinctively ducked his head, and at the same time, looked upward. Then, recovering, he glanced casually at Brent.

"You see many of them?"

"Some," Brent said.

"Don't they patrol quite regularly?"

"I never thought to check them."

THE planes were flying low, a half-mile from the island, five in formation. To Brent they were no novelty. Almost hourly, day and night, for the past few months, these or others cruised over the bay, beyond the island, sometimes high, sometimes low.

The man watched them closely, but since that first instinctive gesture, his interest seemed controlled. "How often did you say they flew over?" he asked.

"I didn't say," Brent said. "What part of the country do you come from?"

The man's eyes narrowed. "From the South. Why?"

"You don't sound like the South," Brent said.

Reid turned and, as if he had thrown off a hampering cloak, said, "Let us make this situation quite clear. I am an officer in the Germany navy, and I wish to inform you that you and your family are our prisoners. First—I will inspect the house for any possible means of communication between here and the mainland. You will proceed."

Brent made no move. He said, "What if I should say no?"

"It would not be discreet." The man touched the canvas holster. "Our vessel is in need of repair. It is convenient to make these repairs here. You can do nothing to hinder our operations—in which fact lies your safety. I have studied this coast for many years. This island has not been unknown to me. I was uncertain of telephonic connections—that was the reason for the brief and distasteful role I had to undergo as an officer in your Navy, wearing these clothes of a dead man. Now let us be direct."

Brent looked this man over. He could, he was sure, stop him, before he could even touch the gun's holster. But even if that were possible, what good would it do? If any suspicion grew in the minds of those on board the boat, they would put ashore. He could not, would not, endanger the lives of India and the children.

The man was smiling. "I read your thoughts," he said. "I am not alone."

"All right," Brent said. "What do you want?"

"That is sensible." The man took the gun from the holster and leaned it casually toward Brent. "Go within the house. And then bring your family together. It is better that we have you all in one place."

Brent turned and walked through the porch door.

THE room in which Brent, India, and the two little boys were locked, was a windowless storeroom in the back part of the house. India had been grateful to him, for the children's sake, when Brent had made no protest at their imprisonment. But when the bolt clicked behind them, Brent had whispered, "As soon as he is gone, we can get out. There used to be a door in here—behind the shelves."

"Oh, please," India said, "don't try it, Caleb!"

It had been hard for a time to keep Peter and Jack from crying, but by making them believe it was a game, India induced them to hold back their tears. In the dark, Brent felt India close to him, heard her even breathing, and the restless shuffling of the boys' feet as they sprawled at her other side. Brent listened for the steps of the man, but for many minutes now the house had been silent.

"He's gone out," he said.

They said nothing for a moment. Then Brent heard the steady drone of the planes, heading east from a base somewhere up Portland way. They passed, as usual, to the south, over the bay's wide entrance.

"It must be eight o'clock," India said. "They flew over at seven."

"He said it would take them two hours to make repairs."

"Then what, Caleb?"

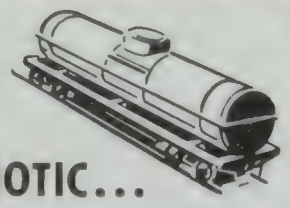
"I don't know—they'll be gone."

Even through these walls they could hear the deep hammering in the cove, and once a man called from somewhere outside. The German had said, "When we finish we will go. It will do you no good to go ashore and inform the authorities, otherwise we would be forced to dispose of you for silence. We will be able then to submerge. There are many things we must do on this side before we return to the fatherland. After that—we come back." He had smiled. "Maybe for a longer visit."

Brent kept thinking of the sleek gray hull lying there in the safety of his cove,

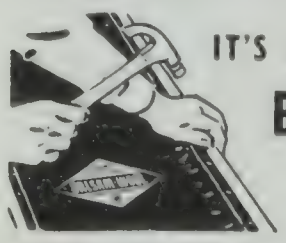
KEEP WARM

—WITH LESS FUEL



IT'S PATRIOTIC...

Fuel cars have gone to war — the government asks that you save fuel. You can help without danger to your health — without chills — by applying Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation!



IT'S EASY — WITH BALSAM-WOOL

Balsam-Wool is easily and quickly applied in your attic. Made by the oldest and largest manufacturer of blanket insulation—it is sold under a money-back GUARANTEE of fuel saving and comfort. Cost is low—and you can pay by the month. See your *lumber dealer* about Double Value Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation—or mail the coupon.

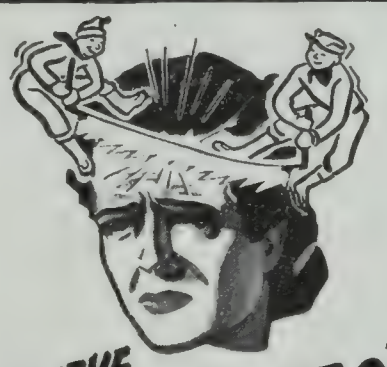
WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
Dept. 199-1128, First National Bank Building
St. Paul, Minnesota

Gentlemen: Please send me complete information about Balsam-Wool Guaranteed Attic Insulation.

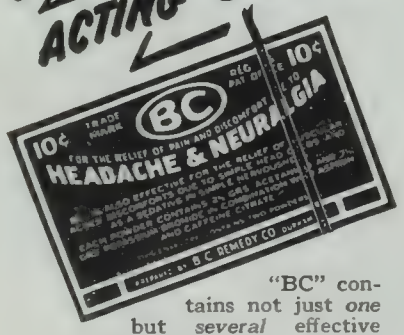
Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"



"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

the heavy guns mounted forward and aft. And he thought of those guns and their purpose. The hammers beat through the walls, steel on steel. Each stroke meant that the job was nearer completion. That boat would leave, head southeast for six miles until it cleared the Mackerel Shoals. Then it would be on the high seas, alone, and ready for its work.

He turned to India. His voice came out, slow and thoughtful, in the dark. He was talking to India, and he was talking to himself:

"Remember the way that fellow bragged? He said their marksmanship was so good they could pick off the crew in the lifeboats after they had been torpedoed—one by one. That's what they did, India. And that's what they'll do again."

"Don't think about it. Those men who were killed that way were men we don't know, Caleb. We mustn't think about them now."

"No, we don't know them. They're men doing a job, and taking their own risks."

But he went on thinking about them—those unknown men. . . . And his thoughts fell into place deeply, softly inside him, and began to make up a pattern. And he began to see that this place was only a small piece of the mosaic that was America. The island in the township, the township in the county, the county in the state and the state a part of the whole.

SOMEHOW that boat must be stopped from ever leaving this shore.

But Brent knew now that he was thinking along lines that were impossible. There was nothing he could do. He was on an island three miles from the mainland, with the only available boat a few feet from the submarine. No one could swim those three miles—the tide would kill you if the cold waters let you live long enough to reach the tide.

And yet there grew in Caleb Brent's mind that native defiance to all things impossible. It had been impossible, they had said to his grandfather, to build this house on this island. It had been impossible for the early settlers to live in this wilderness. And yet these things had been done.

This defiance was strong in Caleb Brent. It smoldered now, as he sat there, locked in a room in his own house. But until now defiance had ended at the edge of his island—the limit of his world. What went on beyond had been none of his business.

A man, working alone, day after day in his fields, seldom talking, seldom hearing any voice but the whisper of the waves on the cove's sands, grows the capacity for imagining, for planning. A whole week's work will be laid out in his mind, carefully, to each detail.

Brent finally said, "It's dark out now. There is only one way to let those planes know that that boat is here in my cove. Fire."

"What, Caleb?" India's voice trembled a little. "What would you fire?"

"Stay here," Brent said; "keep the children quiet." He got up and felt his way around the room.

"Caleb," India said, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find that door into the woodshed."

Brent ran his hands along the back part of the shelves until he touched the hinge of the old door. He felt for the nails in those shelves, and inched them out with a pocketknife. After that he had to work five screws out of the door itself. Then he forced the door, little by little, until it opened into the woodshed.

It was as dark in there as it had been in the storeroom. He felt his way along the aisle between the stacks of spruce and birch. He could hear the gnawing of the borers, and could smell the perfume-like odor of bruised birchbark. He slid the shed door back quietly and saw the streak of light still in the west.

He moved to the left toward the grove of spruce, and when he came to the corner of the house he stopped and looked up and down the path. Something moved on the path, and he saw a man there—his face white in the late light.

The man was staring at the house and he stood very still. Then he turned and walked a few paces along the path, halted, and returned to his post.

Brent went back to the shed. India was standing there, waiting.

"You and the boys will go up to the ridge behind the house. You will hide there in the old quarry. You'll be safe. I'll give you five minutes to get there. Then I'll go to the grove of spruce to the west of the house. The trees are dry at their bases, and there's brush."

"Caleb—they're so near the house."

"The wind's from the east."

"You'll be careful."

"I've got to be."

India called Peter and Jack. They came out on all fours, like rabbits from a hole. She took them by the hand, then turned to Brent. "I don't know why I'm doing this, Caleb. But there is something—that makes me feel that you're right—that you're doing the right thing."

"Take it easy," Brent said. "Don't run for it. The house will hide you all the way there, if you keep to the east. Stay there until I come."

India leaned close to him for a moment. Then she took Peter and Jack by the hand and walked quietly into the dark toward the ridge.

BRENT went to the back porch and picked up the half-full five-gallon can of coal oil and, keeping close to the house, walked back to the corner nearest the grove. In his mind he had built up the brush in the thickness of the trees, and was mentally pouring the coal oil on it, when he saw the man not more than ten feet from him, between him and the spruce. He was a square, squat man, and he stood there, motionless, like a tree stump, the revolver in his hand. His head was turned in the direction taken by India and the boys. He was listening.

Brent leaned in the shadow of the house and waited. He could hear talk coming from the cove, guttural syllables of a foreign tongue. Then the sharp,

EPITAPH

They write an epitaph tonight
In some dark, bloodstained Paris street;
In sweat that runs on Libyan sands,
In faith that fires the calloused hands
To toil, to carve with rhythmic beat,
The light upon the stone.

They're writing it in quiet tears,
In prayers that come from tents at night;
In music played by factory wheels,
In throbbing guns and meager meals;
In silver wings that flash in flight
And cast their light upon the stone.

They're writing it in calm retort
To churches charred by wanton lust,
To laughter choked by sudden fear,
To faces drawn when death is near;
To souls that sing beneath the dust
And cast their light upon the stone.

This is the epitaph they write:
"The wrong ideas of men lie here—
The hate, the greed, the selfish will;
The crown of thorns, the need to kill,
Buried by truth, shining and clear,
Which casts its light upon the stone."

WILLIAM HOWLETT

rapid strokes of a riveter [illegible] all other sounds. Whe[n] noise stopped, the stu[n] man moved and, withou[t] ing his eyes from the [o] spoke quickly within his [ear]. He was answered by a [low] voice a few feet below h[im] the path. Whatever the [words] they satisfied him, an[d] looked away from the rid[ge] ward the house.

With two of them, it w[as] possible to get through t[he] spruce stand. To jump [one] would warn the other—an[d] a failure would be the e[nd] was impossible to get a[ll] them—the curving path [de]manded both sides of the [house]. Carefully, as if he were [beg]ning his day's work, he c[ame] ered the hay meadow, b[ut] burning stubble would loo[k] an unimportant grass fire [in] plane overhead. He thou[ght] the barn. With that th[ere] came a quickening of the [pulse] but he pushed it back. The[re] was too near the men, and [there] was no way of getting a[round] by the shore.

Through the walls of the [barn] he could hear the beating [of] old chime clock in the hall[way] he listened for the quarter [hour]. He guessed eight-thirty. It was qu[arter] of nine. Time, which had been [ac]counted, suddenly took on import[ance].

From the cove he heard the me[ta]rumble of the Diesel engines—a s[put]tering of churned water—then q[uiet]. The guards spoke to each other a[pp]hensively, but did not leave their p[ost]s.

Brent pressed his shoulders ag[ainst] the wide clapboard sides of the h[ouse], his right hand still holding the kero[sene] can. And as he felt the bulk of the h[ouse] so near him, its solid walls, its sa[fety], he knew why he had considered the [open] field, the spruce grove, the barn. He [had] tried to close the door to this thou[ght]. His mind raced from one point to [the] other, trying to avoid the decision. [But] under this milling, there was the [cold] knowledge that he had no choice.

Brent's lips were stiff, and he m[oved] stiffly back, back to the wide door of [the] woodshed. He stood still for an ins[tant] —a soft, weakening instant. Ther[e] turned into the shed, and in its [in]darkness he built the pyre for his ho[use].

THERE was no beginning to that fi[re]—it was born a high yellow flame wh[ich] licked the walls of the shed, and tur[ned] the white paint to the black of bur[nt] sugar. He opened the house door [and] saw the draft pull the fire into the b[ig] hall. He forced himself to remain in [the] shed until he saw through that door t[hat] the stairwell was burning. Then, and [not] until then, did he stumble out into [the] fresh night and turn toward the ridge.

Once he stopped behind a boulder [and] let his eyes be pulled to the orange g[low] of the house—the frightening light [of] fire through upper-story windows. [He] saw one guard run to the kitchen [and] the other to the cove. Neither had s[een] him leave the house.

He didn't stop again until he fou[nd] India and the children. They w[ere] crouched behind a ledge, and he kn[ew] by the way India spoke she had [already] guessed the source of the fire.

"Caleb," she said, "we were afraid when you didn't come."

Peter said, "See the little lights on t[he] big boat in the cove." Brent turned a[nd] saw the lights moving rapidly, and guessed the panic of the men who h[ad] them.

India was looking toward the fire. looks so near the house," she whisper[ed].

"It is near, India."

She put her hand in his, and he felt suddenly cold. He felt a tremble pa[ss] along her body, and he knew then th[at] she knew.

Brent moved to the ledge above them. So he had a clear view of the house. The sight struck him like a physical blow. The whole north and east ends of the house were sheets of flame. Through the kitchen window he could see the burning lamp, still lit. He came down from the ledge and took India's hand again. Neither of them spoke.

Brent wasn't sure, but it seemed many minutes later that he heard against the distant crackle of fire the drone of planes. They came quickly now, and although he had never heard it before, he heard now the sound and rush of power against them. The little lights on the cove disappeared. A man ran out in the direction of the house, carrying a load in his arms. He looked up at the sky, dropped the load, and ran on the path. Other men were shouting. Brent recognized the voice of the man who had called himself Reid. He was shouting orders, but his voice sounded high and futile now, and after a while stopped, Brent heard the anchor chain grate across steel.

A plane zoomed low over the house and left a curve of white smoke which soon mingled with the fire's smoke. The light was brighter now and here and there a bush, a tree, stood out sharp and clear on the path to the dock. Then Brent saw plainly the shining side of the submarine. She was moving out of the cove, moving slowly, but the light of the fire was on her.

Another plane banked and was a white moth in the night as it dipped low over the boat.

"They've spotted her," Brent said. "They're not sure yet whose she is."

THE boat had reached the cove's entrance and was cutting the point close. The plane maneuvered above her, and then something was dropped, something which flared in a brilliant white light, paling for a moment the light of the fire. Under this slowly descending glare, the submarine and its crew were caught, like a stage set and its actors on whom the curtain has been raised too soon. Then both guns were fired together, streaking orange into the sky. For the moment no plane was visible, but the sound of them filled the sky, swelling full and rich.

The boat had given herself away now and was trying desperately to find water deep enough to submerge. From behind him Brent heard a plane, and turned just in time to see its metal flash as it dived for the boat. The water around the boat swelled into three hills. The fourth bomb struck the boat full in a red flash, and the noise of the explosion hurt.

Both boys were crowded close to their mother, their heads buried against her, and she was comforting them with softly spoken words. "That's all," she was saying, "that's the end of it." Their little bodies shook, and their voices sounded thin and small against the echo of the bombs.

India looked at Brent. There were tears in her eyes but when she spoke, she seemed to be unaware of them.

"You had a job, Caleb, and you did it," she whispered. "I'm not sorry—now. I'm proud." Then she added, "Your grandfather would be proud of you, too."

He looked back toward the house. There was little to see now but the fire and the black smoke rolling into the sky. And yet at this moment, strangely, he had no more sense of loss than he would have had looking at the empty, blackened shell of a bullet that had found its mark.

His grandfather had built that house because he had had a strong sense of family. He had built it to provide shelter for those who had not yet been born. And now he, Caleb Brent, had destroyed it for the same reason—for the security of generations to come. He had a feeling that these smoking ashes would mingle with the earth and enrich it.

Above him he heard the planes returning to their base, and he thought of them as a bridge between this island and the mainland.

THE END

A Man's Wife

Continued from page 15

The plot went into the air and he acted it, identifying the plane models, picking fine points in the piloting, spotting beefed-up airport ships disguised as army busses in the dubbed-in ground action. He was having fun and then the girl came back. An Army instructor was wondering mentally over the problem of a rival in love, who was a flying cadet, and who could not get the hang of it all. If he washed the lad out, would the girl ever understand?

Rowan snorted out loud and several people in the row ahead looked around at him. A few minutes later the hero and the heroine stood looking at each other, floated gently together and kissed stiffly like two puppets in waltz time.

ROWAN snorted again and this time it was for keeps. Men just did not kiss women like that, not Rowan's kind of men. He did not believe that any woman should be kissed like that. Stark unreality flowed out from the screen and engulfed him. He heaved out of his seat and strode up the aisle.

There were colored posters in the lobby and a sticky cloud of moist heat that hung just beyond the range of the air-conditioning system. The posters swam in the heat and he did not know what they were all about. He lighted a cigarette, conscious that sweat from his fingers had soaked through the thin paper. It would not draw well. He looked at it, then raised his eyes and looked through the smoke into the eyes of the girl.

She was half smiling, a trifle embarrassed, holding her cigarette in the half-hopeless, half-apologetic manner of all women without matches. "Do you mind?" she asked.

He snapped a match and held it, observing how she held her head forward, the length of her lashes when she dropped her eyelids protectively against the flare, the soft firmness of her lips. She raised her head suddenly and saw him looking at her. Their eyes dueled in that split second and hers carried the warning: "This is not a pickup!"

Something inside of Rowan said, silently: "What will you bet?" Aloud, he said, "Did you walk out on that terrible opera, too?"

She took a long time to answer him and he did not care. He was settled into cruising speed and he knew where he was. The girl took two puffs from the cigarette.

"I thought that it was a very good picture," she said. "Thank you for the light."

She turned away and he liked her grace of movement, the distinction which she imparted to a simple summer dress. She moved out of the lobby with her heels clicking on the tile and she seemed to have forgotten him. He liked that, too. When she turned the corner beyond his range of vision, he followed her. Within a quarter of a block he caught up with her.

"Get mad and get it over with so that I can talk to you," he said.

She looked at him calmly and she did not break step. She did not register alarm or fright or indignation. There was no smile, no coquetry, only a quiet poise.

"You are invading my privacy," she said.

"I know it. And you've sized me up correctly by expecting me to understand what a woman's privacy means."

"Well?"

"I respect my own privacy, too. If you had turned around or looked back, I would have walked the other way."

They continued to walk and there was a rhythm in their walking, an instinctive keeping in step. They were like two dancers who have danced often together, adapted to each other, sure of each other in the sense of inner timing. Rowan felt it and so, he was sure, did she. He had a strange sense of lightness, of release from care. This was riding the red airway through a velvet night, clicking off the markers at regular intervals, concerned only with the sensation of flight, released from its cares and responsibilities.

He could walk on like this indefinitely: not speaking or needing to speak, feeling her there beside him and leaving all initiative to her. Eventually she would have to break the rhythm. They would reach some place and she would have to make a decision, or contend with him for the decision. That would be pretty cowardly, though. After all, he had initiated this flight: he had to be the skipper.

There was a big hotel on their left. He glanced at it and looked at the girl. She was looking straight ahead: not stern or righteous or indignant, simply withdrawn and living within her own privacy. She had regular features and she carried her head proudly. Her hair curled prettily over her ears and there was life in it that caught the light from lamps and windows that they passed.

"I would like to buy you a drink," he said. "That is a respectable place and you can get help in a hurry if I try to bite you."

"I was never afraid of your biting me."

"Well, can I buy you a drink?"

He was looking down at her, noting that the top of her head came just above his shoulder exactly where it should be. She raised her eyes to his: candid eyes, dark and unafraid.

"Yes," she said.

THEY crossed the street to the hotel. The lobby was crowded and uniforms predominated. A buzz of conversation with a few noisy overtones came from the cocktail lounge. They found a secluded corner niche with a half-moon seat of red leather that arced around a small table. They ordered a Tom Collins each and the girl let him light another cigarette for her.

"We might as well be properly common about this," she said, "and give each other false names."

Rowan nodded. "Okay. Mine is Bart Rowan."

She smiled and there was mockery in her eyes. "Mine is Emily Proctor."

He reached solemnly across the table and shook hands with her. Despite the bitterness in her suggestion, he believed that she was really Emily Proctor, that she knew that he was Bart Rowan. They



Copr. 1942, Stanco Inc.





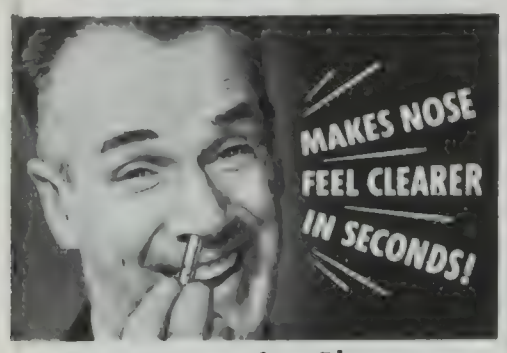
DURHAM SHAVE KIT

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—over twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ times more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triples life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or T-type safety razor. *Specify type wanted.* Both use the same famous Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and comb.

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

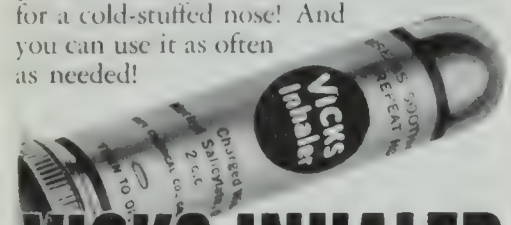
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

When Nose Stuffs Up With a Cold



Any Time . . . Any Place . . .

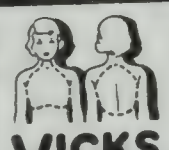
Get greater breathing comfort—quick—with the new, handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication. Grand for a cold-stuffed nose! And you can use it as often as needed!



VICKS INHALER

CHILDREN'S COLDS

To relieve miseries—rub VicksVapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!



VICKS VAPORUB

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

The kind of gift your Uncle Sam okays, because smart ACTION-FIT* men's gloves are serviceable, too

This year he wants plenty of service along with smart appearance. So give him ALBERT RICHARD GLOVES! They've got Action-Fit*— that exclusive feature that combines perfect fit with roominess. Choice of smart leathers. At better stores everywhere. Up to $3.95 Why pay more?

ALBERT RICHARD

Division of Fried, Ostermann Co.

Action-Fit® Sportswear

Milwaukee, Wis.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



were honorable opponents in the oldest duel in the world: not phonies conspiring in a corner.

"You are used to getting what you want, aren't you?" she said.

"I try very hard."

She looked away from him, out across the crowded, dimly lighted room. She would, being a woman, feel the impact of his hardness first; later, inevitably, she would detect the weakness in his armor: his longing for the soft and the beautiful, for the spoils that only the strong can win but that the weak are forever counterfeiting.

"You do not care if my name is Mabel or Bertha or Jenny, or Smith or Jones or Robinson," she said at last. "You had time on your hands, you were bored with a picture show and I would do."

"If you believe that, we will take our drink quietly and I will put you in a cab outside. You can give the address to the driver yourself."

"Thank you. It is a nice drink."

She tipped the tall frosted glass toward him in a gesture of salute. He touched the rim of her glass with his own and drank deeply.

"Emily does not seem right," he said, "not as a name for you."

She laughed softly. Her teeth were even, very white. She had a trick of laughing, then biting the corner of her lower lip momentarily. "You do not know anything about it," she said. "Emily is a very appropriate name for me."

He shook his head and let the question go. Emily sounded like someone's wife, but he did not want to say so. He did not even want to think about it.

They finished their drinks and walked slowly through the lobby. "Do I call a cab?" he said.

She did not look at him. "What alternatives do you have to offer?"

"I would like to dance with you."

THE words slipped out without conscious thought behind them. He did want to dance with her. The idea seemed inevitable when they walked together. Her forehead puckered thoughtfully.

"You can call the cab," she said.

He nodded and raised his hand. There was a cab at the curb and the driver stepped down holding the door open. The girl looked up at Rowan.

"Tell him 'Hillside,' " she said. "It is an amusement park, but they get the name bands on tour."

Rowan did not change expression. He had known, somehow, that it would be like this. He was riding the airway, everything in tune. The girl sat close to him in the cab but not too close. He did not put his arm around her or back of her.

They talked about the band that was playing at Hillside and Emily seemed to know a lot about it: Rowan did not. He liked to dance but he was not a fan type. He did not know bands or band leaders by name. He did not even like their music for listening purposes: it was good, in his book, only for dancing.

Hillside was like its thousands of counterparts throughout the country: lights and rides and concessions. At this, the fag end of the season, it had a tired, run-down, worn look. There were uniforms everywhere, the grim reminder of a nation at war, but the atmosphere was one of conscious gaiety: people swarming after amusement, forcing themselves to be amused. The dance floor was housed in a circular building at the end of a boardwalk. Music flowed from it out into the night and Rowan felt his pulses quicken.

They moved out on the dance floor and, from the very first second, they were a single person, obeying the music with a sure instinct, needing no intricate steps, heedless of the fact that this was a big-name radio orchestra, which some people came merely to watch in action. This was simply music, wafted to them on an impersonal breeze from a source entirely unimportant, music that became their own medium of expression, that did not have to be discussed or reduced to a name.

Their feet caught the fast time and moved to it, their bodies relaxed to the dreamy languor of waltzes—and a mood built up. There was sex in it, but sex suspended, floating on a cloud, demanding no expression save this: that the music flow on forever.

Then the music stopped.

It was intermission time and they looked at each other like two people awakening from a shared intimacy: hazily remembered, scarcely believed. Rowan had known a moment much like this a week ago when his engine died above the Wasatch range. Death had been the reality, then; life the hazy dream. He had come down with the engine weirdly hushed and only the soft sighing sound of the air flow. It had not been in the cards for him, or for anyone else, to get down but he had made it by inches over the tops of the tallest spruce, settling gently at last upon the valley floor. There had been music in that, too, of a sort, and a sudden awakening when the music stopped; a feeling that it could not have happened, that an experience was completed which could not come again to a mortal life.

"Do you want to walk around a bit?"

His voice sounded harsh in his own ears and the girl looked at him strangely. He saw her bite the corner of her lip and he had the feeling that she, too, had accepted a reality from which it was difficult to return.

They walked down the boardwalk and she commented on the number of uniforms. Officers and enlisted men were woven together into a pattern and none stood out. Rowan wondered a little that she had never commented on his wings. People usually did. Rowan had grown accustomed to that and he scoffed privately at the halo of glamor that had been hung upon those who fly. The only thing about flying that was worth a layman's envy was the something that the layman could not know about and that no flier could explain; all the rest was tinsel glory and very seamy on the inside. Still it bothered him to have the girl ignore it. His mind admitted the lack of logic in that, but it was there.

"I would like to throw balls at the bottles."

She said it simply like a child ar turned her toward the concession w six bottles stacked in a pyramid cr a target for nickel baseballs. He bo baseballs for her and she threw w but enthusiastically, exclaiming disappointment when she missed triumphantly when she scored her hit.

"You try!" she said.

Rowan felt slightly ridiculous there was a challenge in the expe way that she looked at him. He di knock them all off, because they designed not to be knocked off, bu did not score any misses and he fe absurd species of pride in his pro

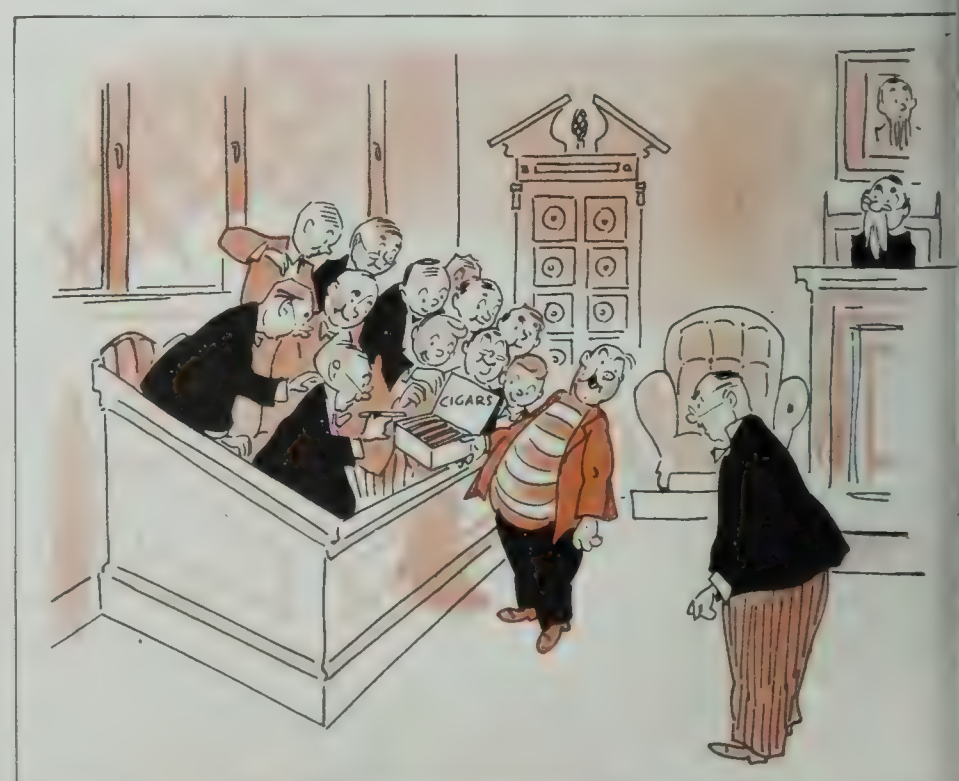
He felt something else, too: the sation of great speed again, the fr ening speed of that ride east Cheyenne tonight with the fastest uct of American airplane plants u him and a forty-mile tail wind be him. He had suffocated a little, and he suffocated now.

EMILY was becoming alarmingly a girl who had stepped suddenly of a dream clothed in flesh and bl The reserve of early evening was in the haze of illusion that had wa with the music above the dance f She had just done something that old when the world was new; pittin own mediocre skill in a physical g against his masculine prowess, ad ing him in his preordained superio That had been done to him when he a boy without deceiving him; but he liked it then and he liked it now.

They rode in a trick automobile was designed for collisions with sin automobiles, took chances on prizes neither of them wanted—and rode roller coaster where he very ne kissed her. She drew her breath in screamed when the tiny car took long drop and she buried her against his shoulder when they face next one. He felt her softness and warmth and her feminine helpless and his blood was faster than the ra car on the high curved tracks.

The physical force that drew them gether then was stronger than the with which he held her close. Sur titious kisses would not do, howe They would change the mood. He k it without reasoning why.

This was a flight that was going so where. He was feeling rush and roar hurtling speed: power beyond tha the biggest engine he had ever th tled. It was building up, flying a from the beams and the airways and



COLLIER'S "Keep asking me questions—I'm listening" REAMER KELLE



erheard in the Bathroom

dy, dingy toilet brings whispered com-. It's inexcusable these days. Sani- keeps toilet bowls glistening and ry without messy work. It removes and incrustations where toilet germs . Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. ani-Flush at least twice a week.

n't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary sers. It works chemically. Even cleans idden trap. (Also cleans out auto ors thoroughly.) *When used ac- ng to directions on the can, i-Flush cannot injure septic tanks eir action and is absolutely safe toilet connections and auto cool- ystems.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Prod- ucts Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

GOOD DAY'S WORK
ST. LOUIS

GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AT
Lennox HOTEL

OMS NOISE-PROOFED • RATES FROM $3.00

"Be of Good Cheer!"
SALUTE
AMERICA'S NEW PATRIOTIC GAME
Happy competition between Junior, Dad, Sister and Mom, learning the insignia of our fighting men and officers. Special "Salute the Flag" feature. For 2 to 4 play- ers. $1.00. AT ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT.
SELCHOW & RIGHTER COMPANY
(Famous Game Makers for over 75 years)
200 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

ST IN DS AND TAMPS
SAVE SHOES
REPAIR 'EM + WEAR 'EM
Men in the Service need *new* shoes
So keep your shoes in Service
Sullivan's
HEELS and SOLES
made from non-vital materials
"Tough and Springy"

marked airports. The night would end sometime and somewhere, and the day would be a new reality that would make a dream of all that was happening now; but this moment lived for itself and was timeless.

They rode the roller coaster twice more and when they alighted, Emily was flushed, attractively disheveled. Her dark eyes had little glowing flames deep inside of them and she pressed his arm when they walked.

The music had started up again over in the building that housed the dance floor but neither of them made a move in that direction. Instinctively they both realized that the magic of that other hour was over, not to be recaptured and not to be marred by the risk of anti-climax. They went instead into a garden beyond the merry-go-round, a garden all but deserted now that the music was calling the couples in. They found a bench that the bushes screened, and sat there. Rowan lifted the girl's hand, absurdly small in the palm of his own, and looked at it.

"Bart!" she said. "That is a very masculine name, isn't it?"

"I don't know."

HE LOOKED up and saw the excitement glowing in her. She had been stirred tonight as she had not expected to be stirred, nor wanted to be. It was the possibilities unrealized, probably: the power for a breath-taking dive that will wring the screams from you, there under your hand in a cockpit. Hold the throttle where it is, whip up on one wing and go down! Rowan had known that urge in fast ships on quiet nights over a route as straight as a highway: the urge to break away from sanity and abandon himself to the buffeting power of forces that would all but break him in two. He had felt that urge tonight here in the park, the same urge in a different guise. Emily had been feeling it, too. He knew when he looked at her. His fist tightened and he could feel the skin tight across his knuckles.

"You are really a very decent man, aren't you, Bart?" she said softly.

Bart Rowan did not know and he said so. He was not accustomed to putting such questions to himself and he did not see himself against such yardsticks. He merely flew his course, taking the weather as he found it.

Emily looked away, then suddenly she was crying—crying with a strange, hard bitterness. Rowan looked at her aghast. "Because you are so decent," she said, "I feel despicable, like a cheat and a dirty spy. . . ."

Her voice choked off. Rowan did not touch her but his forehead was puckered. "Why?" he said.

She seemed not to have heard him. "There you were, all alone in a picture show," she said, "being decent and trying to find something for yourself out of what the country got you into. I was sitting right behind you and I knew you were a pilot because of the places where you leaned forward and the places where you got impatient. Then I had to know for sure."

Rowan was staring at her. This was no longer a smooth flight to anywhere: there was turbulence and rain. He could feel himself tightening up.

"I followed you out," she said. "I lied about seeing all of the show and liking it. I had matches, too, and you were a married man in a strange town, not looking for women, not even seeing me. I . . ."

"How did you know that I was married?"

Rowan's voice was husky. The girl waved his question aside with a gesture as though the answer was perfectly obvious. "Any woman would have known that," she said.

She sobbed quietly for a moment. "My husband is in the Transport Service, too," she said. "I haven't seen him in two months and I've been worried and my imagination has been torturing me—and so I used you as a—as a guinea pig."

This wasn't the disembodied spirit who danced like the incarnation of music itself, nor the girl who threw baseballs at bottles and screamed on the roller coaster. This was merely a woman named Emily. Rowan lighted a cigarette and she reached for one without looking at him, like a creature obeying mere reflex action. He gave her the cigarette and lighted it for her.

"In a way I was spying on Clark, my husband, through you," she said brokenly. "I was feeling bitter for no reason except I was imagining things with him flying to other cities. It wouldn't prove anything if you were—were—as you weren't, but I kidded myself that it would. . . ."

Rowan stared at her. She was the wife of another pilot like himself—of some poor devil who would not get into the fighting but who would take all kinds of ships into all kinds of god-awful places. Nearly fifteen hundred miles away there was Marion. Marion was prettier than Emily, better built than Emily. Suppose that this Clark Proctor, or someone else, met her coming out of a picture show? It could happen, of course. Women and men, they were all human.

He had not been thinking of Marion tonight. He had been a man in a dream, a man who had flown a very fast airplane right through the hazy unreality of a lighted airport into a town that did not matter, a man who kept on going deeper into the dream and the unreality, liking it and responding to it with all of his senses but not thinking about it as any part of his life. Emily was drawing upon the cigarette, her eyes staring straight ahead.

"I love him," she said, "and I used you as an experiment and . . ."

Rowan drew a deep breath. "I do not believe a word of it," he said. "You were simply being a woman and you frightened yourself to death."

It was like throwing a glass of cold water into her face, but he did not look at her and he did not see the shock register. He stood up and extended his hand to her. There was a taxi at the gate and they rode back as they had ridden out, close together but not too close. He walked with her to the door of her bungalow and she stood proudly, slimly erect, facing him.

"Thank you for everything," she said softly. "I want to say it again, Bart. You are a very decent person."

HER lips were trembling but her eyes were brave; clean and level, not hiding anything of which she was ashamed. He took her hand and looked at it.

"I did not hurt you, Emily," he said.

His voice was husky and he spoke as though reassuring himself rather than as addressing her. She shook her head.

"No. And I did not hurt you."

They stood there for a moment with the touch of their hands between them and nothing else whatever in all of the world. It was no more than if the hands had simply waved in passing. Their eyes met and neither of them looked away. They had not hurt each other because they could not; they rode good ships, their wings spread to marriages that were more than words in a service. Rowan bowed stiffly.

"Goodnight, Emily," he said.

He turned on his heel and he did not look back. There had been a bit of weather but he had made his landing. Emily had made her landing, too. It was all right. The measure of a pilot is in how he brings them down.

THE END



★ *make your dollars fight . . . buy war bonds and stamps!*



You'll like its taste . . . because

it's **PRIME** *&* **MATURED**



Experts of another era knew that the choicest whiskies were those aged in barrels placed high on the top racks of the warehouse, where air temperatures were favorable and constant. Those whiskies were *prime* in quality because they *matured* evenly...more softly and luxuriously. Today's experts prefer Ancient Age for the same reason. Every drop is *prime***matured* by a scientific duplication of this "top-racking" process. Prime*maturity explains why those in the know prefer the flavor of Ancient Age...sip by sip, from bottle to bottle...

Have *you* tried Ancient Age straight . . . or in a highball?



Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 yrs. old. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Carnival." Your Mutual station every week (consult your local newspaper for exact time).

The Time of His Life

Continued from page 14

each field a product good enough to kindle a spark of unspoken admiration even in the hearts of those who appreciate him least.

His recent fiasco has been followed by multiple success and accelerating fame. Money is pouring on him from new and larger channels, but he can neither spend it this time nor give it away, because his kaleidoscopic nature is being regimented to the consistency of Army life. Draft officials decided last month that his generosity to relatives had rendered him devoid of dependents. Unmarried, he was inducted as a private. His earnings will accrue, which is for the best, since he will owe something like $40,000 next March on his 1942 income.

Just what the Army plans or hopes to do with him is still a mystery, even to Saroyan. He will be a good and co-operative soldier but the fact remains that he holds his art and talent above all else.

Mr. Saroyan at Stake

"I honestly believe," he declared before climbing into his uniform, "that now more than ever, our own country as well as the world at large is urgently in need of the kind of writing I do. If good writers do not hold their integrity and talent aloof, then the disintegration of decency in human lives will have become utterly complete and consequently extremely difficult to re-establish.

"To feel that physical force alone shall cancel the enemy forces is a tactical, if not a military, misconception. We are seeking to establish a normal world, but a military world never has been and never will be normal, and a military point of view in art can never be anything but negligible.

"I don't know what they'll have me do. I'll be happy to drill with a gun, peel potatoes or do anything except write plays for the Army. I simply cannot write anything on order."

As he departed, the site of the defunct Saroyan Theater, the Belasco, was shining anew with another Saroyan triumph, Hello Out There, a short play starring Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon. The better part of a two-play program, produced and directed by Dowling, it drew rave notices on opening night and plenty of customers subsequently.

Another Saroyan victory came with the release of a controversial short film called The Great Job, which he wrote and produced for M-G-M and which caused many of the mutual insults that followed his indignant exodus from Hollywood last spring. The experimental film was given a swanky première at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, went into first-run theaters, and was heralded as a probable winner of the Academy Award for short subjects.

Not far in the offing is his novel, The Human Comedy, adapted from the movie script. Whether good, great or disappointing, the new long work threatens to be the most exciting literary event of the season.

On the heels of the book will come the M-G-M picture version of the same story, starring Mickey Rooney and Frank Morgan. It's a tale which Hollywood conservatives have called "the greatest piece of literature since the Bible."

Were this amazing young man like the average creative genius, he would be more understandable, but outwardly he seems unbelievably average, handsome in a Mediterranean way, with even a zoot in his well-tailored civilian clothes. He has an explanation fo discrepancy:

"No good writer of our time has where near as much fun as I do, anywhere near as amusing as I generally at my own expense, wl can afford. Most writers are so on about themselves and their talen they don't dare kid themselves. B ding myself, however, I am able t everybody, because few others h to be my equal."

When Dr. Ernest Brennecke, Columbia University, contended magazine article that such a wo Saroyan's Seventy Thousand Ass could not properly be called a stor daring young man said:

"What the hell difference do make what you call it, just breathes?" He clarifies his qu with, "Once I tried all day to w great story and couldn't, so I sat and knocked out a letter of explan to the editor, telling her how cold it so cold that I could hardly think. I a long letter, and, as I read it o realized that it was more than a l It was great feeling. So I added hundred more words and mailed the story I wanted to write. It was lished by the magazine and later i first book."

Public enthusiasm for that first ume, The Daring Young Man o Flying Trapeze, was exceeded onl his own. Belief in its worth drove to ply the San Francisco ferries copies, which he sold to voyagers a craft skirted over the bay.

Confidence in his work and hi has never dipped below the maxi It was at an annoying peak early year in the office of Louis B. M president of M-G-M, where his g est financial struggle took place. Mayer had lured him to Holly with an offer of $25,000 "for any ki Saroyan story." The author, unab write on order, had countered wit offer to work for nothing until he established his value. Bored with st details, he had returned to San F cisco and there written The Hu Comedy script in eleven days- pages, 80,000 words. For this he wa $300,000.

"But that's more than a third of we'll spend on the whole picture," gasped.

"When you get through hackin down, and the agent is paid," Sar explained, "I'll be lucky to have a fi

The Gambling Spirit

Despite prolonged and spirited gling, they remained a fortune a The offering price had reached $50

"This comedy has gone far enou the author announced suddenly. "G deck of cards for Mr. Mayer and We'll cut to see if he pays me a hun grand—or nothing!"

Shocked almost beyond recovery M-G-M executives went into an adj ing room for a conference. They turned presently and said, "In fair we can't do that. You might lose."

"Don't worry about me," Sar laughed. "*You* might lose!"

But they couldn't see it that way the deal was stalemated. Saroyan fi asked and received $10,000 more, w was the commission he had promise pay his agent, Stanley Rose, a fo bookstore proprietor who had broke. After all, back in 1934 the fe had devoted an entire window dis to that first Saroyan volume. Such fidence in a new author simply ha

rvarded and ten grand was little
ou.
Th way he gave away the remaining
),00 to his friends and relatives con-
ns he key to Saroyan's true nature.
dlikes nobody, not even his sever-
dtics or his top sergeant. He has
ov all the misery and pain that falls
pdding authors, yet nowhere in his
itg or life can you find ugliness or
tr.
We he "European-minded," you
all understand his somewhat pixi-
eattitude toward truth and beauty,
t e is thoroughly American, despite
o rmenian-born parents. His father,
e her and preacher in Armenia, did
iir work upon reaching America at
e rn of the century. Then he moved
California and became a vineyard
pe. He died in 1911 leaving four
ildren, the youngest of whom was Wil-
maged three. His mother put them
a orphanage at Alameda and took a
maid in San Francisco.

Fleet on the Feet

Bd William emerged at the age of
ve and began selling newspapers be-
us his older brother, Henry, had sold
ps. When Henry went to work for
ml Telegraph, William went there
so and the Saroyan boys were the
est messengers on the Coast.
Boyan's earliest ambition was to be
msician, for he worships music of
y ind. He writes with the radio play-
g and is never without a portable
ograph and plenty of records. He
re ates Brahms and Zez Confrey,
el g that too much of one of them
gt influence his literary output.
ou of his plays is without some type
usic, even if only from an off-stage
rmonica.
A he worked and attended school
nd he was fifteen), Saroyan loaded
t eing with so many acute reactions,
ions and conclusions that they were
ud to explode through some channel
expression. Lacking lessons in music
(inting, the outburst finally came
rough words. First they were conver-
ns with himself, and then conver-
ns and thoughts placed upon paper
they passed through his conscious
ir.

Since he wrote as he talked and thought, he was never bridled by form or rhetoric, which made composition easy. The pages simply fly from the typewriter when he gets going. His devotion to work is sacred and his enormous output is limited only by physical exhaustion.

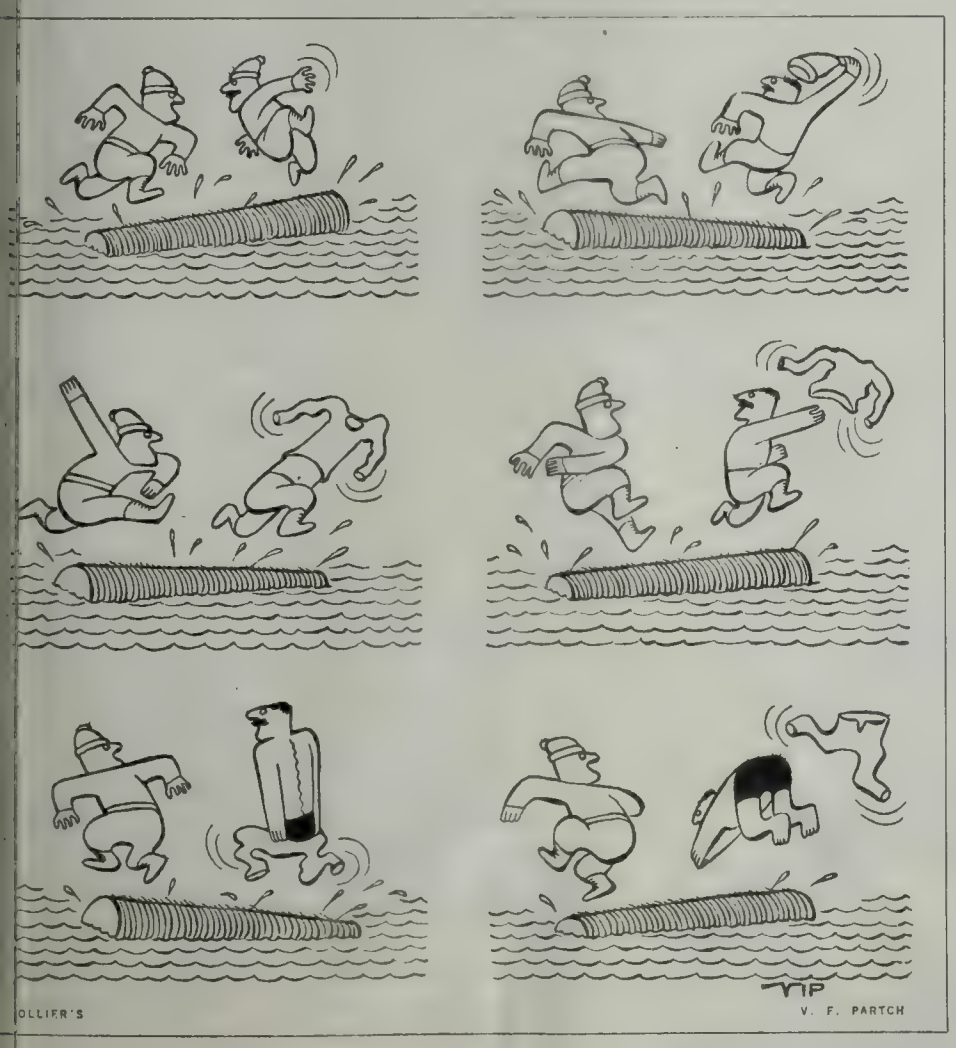
His literary career was peculiarly complicated at the very outset when, after sending salable pieces to Story Magazine, he also dispatched some material under the name of Sirak Goryan to the late Edward J. O'Brien, short-story connoisseur, in England.

"My work," he wrote to O'Brien, "although different in substance from the work of my cousin, William Saroyan, is, I believe, not greatly unrelated to his work. As a matter of fact, except for him, I do not suppose that I would be trying to write at all. . . . I thought that writing was some very mysterious process until Saroyan showed me how and what to write about."

From England, O'Brien wrote to Martha Foley, co-editor of Story Magazine, announcing his discovery of a new Armenian writer, Sirak Goryan, just as Miss Foley was writing to O'Brien in praise of her new Armenian writer, Saroyan. They argued back and forth over which Armenian was better, and the daring young man stewed in his juicy canard while the battle raged. He confessed finally, but O'Brien always claimed that Goryan was better than Saroyan.

To date, Saroyan has yet to find any topic more important than the dignity of man and the beauty of the human soul expressing itself through creative work. He holds hate and evil to be thoroughly a fable, a transient state in the dignity of man.

The secret of his tremendous output—two books a year for the first five and then a cascade of brilliant plays—lies in his ability to regiment his energy. After selling his first story in late 1933 for $15, he pledged himself to one story a day for the next month. He maintained the schedule, occasionally writing two a day and once three. At the end of the month he had written thirty-six, all but one of which were fresh and new, and not from his stock on hand, as has been rumored. All thirty-six were published.



When Eddie Dowling, actor and producer, told him at a banquet that he would buy any Saroyan play, sight unseen, the effervescent young man holed up in a New York hotel and regimented himself again. He wrote an act a day and emerged with The Time of Your Life, which has been called one of the best ever seen. He sent $500 to his mother and used the other $500 for a trip to Ireland.

Again in Hollywood, after the picture people had "discovered" him, he performed a miracle in completing The Human Comedy in ten days of actual writing. It is the story of a little boy and the human forces which make him good. He wanted to produce and direct it. They pleaded with him to stick around a while and learn. He could be an assistant to King Vidor at $1,000 a week.

"I don't want to assist anybody," he argued. "I don't want to learn anything. How can you have a fresh viewpoint if you do?"

And then he countered with his usual proposition: "Give me a crew and I'll make a two-reeler. If it's good, I'll take over The Human Comedy. If you say it's bad, I'll withdraw."

They agreed and he went to work in a fashion that confounded his veteran cameraman, astounded the electricians, but delighted the grips and sound crews. They'd never seen anything like it. He used no formula, no rules, but simply shot footage—too much footage, the stockroom complained. His relatives were always visiting him on the set. He directed from stepladders and sitting on the floor and actually drew an audience. When things got dull, he would play the races with the studio bookie.

New Technique for Hollywood

The star of the two-reeler turned out to be an unknown, a face not even on the cutting-room floor. He was Peter Der Hagopian, one of the many Armenians who always manage to find Saroyan. He struck up a conversation on the strength of having an ancient shield supposedly worth a half million dollars. He wanted fifty dollars for it. Saroyan refused, but since the fellow was strictly from hunger, he put him on the pay roll as an actor at twenty-five dollars a day.

For four days the Armenian, now fed, waited in vain for his career to begin. He inquired at regular intervals about the matter, only to be put off. Finally on the fifth and last day of the shooting, Saroyan sat at a typewriter and wrote the part, rehearsed him on the spot and shot a heart-rending piece of symbolism: An Armenian spending his last few pennies for figs that have just arrived from his beloved homeland.

"The picture is lousy!" said an M-G-M executive after viewing only the rushes,

"Okay," Saroyan replied with a shrug and for once was without a counter-proposition. "You don't want me to do The Human Comedy. I see. Well, I quit. But I'll pay you twenty-five grand for this short, and I'll even buy back The Human Comedy for eighty thousand bucks!"

Words, statements and rebuttals followed. Saroyan wrote a classical denunciation for the Hollywood Variety entitled, Why I Am No Longer at M-G-M, or The California Shore Bird in Its Native Habitat, or Brahms' Double Concerto in A Minor. It might be noted that the California shore bird lays its eggs in the sand for the sun or some other bird to hatch.

But all is peace and harmony now, and M-G-M has only one fear. The technique of the short film might catch on and alter or even revolutionize the whole technique of picture making. Army publications please copy.

THE END

Will your Scalp stand the FINGERNAIL TEST?

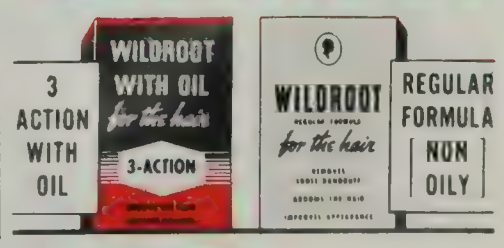


1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. Is loose ugly dandruff spoiling the good looks of your hair? Don't let it! Use Wildroot-*with-Oil*. The famous Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms without grease . . .



2. YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS if you get a bottle of Wildroot-*with-Oil* today! Its safe, powerful 3-Action grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get a bottle today at your nearest drug counter. Available in four popular sizes. Also in Regular Formula (non-oily). Professional applications at your barber.

WILDROOT



Bullfighters Can Read

By I. G. Ziegler

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THE schoolteacher of North America carries poison, not blood in her veins," said my old friend Don Martin over his third rum tonic down at the old place on the Cinco de Mayo. Don Martin spoke with as much bitterness as a man too fat to fight knows anything about.

Every newspaperman and every bullfighter in Mexico has a speaking or nonspeaking acquaintance with Don Martin. He's the man who plans the fight cards. He's the man who makes life happy for the fight writers at the bullfighters' expense, and he's the same little potbelly who fixes things up for the bullfighters at the writers' expense. He can't lose.

"What dealings have you had with North American schoolteachers and their blood?" I asked him amiably, knowing he was going to tell me all about it.

"You will recall to yourself with facility," began Don Martin, polishing his glass on his sleeve, "the lad Esmero, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the garden of four-leaf clovers, the Grand Prize of Sunday lottery, the bullfighter I could not have improved had I put him together myself, limb by limb—the boy with the heart, soul and body of the worst enemy of the best bull ever raised on Avila Ranch. Yes?"

Although I had spent the past two years in the States, I remembered the lad Esmero, of course. A bit smaller than most of the *espadas* who killed bulls in the arena on Sunday afternoons, Esmero was built like the blade he invariably placed in the neck of the bull, killing him skillfully with a single thrust. Slim and beautiful he was, and tough as steel.

He was the dream child of any bullfight impresario, all right. He had the desire to be the greatest bullfighter of all time, and he spent his life to that end. He kept his heart and soul free from women, his body free from alcohol and bad living, and, incidentally, he kept his mind free from learning. He was that happy man who couldn't read a newspaper headline or endorse a check, and all he knew about the newspaper accounts of his work was what the writers told him they wrote.

"And it was then he fell in love with a schoolteacher from the States?" I prodded Don Martin whose eyes were becoming smaller with sad thoughts and rum tonic.

"Yes, with one of those audacious ones who come alone to the arena and talk to men not of their acquaintance. This one came and remained to talk to Don Esmero, to make photographs of him with the cape. The other fighters that day were, alas, no more than cowpunchers."

"Pretty?"

"As a fresh gardenia."

"Plump?" Don Martin's gesture indicated satisfactory hips and bosom.

"Blond?"

"Like the morning sun on Popocatepetl. It was an immediate consequence that they fell in love. What girl, even with poison in her veins, would not be enamored of the greatest bullfighter in Mexico? Even had he resembled one of the bulls?"

"Love shouldn't have hurt Esmero any," I suggested. "Ought to have made a keener fighter out of him."

"So it was in the beginning. All went from good to better for the first several weeks, and things would have arranged themselves to perfection, had n misfortune happened that the girl Lucy—sh called by that ridiculous name—wanted to p Esmero to her friends. Her friends were, ala kind of people who read books and make muc versation about what they read.

"Esmero discovered quickly that of what people talked about, he knew nothing. Even they spoke Spanish, he did not know the mean the words. He became injured in his vanity, fo he had answered their foolish questions about fighting, they ignored him. They did not know h in the room. It gave much pain to Esmero, a began to question her about things of the boo who had never held a book.

"The girl Lucy, being a schoolteacher, was h to instruct him. She taught him first to wri name, something which gave him much pleasur always in the sand at the arena, he was writi name and that of Lucy. To write the name of seemed to give him the same pleasure as that o ing the great black bull with the single thrust."

DON MARTIN with his left hand indicated the thrust went in the great black bull, w spilling a drop of his rum tonic. He continued:

"She then taught him to read from the silly books. 'I see the mountain,' he would read, walked about in the dressing rooms. 'You s mountain. They see the mountain. The grass valley is green. Little José is buying a pen store. He writes his lesson in a notebook.' And several weeks of that, he commenced to lear English. 'I love you. I love you. You are beautiful. I desire to marry myself with you.' were the words we heard at the arena in the pl the old jokes of the bullfighter.

"Love," moaned Don Martin, on the last h his fourth rum tonic, "did not destroy the gr bullfighter Mexico has ever seen. It was the learning. Day by day, Esmero thought less bulls and less of his body which must kill the He thought only of his mind which must conqu words in a book. He began, alas, to widen at the and you know what happens when a bullfighte gins to widen at the hips. It commences the en no manner did it matter to him what I said. ing made any difference to him except 'The gr the valley is green. I desire to marry myself you.'

"Then came the time—I shudder to recall myself," said Don Martin, "when four thrusts agine to yourself—four thrusts were necessary f killing of not a very male bull.

"That afternoon the crowds of people got to feet and shouted, 'Esmero is a lady! Let Esm back to her cooking and weaving! Let us hav young Sanchez!'

"*Bueno!* From that time, the crowds were young Sanchez who has the speed of a burro Esmero went back to his books.

"Never have I been so anguished, you ca yourself, when I saw how the valiant Esmero the beautiful back over the books. The books, ten by philosophers of the bull ring, he was c would bring back to him the skill he had lost. fighting, the philosophers told him in fat volume a thing of the spirit, not of the body, and was a tion of the fighter's projection of the mind int mind of the black bull.

"Esmero only smiled at me with sadness w declared bullfighting was a question of projecti sword into the neck of the bull, before the bul jected the horn into the thigh of the fighter."

I was curious about the conclusion to the ron although Don Martin was plainly through wi story. "Did he marry Lucy? And are they hap their little home with many books and mayb baby?" I asked.

"But certainly no!" answered Don Martin, p ing on the table for a fifth rum tonic. "Certain The little Lucy went back to Chicago and marrie who has the curious name of Slaughterhouse Sw He is a prize fighter—one who fights with the cle fists.

"In the marriage, as in the sports, Lucy wa man with many hairs on the chest, one stronge the black bull."



She taught him to read from the silly books. . . . Then he commenced to learn the English. "I love you. You are very beautiful"





AMERICA *Makes the Best* OF EVERYTHING!

AMERICANS—this Thanksgiving—welcome the privilege of "all-out" effort. Schenley, on a war footing, does its part by using its vast facilities to make War alcohol. The Schenley Royal Reserve you enjoy today is drawn from our reserves—the largest in the U.S.A.—made and laid down in years gone by, and **blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness.**

Drink **SCHENLEY** *Royal Reserve*

THE TASTE IT TAKES FOUR STATES TO MAKE

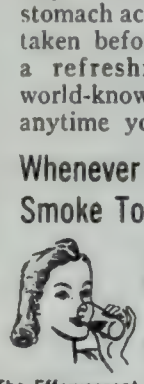
SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE. The straight whiskies in this product are 6½ or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6½ years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



"Now eat slowly, John!... or pretty soon even ENO won't help you!"

Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

Whenever You Eat, Drink or Smoke Too Much . . . *Take*



ENO

The Effervescent Saline THAT TASTES SO GOOD



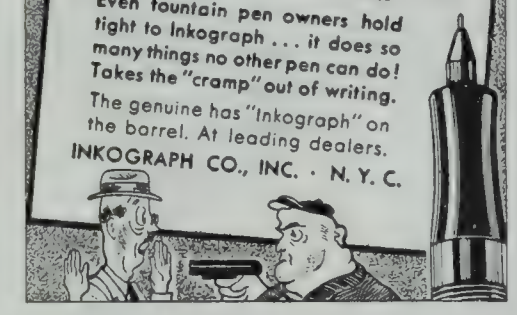
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

DON'T TAKE MY $1 INK-O-GRAPH $2
14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

Even fountain pen owners hold tight to Inkograph . . . it does so many things no other pen can do! Takes the "cramp" out of writing.

The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.

INKOGRAPH CO., INC. · N. Y. C.



Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases **Cystex** (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying **Cystex.** An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. **Only 35c.**

Cystex Helps Flush Kidneys

The Rum Racket Returns

Continued from page 16

vote for national prohibition—and all the debauchery, crime, mob law and murder which would follow in its wake. Mr. Edward Page Gaston, one of the hardest working prohibitionists, announces that his cause already has a hundred supporters in Congress. This is wonderful news for Joe the bootlegger and the mob from whom he buys his stuff. They're working as fast as the prohibitionists.

We find that already three gallons of liquor out of every ten sold in this country pay no taxes—moonshine whisky. We find that if our military minds and our war agencies were as ingenious in overcoming such obstacles as shortages and transportation as the moonshiners and bootleggers are, we'd be further along toward the winning of this war. What with the growth of local option, more than 23,000,000 people already live in territory where all liquor is illegal.

The government's hunters of illicit stills have taken to air-hunting for their quarry. From airplanes they look for the give-away plumes of smoke in the hills. The moonshiners' answer was the groundhog still—buried tanks holding from 250 gallons to 2,500, more skillfully camouflaged than the latest warplane hangars. The operators cook with electricity (where the government, through the Rural Electrification Administration, makes it cheap), or with charcoal which makes no smoke. Moreover, the government's flying revenuers are getting hard up for planes.

A New Thrill

The prohibitionists celebrate wildly with prune juice and Liberty Lovelies (orange juice and grape juice, half and half) every time another township is added to dry territory. But the government's investigators simply lose more sleep because drinkers don't stop drinking, and swilling hooch becomes a fine adventure for those who hitherto never touched the stuff.

It is estimated that in dry Mississippi the per capita consumption of bootleg is the highest in the country. Captain John T. Burkett of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Treasury says that "an ungodly amount" of the tax-free contraband stuff is quaffed in dry Oklahoma and dry Kansas.

Once the wildcat distiller used sugar in vast quantities. As late as 1941, says the United States Treasury, 1,657,000 bags of sugar were consumed by seized stills. That means 2,850 tons used at the rate of three bags a minute, and that merely in the stills that were knocked off—much less than half. It's not so easy to get sugar now, and yet the government agents confess surprise at the amounts they find in the speakeasy supply depots.

Not long ago, a soft-drinks manufacturer pleaded guilty to selling 20,000 bags of sugar to a moonshiner. Today the agents are investigating certain candy manufacturers, bakers and canners who, they claim, are making big profits selling part of their sugar rations to the hooch cookers.

But the boys are discovering that sugar is not at all indispensable. Small operators are running off prunes, fruits and potatoes with wonderful effect and success. The big fellows are turning to grains and corn meal. Bakers' wheat sugar serves where the regular stuff is absent. Tupelo honey (glorified in Collier's not long ago by Mr. Dudley V. Haddock) is the latest sugar substitute used by Florida's bootleggers.

In Oklahoma, the citizenry is turning to beekeeping in growing numbers. In West Virginia, the mountain-dew boys are using corn sirup instead of sugar—corn sirup, canned malt and molasses. Mr. Daniel McShane, an investigator for the Alcohol Tax Unit thinks that sugar rationing may curtail the activities of some of the small operators but that it will have no noticeable effect on the big fellows.

Sorghum sirup is also used to sweeten the pots of the 'shiners, In Georgia, says Mr. H. K. Heath, another investigator for the Alcohol Tax Unit, they cut the sugar cane raw, cook it down into sirup, and get along fine—much finer than the drinkers of their distillation do. It's pretty lethal but the public will drink it.

In the old days, it took copper to make a still. Well, that's all over, too. One of the old-timers informs us that nine tenths of the moonshiners in Georgia, the Carolinas and the Ozark country never did believe in copper coils. It made the stuff taste bad, they said. Today they're stewing in old rusty zinc water tanks swiped from burned-out house kitchens.

Iron water pipe laid through a creek and down over the hill, dripping into a wooden bucket works magnificently. Mind you, we're not urging anybody to drink the finished product. Old oil drums, garbage cans, galvanized washtubs are used to make what the lads call submarine stills. Worms are constructed from zinc and even lead pipe.

Of course, the lack of sugar, the scarcity of metals and the difficulties of transportation combine to boost the price of moonshine, popskull, rotgut, calamity juice or whatever you want to call it. Before Pearl Harbor, open-air booze could be bought for from $1.75 to $2.50 a gallon. It is up to four dollars now.

North Carolina popskull is something like five dollars a gallon wholesale today—five times what it was a couple of years ago. In Pennsylvania, moonshine alcohol that cost three dollars a gallon six months ago is six dollars today. But who cares so long as business is booming? You used to get white mule in Missouri for three and four dollars a gallon. The price has now doubled. And in Florida the stuff you bought last year for a dollar a gallon is now delivered in five-gallon containers for $22.50. But it seems that they've got to have it.

Ceiling Prices for Bootleggers

While we're on the subject of prices, we might mention that the bootleggers of Oklahoma are having themselves a double dilemma. Besides risking the penalties of the state's antiliquor laws, they find that they're bumping into liquor price ceilings. The OPA has finally put its foot down and insisted that they post ceiling prices in their "establishments," and that they do not peddle their wares at prices higher than those prevailing in March—which reminds you of the income-tax people getting after Al Capone.

The legal distilleries are being converted into producers of alcohol for munitions and synthetic rubber. The conversion is now about completed, and the legal manufacture of beverage spirits has ceased for the duration. Of course, there are about 500,000,000 gallons of legal stuff in warehouses, enough for normal demands for three or four years. But the price is soaring so fast that the mass purse is opening toward the relatively cheap bootleg market.

Joe tells us that he and most other peddlers he know are d whale of a business in industrial and with our Armed Forces, an the great majority of the roadi juke joints and similar tomorr die dives sell nothing but wildca —in bottles bearing the labels of lar legal stuff, of course.

In such parlors, the customers seem to care much what the labe what the bottle looks like, wheth stuff is poured out of bottle, jug or john. We reek with bad news, doc

City Folk Are Particular

City folk are somewhat more ular. Perhaps they know they're ing tiger juice but they like to be a little. They prefer bottles with iar labels. Of course, it is illegal t whisky bottles, but the bootlegger convinced that another little sin do them any harm. The gover men say you'd be surprised to how many of the better-smelling clubs and hotel bars serve moor

The customers seem to have trouble surviving it, but they put the blame on the proprietors guy behind the bar. They merely ger off, saying regretfully that they the war has got on their nerves they just can't take it any more.

Joe's clientele is almost e urban. He buys from jobbers or from the stills, and they put pretty a piece of goods as you'd l see. From janitors and barkeep whom not, they buy sets of twenty bottles for four dollars or at the four-fifty. Counterfeit labels are to get. The government men kn barkeeps whom they regretfully s of soaking revenue stamps off lega tles, selling them to the gyps f cents apiece. It's the same old you see.

Of course, in the old days you ca love the story that the stuff was off the boat." You didn't believe it sounded nice. Very frequentl bootlegger had an English accent or assumed. He was a steward transatlantic liner. You know. there aren't any such boats today it would be silly for anyone to work that gag. The most succ tale these days is that the salesm a discharged employee of a liquor who managed to bring out with hin eral cases of swell stuff which he w very glad to sell at wholesale.

When taxes are increased on commodities, the consumer either the new price or he goes without. whisky, it's different. It's easy to whisky—such as it is—and there old psychology in the bootlegger's

The average citizen might turn i guy who offers black-market suga he takes an unholy joy in knowin bootlegger, in being in his confi protecting him, and importantly r mending him to others. Psychol have written reams on the subject, shan't expand upon that here. A c who will turn in a man whom he pects of being a fifth columnist or becomes a hero in his neighbo even if the fellow happens to be n more important than a loudmo crackpot. But he who squeals on a legger is generally regarded as a ra

Taxes account for more than sixt cent of the price of legal liquor, fo per cent of the cost of cigarettes, than twenty-five per cent of the c beer. Gasoline prices are forty pe taxes. But it's too hard to manufa

ab cigarettes and beer, and you just 'll roduce moonshine gas. Whisky's pu -over. The moonshiner starts sin s with an advantage over his al mpetitor of at least $1.25 a quart an nobody knows how much more it ll b when Congress gets through. In dit n, the legal distiller has to pay ens fees, income taxes, profits taxes, cia security levies, workmen's com- nsa on taxes, and heaven knows what e.

Th bootlegger can buy a gallon of 0-p of alcohol costing about forty nts With this, he can turn out from o ad a half to three gallons of hooch, -pr f. The government knows all the ca the Alcohol Tax Unit having 00 gents roaming the land, and most th states having quite a crew of their n. But it would take 13,000 govern- nt gents to keep up with the racket t growing today. Just for fun, let's k t a few samples of the state ch activities.

Fi y field men in Georgia knocked 2,02 stills last year. They confis- or destroyed $560,000 worth of shine equipment. They investi- 19,813 complaints, arrested 4,435 tors, some of whom went to jail ief terms. Georgia tops the list. t comes Alabama, where the state igators found 1,347 cookers and 3 gallons of mash. This success alized because Alabama mash has f the world's most evil odors. The 's just followed their noses. you come north, the arrests are although the customers are more rous. In Philadelphia, 966 boot- s (not distillers) were arrested ear, and yet no one tries to tell seriously that that has had any on the amount of rattlesnake be- ld and consumed in that city. We ve, however, that the 1941 haul third greater than 1940's. The sylvania Alcoholic Beverage Study mittee, a body of serious persons to exaggeration is abhorrent, esti- that bootleggers purveyed at least er cent of all liquor sold in their last year. The government men the figure much higher.

're jumping about a bit, but you've o realize that this moonshine war is pretty new. The government are much too busy and many too to have gathered comprehensive s. But they got interesting reports state officials. For example, Mr. G. Bachman of the West Virginia or Commission tells them that, y make moonshine here for about y-five cents a gallon, sell it in case of three gallons—the retail price ng according to the customer's and thirst. Anyway, this state's as Alabama's. And now they're discovering elegant stills on dairy farms, in construction camps, in olive oil wholesale houses and, of all places, on mink farms.

Among the worst aspects of moonshining and bootlegging is the inevitable corruption of public officials. If you're a survivor of the Eighteenth Amendment era, you will probably remember that mayors, chiefs of police and even congressmen were stowed away in federal and state prisons for bootlegging and bribery. Well, that sort of thing is with us again.

Prohibition Brings Corruption

A federal grand jury has recently indicted twenty agents of the Alcohol Tax Unit for accepting bribes from syndicates which were hoping to defraud the government of $5,000,000 in alcohol taxes. Perhaps you missed that in all the clamor of war's cockeyed headlines. These inspectors were on the pay rolls of fourteen manufacturers of "tonics and lotions." We don't know just to what extent bribery has slowed down the feet of state officials, though we're assured that "it is plenty." But such demoralization of public officials is inevitable in all prohibition drives.

Take a look at the record. It starts away back in 1794 when the government's efforts to levy a tax of one thin dime on a gallon of whisky brought on the celebrated Whisky Rebellion. It was then that the moonshiners went right on shining while their customers fought the revenuers.

To the casual drinker, the detection of bogus bottled stuff is difficult—before a sample drink. But look at the stamp on the bottle anyway. If the stamp has the words "one-fifth gallon" printed thereon or "four-fifths quart" be suspicious. The stuff may be okay, but the government has printed no such stamps for several years. Or shake a partly filled bottle. If a colorful foam lasting for several seconds results, it may be genuine liquor. But even so, you can't be sure. The maker may have added a measure of bead oil.

The agents have no infallible rule to offer you except to lay off the stuff entirely, and the chances are overwhelming that you're not going to do that. Ask any hooch peddler. Primarily all we're concerned with here is that the racket is flourishing once more, and that if Congress thinks it is going to get a billion dollars in revenue next year from the sale of legal liquor—well, it's wrong again.

In Harlem, that colorful section of New York City, and on New York's lower East Side, anybody with as little as seventy-five dollars to invest may start a modest still and do pretty well. The government's reports from sugar, salt and urea stores tell us that these commodities are being taken therefrom in pushcarts, baby carriages and on the buyer's shoulder. They are all valuable moonshine materials. And, incidentally, you'll rejoice to know that urea is what it sounds like—a very soluble crystalline substance derived from the urine of mammals. Here's looking at you, my friend!

Keeping Up with the Times

Times, as you may have heard, have changed. These sugar, salt and urea stores have taken the place of the malt-and-hops shops of prohibition days. They make noble whizz-bang stuff, sold in so-called quarter joints at twenty-five cents a pint or ten cents a drink—third-rail entertainment.

Now don't take these tidings too lightly. And don't foster the idea that we're just a nasty wet, carrying the banner of the distiller, eager to accomplish the moral degradation of the young of America.

We're deploring, not gloating. We're tremendously impressed by what Mr. S. S. Alexander, United States district attorney in Topeka, Kansas, has discovered. In that politically dry state, really the birthplace of American prohibition, Mr. Alexander discovered "the biggest and best organized bootleg operation ever known in the Middle West." Its activities spread into eight states—Kansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Iowa, Nebraska, Texas, Missouri and Illinois. It produced 159 defendants. It operated a hundred trucks. It has been wounded but not killed.

The government men estimate that for every legal distillery, there are at least one hundred illicit stills. The federal agents are grabbing moonshiners at the rate of a thousand a month, and still the bootleg racket grows. The federal people tell us that they estimate last year's moonshine at 18,000,000 gallons. Legally made, this would have fetched the government $72,000,000 in taxes. Let's see. That would have built ten destroyers for our Navy—or it would pay for some three hundred bombers.

We shall close this graceless tale with something we're sure you don't know: Bootleg syndicates in New York, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois are exporting moonshine into Canada. This is rather a reversal of what went on during prohibition at which time Canada came to our rescue with cut stuff in lovely bottles.

But then, one good turn deserves another, doesn't it?

THE END



"You don't mind if I keep trying to enlist, do you? It makes quite a hit with my wife!" GEORGE WOLFE

What a difference, when you smoke the

Imperial

the pipe that contains

HONEY



YES, THERE'S REAL HONEY in Imperial. Good enough to eat! Dear to the hearts of smokers everywhere because it entirely *eliminates "breaking-in"!*



HERE'S HOW THE HONEY IS SPRAYED IN the pipes. It coats walls of pipe-bowl *permanently*. It mingles with tobacco and forms a beautifully-cured "cake." A sweet, satisfying smoke, mild and smooth, *no matter what tobacco you use.*

$1.50

Apple Shape

and for $1, there's the standard YELLO-BOLE also sprayed with real honey



Half Bent Shape

These $1 Yello-Bole Pipes, also treated with Honey, smoke sweet, without breaking-in, and stay sweet and *mild.*

© 1942, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

A RIVER CAME

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

It was no miracle, but to the people thereabout it seemed to be one. Modern engineering in a land where myth and superstition carry more weight than fact

WEYA shifted in the hot train seat. The quivering white sunlight stung his eyes, and his body ached with the burden of heat and flying sand. He pulled the window shutter up to close out the blazing waste of the Madras plain—and hated himself for doing it. The earth of his fathers after six years, and he could not bear the sight of it. With sore envy he thought of men who found tender words for songs and poems about their native land.

Where was this new river, this fabulous genie of water his brother kept telling about? And three times each year in her stiff little duty letters, Anula had written: "A river has come." A river—h'mph! Did it make sense that a river could be turned around? If nature had designed it to tumble west to the sea, could British engineers—even with their tons of cement—make it flow due east across desert plains?

Weya shook his head. It was a tale for credulous country drudges, but not for a man who had studied law in Bombay six years. What was a dam? It could burst, couldn't it? What was a trickle of water? Sun and sands could suck it up before it flowed a mile, couldn't they?

With a slow finger Weya lowered the shutter to look out again—on rain-gutted gullies, cracked clay, ashen weeds the color of death. Bah! Only a fool could love a native land like this. And he was no fool—he would be gone away from it again in three days.

Three days and no more. A day to visit with his brother and the meager relatives left in his family; a day of fasting for the ceremony; and another day to marry Anula the last time and be off with her to Bombay again. Yes, three days was enough.

The train tilted around a long curve. Weya sighed; it was the bend through the Sand Hills behind town. He was there. He wiped the dust from his face, and stood up to lift his bedding roll down from the rack above. He shook the layer of dust from his white cotton jacket, ran a comb through his wet black hair, and stood waiting at the compartment door.

He might have been a stranger, he thought, standing there so quietly, gazing so dispassionately. No, his breath came no faster than yesterday when he looked out upon the ghats of the Deccan and the strangely clawed valleys of Hyderabad. And yet this was Tamil land—his land, where he had been born, had suckled, had almost become another farmer—

"A feeble jackstraw impotently waiting for the monsoons," he said out loud; and remembered, in that same breath, where he was. He looked around the compartment apologetically. But the three other men who sat there heavy with heat and the endurance of it, apparently had heard nothing. They gave no sign.

Countrymen, Weya dismissed them sadly to himself, dulled by that fierce enemy, the sun. Dulled as he would find his brother Chora, dulled as Dapulu his old uncle and the cousins Wanny and Detu would be. . . . How ever was he going to talk with them—even for three days? Would they understand this new Weya? He could tell them of the pavements and miracles of Bombay—oh, that was easy enough. He could set their ears to tingling with the tale of good fresh water gushing plentifully, day and night, from a pipe in every house. And they would understand the luxury of grass and trees and flowers—yearning for green things as they did.

But what of the other ingredients that made his life now—the intoxicating words he had discovered: the books upon books he knew by heart; ah, the beauty and passion of those endless talks he and the other young law students had sitting along the sea wall at night — sometimes all night — probing, dissecting, recreating anything their minds happened upon, religion, ethics, governments, economics, anything. . . .

The train slowed between houses of mud and sticks. There was a scratching of millet, of sweet potatoes, more gullies, houses wedged like kernels on a cob, the great carved towers of the old temple, and then the jutting roof of the long stone station. Weya opened the door and stepped out on the platform.

Clamor and the sun struck him. He put his hand out to steady himself against the heavy slap of noise, the quick stinging impact of sunlight on bare white walls. Water here—the good clean smell of water? No, only dust, the musty sourness of betel juice, and people, people everywhere—tea venders, broadcake sellers, men in dirty *dhotis,* Parsees with cloven hats, screaming, gesturing Mohammedans who swarmed about him, surging up the red-spattered stones, surging down them. Weya looked for a familiar face, but there were none—not even the black destroyed one of the leper that went begging the length of the train.

WEYA didn't expect the family to meet him. Uncle Dapulu was too old. Chora probably wouldn't feel free to spend two rupees on a *tonga.* After all, it was an hour's ride from here to their village. And Anula—well, what could a man expect of a country girl of eighteen, even though she had been married to him for six years?

He waved his hand to call a carrying boy. Six came howling, swooping at his straw case, tearing at his bedding roll, fighting like kites for the copper he'd give. He watched them, wincing inside, and gave two coppers. He couldn't see six Tamils struggle that way to divide what one copper would buy.

"A *tonga,*" he told them.

"A *tonga! A tonga!*" the cry scattered from boy to boy, and they went running with his things to a hooded carriage. Weya followed, stepping carefully over the wet splashes of betel juice that stained the platform.

"Weya!" Someone called his name. No, it would be some other Weya who was wanted. But he looked around. It was his brother Chora, calling, gesturing.

Weya felt a quick flood of happiness. "Chora! Chora!" he cried, his eyes wet. He clasped the other's shoulders, hugging him, laughing with him, hugging him again.

Chora was thin, but not gaunt. His *dhoti* was clean; his jacket pressed. Chora, his brother! "You look well!" Weya's incredulous surprise was salved with happiness and affection.

"Yes, well," Chora said effusively, no pain in his eyes, no stark memory tightening his lips.

"Brother!" Weya admired. "You have had enough to eat this year!"

The older brother took fire from the younger. "Brother, you will never believe me! We grow corn and sugar cane and barley and melons now."

Weya sobered. "By *grow* do you mean seed planted in the earth? Or do you mean a crop harvested?"

"Harvested!" Chora insisted, clutching Weya's arm, leading him toward the *tonga.* "Truly you will not know us now that we have water. Think, Weya—a steel-bladed plow, morning-glories over the house, a duckpond with ducks and eggs—all you can eat every day!"

"It is a djinn's tale!" Weya shook his head, not wanting to show his skepticism here on the platform.

"Let me look at you," Chora admired. "You are taller! You walk with authority."

"I addressed the assembly last week," Weya found the words before he thought. "Think, Brother, me a Tamil not yet twenty-five holding the floor for ten minutes with all the great Bombay lawyers listening and clapping! Ah, it was an honor to bring tears to your eyes."

"You shall repeat the speech for us at home!"

Weya laughed. "What, a plea for a new law code?"

"A whole new law code!" the words grew large on Chora's tongue.

"Oh, no. Just for—for animals."

"Animals? But why do animals need laws?" Chora was stupefied.

Weya hesitated a little. "To govern the treatment of them."

Chora interrupted. "But we never lay a finger on animals! Our religion forbids it!"

Weya drew up sharply. "It forbids us to kill animals! But it does not say we must feed them and let humans die of famine. It does not forbid fences to keep them out of our fields!"

"But we have never built fences." Chora shook his head helplessly. "We never have."

Weya felt the hot tide of anger rise up in him at this senseless answer. This was what he had expected. "You do not understand, Brother," he said. "Some other time we'll talk this—perhaps!"

"Yes," Chora agreed, "next week, the week after, I must hear what this thing is."

Weya started to speak and stopped; he'd explain later about staying only three days.

They were at the *tonga.* Chora took his jacket off, folded it across his arm, and crawled in, squatting on the floor. It was more difficult for Weya to cross his trousered legs, so he braced himself against the hood with his legs dangling out behind. The driver started the pony with the usual clattering run across the cobblestones of the station square, and then slowed to an ambling walk in the melee of people and oxen crowding the long main street.

Weya said, "There is much to tell, Brother. To think you are headman of the village now Father is dead."

"Yes," Chora said simply. "I am young still for it—but I was F eldest son. So it had to be."

Weya thought of the pass things his lawyer friends had about this "village rule." But h said, "What of Uncle Dapulu?"

"He is frail now," Chora told "but his mind stays young and ous. He still reads the stars each for the village."

"Yes, yes," Weya nodded, reme ing the soft-faced scholar who w uncle, remembering the long hours under the stars with him, rememi so many things he thought he ha gotten.

"We think to send Detu to th agricultural college at Madras."

WEYA showed his surprise. "A of theories! What good is kn crop rotation and contour planti a dry plain like this where any ki crop is ruined if the monsoon bre week late?"

"But, Brother, the river has c Chora reminded him.

Weya gestured impatiently. friend Palachari says . . ." He himself. No use trying to explai brilliant Palachari whose oration

"I have called a family conferen morrow. We will decide Detu's there," Chora said with quiet fi

Weya bit his lip. A family conf sometimes took three days—a w once the words started coming ou each cousin was talked dry. "W Wanny?" he asked.

"Wanny prospers. He brought crop of chili peppers, and his wife ing him a child."

Weya nodded, hesitating befo said, "And Anula? You have no me of her."

Chora looked embarrassed, ru the wart on his nose. "Anula is— well," was all he could find to say

Weya laughed to cover the awk ness he felt. It is difficult to ask tions about a wife you don't know she amiable? Has she all her Has she flesh on those scarecrow of hers yet?" Weya asked in one b "Remember, I have not seen her years. She was eleven—no, twel the ceremony when I went away."

"She is eighteen now and a wo Chora tried to explain.

"You mean—she is more than a dle of bones?"

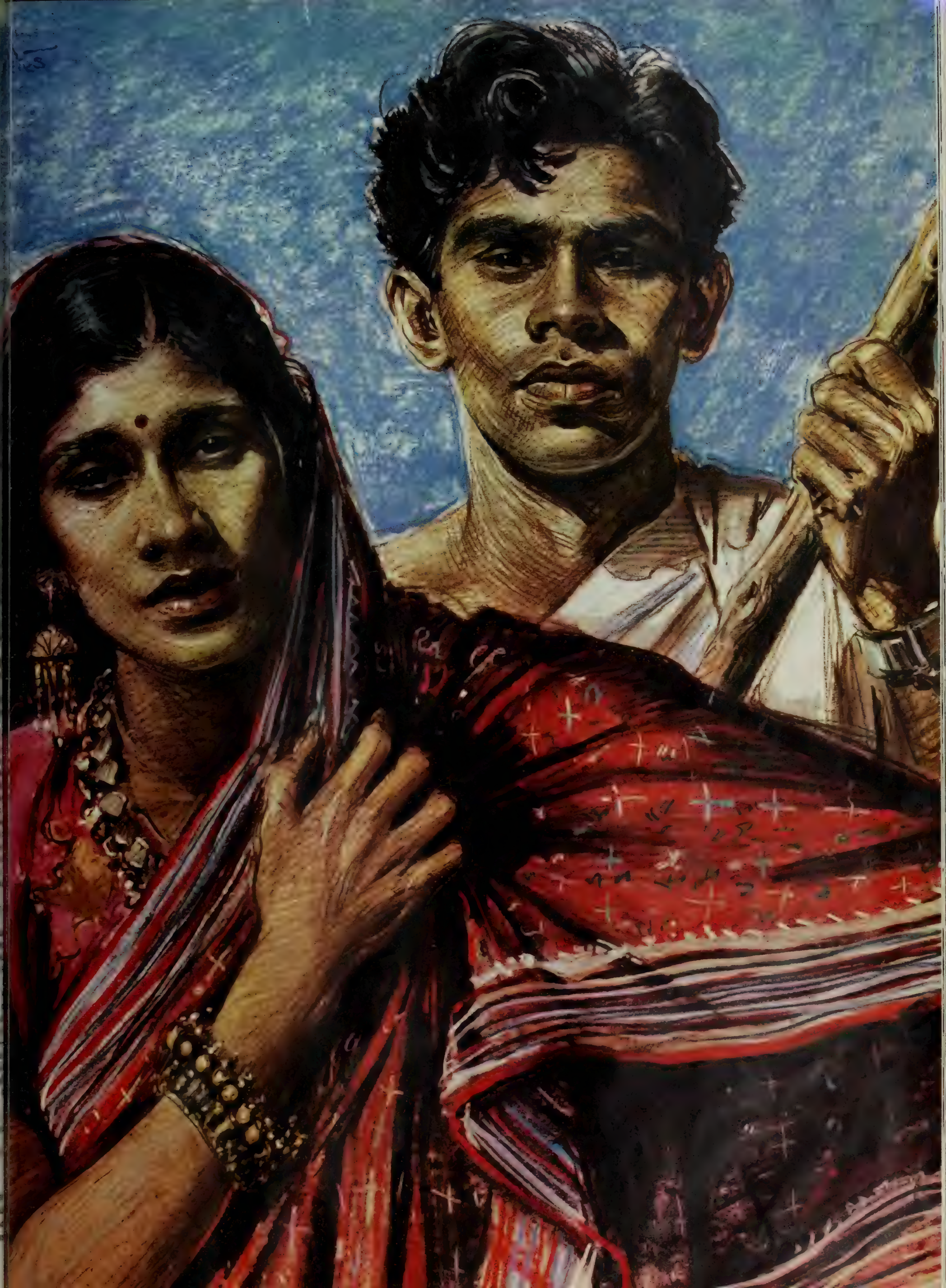
Chora chuckled. "Let me ask that question after you have seen

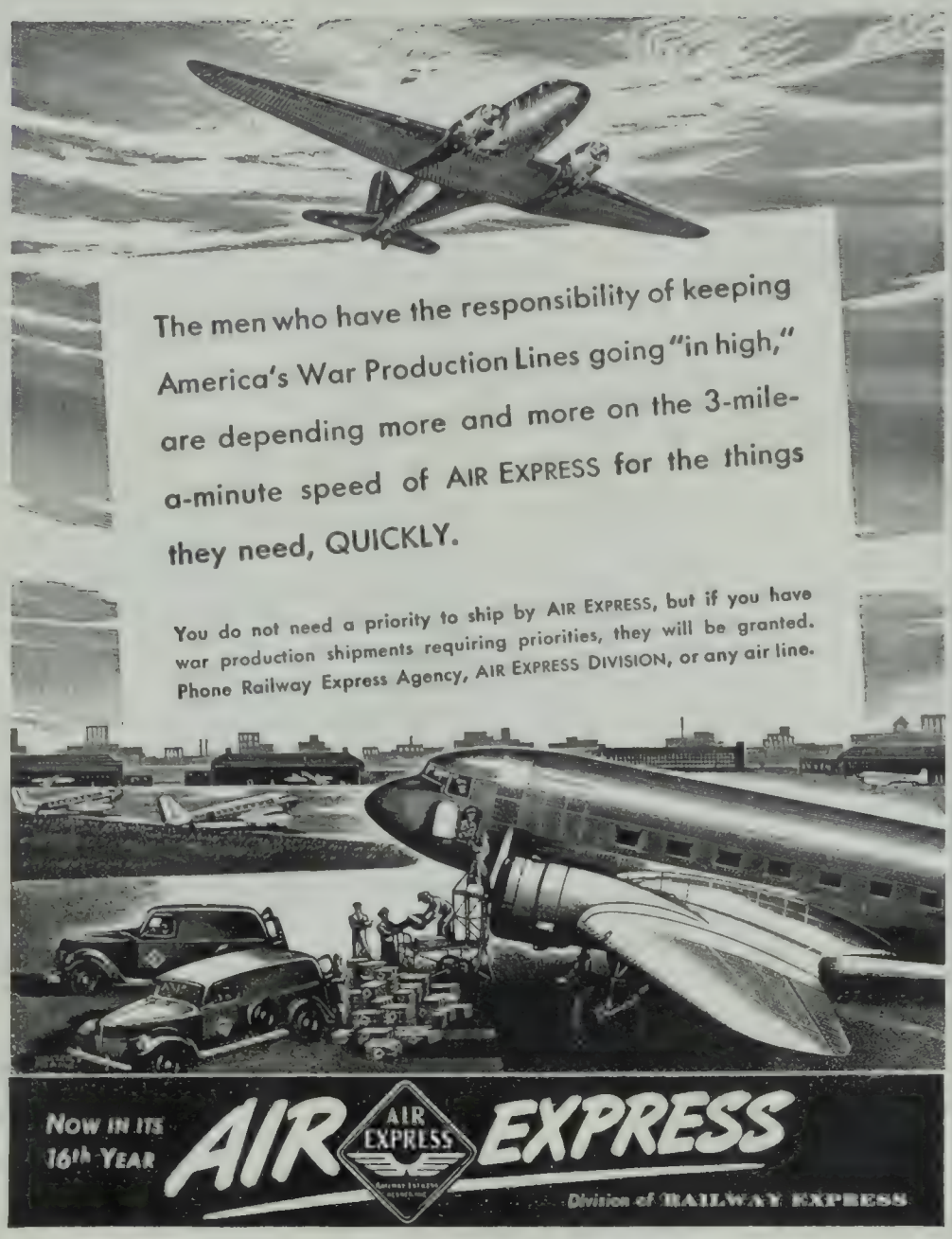
Weya took this to mean Anul passably rounded and plump. "A said, gloating a little. "Then I nothing to worry about. She w good and industrious. She will m good wife. You see, I have had look at city wives, and while they one, just looking at them, me— well content to have an obedient try girl in my house." Weya smil pansively, and stopped as though his brother congratulate him o sensible decision.

Chora shifted uneasily. "It exactly that way," he said. "Anul a mind of her own."

(Continued on page 83)

"Blessings, Weya!" the last said. It was she, Anula—this browed beauty with a bod was small and soft and ro







Any Week

Continued from page 4

sundry gatherings. At least the congressmen try to keep them home. Mr. Will C. Davis of Los Angeles, California, reports that a scientist friend of his is putting the final touches on a serum which, when injected into a fellow's veins, renders him incapable of hearing his own voice although capable of normal functioning otherwise. Mr. Davis' scientist is looking for a few guinea pigs. We're not very scientific. Therefore, we don't know whether one's inability to hear one's own voice discourages speechmaking. And yet it wouldn't hurt to try.

OUR listening post in Washington, Robert McCormick, has just returned from the copper town of Morenci, Arizona. There, among other interesting people, he met Doctor Charles W. Terrell. Doctor Terrell is a young man, graduated from a good school, seeking the experience that is said to be had only in small rugged settlements like Morenci. Patients did not overwhelm him at first. After a spell of patient waiting in his office, he received his first visitor—the wife of an important citizen. According to Mr. McCormick, Doctor Terrell brushed himself off, straightened his tie, greeted the lady with his No. 1 professional manner. She looked at him earnestly and opened his medical career with, "Doctor, how much castor oil do you give a goat?" The doctor pondered for a few moments, consulted several books, thumbed through a nice new file and asked, "How old is the goat?"

THEN take trivialities like prob its possible return, and tales stuff we used to drink in defian wrote an item about prohibition some time ago. It was read H. W. Seaman in London, E. and he hastened to reply. "Here land," says Mr. Seaman, becko the waiter, "we have what we c Depth Charge. You mix an ou Jamaica ginger in eight ounces c Put this into one end of a two-fo ber pipe, attach the other end t jet, turn on the gas. Let the gas through the mixture for ten m Turn off the gas. Detach the tub the nostrils and drink it off pausing for breath. This is very lar in Glasgow."

NATURALLY we're getting qui of mail from Oklahoma, the h Senator Josh Lee, contriver amendments. The communicati contain newspaper clippings relat dire benefits of prohibition in homa, a dry state—in a man speaking. Here are a few hea War Declared on Bootleggers in County. Wholesale Liquor Sup Wheels Here. 3,458 Pints of Taken in State Raids. Drunk I Arrests Rise. Bootleggers Not I Prices. Rule Bootlegger Mus Prices. These are just a few samples sent us. But, of course, erybody including Senator Lee a good federal law against boot would put an end to nonsens that. . . .



"To think I wouldn't join the Navy 'cause I didn't want to see th' world through a porthole!"

COLLIER'S CORP WILLIAM NEWC

A River Came

Continued from page 80

much the better." Weya smiled ntly. "A lawyer with the future I needs a woman who can think—as as she does it docilely and obedi- . . . Yes, I shall come to love her, ."

ora looked uncomfortably at his . "Anula," he began, "likes the and—growing things."

ah!" Weya shrugged. "Women of een have all sorts of notions, don't Wait until she sees Bombay and ouse she will run for me there. will give her something else to about."

ora's mouth worked, but he didn't to find the words he wanted. He d at the floor. After a while he . "What of the war, Weya? Will ne to us?"

ya shrugged. "Who can say?"

ar brings destruction," Chora re- ed him.

an the Japanese do worse than the as already done to us?" Weya said fully.

d yet as he looked about, he began onder. The town was different. rs weren't filled with garbage. ed stones held the street dust . There were new buildings of and plaster. Several of the old had new fronts. And there were windows—the *sari* maker, the r, the spice merchant even, had . And that heavy gilt sign over the brewer's shop—it was half the t of a man. It must have cost a red rupees. Weya puzzled over this tural prosperity. One year's good wouldn't do it, he knew. Some- more curious had happened.

turned to Chora. "There is more y in the town."

ora nodded. "Yes, the river came," id in full explanation.

ot to the town itself."

o a hundred villages that lie be- ."

ou mean there is enough water in -this river you tell of, for every- crops, even during the dry mon- ?"

welve months of the year," Chora ed him.

eya could not believe it.

ora saw this, and said, "There is money enough now to pay taxes ut borrowing from moneylenders. e three Parsees in our village, only emains."

YA drowsed, stunned by heat and lare. The jolting stop of the *tonga* ned him. He stared; it was the house, but hardly recognizable un- hat curtain of green vines. He saw corn, cane as thick as his wrist, ing mangoes, and — yes, melon s underneath. He ran to touch , to rub the moist green between ngers as a miser rubs gold.

len the family was around him, ting his name. Dogs were barking; ic ducks batting between his legs. lessings!" Uncle Dapulu cried gh his white beard.

lessings!" Chora's wife chanted Wanny and his dumpling-faced

lessings!" the younger cousins used with the dogs and the goats the ducks.

eya threw his arms about them— and then the next, and the next emulous with the affection that led up in his heart.

lessings, Weya!" the last voice It was Anula.

eya gasped his surprise. Anula— calm-browed beauty with a body that was small and soft and rounded! And then he saw her eyes burned with a fire that was not love. At that same moment he was conscious she had not called him *husband* in the greeting.

He made no move to touch her—the final ceremony not yet being said—but salaamed with his hands. "Blessings, Wife!" he said, and thought she stiffened.

Chora's wife brought him water in a copper basin for his hands. On the table looking toward the sturdy mass of cane, the other women laid sesame-seed cakes, dates, and a foaming cup of goat's milk. Then as he ate, they crowded around him; watching his hands, his gestures, the way he laughed; looking at that white city handkerchief, at the silk necktie, the trousers, the leather shoes he wore. He was a fabulous being, but theirs—theirs!

IN a while the men made ready to go to the fields for the rest of daylight. The women drew off—murmuring, sighing, admiring. After all, he might want to change his city suit for the lounging comfort of a *dhoti,* and it was his wife's place to serve him.

Chora called from the yard: "We'll be in the cane when you are ready to see about."

Weya took off his jacket and handed it to Anula, looking at her the while. He untied his tie; opened his shirt, still looking at her. "You have grown beautiful," he said.

The girl turned away, saying nothing.

Weya saw her slim neck, the lovely curve of her body, and trembled a little as he fumbled his cuff links. "I shall take you back to Bombay with great pride," he said, already proud.

Anula turned. "I am not going to Bombay!" she said.

Weya stared at her.

"I will not be good as a city wife," Anula explained. Her manner was stripped of shy headshakes and lisping femininity. She spoke with the straightforward candor of a child.

Weya laughed in quick relief. "Oh, is that all?" he said, and cocked his head playfully. "Then I will teach you, little one."

In that second, Anula's face changed. "No," she said with composed fury. "I'll have the marriage annulled rather than go!"

"Annulled! But the first ceremony has been said. You are my wife."

"I will not go to Bombay!"

Weya tried for sane words. "But, Anula, little one," he half coaxed, "you have been trained in my family these six years to be a city lawyer's wife. You have had lessons in Hindustani, in reading and writing to fit you."

Anula's face softened. "Yes," she agreed, "it is that knowledge which has taught me love—"

Weya took an angry menacing step toward her. "Love for some other man? Is that it?"

Anula shook her head. "No," she said, and then confessed softly, "love for our river that has come—for our land."

Weya snorted. "What trash have you been reading?" he asked angrily.

She turned away from him. When she answered, it was a woman counting treasures. "I have read crop bulletins from the agriculture college . . . how to select seed, nurture seedlings, graft scions—the young orchard there is mine. Beyond the cane I've a seed patch of soya beans. I'm growing them for our village people—that we Tamils who have lived so scantily for generations on poor millet may have a food that grows

For Valor and Exceptional Service



Jayson

SHIRTS

Jayson shirts distinguish themselves on the front lines of civilian duty, because they so ably meet the war time necessities for careful buying. Their fundamental superiorities...better fabrics, surer fit, finer finishing details...repay your original investment many times over in comfort and wear.

THE WHITEHALL* GROUP EXEMPLIFYING JAYSON SUPERIORITIES IN WHITE SHIRTS. Costlier broadcloth...finer weave...better tailoring. In neckband, regular soft or Jaysonized no-starch, Celanese wrinkle-free collar models. In all price ranges.

★ ★ ★

Jayson's officers' shirts are designed with the refinements and the exacting attention to detail essential to command respect for appearance and bearing among our military leaders.

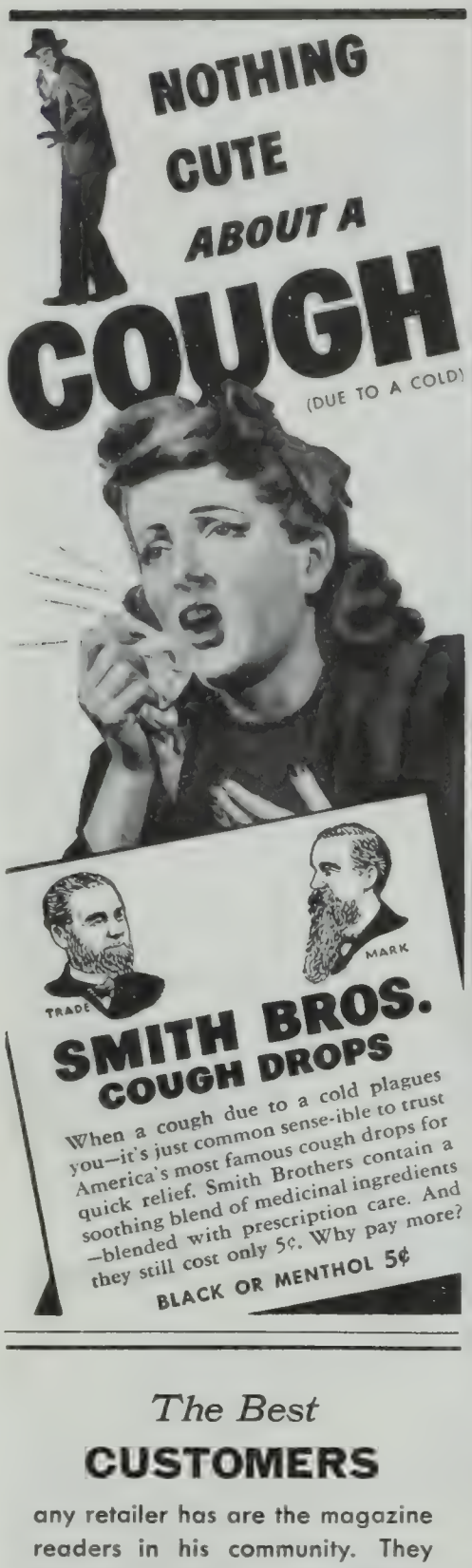


*REG U S PAT OFF.

Jayson is licensee No.1 of wrinkle-free collars made under Celanese patents.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

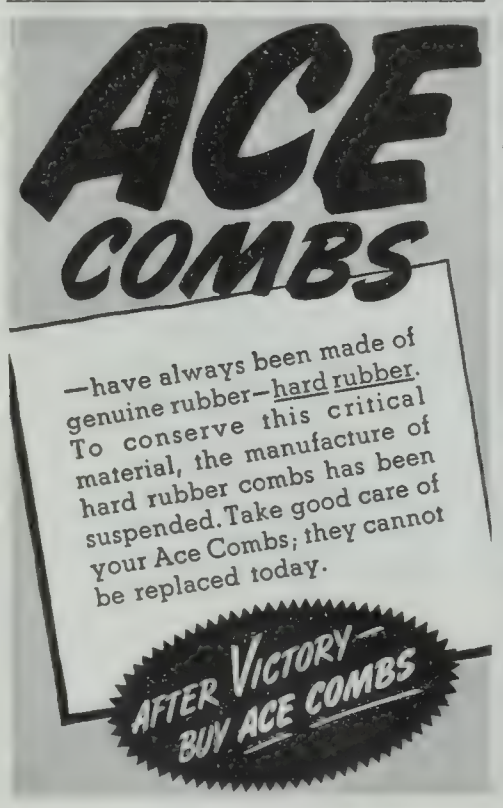
SHIRTS • • • PAJAMAS • • • SPORTWEAR



The Best

CUSTOMERS

any retailer has are the magazine readers in his community. They set the pace for any local buying parade, *because they have more —want more—buy more.*



bones and gives spirit. These are things I have read, Weya—the harvests that water brings."

"Bah!" Weya snapped. "You are harvesting a mirage! In three days you will return with me to Bombay!"

She gasped, but he turned away abruptly and flung out of the room toward the fields.

She was diseased, fanatic, unstable, Weya told himself, furiously stamping over the farm that next hour. She was overly emotional, sentimental, impractical. And yet as these singed words dropped from his hot tongue, he couldn't rid himself of the memory of her beautifully reliant face, her steady eyes, her small capable hands. And as he fumed and stamped and threw out words, there around him was the disturbing testimony of green growing things.

The land was not spread with a single crop, as he remembered it, but wedged now and striped and fitted with a dozen different greens—small patches a family could harvest quickly before wind, or rain, or sun could take it. He cut a fat cane stalk from earth where cane had never grown before, and sank his teeth into it. It was brittle with sweet juice. He sucked it thoughtfully, walking on to the chili patch, around melons and eggplants, seeing the shade crop of mango seedlings and the braces that still held them upright.

"It's a vision! A dream!" he said, arguing with himself. "An impractical bubble that will burst any minute!" and walked on. He saw sticks tumbled in one place, a seedling about to topple. Without thinking what his hands did, he stooped and straightened it, tamping the earth with his foot, setting the props again.

Just beyond, he came on Anula's bean patch. It was very green—a vigorous and vibrant green in clean, tight rows that had been plucked and tended and cared for the way a woman tends a home she loves. He felt a bulging pod, a second one—the vines were heavy with them. Yes, there would be seed enough here for the village—mealy soyas that would make milk, and oil, and good sour curd. He heard the bell for the evening meal; and yet he stood there thinking; unwilling to leave those thoughts; not sure he could take them with him.

Later, as he ate, he asked questions. How near was the river? How wide was the channel? Was it steady? Did it flood during the wet monsoon? How was the water measured to each village? Was there a charge for it? Were water robbers at work?

He listened shrewdly to the answers Chora and Wanny and Detu gave. But let Anula come into the room and his eyes followed her. She moved with an easy grace, not shy, not awkwardly unsure of herself. Twice he asked questions so she would hear them; yet when it was her turn to serve him, she did it quickly, adequately, impersonally. Weya was hurt. A man wants deference and admiration from a wife when he eats. Else how can he relish his food?

IT WAS not long after daylight that Weya slipped out of the house next morning. He wanted to see the river with his own eyes before he talked again with the family.

He found it beyond the village—a sheet of blue sky that moved slowly over washed stones. It was not a *wadi;* it was not the Ganges; but there in that dry shelving plain it was a tangible miracle. He filled his eyes with the sight of it, tracing it back as far as he could see to the horizon; and he felt a sudden breathless worship for engineering. Why had he not studied at its feet, instead of this paltry bundle of words called law? Why had he thought law was a means of helping and guiding others? A man who brought water was near godhood.

He followed the grassy bank, stopped abruptly once to stare at a trampled corn patch where six cows ate lazily. "Marauding cattle that belong to no one, feasting on this!" he exclaimed, and shied a stone at them.

On beyond he came to the sluice gate that let water into the irrigation canal for the village. He turned and went with it. It was wider than a man could jump, and straight as a stick, except for that one elbow beyond the village. At the elbow he turned again, toward Anula's seed patch.

He stopped with a quick cry at the green edge of it. What was this—the vines down, crushed, trampled upon, the seed pods scattered? What wicked hand had destroyed this—this beautiful promise to the village?

Weya raised his eyes and saw. Three earth-colored cows wandering aimlessly, stamping, munching—he grabbed a bean stake and ran furiously at them. "Get out!" he screamed. "Get out!" whacking and cracking with the pole. "You robbers!"

Then, through his fury, Weya heard another sound. It was a crackling of angry shouts, mounting to shrieks. He turned and saw a mob of villagers coming at him with scythes and poles. "The infidel! He hits sacred cattle!" they were yelling.

Weya stood stunned, watching them come. He tried to speak those fine words he had spoken at the assembly in Bombay, but they wouldn't come out. He tried to gesture, but his arms were leaden. Suddenly he saw Anula running into the very path of the mob. "Stop!" she ordered them. "He is my husband!"

A moan rose up. "Your husband! A man who beats sacred cattle!"

"My husband!" Anula repeated, defying them with that word.

The meager scrawny men stared their pinched, outraged stare, grumbling menacingly. And then Chora was there, their headman, talking to them, reasoning, placating. Anula came to Weya. "Come," she whispered. "It is better that we go to the house."

THE floating wicks were lighted in the bowls of oil. The family sat in a closer circle. It was the fourth hour of conference, and many words had been said. Chora was speaking now, fretful, fearful: "I say that it is better you go back to the city this night, Brother, even though you go to the railway on foot and out into this storm that gathers. The villagers threaten you worse. By morning I may not be able to stop them!"

Weya jumped to his feet. "No, Brother! I will not go! I said it before, and I say it now—my place is here. . . . Shall all the millions of rupees the British spent bringing that miracle of water to us be wasted because of superstitious villagers who do not even know the tenets of their own faith? Our religion does not forbid fences. Only custom forbids it. What good am I if I cannot help and explain this?"

Chora shook his head stubbornly. "The villagers want neither you nor your fences."

Weya paced excitedly as he had paced all those hours, knowing Anula's dark eyes followed him, that some message was in them for him if only he had but one unharassed moment to read it. "Oh, I know my way was wrong this morning," he said. "But I shall find another way that will not offend custom—if not today, tomorrow; if not this year, then next—that will leave Anula's seedbeds undisturbed, and let men eat their own crops without fear of vengeance in the hereafter."

Two cousins broke out with words, Chora made a third, all talking together. Uncle Dapulu motioned Weya t... on the shadowy corner of the ve... where he always sat in the evenin... spoke softly through that long ... beard of his, only for Weya. "I u... stand, Nephew—for in sixty yea... eyes have seen my own children ... want of the food that roving cattl... eaten. Come closer."

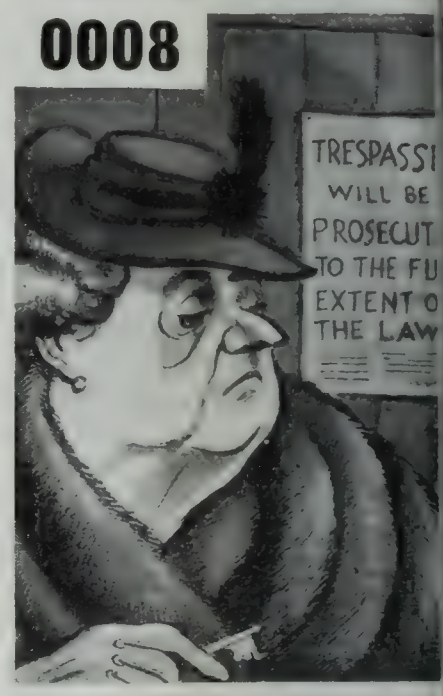
Weya leaned until his ear was ... old man's lips.

"You want a fence," Uncle D... whispered. "Go to the bend in the ... Weya, the elbow buttressed with ... and stones, and see if you do not ... of something. A storm breaks to ... boy. Remember, the things a ... does are planned in heaven." His ... eyes laughed up at Weya, and bl... him.

WEYA stood thinking, but even ... puzzled he heard drops of rain ... turned and made his way, cauti... secretly, from the house.

In the tossing, drenching rai... found the bend in the canal. B...

NOT WANTE... for the Duratio...



HOUSING HOG

Rich widow, with a boarded-u... estate in a crowded defens... area, who refuses to rent th... rooms to homeless plant worke...

green flashes of lightning he studied ... stones and mud that buttressed ... bend. He walked the depression b... it where rain rivulets were alr... ankle-deep, feeling with his feet w... the land bulged up toward the fi... themselves.

Yes, that was it. If the canal ... divided here, it would circle around ... fields on two sides, making an islan... them—a safe protected island. ... cattle would not jump a full ditch.

He ran to the mud dike, clawin... it with his hands, freeing a stone, thr... ing it below, clawing again. Then ... was aware of the hands that reac... with his, of the dark form there be... him. "Anula!" he exclaimed.

"Uncle Dapulu told me where ... would be," she said. "I came to h... to do your bidding, Husband!"

"Anula! Anula!" Weya sang ... words, his hands lifting the next ... as though it were a pebble.

THE END

Ack-Ack guns should be included in Cook Books!



THEY'D remind you that Gas, the same fuel you cook with, is indispensable to making guns, tanks, planes, ships!

They'd remind you to use this vital fuel *wisely* in your home.

For without the *speed* of Gas, months would be lost heat-treating mountains of metal.

Without the *economy* of Gas some weapons would cost 3 times as much . . . millions of dollars added to the taxpayer's burden.

Without the *precision heat* of Gas, airplane propellers, armor plate, bomb fuses and shells could not be made as fine or as fast as they are today!

Ordinarily there is ample Gas for all needs. This winter, however, with a vastly increased War production requiring tremendous additional quantities of Gas, you may be asked to curtail your household use of Gas. But remember doing your part will help make available Gas for vital War industries . . . Gas essential to Victory!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



Y DAY 85,000,000 AMERICANS DEPEND ON GAS . . . to save time, money and food oking . . . to preserve food safely in silent Gas refrigerators . . . to heat water and s economically. In thousands of towns and cities, the Gas Company is community quarters for cooking and nutrition information. If you want the latest advice on important subjects, consult your Gas Company.

Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.

GAS

is vital to war production . . . use it wisely!

Collier's THOMAS H. BECK Publisher • WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor • CHARLES C... Managing...



Some Plain Talk About Color

THE Negro Question, solemnly so-called, is adding to some Americans' worries about the war. Lynchings are on the upcurve. There are disputes and near riots here and there about colored people moving into public housing developments. Now and then, a Jap agent is caught trying to make medicine among our Negroes according to the "Why fight the white man's war?" formula. All these things stir up ancient hates, fears and prejudices, and a serious blowup conceivably could result sometimes.

Here is what we think about it. We expect extremists of all sorts to damn us for these remarks, but we're used to that and we're disappointed when, as sometimes happens, our expectations don't pan out.

We think, for one thing, that all sensible Americans should set their faces sternly against the aforesaid extremists. We refer mainly to (1) the domestic Communists who, while claiming to be all out for an Allied victory, are not above making some home-grown hay for themselves by spreading discontent among all the Negroes they can get at; and (2) the old-fashioned white Negro-haters in both North and South.

Neither of these extremist groups has the workable answer to the colored question. What both American whites and American Negroes need are those sometimes dreary, usually hard-to-achieve, but always useful virtues of tolerance, good nature, open-mindedness.

Whites need to realize that the American Negro is coming of age—in saying which, we don't want to sound patronizing. The achievements of Marian Anderson, Joe Louis, Paul Robeson and innumerable colored artists, writ-

ers, athletes, lawyers, doctors and ed... worthy of anybody's respect and adr...

Negroes should be helped and enc... in these activities—and also in the m... tarian matters of equal breaks for jo... parts of the country and a fair show in ... We should all get firmly fixed in mind ... that a normal Negro, like a normal ... yellow or red man, is a good citizen i... proportion to the strength of his belief ... society he lives in is giving him a fair ...

The colored people, on the other han... be well advised to remember the ancie... that Rome was not built in a day.

It gets you nowhere to blame your o... bles or shortcomings on the fact th... ancestors—cruelly and unjustly, it is ... were brought to this continent 200 or 3... ago against their wills. The thing that ... is what you do or don't amount to in y... generation.

The facts about American Negroes ... generation are that they are getting ... breaks in our social system all the tim... the Negro has more well-wishers eve... among American whites; that the o... ioned Negro-hater is shrinking swiftly ... influence and public respect. Witn... Georgia white voters' recent scrapping ... ernor Eugene Talmadge.

This happy condition shows signs of c... ing and broadening out until the Negr... tion is solved to the general satisfac... both Whites and Negroes will let mat... velop naturally. If either group lets i... nerve-racked by the war into some sor... tremist hysteria, the consequences can ... astrous all around.

"Trust the People"

WE BORROW the title of this editorial from Prime Minister Winston Churchill's unforgettable speech to the United States Congress. We borrow the following from Wendell Willkie's report to the American people after his recent swing around the world:

> It has been suggested much of late, for example, that private citizens, particularly those not expert in military affairs or those unconnected with government, should refrain from making suggestions about the conduct of the war—military, industrial, economic or political. It is said that we must remain silent and allow our leaders and the experts to solve these problems unmolested . . .
>
> The record of this war to date is not such as to inspire in us any sublime faith in the infallibility of our military and naval experts. Let's have no more of this nonsense. Military experts, as well as our leaders, must be constantly exposed to democracy's greatest driving power —the whiplash of public opinion, developed from honest, free discussion. Men with great power usually like to live free of criticism. But when they get that way, that's the time to increase the criticism.

We borrow the following from a recent speech in Montreal by Director of War Information Elmer Davis:

> A free people wants to know and has a right to know how the battle is going, and will fight all the harder if it realizes how hard it must fight for victory.
>
> Here in Canada you have lately given us a convincing demonstration of that faith, in your handling of the news of the Dieppe raid. The report of your Defense Minister, Mr. Ralston, was a model of candor and common sens... that operation the casualties were propo... ately very heavy. But prompt announc... of those casualties was a proof that you... ernment has faith in the strength o... Canadian spirit. And that incident set ... ample which every free people in thi... should remember and profitably follow.

All of which adds up to this: That w... long since had enough of being coddled, ... and babied along about the United N... progress toward victory. The people exp... experts to tell the best news and the w... fast as it can be told without helping the ... If the people know the experts are ... frankly with them, they will back up ... perts to the limit. If they don't, they ... And can anybody justly blame them?

Note on Religious Freedom

THE Supreme Court has refused to review its recent 5-4 decision holding that government agencies are entitled to charge license fees to persons distributing religious literature in the streets. This decision was a stab at the freedom of religion and of the press guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

We again suggest that some large church or churches carry this fight to the high court and that the struggle be given due publicity by the press. Unless this piece of judge-made ... fought, it will be broadened by interpr... until we shall wake up some day and ... what the Bill of Rights was ever supp... mean.

Collier's
TEN CENTS
DECEMBER 5 1942
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY



BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

THE RED RAIN OF BATTLE

BY LT. COMMANDER JOHN S. TH[illegible]

The Story of Fighter Squadron 3

A little Child kneels
And lifts Her Heart in Prayer.

Her Face speaks of Trust,
Of Faith in a Bright Future.



We see her then—a Woman Sympathetic and Smiling—With a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

FOR HER, tonight is friendly and tomorrow bright! All around her is evidence of her parents' and teachers' devotion—of the careful thought that shapes her future.

Lucky little American, the love and care that surrounds her now will show one day in the proud way she faces the world—happy and confident—and *smiling.*

Yes, *smiling!* For even now this little girl knows a lesson in dental health that many an adult has still to learn. In thousands of classrooms* all over the country, youngsters are being taught this vital dental truth—that *firm, healthy gums are* important to sound teeth and sparkling smiles.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* It may not be serious, but let him decide. He may say your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums. When you massage your gums with Ipana, that stimulating "tingle" means gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to healthier firmness.

With Ipana and massage, help yourself to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*



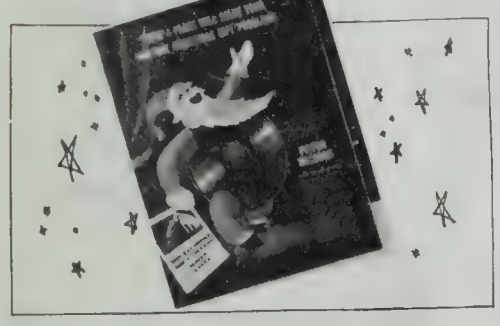
Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

AMERICA SOLVES ITS GIFT PROBLEM WITH

VICTOR RECORDS

This wartime Christmas, let Victor Records answer all your gift problems! For there isn't anyone you know, from Great Aunt Hepzibah to your sister's baby whom you can't surprise and delight with some musical favorite on a Victor Record. And, with so many shortages and substitutes, it's smarter than ever to say Merry Christmas with VICTOR RECORDS—*The Gift That Keeps On Giving!*



NEW VICTOR CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

VICTOR has planned this beautiful four-page colored Gift Guide especially for *you* as the convenient, economical solution to *all* your gift problems! It will appear in Life Magazine on December 7th. Be sure to look for it or go to your Victor dealer for your own copy, without obligation. And look, too, for the full-page Victor Christmas advertisement in the American Weekly Magazine on December 6th, listing many attractive Victor Records for gifts. Your Victor dealer will be glad to go over either of these lists with you and help you make your selections. See how simple they can make Christmas shopping for you!

THE GIFT GUIDE is filled with Victor Albums and Records to suit every taste in music from symphonies to swing—all brilliantly performed by the world's greatest artists and flawlessly recorded. Here is music for every mood...noble music to bring peace and relaxation...gay lilting music to lift the spirits and help keep America going!



CHRISTMAS AND CHILDREN'S MUSIC

Your Victor dealer has a wide selection of delightful Christmas and children's music and charming novelties — all on Victor and Bluebird Records. Be sure to hear them!

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing E

ANY WEEK

MR. JERRY McM. CALHOUN of Washington, D. C., wants to know whether any man who has fought a war can remember it afterward as the holy thing its ballyhoo would make of it while it is going on. With our customary courage, we pass that on to you. Mr. Calhoun reports that he has had a hot argument with a congressman who wants to shunt at least half of the Army and Navy officers now waffletailing it in Washington to battle areas. Mr. Calhoun contended that a few weeks in Washington ruined any soldier or sailor for active service. The rest of Mr. Calhoun's letter gives us a clue to the cause of his dismals. He has been entertaining a young soldier cousin, showing him Washington before seeing him off to war. With the sharp originality which one acquires in Washington, he took the young warrior to the Senate gallery where that body was debating the 18-19 draft bill. The boy listened for a while, then turned to Mr. Calhoun and said, "What are they afraid of? Don't they know that we're the guys who'll do the actual fighting?" Mr. Calhoun explained that some of the gentlemen were up for reelection and that it isn't good politics to irritate the home folks before election. "Oh," replied the lad in uniform. "In that case I don't blame them. If I had a soft job like theirs I'd take care of it, too. Wish the rest of the guys in camp could listen in, though." So Mr. Calhoun bundled his young cousin off to England, the South Pacific, Africa or



some such distant land, and now he's wondering whether Senate debates should be broadcast, or whether all soldiers, sailors and marines should be debarred from congressional galleries or whether it wouldn't help to compel all members of Congress to spend a few weeks of their terms of office on fighting fronts just to learn the facts of life and death. He is very low in the mind.

BUT he'll get over that. He'd better, anyway. Somewhere out in the Pacific stands Corporal Sam Brodsky. From him we've just had a letter saying that all's well—at least. "Just a few lines," writes Corporal Brodsky, "to let you know that I've started to get Collier's. It is sure grand to receive it away out here. You ought to see the guys grab for it when it comes. Thank you very much." Letters like that make us a little humble—quite a little. Okay, Sam. We are just about to leave this comfortable office, go to lunch in an unnecessarily high-priced restaurant with a fat guy who is raising hell about his taxes. We shall take your letter along, Sam. If we had our way he'd eat that for lunch instead of filet of sole which we don't like, anyway. And to show him, we'd eat the envelope whereon the name of the censor, Lieutenant Somebody, is illegibly scrawled. And now that you mention it, we're very low in the mind, too.



ACCORDING to our mail, Mr. Roosevelt's crack about typewriter tacticians has had repercussions in unexpected quarters. The President should have gone further—included amateur strategists of other varieties. Mrs. Joan B. Citron of Fort Wayne, Indiana, would have liked the President to say something searing about map maniacs like, for example, Mr. Citron. Starting slowly after Munich but sweeping on to inundating dimensions, the Citron home has become a three-story atlas. Mrs. Citron has counted forty-five enormous maps tacked to the walls and at least three times that many lying about the house in carefully selected but inconvenient corners. Mr. Citron, his friends and the three little Citrons have red, blue and yellow crayoned these maps according to the backward and forward movements of troops and ships until MacArthur himself would be frustrated. Mrs. Citron has been unable to discourage her husband and seeks help, even Presidential. In the home of Mrs. Rae Billings Throop of San Francisco, California, open rebellion has appeared. Portraits of the ancestors of both Mr. and Mrs. Throop have been replaced by maps of the seven seas. Mrs. Throop has delivered her ultimatum, to wit: "Take down the Solomons and put back the Billingses and the Throops, or else." This far, Mr. Throop has not replied to the ultimatum. He is much too occupied with Guadalcanal, North Africa and Russia, among the many other fronts. These are just samples. The whole attic floor of the home of Mrs. John F. Vest of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has

(Continued on page 53)

Vol. 110, No. 23. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

DECEMBER 5, 1

SHORT STORIES

HARRY SYLVESTER
The Wind Blows in a Circle. blew one man a lot of good. P

HUGH WILEY
The Battle of Sam Hill's Army. the Army turned him down, h his own war. P

"0-477891" OF THE U. S. ARM
The Warrior's Return. A Shor Story. P

ROARK BRADFORD
The Stern-Wheel Spy Case. B Jones comes to his country's P

LIBBIE BLOCK
Flying Gadget. A bombard laxes—into love. P

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Thrill is Gone, by Charl pert. P

SERIAL STORIES

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY
The Hunters. The first of nin P

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. The seventh parts. P

ARTICLES

FRANK GRAHAM
The Kid from Sunnyside. horses make good jockeys, hard-riding Basil James. P

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JOHN S. THACH, U. S. N.
The Red Rain of Battle. Squadron 3 takes to the air. P

HERBERT HOOVER
We'll Have to Feed the Again. Blueprint for the p food problem. P

KYLE CRICHTON
Leggy Blonde. Alexis Smith Hollywood the easy way. P

GURNEY WILLIAMS
First with the Needle. Mrs. Ve Coskey sews up airplanes. P

OSMAR WHITE
The Front Jumped Over the tain. Australia's secret front New Guinea jungle. P

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. P

WING TALK. P

EDITORIAL. P

COVER PAUL

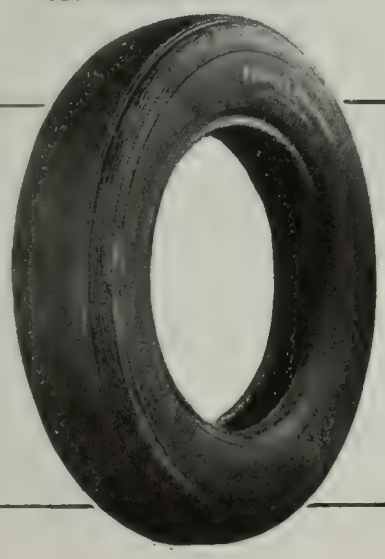
JANUARY 1, 1941 TIRE MADE WITH AMERIPOL SYNTHETIC STARTS 29,519-MILE TRIP

AS TIME GOES TODAY, this picture is old. When it was taken, at LaGuardia Field, N. Y., lend-lease was the important topic of discussion. Aid for Britain was being urged. The war still seemed far off.

Yet more than half the rubber in the tire shown is *synthetic.* For even then B. F. Goodrich had sold Ameripol Silvertowns to hundreds of cooperative companies and car owners who wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started.

This tire was one of those tested by American Airlines. Its job was radio ground-station maintenance. So its 29,519 miles were not limited to smooth highways. It bumped across dirt and gravel roads, covered every kind of highway and byway in the country.

Here's the same tire after 29,519 miles—still good for thousands more!



This Ameripol Silvertown, as you can see, isn't worn out. Many others have gone 30,000 miles and over. Reports from users indicate that Ameripol tires are "at least the equal of tires made with natural rubber."

Today, B. F. Goodrich synthetic rubber is being used in many products now serving with the armed forces. Until the war is won, there will be little, if any, for civilians. But there's a real promise for you in Ameripol: for if Silvertowns *are* made with synthetic rubber after the war—they'll still be your best tire buy.

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Here are a few of the many American businesses which bought Ameripol Silvertowns

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GENERAL BAKING CO. . . . GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO. . . . THE GRAND UNION COMPANY . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO. . . . PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO. . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . THE TEXAS CO. . . . U. S. GYPSUM CO. . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When an American battleship is named after a state, the state presents the vessel with a gift, usually a silverware service, one on record costing as much as $30,000.

The world's largest private telephone exchange, recently installed in the Army Pentagon Building in Arlington, Virginia, requires the services of 197 operators and supervisors at one time to handle the calls of its 16,000 main stations, a main station being a wire on which there may be several extensions.—*By Herman A. Moran, Represa, California.*

Sailors have their own particular paradise, an imagined Elysian field called Fiddler's Green. All good seamen hope to go there when they die because "credit is good and there is always a lass, a glass and a song."—*By Katherine Burkey, New York, New York.*

A wedding among the Amish, the famous sect in Pennsylvania, begins at eight in the morning at the bride's home with forty-five minutes of hymn singing, followed by the ceremony, which requires three hours, by three preachers. When the party ends at midnight, the guests, instead of throwing rice and old shoes, toss the bridegroom over the fence.

Glass windows can now be made shatterproof by coating them with a new transparent paint recently placed on the market in this country. Invented by an Englishman, this paint proved its value in London where flying glass once caused more than eighty per cent of the injuries received in air raids.

A favorite trick of those who sabotage Nazi freight and troop trains is to dynamite the engine as it emerges from a tunnel so the cars will pile up, catch fire and choke the passageway with wreckage, much of which jams tightly between the walls. Consequently the removal of such a wreck requires more time than one occurring on open tracks.

How small manufacturers are being given subcontracts for war material by large corporations might be illustrated by the present practice of Westinghouse. This company has more than twelve hundred smaller firms in thirty states now producing parts whose total value exceeds $82,000,000. One such recent subcontract was for $8,500,000, while several were for only $5.

During the past three years of war, the Axis Powers have increased their territory from about three to twelve per cent of the world's land area, their population from about ten to thirty per cent of the world's people and their raw material resources from about five to thirty per cent of the world's mineral wealth.

In China, some actors, specializing in female impersonation, and some actresses, specializing in male impersonation, are so excellent in their roles that they are often engaged to play opposite each other in dramas. Incidentally, when such an actor takes the part of the heroine and such an actress that of the hero, the play is usually very successful.

A person who makes only one duplicate of a patented article, such as a tool, implement or other device, which he neither uses nor sells, infringes on the patent and is liable to prosecution by the patentee.

Scientists believe that if a rifle bullet could be fired upward at a muzzle velocity of seven miles a second, it would pass out of the atmosphere and never return to the earth. Such speed is not inconceivable because, for example, the wave of a nitroglycerin explosion starts at the rate of five miles a second.—*By Charles Paskewitz, Brooklyn, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Texas won't be much bigger than *Rhode Island*...

When you're driving a *Cessna Car-of-the-air*"



CAPTAIN FLOYD ADDISON, a real Texas rancher when he isn't busy flying Delta Air Lines' big silver ships—gives a fellow Texan a geography lesson on *how to make little ones of big ones.*

"Y's SIREE, after the war the old Lone Star State is go'g to shrink like a twelve dollar suit in a thunder sh'ver," says Captain Addison. "You'll be able to ea'e Brownsville after breakfast and land in Lubbock, 0 miles away, in time for lunch, because you two'll e'ying all over the country in a Cessna Family Car f'e Air. And so will everyone else. Why, you'll even be running up to Chicago in an afternoon as naturally as you drive into town today. That's how easy it's going to be to fly that new Family Car of the Air that Cessna's all set to build as soon as the war's over. Believe me, I'm going to get one of those Cessnas. Then, at last, I'll be able to get out to that ranch of mine as often as I want to—and that's often."



With The Greatest of *Ease*

That's exactly how this young lady will fly through the air someday. But unlike the young man in the song, she won't have to be daring because she'll take off as easily as she drives her car away from the curb. In the air, her Cessna will practically fly itself. And landing will be like parking a car in an empty ten-acre lot. The one big difference is that she'll be making trips in her Cessna Family Car of the Air in one-third the time it would take in a car. That will make all America, in fact all the Americas, her playground as soon as victory is won and Cessna can start building the airplane that everyone can buy and fly. Until then Cessna is working all-out for victory, 24 hours a day.

COPR. 1942 CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.

Cessna

WICHITA KANSAS

Cessna

SYMBOL OF *Aircraftsmanship* FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS

ARMY E NAVY

OUR PLEDGE

To live up to, and exceed if possible, the high standard of performance for which this pennant stands in the production of Cessna Bobcats and Cranes for the U.S. Army Air Corps and the British Empire Training Program. That is our pledge, our only job today.

KEEP 'EM FLYING — CESSNA

FREE! *"Keep 'Em Flying"* Wings

Wear these *Wings-with-a-reason.* You get them free with a 10 cent U.S. War Savings Stamp and a Jap Hunting License when you send 10 cents to...

CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY
DEPARTMENT C, BOX 1616, WICHITA, KANSAS



From Dutch Harbor to Monrovia

YALE SHIRTS

rank first with U. S. Army Officers

When men who are accustomed to the finest in every type of equipment show an overwhelming preference for one particular brand of shirt, that brand must have something! You'll discover what it is when you put on your first YALE Shirt. The quality of its fabric, style and workmanship are worthy of America's proudest traditions.

On sale at all leading Department Stores, Military Outfitters, and Post Exchanges everywhere.

NATIONALLY KNOWN Yale SHIRTS

MANUFACTURED BY YALE MILITARY SHIRT CO. · 1239 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.
MILITARY SHIRTS FOR ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMED FORCES

WING TALK



This war's toughest, roughest, fightingest bomber—the U. S. Air Corps' Boeing Flying Fortress—drips its poison on Axis ratholes all over the earth, from the Baltic to the Coral Sea

SOMEWHERE in Australia: From Lae to Rabaul, from Guadalcanal to Buka, the Flying Fortresses are ranging and raging. These and the Navy's Grumman Wildcats are the sturdy margin that stood between us and the Japs—and disaster—in the Southwest Pacific these past hectic weeks. But when you're down here looking at them, even so formidable a thing as a Flying Fortress — a portable Gibraltar — often touches you with reminders of familiar, peaceful things at home.

For example, a fully crewed Flying Fortress in combat makes you think of a good college baseball team in at least three ways.

It has nine men, each not only talented but enthusiastic for his own special little hot spot. No room for stars in the prima-donna sense; everything is teamwork. It must be nine for one and one for nine, or missions won't be successful.

Then, it's a young man's game. I've seen many a grimy Fortress here, as dented and battered as an old kitchen pot, with not one of its battle-tested "veterans," captains to bucks, older than twenty-four or twenty-five.

Lastly, there's always a "Lippy" Durocher or a "Rabbit" Maranville or a Dave Bancroft aboard—somebody with that gift of pep gab which buoys self-possession under pressure. Major Hewitt Wheless, for instance. He was ahunt one day, with his Fortress full of kids, for Jap shipping. Eighteen Zeros, guns flaming, swooped upon the lone Fortress like one of those comic swarms of bees you see in the movie cartoons—a diving spearhead that broke and came buzzing in from all directions. But Wheless made his run, bombed four transports; turned, did it again.

Meantime, his machine gunners polished off several of the Zeros. The sheer cockiness of the thing, as much as the durability of the Fortress, must have di couraged the surviving Nips; for the drew off, and Wheless headed for hom with a man dead, others wounded. H rear gunner called him on the interphon

"Sir," he reported, "they sure made sieve outa this crate. We've got hundred of holes in the fuselage."

"Thank God," said Wheless, "that' give us some fresh air in here."

YOU'LL stare at a thing day afte day and know it as well as you kno your own knuckles, and then you'll ca it wrong. As in a recent note here, whe you referred to the Air Corps' insignia a a "blue star on white." That's just 18 degrees wrong. And lots of your pals i and out of the Air Corps let you kno about it in no uncertain terms. But remained for Private Edwin Finkbeine of the 342 Base Headquarters and Ai Base Squadron, Greenville Army Ai Base, South Carolina, to demonstrat small faith in the chances of your under standing a plainly worded rebuke. S he drew the insignia in color for you a a postscript—like that lipstick kiss th girls put on their letters.

THE Nips, as you know, get long range for their fighter planes by using "belly tanks." These are supplementary fuel containers that are slung under the fuselage and used for the trip to the objective. Once arrived, the extra tanks are let fall, and the plane is then able to fight with full performance values and to make its homeward trip on the fuel in the regular tanks.

The Jap belly tanks have been godsends to the ingenious Yanks in this plumberless wilderness. The boys collect them, cut them in half and use them as bathtubs. Nearly every Yank outfit down here is thus luxuriously equipped,

(Continued on page 22)







LESS NICOTINE? — *Certainly!* Fleetwood's Imperial length assures it, provided you smoke a Fleetwood no farther than an old-size cigarette The resulting *longer end* gives extra smoke filtration, reduces nicotine content!

LESS TAR STAIN? — *Of Course!* The same 20% to 50% extra tobacco through which Fleetwood's smoke is filtered, not only reduces the nicotine in the smoke, *but also reduces in the smoke those tars that stain fingers and teeth!*

LESS THROAT IRRITANTS? *Surely!* Along with selected *milder* tobaccos, and greater length, Fleetwood uses a modern moisture-retaining agent which *does not produce* acrolein, an irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke!

Here's the cigarette the Reader's Digest didn't know about

Early last summer, when the famous Reader's Digest tested old-line cigarettes, Fleetwoods had not yet appeared. Specially planned, with the advice of chemists and physicians, to give the modern smoking safety pointed up by Reader's Digest . . . this new cigarette was also aimed at something new in flavor-goodness!

The development of Fleetwood required a year of work and an investment of several millions in fine vintage leaf tobacco. The new blend was developed with the guidance of professional tasters of fine wines, teas and coffees. And their sensitive tastes pronounced the final Fleetwood blend both milder and better-tasting than any of the six largest-selling cigarette brands! In confidence that you will find it a finer, better-tasting smoke, we take pride in offering you Fleetwood.

MORE SMOKING PLEASURE





FLEETWOOD

A cleaner, finer smoke

A SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PR

The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc. · "House of Tradition" · Louisville

© 1942 THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO.

HELP!



SEND YOUR TYPEWRITERS TO WAR!

600,000 standard typewriters (made since Jan. 1, 1935) are wanted *now* by our Army and our Navy. We manufacturers cannot supply them . . . we're making war materials today, not typewriters. They must come from you . . . from business concerns, schools, local governments, and individuals. All must help!

So when a War Production Board representative solicits used typewriters from you . . . say "Yes"! And have him tell you the many ingenious ways which users have already found to make 3 typewriters do the work of 4.

If you must now make 3 typewriters do the work of 4 . . .

Naturally it won't be easy, but it can be done. It means re-scheduling of work, elimination of "frills," doubling up, and other makeshifts. It means harder, more continuous use of every typewriter you retain.

But there's where we *can* help! Give us a chance, and we'll undertake to keep your L C Smiths running for the duration. Skilled mechanics trained for just this work are at your service in L C Smith branch office and dealer cities nearly everywhere.

The harder the usage, the greater the wear . . . and the more urgent your need for competent *periodic* inspection, service, and repairs. Help your Government . . . let us help *you!*

* * *

War production entrusted to us is precision work calling for craftsmanship of the highest order . . . skill won through years of making America's finest office and portable typewriters.



L C SMITH & CORONA
TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE N Y

SMITH-CORONA

OFFICE PORTABLE

Typewriter Service

Gift SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM



Special
CHRISTMAS PRICES
2 one-year subs. only $5
(Your own subscription may be included)
EACH ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTION
only $2.50

Collier's The National Weekly
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Enclosed is $_____ for which please enter Christmas Gift Subscriptions to COLLIER'S for one year. Send Christmas card, bearing my name as donor, to announce each gift subscription.

SEND TO_____ SEND TO_____

SEND TO_____ SENT BY_____

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE YEAR $3.00

828



reached its dramatic climax too late

THERE was a dance at the Kampala Club, and the music swept out to the seven hills of Kampala, to the White Fathers on Ruaga, to the priests of the Mission of St. Joseph on Nysambya, to the patients in the big hospital of the Church of England Mission on Namirembe, to the Indians in the bazaar on Nakasero, beside the darkened banks and shops.

On Mengo it drowned out the British phonograph of the black King Daudi, dozing and drinking in his European bungalow behind the native stockade, its vibrations reached faintly to the empty, moon-swept courts of Mutesa's tomb on Kasubi, where that last terrible tyrant slept under the thatched roof of his palace tomb. On Kampala Hill there was no one to hear, except the watchman of the old fort that was now a museum, and he was asleep.

It was stirring music, for the black players of the band were nearly all jungle born. The fast, furious staccato of the drums, dominating the brasses and the strings, sent the dancers speeding and whirling, while the black players looked on, eyes glazed with the excitement of their efforts, wide lips smiling as if savoring how much better their bodies could have moved to this rhythm than these white bodies.

Mrs. Michael Garrick—Tommy to her intimates

a day after elephants. I want to rest a bit."

Tommy said, "Right," and led the way to where Mrs. Rundell was sitting with Mrs. Doran against the wall. She smiled at the two middle-aged ladies and sat down, tucking her shabby slippers—three times resilvered—under the folds of the lavender net that gave her somewhat the look of a small Degas dancing girl. Rundell, mopping his bald forehead, where the mark of his sun helmet divided sunburn and pallor, made a few indeterminate remarks and wandered off toward the bar.

"Lovely dance, isn't it?" said Mrs. Rundell.

"Lovely," said Tommy.

"I don't know when I ever saw a gayer lot of people at the club. I don't dance myself"—Mrs. Rundell was stout and had the mild look called "motherly"—"but I do say, there is nothing like a dance to put heart into you. I always enjoy looking on."

"Yes," said Tommy, rather faintly.

She did not usually look on, at a dance, but she wanted to look on, now, she wanted to hurt her eyes and her heart by concentrating on Bob McNare and that girl. It was trying to watch them, on the crowded floor, that had made her stumble.

There they were. The girl was a little taller than Bob, and her blond head was a bright beacon. That girl had the most beautiful hair she had ever seen in her life, Tommy thought miserably; it was a sheer sunshine, and it fell, shoulder length, in a perfection of wave and curl, for the girl was just out from England where such perfection was to be had.

Tommy had always thought herself lucky to have

a natural wave in her brown locks, for a planter's wife, out Masaka way, could not very well afford trips to the beauty shops of Kampala and Nairobi, but now she felt her hair was rough and unruly, coarsened by neglect and sun. A pony's mane, Bob had called it teasingly. She had laughed, but now the comparison hurt.

Oh, that girl was beautiful! She was closer now and Tommy could see how divinely slender she was—not a short, sturdy thing like herself—and how exquisitely that slenderness curved. As the girl moved, her full skirt flattened for an instant across her thigh and there was something enchanting, so evocative of thoughts of nymphs in flight in that long, lovely, fugitive line that Tommy's heart was wrenched with jealous pain.

And her frock was so beautiful! Not a thing of net, dyed with indelible pencil to a sickly lavender, bunched into a black velvet ribbon belt, but a white, gauzy cloud of a frock, that floated alluringly, that sheathed adroitly, or fell away, as adroitly, from smooth shoulders and arms and the back against which Bob McNare's brown hand was pressing.

They danced together so well. They must have danced together often on that ship from England. Of course they had. This had been happening every night, nights of darkness and starshine and soft sea airs. She had thought that ship was bringing Bob back to Africa, to his old life, to her, and all the time this had been happening. . . .

Queer, she hadn't been afraid of something like this. There had been a cold little germ of fear in her at the separation, because, of course, she was nothing to him but a friend, had no real claim upon him, and it did not seem possible that he could go on caring so quietly and so steadily when there was so much else to distract him. But when nothing happened to him in London, nothing in that country place where his uncle had lived—there were so many eager girls in those country places!—when he wrote he was taking the first possible boat back—"no friends like the old friends, no place like Uganda"—she had forgotten she ever had been afraid. She had lived in expectation.

SHE loved him so much. It seemed unbelievably naïve, that she had not even known she was beginning to love him those first two years, but she had not known. She had known she was tremendously fond of him, that there was no one in the world so fine and dependable and such a comfort when things went wrong; she had known that, but she had willfully turned her mind away from any deeper implication. He had been just Bob McNare, their good neighbor, who had done so much for them both.

Then had come that night. . . .

Michael had been sodden drunk, burning with fever. Bob had brought him home, for he had collapsed at Bob's place, unable to drive farther, and they had got him to bed and he was sleeping. He would sleep off his drunkenness and she would nurse him through the fever and bolster up his courage—she had done it before and she could again, only, tonight, there was no strength in her. Nothing but discouragement and dreadful tiredness. She had run out of the house and Bob had come out and found her.

He had tried to comfort her about the crops. He said, "I'll see you get coffee pickers," and she had begun something about it's being the fever which had made Michael drink, only then her voice broke, and suddenly they gave up all pretense of excuse or concealment, and she was crying against him and he was saying, "I love you so, Tommy. I love you so. It burns my heart out to have to stand by, to see you go through this—"

He said, "Damn him, damn him, damn him!" and she had put her hand against his mouth and he had kissed it and then kissed her and she had kissed him back—she had kissed him before she said, "I love you, too." She was frightened to feel how much she loved him and shocked to know that she could love someone not her husband—she was as simple as that—and wildly happy. They tried to talk about it very seriously and sensibly. They talked for hours, in the black shadows of the acacias. Sometimes she ran back into the house but Michael was always sleeping heavily.

There was no more kissing after that night, no more open talk of love. That was their compact. They would go on as before, as good friends. They had known that there was nothing to be done but stand by Michael and wait.

THEY could not put their hopes into words for it seemed so cruel to Michael, but they both felt he could not go on long like this, the shell of a strong man, fever-racked, his heart unsound.

He had gone on for three years and that made five years that she had known Bob, seven since she had come to Uganda as Michael's wife. And Bob had gone on, outwardly the same steady, cheery, caretaking friend. They had good times together. Michael liked Bob, in his ironic way, and made a good deal of use of him; if there was sometimes in Michael a mocking awareness of undercurrents it got no farther than Michael's amused eyes.

The three of them were known as the best of pals all over Uganda, and if Uganda knew something more, it knew too, that Bob McNare and Michael Garrick's wife were "straight." People liked them.

Yes, they had had good times. They were actually happy, for it seemed enough—almost—to be together. At least, it had seemed that to Tommy Garrick. Though always, underneath, was that hurrying eagerness for the next time.

(Continued on page 23)



It was the announcement of Claire's marriage. The words were hard to see. His Kikuyu boy held a lighted match

The Kid from Sunnyside

By Frank Graham

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Meet the irrepressible Elmer, who has given countless horse fans thrills they'll always talk about, and Mr. Svengali Bones



Tops in jocks is Basil James (above, right, teaching racing starts to one of his mounts). James hit the big money with two of America's outstanding horses—Alsab and Market Wise

THE horses were running at Aqueduct last fall when Basil James received his notice to report for duction into the Army. He took his ame off the available list (meaning the st of jockeys at the track and open for ngagements), cleared out his locker, id goodby to his friends and went off war.

The first stop was Governors Island. here, on a gray morning, he was one of long line of selectees, awaiting his turn r the physical examination. He did all ght until he reached the scales. The incator swung to 98 and stopped. The vo doctors conducting the examination oked at each other. They didn't know e boy on the scales. To them he was st an underweight nobody whose numer had come up in the draft.

"What shall we do with Goliath?" one f them asked.

The other shrugged. Then, turning to mes, he said, "Go home, son. Build ourself up—and come back when ou're a man."

Basil went back to the races, and then, a recent combing over of his class, e was called again. Again, he took is name off the available list, stowed is stuff in his trunks, said goodby to his iends and showed up at Governors land. This time the indicator on the ales hovered around the 100 mark. He ooked hopefully at the doctors. They nook their heads.

"Go home," they said.

He dressed and started for the ferry. e was almost at the dock when a solier overtook him.

"They want you," the soldier said.

He hurried back. Somebody had disovered he was Basil James, the boy who ad ridden Market Wise and Alsab and Whirlaway.

"We can use you," they said. "We'll aive your weight."

And so he went from silks to khaki.

Meanwhile, they'll miss him on the ace tracks. A hard-riding kid, dead ame and a born horseman, he came out f the West four years ago to develop s a rider—and to learn, among other hings, how much a jockey can mean to horse.

When he was new to big-time racing ut already had won a couple of important stakes, somebody asked him in the jockeys' room at Belmont Park one day, "What makes a good jockey, kid?"

"Good horses," he said.

Down the line of jocks getting into their silks for the first race, Don Meade made a whirring noise with his lips.

"All right, wise guy," James said. "I hear a lot about how much a jock can do for a horse. But I never saw a jock come under that wire first by himself."

But last year he said to his agent, Melvin "Bones" Laboyne, "Get me that Market Wise. With me riding him, he can beat Whirlaway."

And this spring he said, "I been riding against that Alsab enough to know why he can't win as a three-year-old. He ain't being rode right. Get him for me and I'll win the Kentucky Derby with him."

Bargain-Basement Mounts

Bones made both deals and the result was the exciting combination of the brash kid from Sunnyside, Washington, and the two bargain-basement entries in the richest stakes the American turf has to offer—Market Wise having been sold as a two-year-old by the Brookmeade Stable (that's Mrs. Dodge Sloane) to Louis Tufano, a Jamaica, Long Island, contractor, for $1,000 in 1940, and Alsab having been picked up by Al Sabath, a Chicago lawyer, in the yearling sales at Saratoga that same year for $700. With James in the saddle, they took racegoers for a ride on an emotional roller coaster.

Basil had his first crack at Market Wise in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct last year. The Tufano colt, after a couple of surprise victories in Florida, had won the Wood Memorial at Jamaica and finished third behind Whirlaway and Staretor in the Derby. In the Dwyer, he was second to Whirlaway after a rough journey, and James promptly lodged a claim of foul against Eddie Arcaro, who rode the winner, but the claim was not allowed.

"Never mind," James told Tufano and his trainer, George Washington Carroll, "now I'm surer than ever that Market Wise can beat Whirlaway."

He made his prediction stand up in the Jockey Club Gold Cup Race at Belmont in the fall. In one of the greatest stretch runs that racing has known, Whirlaway was beaten by a lip.

"He's still one up on me," James said. "I'll get him the next time."

Meanwhile, the 1942 racing season rolled around, and Sabath was keenly disappointed because Alsab, the two-year-old king of 1941, couldn't win a race. With the Derby looming and James begging for a chance to ride him, Sabath and his trainer August "Ol' Sarge" Swenke decided to switch to him. The colt finished second to Mrs. Payne Whitney's Shut Out, and the story of the race was written on the clubhouse turn, where Buddy Haas (on Ben Whitaker's Requested) and James put on the best fight a Derby crowd had seen since Meade and a boy named Fischer, never heard of before or again, lashed and slugged each other down the stretch as Broker's Tip beat Head Play in 1933.

James, looking for racing room and angrily believing that Haas was stalking him into the rail, grabbed Requested's saddle cloth and tried to pull his way through. Haas, in retaliation, tried to put him over the rail into the infield. Alsab bothered there—and thereafter—almost overtook Shut Out in the stretch but the tussle on the clubhouse turn had done for him.

A week later, in the Preakness at Pimlico, James gave Alsab a perfect ride and the Sabath colt won by a length as Requested and Warren Wright's Sun Again finished in a dead heat for second. That night everybody, including the owners of the Preakness colts and the jockeys who had ridden in the race, conceded the three-year-old championship to Alsab.

"He'll win the Withers," they said, "and then go on and win the Belmont."

He won the Withers, a mile race at Belmont. But in the Belmont, at a mile and a half, a week later, he was beaten by Shut Out.

"He wasn't the colt that won last week," James said. "Something had gone out of him."

Maybe it had. But the railbirds said that Alsab had been beaten because Arcaro, on Shut Out, had outridden James.

Remember Basil's boast that he would even matters with Whirlaway the next time? Well, the next time was the Suburban Handicap at Belmont. Market Wise, characteristically, was off on the head end. Whirlaway, trailing him into the stretch, made his usual smashing run for the wire. But Market Wise was there first.

(Continued on page 58)

The Red Rain of Battle

THE STORY OF FIGHTER SQUADRON THREE

By Lt. Commander John S. Thach, U.S.N.

When they went up, the Jap planes came down—in flames. A famous fighting outfit proves itself—and its training—in a red rain of tracer bullets over the Pacific

WHEN I was a very small boy back in Fordyce, Arkansas, my father used to take me out quail hunting. The woods around our place were alive with the birds, and my father used an old mule-kicker of a twelve-gauge shotgun. As soon as I was able to hold it without being knocked over backward every time it went off, I learned to kill quail by shooting where the bird was going to be, instead of where it was.

That early training stood me in good stead recently out over the Pacific because, of course, to kill Japs, you had to aim where they were going to be, and not where they were. It was a good basis for the aerial gunnery I learned later. Ever since I took command of a fighting squadron, I have asked each pilot who reported to me for duty if he'd ever done any bird shooting, or skeet shooting. Those who had, I have found, usually made the best gunners in the air.

I was just an Arkansas kid and I went to the Naval Academy because I liked the uniform and was curious about what the ocean looked like. Back in Fordyce, I thought a handful of the sea would look blue, and three weeks after graduation from high school, I was in Annapolis. I put in my four years and, after graduating, served on the Mississippi, the West Virginia and the California.

In those days every naval officer took a flying course to find out if he would make a pilot. I passed fairly easily and I've been flying ever since. I got an early start in fighters when I joined the famous High Hat squadron out of Pensacola. The squadron had some brief fame in air races, flying around with the wings of the planes tied together. This practically made up my mind for me: I wanted more than anything to be the skipper of a Navy fighting squadron. There seemed little chance, though. In 1940, we had about eight carriers and only seven or eight fighting squadrons—and hundreds of good fliers eligible to command them.

A Navy fighting squadron used to consist of eighteen single-seater planes and perhaps twenty or twenty-two pilots. When we had our first action in the Pacific, I had only nineteen pilots and could have used several more. Besides pilots, we had from 100 to 120 petty officers and seamen to look after the planes.

It was a proud day for me when I took over command of the gunnery section of Fighter Squadron Three in June, 1939. This was the Felix Cat outfit and it was quite famous even in peacetime. We won the gunnery trophy that year.

In those prewar days we had continual trouble, mostly mechanical. There were bugs in planes and engines that had to be worked out, and sometimes we had more planes grounded than we had in the air.

Training for the Fight

On December 12, 1940, when I took command of the squadron, we could not put a single plane in the air. Even in June, 1941, I had to report that the outfit was not by any means ready for action. I took this report to Admiral Halsey and asked him to allow me thirty days of uninterrupted training in fighting tactics and gunnery. The admiral agreed and for a month we all worked a twelve-hour day.

This was a tough schedule, with pilots flying day and night with only short rest periods. I trained my pilots not only as individuals, but as a team. We certainly did our best. In this thirty-day period of intensive training, more than half our pilots qualified as expert marksmen and had the Gunnery "E" painted on the sides of their planes.

Right here, I think, was where we really won our battles with the J squadrons in 1942. Without this trai ing we would have been far outclasse

Just before the war, we received son new planes and some pilots, but I w fortunate in having had with me, mo or less intact, the same fighting team f a year or more. We had developed tear work tactics to a point where eve pilot knew what the other pilots we going to do, and very few signals we needed in the air. We had a fightir machine.

When the war started, Fighter Squa ron Three was at San Diego. We ha been scheduled to leave for Pearl Harb on December 8th and we got away a fe hours early by working all night. Whe we got to Honolulu, the place was sti smoking a bit. We were there just lon enough to unload some material, an then our carrier put to sea. From the on, we cruised around the Pacific, hun ing Japs. One time we were sixty da at sea without coming into port—dod ing around the South Pacific islands, i and out between Jap bases south of th equator and west of the date line, hopin we could run into some of the Jap navy

Life on the carrier settled down int routines. We had our combat patrol o fighters in the air every day, all day, espe cially when we were near any Jap base and scouts were out all the time, no mat

GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Lt. Commander Thach, skipper of Fighter Squadron Three, and Walt Disney talk over training films being made for Navy airmen at the Disney Studios, Glendale, Calif. At drawing board is Artist Scott



ACME

Column of smoke astern U. S. aircraft carrier (center) marks crash of Jap bomber first disabled by Lt. "Butch" O'Hare, then blasted by ship's ack-ack



ACME

t. Commander Thach, right, and Lt. "Butch" O'Hare who alone counted for five Jap bombers as shown on his plane's fuselage

r where we were. Fighter pilots stood ert in the ready room near the flight ck; they had to be ready to take off thin a matter of seconds.

One third of our squadron usually was the air; another third in the ready om, with planes warmed up on deck, ady to go; the rest on "short notice" ywhere in the ship. When the loud-eakers growled, "Fighter pilots, man ur planes," men on the alert ran to eir planes and scrambled into the air. ther pilots around the ship beat it for e ready room with right-of-way over captains, commanders and admirals. I've seen an admiral jump aside when a young ensign yelled, "Gangway for a fighter pilot!"

We all ate in relays and were careful not to have all our pilots grouped too closely. The British once had a sad experience. All the officers of a ship were eating in the wardroom when a bomb crashed down on them, killing every officer in the ship except those on duty on the bridge. Except when a squadron conference was necessary, our pilots tried to keep dispersed.

At our conferences we planned and planned. We pooled all our knowledge, worked out new methods of attack and tried to invent ways of outsmarting our enemy. We never had any illusions about the courage and skill of the Jap fighters.

Sundays there were church services, usually held on the plane elevator lowered to the level of the hangar deck. The chaplain had a small portable altar and quite often, during services, there would be an alarm. When this happened, the padre would rush his altar off the hangar, every man would shove chairs out of the way and in a few seconds the hangar would be cleared for action. Sometimes the chaplain started a sermon one Sunday and finished it the next.

We had plenty of time in those early days for practicing fighting tactics and gunnery. Our only contact with the enemy was when we came back to Pearl Harbor. Then we had to run the gantlet of enemy submarines right at the entrance to the channel leading into the base. But we had good air coverage and no ship was hit, though there were anxious moments. Torpedo wakes boiled the water, and depth charges churned things up. It was a logical spot for the Japs to work, because eventually most of our ships had to come back to the Harbor for fuel, provisions or munitions. We got some submarines, but how many I couldn't say.

The fightless routine was beginning to get on our nerves when we got our first action. The Lexington was headed in toward the Jap bases west of the Marshall and Gilbert islands and south of Truk one morning when a Japanese scout plane was sighted. I had my division of fighters in the air at the time and we got radio orders to destroy this snooper.

Lieutenant "Butch" O'Hare was leader of my second section. He and the third section leader started to follow me out, but as there was only one enemy plane, I motioned them back, much to their disappointment and continued on with my wing man. The Jap scout at this time was about twenty miles from our task force near a large bank of cumulus clouds with a rain squall underneath. He flew into the clouds and we followed, hoping he'd come out on the same course the other side.

But he was a smart Jap. He turned inside the cloud, and when we came out, the air was vacant. We went back into the cloud, flying on instruments. There was a small opening in the cloud, and as I came out into it, I looked down and not more than a thousand feet below was a huge wing with a red disc. It was my first sight of an enemy aircraft as close as that and it nearly scared me to death. Then we both went into the cloud again and I spent some time trying to find him again. Finally my wing man and I let the Jap get out into the open and then went after him.

When we got in close we could hear the Japs talking in their plane, over our own radios. My wing man, Doc Sellstrom, who has since been killed, heard this conversation and thought I was talking to him. He said later it didn't sound right, because he couldn't imagine me so excited as to be talking gibberish—which was what the Japanese language sounded like to Doc.

The big four-engined bomber bristled with guns and as I maneuvered to attack, its crew opened fire with cannon and machine guns. For a moment I wondered what they were shooting at. Then it occurred to me that it was Doc and myself. We could see the bullets coming toward us. The cannon shells looked like Roman candles—a black center with a fiery corona. I drove on in and opened fire myself. I could tell I had hit the Jap because I could see gasoline spray out from the wing between the inboard engines. I swung around to recover and saw that Doc was getting into position to attack from the other side.

The Enemy Goes Down

On my second attack, we went in together and while I was still shooting at the point where the gasoline was spraying out, the Jap's whole wing burst into flames. Don and I swung away and watched him burn. Black objects fell from the plane; at first I thought they were bodies. But they were bombs, eight of them.

We were now at about 1,500 feet. I could see the Japs in the forward part of their plane stand up but they seemed to make no attempt to jump. The plane was almost completely in flames and it hit the water with a huge explosion. The people on the Lexington, far away, said they watched the flash and smoke of the explosion. I radioed back to the ship: "Enemy shot down in flames."

On our way back to the carrier, another plane, a Kawanishi four-engined patrol bomber was discovered on the opposite side of our fleet, and the third section of Fighter Three was sent out to get him. They found him at 6,000 feet and, with a few sharp attacks in the right spot, brought him down burning.

We landed aboard soon after that and had lunch. Of course, all the pilots wanted to know how we did it, and I told them it was just like another gunnery run —the same sort of thing we had been

(Continued on page 36)



The Wind Blows in a Circle

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

When the war caught up with Martens, the past became suddenly very important to him. That was because of a girl he had had no luck in forgetting

AFTER the first examination, I didn't think they would induct me for a month or more, so I went up to Saratoga in August. Apart from the horses and the people I knew, I had always liked the place for its faded grandeur, especially the two big hotels and the long dining rooms going on—forever it seemed, after some drinking in August heat—going on forever, a kind of woods of linen and glass and silver disappearing in brown shadow. It was even more so this year, with hotels not nearly so full and sometimes the big dining rooms empty, with only a few bald-headed Negroes standing in them, grown gray in the service of gamblers.

I came into the bar at the Grand Union Hotel out of the heat and with eight hundred dollars cash in my pocket that I had not had earlier that day. And standing there, drinking the Planter's Punch, I felt so good about the money, which I didn't need, that I knew something I had suspected for a long time: That it wasn't the horses I liked there, or even the people so much, but just the gambling itself, the betting and the fast decision that satisfied some atavism in more people than myself, that gave the certainty of the rich

I could see them at Miami, the blond hair against sun-darkened skin, and the girl at the track at cago who had been absurdly grateful for a chanc

and the irresponsible an illusion of uncertainty competition.

I felt very well pleased with myself and went b out into the lobby, unconsciously, perhaps, lool for people I knew. But there weren't many aro and none my own age. I was thirty-six that sum I didn't know where I would eat or what I would that night, and I went to the desk to get my ke take a bath. There was a letter there, too, and it from the draft board and I could wonder then my fingers were unsure opening it; not fear, not e excitement, but part of me knowing before my m knew that it was the beginning of the final and lo delayed meeting with reality.

I was to report the 30th of August for induct That was two weeks off. I stood stock-still in lobby and didn't move until I noticed people w looking at me. A curious thing had happened to I had begun to recollect in a kind of kaleidosc fashion the places I had been and the girls I known at those places, girls I hadn't thought of years, faces remembered clearly but without nan some of them.

I COULD see them at Miami, the blond hair aga the sun-darkened skin, and the girl at the track Chicago who had been absurdly grateful for a cha tip on a horse. And the girls I had known at Sn when I was an undergraduate and we had gone there as often as we could from New Haven. The mure girls in raccoon coats and the gallant ones sable. Now, over distance in time, the sable seem in bad taste for someone that age, but the faces mained fresh and young.

I remembered a lot of things. The way wine the Pyrenees had tasted, drunk out of a leather bo with the sun beating full against my face and the fa flavor of the pitch they had used to seal the bot And waiting behind piñon trees near Stinking La in New Mexico, where the mountains came do and out into the water like fingers, and the canv backs finally coming in along a pass between t peaks, coming in almost endlessly ahead of a stor and our guns sounding hollow and boomingly off as we rose and dropped them; seeing the big duc fall at the edge of the water, but the others coming fast and hard-flying, until our shoulders ached fr the guns against them. And the time I had be plug-casting for sea trout in a bayou on the Louisia coast and a tarpon as big as I was had taken t plug. The tarpon on the end of a six-thread line a a bait-casting rod that looked then like a steel splint

I didn't land him but I remember the feeling constant, terrible action that came to me as he jump solidly and continually for what couldn't have be more than two minutes but what seemed a long tin And Amy Carvale standing on the bank near by a when it was all over and the tarpon gone, saying, was sort of hoping you were going to make it."

"Girl," I said, "this outfit isn't made for anythi better than ten or twelve pounds."

"I know," she said.

Well, there I was again. It was nothing new. would start thinking of things, remote or differe things, but sooner or later I came back to her. hadn't seen her in two or three years, either, though I'd heard she'd been married and divorce Someone I didn't know. But I'd known her in a l of places, in this country and in England and in Me ico. I remembered now, too, the time we had drive the old car as far as we could go up Popocatepe and how the city of Mexico had lain below us on t plain that was a plateau and from here looked like valley. And how we had started to climb to the t until we had lain exhausted in the first permane snow. Snow in August in Mexico—it would alwa remain in memory like something that had please a child a long time ago.

I started not to think of her now, but of oth places and still other girls, and a curious thing ha pened. I felt, perhaps morbidly, perhaps for no o derly reason, that maybe I would never see the things or people again and that in the two weeks le to me, I should try to see as many of them as I coul So that already now I was planning how far west an south I could get—always west and south it ha been—and still be back to *(Continued on page 3*

We'll Have to Feed the World Agai

By Herbert Hoover

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

The job of feeding a starving Europe after this war is going to be a lot more difficult than it was in 1918, says Mr. Hoover, unless some intelligent planning is begun immediately

IN MY previous article in Collier's, I discussed the inevitability of widespread food shortage and famine after this war and some of the experience developed after the first World War.

There are a multitude of other problems to be met. Many of these will be different from our experience in 1918-21. But there is no more effective way to indicate what may be anticipated than by some account of what happened and what we did last time.

Preparedness includes an understanding of these questions and the measures necessary to meet them.

All imported food to meet any famine must be financed from somewhere. The farmers, the processors, the transporters of the world must be paid. After the first World War, American government "loans" were made to the "allied" and "liberated" countries covering the food furnished from America. Some comparatively minor loans were made by the allied and neutral governments to the amount of the food furnished by them.

We had no loan funds for Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria or Turkey. One result of the war blockade was that the enemy countries had not been able to spend their gold abroad to buy things during the war and they still had it. We supplied food against gold payments, against the service of their ships and against some goods which they exported.

Both the delays in removing the blockade and the delays in peacemaking after the first World War contributed to increase the financial burden upon the United States. During the war, the Allies had maintained a food (and other) blockade against the whole of Europe, including neutrals as well as enemy-occupied countries. After the Armistice, the military authorities were fearful that they would not be able to enforce the Armistice terms on the enemy or to impose the peace terms if the blockade were relaxed before peace was signed. The neutrals and Belgium had been allowed a meager ration throughout the blockade during the war, but they were suffering a great deal of hardship, and the military authorities feared that if the blockade were taken off even for the neutrals or liberated countries, there would be leaks into enemy areas.

Getting the Blockade Lifted

After two months, we finally had the blockade removed from the neutral and liberated countries, except as to some special articles. But as to enemy countries, despite our strong urging, we were not able to secure even a partial relaxation of the blockade until four and a half months after the Armistice.

It was not until these countries were on the verge of collapse into Communism that relief from the blockade was given. Thereafter, a limited amount of food imports and the export of a few industrial articles were allowed until the peace was signed in July. Then all restrictions came down. That chapter is not an agreeable one upon which to expand.

Nine months were consumed in making the peace. This delay, together with the blockade, increased suffering and stifled economic recuperation greatly in both the liberated and enemy areas. The unemployment was huge and dangerous. Had the blockade been promptly removed and peace quickly made, all Europe could have made more rapid recovery. We could have greatly lessened the social disturbances and the burden on our finance, if exports could have been carried freely in our returning empty vessels.

The first lesson from this is that, in our own interest, the blockade should be taken down instantly when the enemy hands over his weapons.

The second lesson is the need for a quick—an immediate—provisional peace. We cannot afford to delay the revival of industry, exports and the re-establishment of private credit during the long months necessary to elaborate a final treaty of peace. The intelligent course would be for the United Nations to reach agreement in advance as to the terms of a provisional peace—recognizing *de facto* governments, drawing provisional frontiers, and taking other steps to allow people to get to work. Such a peace could perfectly well be imposed by the military authorities simultaneously with the terms of surrender—and thus do away entirely with the armistice period. Then the process of reconstruction *(Continued on page 32)*

EUROPEAN



French policemen try to keep a huge bread line in order. Thousands of hungry men, women and children stand in line daily for the meagerest of handouts

Leggy Blonde

By Kyle Crichton

How Alexis Smith, the long blond beauty came to the movies. A success story in three simple words: She couldn't miss

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



The swimming pool is not hers; the suit was furnished by the studio—but the shape belongs to Alexis Smith

IN a fundamental sense, Hollywood is a jute mill. Its actors may live in Beverly Hills with a faded palm tree in the driveway but when morning comes they trudge off to work like the lowliest laborer, only earlier. When blackouts made late shooting impracticable, starting hours were advanced, with the result that home-coming drunks were bumping into bleary-eyed ingénues at four o'clock in the morning. They were on their way to work at that glamorous undertaking known as movie-making.

One of the more luscious of these weary artisans is Alexis Smith, who toils at Warner Brothers'. She shows up dutifully each morning at dawn, walks her appointed round all day before the camera, and then returns home to Glendale.

"This young lady," say the cynics of Hollywood and Vine, "has reduced picture-making to its proper absurdity."

What they refer to is Glendale. Glendale is beautiful, Glendale is divine, Glendale has all the glamor of Oskaloosa, Iowa. Our brave boys of land, sea and air who eat their hearts out over pictures of Miss Alexis Smith's luxurious figure draped over the edge of a swimming pool may be comforted by the fact that Miss Smith is merely at work. The swimming pool is not hers; the bathing suit may not even be hers. She is simply doing a little manufacturing chore. This time it happens that she is turning out a yard or two of romance.

The attention of the outside world will eventually convince Miss Smith that she belongs among the deities, but at the moment the job at Warner Brothers' can mean no more than if she were in the ribbon department at Bullock's. She has lived around Los Angeles since she was five years old and had less difficulty getting in the movies than she would have had with the personnel manager at the store. When, after three pictures, she was given a leading role in The Constant Nymph, with Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine, she accepted the great Boyer as nonchalantly as if he were the floorwalker.

"Butch," she said to him, "this is where you've got to help me. I'm in fast company and it's never too late to replace a Smith."

Miss Smith is an object lesson to all yearning dopes who spend years in academies of dramatic art and keep an eager eye on the front stoop for signs of movie scouts ringing doorbells. She had two years of dramatic training with Jerry Blunt at Los Angeles City College, but so did hundreds of others. All they lacked were the Smith looks and shape. Given those, it was simple; she walked right in. Vic Orsatti, the agent, saw her in the lead of a college production of The Night of January 16th and took Solly Biano of Warner Brothers' over to see her. She was signed after the first test.

Taking No Chances

In her first picture, Flight from Destiny, the studio was taking no chances. She strutted her long blond beauty before the camera and kept her mouth shut. For this achievement, she was handed the only feminine role opposite Errol Flynn in Dive Bomber. Her acting in this may be characterized as present but not voting; she said her few lines and let the audience take a good look. As a reward for nothing, she was given the lead in Steel Against the Sky with Craig Stevens. What followed was the fat part in The Constant Nymph and stardom. After seeing the rushes of this, the voices of the Warner executives took on a note of reverent awe.

"It is not a question of what this girl will be," breathed Edmund Goulding, aged savant and director of the picture. "She has already arrived."

This should prove to all skeptics that cinema acting is an esoteric art mastered only after long years of travail.

Alexis lives in Glendale because that is where the family lives. Her father, Alexander Smith, a Scotsman from the Shetland Islands, is manager of a company making jelly desserts and he admires Glendale. Her mother is Canadian, and Alexis was born in Penticton, British Columbia. The family moved to Los Angeles when she was five and she was an object of some immediate attention by reason of a line she had picked up.

"I am a subject of His Majesty, the King," she would say, frightening other little girls whose fathers were only plumbers.

Also she was something of a sight because her legs had taken to elongation almost as soon as she was born. After her success at Warner Brothers, her mother was showing an acquaintance a collection of Alexis' baby snapshots.

"Mrs. Smith," said the acquaintance, "you should display this collection. It would be very encouraging to mothers of plain children."

Although the evidence is not complete, there seems to be a California law requiring all female babies to be geniuses. In any event, they invariably go to dancing school and eventually show up in Hollywood Bowl on their toes. Alexis went through this and also tinkled away at the piano, acquiring such adeptness and authority that she considers Oscar Levant one of America's great pianists. Her dancing brought her to the Bowl at the age of twelve in the ballet of the opera Carmen under Adolph Bolm.

The family was in doubt about Alexis, being slightly embarrassed by a wealth of talents. Their anxiety was further increased when she won a declamation contest at Hollywood High in her senior year.

Alexis knew very well what she wanted after that.

"Acting, that's for me," she told the home folks.

She went down to City College and

(Continued on page 52)



The Battle of Sam Hill's Army

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL HOSSICK

A volcano roared up above the shattered subs and, through it, water and steam and torn steel

The old gentleman's force consisted of two Indians. They knew how to take cover and to shoot

IN ESSENCE, the wire from Sam Hill to the Adjutant General's office, dated 8 December, 1941, had been a snort from an old war horse who has smelled the smoke of battle—"Hand me my gun!"

"Keep your shirt on," mimeographed, was the net result.

Through the dramatic chapters of the war that followed, it had become increasingly difficult for Mr. Hill to keep his shirt on. The man next to him at the bar in the Palace kept switching the cut on the conversation deal: "Look what they did with rubber. Look what they're doing with sugar. Make you sick! Pardner, do you know how much wheat they're going to have on their hands? Enough to reach to the moon!"

"I don't bother my head about that," Mr. Hill said. "What I'd like to do is like I told you: get into the war. I've been tryin' to bust in for six months now and still I'm wearin' store clothes."

"Have a drink," the stranger invited. "You're too old to enlist or anything."

"You think so! How old would you figure me to be? Little gray hair doesn't mean I'm so old. How old would you say I am? A shot of bourbon for me."

"Fifty-five . . . fifty-eight."

"Well, there you go. How old are you?"

"I'm an old bird," the stranger said. "I'm sixty."

Mr. Hill downed his whisky. "Well, sonny, I've got you beat six years—Fourth of July. Seventy-six, I was born. I'm sixty-six."

The stranger wagged his head in wonder and lifted his glass to Sam Hill. "You sure don't look it. Here's to you!"

"Drink hearty!" Mr. Hill nodded at the bartender. "Deal 'em again," he ordered. To the stranger: "You don't show your age much yourself. I'd figure you about fifty."

"Always took care of myself, always stuck to bourbon, mostly got to bed before sunup, never ruined my health with heavy exercise or light eating, never used tobacco after I went to sleep, never worried. Here's luck!"

Mr. Hill enjoyed this. "You and me both!" he exclaimed. "What line of work are you in? Drink hearty."

"You couldn't hardly call it work. I'm a steel man. Bridge contractor for thirty years."

"You're right. That game is sort of a perpetual vacation—except for bankers that bite you, and bonding companies and labor troubles and cutthroat competition and floods. I'm a railroader, myself."

"Traffic?"

"Started in as a brass pounder, when I was seventeen. Year of the Chicago Fair. Station agent, dispatcher's wire—division superintendent. Then I went to France in '17. Been fiddling around with some two-spot gold properties in Nevada and California ever since I got back—loafing, you might say. Right now, one way or another, I'm going to get into the shootin' end of this war if I have to blast. I went to Cuba in '98 and over to Manila two years after and France in '17, and I'm headed into it again. You want to track along and bag a few Japs?"

"I'd like to, but I've got a shipyard across the bay that cramps my style. I'm signed up to launch a lot of steel."

"You're doing your bit. . . . By the way—my name's Sam Hill."

"My name's Hart Talbot. If you don't get hooked up in your Jap-killin' enterprise you better come over to Oakland and have a look at the plant. Fifteen thousand men on the job. How about it—and when?"

"Nope, thanks just the same. I'm headed for Berlin or Tokyo."

"Well, keep stubborn. Here's luck."

IN SAN FRANCISCO the Army and the Marines said no to Mr. Hill often enough to convince him that his chances for a hitch were zero. He decided to try for a new deal in the vast open spaces of Los Angeles.

In Hollywood he opened up to a sympathetic recruiting sergeant who had time enough to listen to the layout. "I'm a railroader," he declared. "I'm a miner, and I can shoot a Springfield with the topside ten men in any regiment."

"Pop, it ain't that," the sergeant said. "You're just too old to stand the gaff."

"I can outeat, outdrink, outshoot and outwalk any darn' man you've signed up in the last ten days!"

The sergeant shook his head. "Look, Pop,"

he said, "I'm signing off in about ten minutes. Stick around and we'll go over to the Knickerbocker and I'll buy a drink. I'd like to talk Army to you for a while. I was in France myself, last time."

"Knickerbocker is where I'm stopping. I'll wait for you."

AFTER his third beer the sergeant got down to cases. "Pop, you're wasting a mighty good man for the U. S. A.—and you don't know it," he said. "You just now spoke of the tin prospects you hit, down there on the Yaqui River in Mexico when you and that other man were scratching around for gold. Mexico and Uncle Sam are pals. The Japs have all the Malay tin. We're not getting enough out of Bolivia to turn the trick. Why don't you find out how much tin there really is down there on the Yaqui?"

"There was more of it further south—on the Mayo."

"I don't care where it was—go after it! Settin' here, shootin' yourself full of bourbon instead of playin' the game—you're nothin' but a darned old slacker. Git that tin and win the war!"

Mr. Hill considered this soberly for a minute. "I could borrow that pet Springfield from George Mack up in Merced or get that one from Warren Betchel," he said reminiscently.

"You don't hunt tin with guns, do you?"

Mr. Hill was deaf to this. "Borrow one of those star guns and wire the yardmaster at Chihuahua to dig up John Rattle—"

"Who's John Rattle?"

"He's a Yaqui Indian. He was down there in the Mayo River country with me on a tough trip."

The sergeant flagged one of the bartenders. "Please ask the bell captain to send one of his boys in with some telegraph blanks," he said. "Mr. Hill wants to send a wire."

Sam Hill smiled at the sergeant. "You remind me of my skipper in France," he said. "He got things done in a hurry."

"The only way," the sergeant said. "You can bet your blood the Japs won't wait . . . here he is—you dictate your wire and I'll write it; going to?"

"Yardmaster, National Railways of Mexico, Chihuahua," Sam Hill began. "You know how to spell it?"

"Go ahead!"

"Let go John Rattle if out and dead-end for butterfly."

The sergeant waited, then: "Go ahead," he said, "I got it."

"That's all," Sam Hill said. "Sign her Sam Hill."

The reply came back in forty minutes: "John Rattle on slowboard. Bleed your binders and highball. Sgd. Mike."

"That's old Mike Scanlon—the Bantam himself," Sam Hill said, blinking his eyes through a swarm of memories. "I was with him on the Katy thirty years ago. He's got my rattlesnake Indian on his extra list."

The sergeant lifted his glass of beer to Sam Hill. "Here's luck!" he said.

JOHN RATTLE—"The Rattlesnake" to his tribesmen—felt fine and looked it. "How's your family?" Mr. Hill asked, pleasantly warm under the Chihuahua sun and glowing within from three hearty slugs of bourbon that he had lifted with his old pal Mike Scanlon.

"All good. Eight boys now," the Rattlesnake said.

"Good boys?"

"Purty good—thirty, mebbe thirty-five boy children they got. Thirty-five boy and some girl."

"I'm going over to Mayo River, Yaqui River, look for something. You want to come along with me?"

"I ready go now," John Rattle said. "You ready?"

"Yes. Start tomorrow morning," Sam Hill said. "Pick up stock in Minaca. We better take one of your boys along to do the camp work."

"We take Tom Goat," John Rattle said. "He my boy-boy. You say grandson. He eat anything like goat. Climb rock like goat. Good boy."

"Bring him along. He got gun?"

"He got everything," John Rattle said. "I got everything."

"Train to Minaca tomorrow morning," Sam Hill announced.

"You got grub, blankets, gun?"

"Everything but the grub. Come along. We buy now."

Tom Goat was seventeen years old and plenty smart. When Sam Hill met him: "You speak English?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," Tom Goat said. "I graduated from high school in San Diego. I speak Spanish and French and German also."



COLLIER'S "We're having the bridge game in here, folks" REAMER KELLER

"Boy! The next thing you'll be telling me you can fly a bombing plane or something."

Tom Goat smiled. "I have over four hundred solo hours in my log."

FOR a moment there was a faraway look of longing in Sam Hill's eyes. Unbeatable game, the flight of time. "We'll do something about you when we get back from this prospecting trip," he promised. "The Army can use you right now!"

"Right now I'll try to take care of camp for you and my old Rattlesnake grandpop. I'm mighty glad to make the trip with you. I've been on the Mayo and the Yaqui, but I never got as far as the Gulf coast."

"We're just going to prowl along and look for tin," Sam Hill said. "Looks like it's all I can do—the Army said nix in six languages. I bet your gran'paw and I are as fit as any two men on earth!"

They picked up the saddle horses and pack burros in Minaca and started over the trail westward.

Leaving Batacosa after three days of slim rations, Mr. Hill decided to start at once for the coast. The nearest point lay somewhere between Potam and Huatabampo, sixty or seventy miles to the southwest.

There was nothing much along the way to delay the party for the first three days of their course to the Gulf. On the fourth day, waiting for the cooking fire at midday to burn down to a bed of coals, John Rattle took three deep breaths, facing the breeze from the west. "Smell salt water now," he announced. "Twenty miles more."

Tom Goat smiled. "You're slipping, Grandpaw," he suggested. "Too much tequila. I smelled the Gulf ten miles back."

THE trio went into camp a hundred yards back from a high bluff overlooking the shimmering waters of the Gulf. Tom Goat turned the burros loose and hobbled the three riding horses. He cooked a quick supper—venison, heavy biscuits, coffee and prunes. He banked the fire while his grandfather and Sam Hill were finishing the coffee.

"A good cigar and a shot of bourbon wouldn't go so bad right now," Sam Hill said.

"Maybe get tobacco tomorrow," John Rattle said. "Send Goat to Potam or Torin."

"We near Potam?"

"Thirty miles," the old Yaqui announced. "I come here one time before."

"I wouldn't mind a cigarette," Tom Goat said. "Maybe I can find some wild tobacco at daylight."

At daybreak the two older men showed no signs of waking up. "Tough pull for them yesterday," Tom Goat reflected. "The old pep is running down." He looked around the camp and discovered that John Rattle's horse had started back along the trail. "Still got his front feet hobbled," the Goat decided, reading a bit of clear sign in a stretch of bare soil. "I'll round him up before breakfast. Take a little walk for my health."

A thousand feet back along the trail, deep in a tangle of scrub oak and mesquite, he halted abruptly and dropped to cover in the heavy underbrush. Cigarette smoke! He heard a man's voice fifty yards ahead and lay still, regretting instinctively that he had left his rifle in camp. From a hundred yards or so to the left a second man called to the one ahead in a chattering staccato.

Tom Goat realized that the man was speaking Japanese. With the utmost caution he writhed out of his leather coat. He unlaced his boots and took them off. His machete, he knew, was an impossible defense against rifle fire, but he felt a sudden surge of courage when his fingers clenched on the weapon's hilt.

He turned toward his camp and started crawling like a big lizard, close against the ground, slowly and silently. Brown skin, brown shirt, brown canvas overalls—he sought areas ahead of him that offered the least color contrast . . . and here stood a Japanese sailor with a rifle, fifty feet ahead! The man was smoking a cigarette. The short bayonet on the rifle was dull silver in the pale light of the morning. "Probably the rotten killers are all round me!" Tom Goat reflected. "I will go after this one first."

Deep in his heart he was suddenly grateful for his heritage, grateful to his father and John Rattle and the long line of his people for their gifts to him—the art and the technique of stalking their prey, and of killing quickly and silently with a club or a stone or an arrow or a good blade of steel.

The brown bark of a pine tree near the Japanese sentry seemed presently to have bulged into a flat curve where the trunk, a moment before, had been straight from the ground to the lower limbs. The sentry turned and marched back toward the tree. He passed it, and then his head remained fixed in air while his body slumped to the ground. Tom Goat dropped his machete and caught the dead man's rifle before it fell. He turned then and lifted two metal tags from the flowing blood that crimsoned the sentry's jersey. He resumed his course to his camp, risking more rapid progress, now that he was through one sentry line. Fifty feet from the Rattlesnake he began softly to summon him from sleep, speaking in a voice barely above a whisper.

JOHN RATTLE raised his head from the blankets and looked toward his grandson. From his position, prone on his stomach, Tom Goat held up the dead Jap's gory head. He laid the head down then, and the rifle with it and crawled silently around the ashes of the banked campfire to his grandfather's side. "Ten-twenty Jap men that would kill us," he whispered. "Wake him up—the white man. Our rifles then. The men come from the salt water."

John Rattle crept over and put two fingers lightly on Sam Hill's throat. He held the palm of his other hand over Sam Hill's mouth, ready to stifle any vocal protest from the waking man. When the sleeper opened his eyes, "Jap men come here," John Rattle whispered. "Get gun quick and get into bushes."

Tom Goat crawled over with Sam Hill's cartridge belt and a flour sack that held sixty rounds of ammunition for the star-gauged Springfield. "Japanese sailors," Tom Goat whispered. "Sentry line back of us. Probably landed last night. We crawl toward the water, maybe go around end of sentry line."

"Okay," Sam Hill said. "Good battle plan." To John Rattle: "Scout ahead fifty feet. Goat and I will cover you. You got plenty shells?"

"Everything," John Rattle said. Wearing only a cotton breechcloth he waited a moment to knot a narrow buckskin band around his forehead, and to tighten the long braided buckskin cord that served him for a belt, and to buckle his machete around his waist. He started to crawl toward the bluff that overlooked the Gulf. Before he was fifty feet from his two companions he seemed to have dissolved into the massed foliage ahead.

"Where the hell did he go?" Sam Hill whispered.

"I see him," Tom Goat answered. "Come now—we follow."

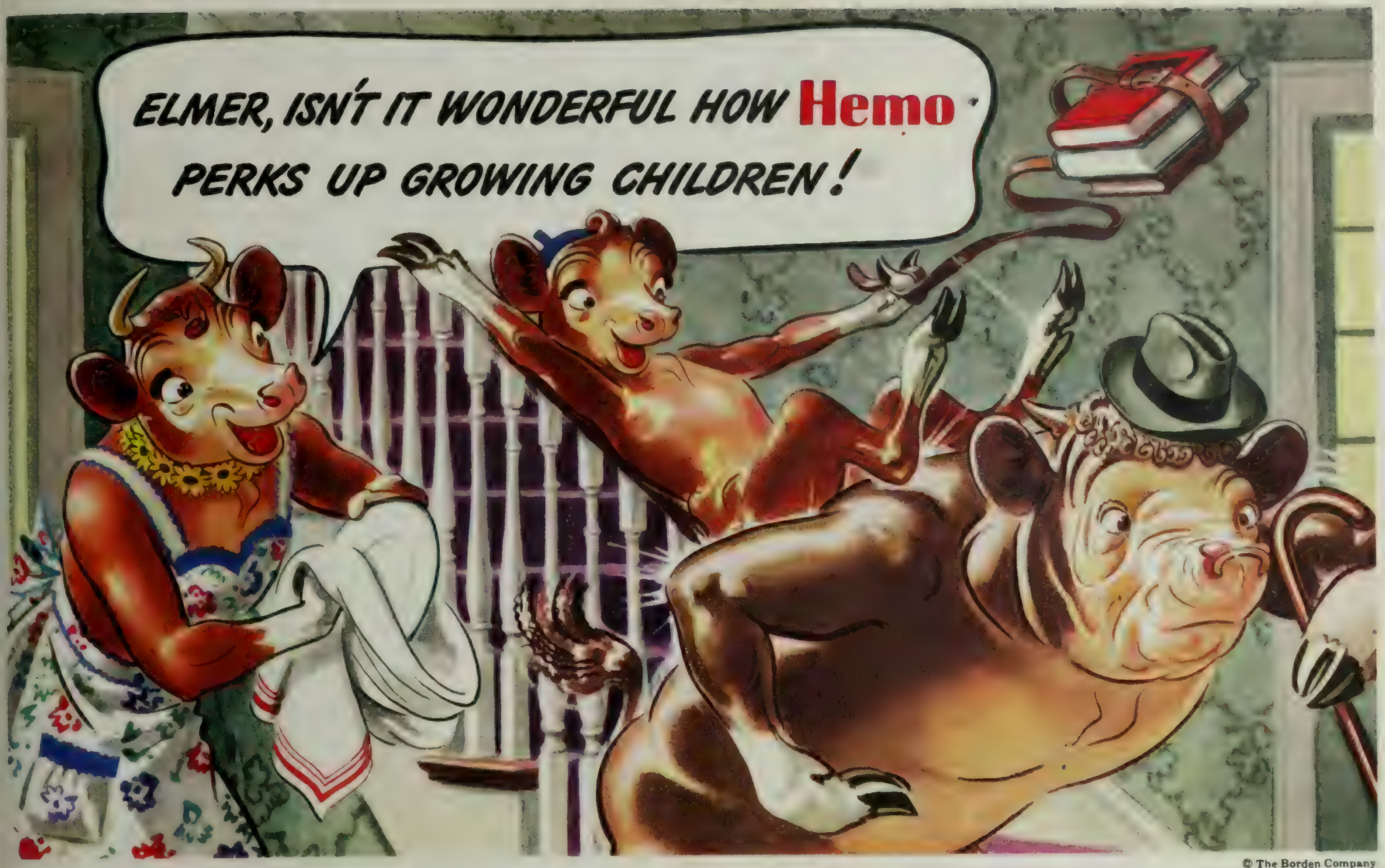
A little way ahead the Rattlesnake suddenly became visible again, outlined against the brown carpet of the woods. His hands were moving in slow restricted gestures. "Sign language," Tom Goat whispered. "You see him?"

"I'm getting it," Sam Hill answered. "Check me. 'Two men, fifty feet north—' "

"South," Tom Goat corrected.

" 'South, talk signal flags . . . maybe

(Continued on page 56)



© The Borden Company

Try Hemo...the new way to drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Why do children need Borden's HEMO? For the same reason you do! Like yourself, most children just don't get enough vitamins.

Listen . . . *U. S. government figures show that 3 out of 4 Americans don't get enough vitamins and minerals with their meals. That's right, 3 out of 4!*

That's why HEMO was born! HEMO makes it absolutely certain that *your whole family* gets more of the vitamins and minerals they need for bubbling, red-cheeked health.

Just one glass of HEMO gives you half your daily needs of Vitamins A, B_1, D, G; and iron. *Plus* abundant amounts of the body-building minerals, calcium and phosphorus.

How does HEMO taste? Like the smoothest, most-satisfying malted milk you ever sipped . . . and then some!

Start drinking HEMO today! See if it doesn't give you the zip, the zing, the glorious all-around kick out of living that only the healthy know!

Sold in pound jars at drug and grocery stores. Or try it at the fountain mixed like a malted. Get the HEMO habit now!

Borden's

Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



At soda fountains. The sanitary envelope holds one measured serving of HEMO. *Guarantees* HEMO's full vitamin and mineral values . . . *in every drink!*

Full pound—24 delicious drinks at drug and grocery stores . . 59¢





For home use. Serve HEMO hot or cold. Easy to mix. Just follow directions on label. Enough HEMO to make one drink costs only 2½¢.



"Please Don't Ruin Our Christmas!"

"Have a heart, Santa Claus! We moths will starve to death if you deliver all those Caswell-Runyan Cedar Chests. Made of ¾" Tennessee Red Cedar as recommended by the U. S. Government—they'll keep woolens, furs and all kinds of fabrics *safe*. Then what will we do?"





"IT WON'T RUIN MY CHRISTMAS, SANTA CLAUS!

It will make me very happy. I've always wanted a C-R Cedar Chest. They're so beautiful! Practical, too—with their extra storage space."



"YOU'LL BE DOING ME A SERVICE, TOO, SANTA CLAUS!

It's important from a national standpoint to protect woolens and other fabrics. Moths annually destroy millions of dollars worth of materials which are critical today."



"AND A C-R CEDAR CHEST IS SWELL PROTECTION FOR OUR CLOTHES AND BLANKETS

—a safe place for those things we'll need when it's home sweet home again—because C-R Chests are *guaranteed* mothproof."



"YOU SAID IT, SOLDIER! AND IT'S THE PERFECT GIFT FOR THE SWEETHEART, TOO!

Because it's a romantic promise of that day we're both waiting for—when we start our home together."

Caswell-Runyan Cedar Chests are made in a variety of finishes, styles and several sizes.
See them at leading furniture dealers today.

Manufactured By

The Caswell-Runyan Company

HUNTINGTON INDIANA

This trade-mark is your assurance of C-R HOPE *Quality, Craftsmanship and Extra Value*

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

and in the dusty wilderness the boys soak and soap themselves, calling down blessings upon the generous little Japs.

THE problem of sustenance, if you have to bail out and walk home through the jungle, is not one that worries our lads down here as much as you think it ought to. The planes all carry emergency rations and fishing tackle. If you can't locate your own wreck to dig this equipment out, you still have (or should have) on your person, a pistol, a full canteen of water, a bar of especially nutritious chocolate. The water is precious because, even though New Guinea and the York Peninsula are well watered, very often the streams are brackish. Moreover, they are filled with crocodiles and are best avoided. The chocolate is not too successful; it melts into a soggy mess in the heat and gags you unless you've got plenty of water to wash it down.

But there's plenty of live food on the wing, on foot, in the streams. So with their .45s and a little patience, and maybe a bent pin and a piece of string, the lads usually make out well enough until they find their way back to "civilization" or are picked up by the natives and escorted home. Meanwhile, an adventurer in eating may have his moments. One Yank pilot in northern Australia raved to me for half an hour on the delights of his discovery, in a week of wandering, that the big grasshoppers of this district "are sure a real delicacy—just like crab meat."

AND there are always the emus—the huge, flightless, prehistoric relic birds of the never-never land that are perhaps best-known to those Americans who do crossword puzzles. Australians insist the emu is first-rate "tucker," their equivalent for chow. They give this recipe for its preparation:

Cut the emu into strips, throw it into the pot with three large stones and boil. When the stones melt, the emu is ready.

IN THIS war, pilots don't wrap a keepsake from the girl friend around their necks. For all the lonely young men in New Guinea and Northern Territory, this is a war without women, except for pictures and memories. Instead, they paint names on the noses of their ships—much as we used to do with canoes. You'll see a lithe, gray, deadly-looking bomber, with a ton of thumpers in her belly and grim-faced youngsters behind her guns, taking off, and through the dust you'll glimpse a lettered Joan or Sally II or Dixie or Junkie—anything that appeals to youthful wits or hearts. But the superstition that used to mark airmen doesn't exist in this lot of skillful, realistic boys.

AT THESE advanced air bases, you're apt to see profiles that remind you of the reverse side of the buffalo nickel. They belong to some of the finest, bravest and most useful Yank soldiers—American Indians. One such Indian here is said to be able to hear approaching planes even before the amplifiers can pick them up. All have keen eyesight, and quickly learn to track well in this jungle. But it is for radiophone communication between air bases that they have special gifts. The Japs can listen in to our messages if they want—for all the good it will do them. The Indians talk in their racial tongues—Cherokee, Sioux, Pawnee. No coding needed. . . . W. B. C.



The Hunters

Continued from page 12

gether, the pain of so much that was nied.

Mrs. Doran leaned forward, around rs. Rundell's ample bosom, and made little conversation against the music. Nice to see you, Mrs. Garrick. Are you pping long?"

Tommy said no, they were motoring ck next day. She explained, "We only me to meet the train," and Mrs. Do-n's eyes registered a quick connection. "Oh, your neighbor got back, didn't ? Young McNare. It will seem odd to ink of him as Sir Robert, won't it?"

Very odd, Tommy's heart acknowl-ged. A painful smile twisted her lips assent as she leaned back.

But Mrs. Doran was not done yet.



MIKE BLIGHT

Cheap pitchman who tacks commercials onto quotes from the solemn words of war leaders

"Sudden, wasn't it? His coming into e title?"

"Very. Very sudden."

OB, tearing into their place that early morning in his car, looking queerly straught, not knowing exactly how he t but secretly excited—who wouldn't excited, at such news? "I say, you n't think what's happened to me. . . . s awful, in a way—"

What was awful was that his uncle and o cousins had been killed in a motor sh. Bob was the next baronet. There s a small estate and some complica-n, it seemed, about that, and Bob had en advised to come to England to set-matters. "Have to borrow on my next p to do it—can't let them know I'm ny." They had breakfast together and e had poured the tea quite steadily, d made sensible, happy-sounding con-rsation, but all the time her heart was aking. . . .

Mrs. Doran was watching the dancers ain. "There's Judge Murchinson! I didn't know he was back from Nairobi. Looks very fit, doesn't he? Must have put on a stone, at least."

It was astounding, Tommy thought, the interest those two onlookers took. Mrs. Rundell's eyes pounced again.

"Now, *there's* a beauty! That's the one I saw this afternoon. I say—" Her voice dwindled away but her attention grew more pronounced. She glanced, rather curiously, at Tommy.

"Who's the pretty girl with your friend McNare?"

Tommy made her voice carefully casual: "That's Mrs. Winston. She and her uncle came out on the boat from England with him."

"Oh, *Mrs.* Winston!"

"She's a widow."

"Oh!"

It was a different "Oh!" It said, "So that's what happened to you! So that's why you're sitting here!"

Mrs. Garrick and Bob McNare had always danced together a great deal. Michael never danced. He said, grinning, that it was a strain on his heart—especially the duty dances.

MRS. RUNDELL seemed to feel the need of saying something comforting. She murmured, "I dare say she's just after the title," which wasn't any particular comfort, and filled Tommy with defensive anger that Bob's title should be thought his chief charm for Mrs. Winston, though that was what she had been thinking herself. Bob was not dazzling like Michael in his good moments, not witty and audacious with that knowing insolence that makes fools of women. Bob was short and sturdy, rather shy and unassuming, and a woman like Mrs. Winston could not possibly know his dearness and his worth.

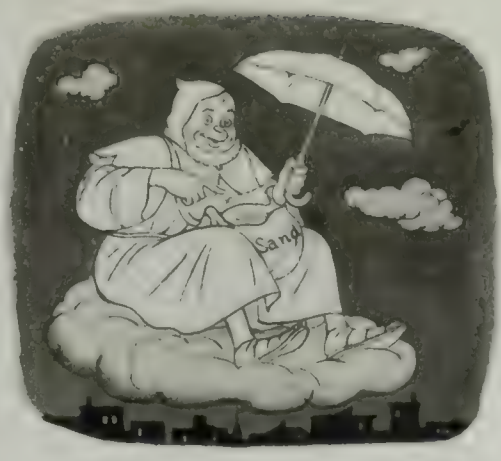
A woman like Mrs. Winston. . . . The bitterness of the afternoon burned in Tommy Garrick.

Oh, what a fool she'd been to come to meet Bob! Michael had proposed it, partly to please her, partly for the fun of the trip. "Welcoming old Bobby back! A toast to Sir Robert!"

Nothing had happened as she had expected. Michael had wandered off and did not get back in time to take her to the train and she felt self-conscious, going with the Willoughbys. There was just one good moment, the first glimpse of Bob's face, at his compartment window. Then, immediately, he was helping those people out, and seeing to their luggage; all the time that he was shaking hands and saying how jolly it was to be back Tommy had known it was not the same. It was not that he was being careful not to show how much he felt; he was not feeling it.

They had all gone up to the Imperial but he had not come to tea with her; he explained he'd promised to play golf with Mr. Cunningham and his niece, that they'd been so jolly to him on the boat he wanted to make things pleasant for them here, and would she mind coming to "sundown" with them at the Murchinsons"? Judge Murchinson had met them on the way up from Nairobi, and his wife was asking in a few people to meet them, and asked him to ask the Garricks. And Tommy said of course she did not mind and she hoped Michael would get back in time.

Michael did not get back and she had to go without him. There was quite a number of people there and they sat in the Murchinson garden, sipping long, cool drinks, and looking out over the green velvet slopes of the golf course



1. I'm the Sandman . . . and my job is putting people to sleep. But do people always co-operate? Not these days. What with the war and all, they're kinda nervous and upset.



2. There's one special tribe—people whose nerves are set a-jangle by caffein in coffee. Comes the night, they pace and toss and moan.



3. They expect me to get around (with transportation the way it is) to sprinkle sand in their eyes. That's asking too much. I know they *love* coffee. And so—



4. That's why I'm taking this magazine space—to tell 'em that if caffein in coffee upsets 'em, they ought to *switch to Sanka Coffee!* It's 97% caffein-free! Can't jangle anyone's nerves!



5. This Sanka is all coffee and nothing but coffee. And is it delicious! They take out the caffein without removing a snifter of the piping aroma or a smack of its rich flavor!



6. When you get your coffee ration, get Sanka. You'll get the double pleasure of delicious coffee and relaxation. P.S. For best results, follow the directions carefully.

SANKA COFFEE



SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

where a few white-clad figures straggled toward the last hole.

Mrs. Winston—her uncle called her Claire—said,"So nice to meet you, Mrs. Carritt," not getting the name right, showing that Bob had never talked of his good friends, the Garricks. Her blue eyes had been lazily indifferent except when they rested on Tommy's frock, and then they had been lazily amused.

Tommy had been proud of that creation made of *bibi* cloth, bought in the native market, dyed yellow with curry, until she had seen the sport frock Claire Winston wore, white with touches of turquoise blue. Impeccably tailored.

She had not stayed long. Bob had come up to their room afterward; Michael was back then, very cheery because he had won four pounds at the bridge game which had kept him away. He had asked about London, and Bob had said just what he'd written in his letters, that London was all right, but you missed being with pals.

Michael had said, "I know—like being in Paris on leave during the war." It was hard to imagine Michael being lonely in Paris, but perhaps the young Michael had been. Michael had been eighteen in 1916 when he went to war, and Bob who had been nine, and Tommy, who had been six, did not know about those years. They talked a little about politics, about Hitler and the threat to Poland, but Bob did not think that anything much would happen. Poland would have to make concessions, of course, give up the Corridor. . . .

Then Michael had chaffed Bob about his title. Bob had said it made him feel like fancy dress, and he wished there'd been a bit more money with it, to help out with the plantation.

It had all sounded like old times but it was not old times. Never once had Bob's eyes turned to her with that intimate little look that said, "Cheerio—here I am!"

She had begun, then, to be deathly afraid.

Well, what had she expected? You couldn't expect a man to go on loving you forever. Not ever having anything.

She had had a bad time, all evening, pretending to have a very good time, first with one group and another, with a few partners to keep her on the floor. Where were all the men, she thought desperately, who usually took the dances Bob left over? She was a good dancer and had been popular but it was easy to seem in demand when Bob monopolized her.

So many strangers here, tonight. . . . But there was Major Corcoran. The major's eyes were intent; he was not interested in any little planter's wife, sitting out across the room.

Tommy thought viciously, "The next time you stop by I won't get up any dinner for you and let you drink our whisky!" but she knew she would.

THE music stopped with an abruptness that was a special accomplishment of the band. There was the sudden laughter of released tension throughout the room and voices began to make themselves heard, then were lost beneath the outburst of the clapping that urged more music. Tommy saw that Bob was applauding vigorously. He didn't remember that Tommy Garrick existed.

Tommy got up quickly.

"I've got to meet my next partner," she said, and smiled at both the ladies to show them she was quite gay, quite all right. She made her way through the confusion of people, keeping far from Bob McNare.

She was glad Michael wasn't at the bar.

On the long veranda people were grouped at little tables, having drinks. There was much talk and laughter and frequent shouts of "Boy!" The boys, in their long white kanzus, red-girdled, with white embroidered Zanzibar caps on their black heads, moved unhurriedly about, silently on their bare feet.

Ordinarily Tommy would have stopped to talk she was a sociable soul but now she made her manner bright and purposeful, waving at a group that waved at her, and hastened toward the singing coming from the far end of the veranda.

Michael was there, in the center of a group against the railing; even in the shadow it was easy to recognize Michael. It was not so much that he was taller as that there was something distinctive in every line of Michael.

Tommy went forward quickly into a pool of light. There were insects fluttering about it and those falling down began to lose themselves in her net frock. She shook the folds of it. "Michael!"

Michael put down the glass he had picked up from the table beside him, said, "The missus," with a humorous intonation and came out of the group to her.

SHE saw that he moved deliberately—which meant he was a little high but not really tight; and she thought he looked handsome in his old white mess jacket, his monkey jacket as he called it. His eyes were very dark and bright; his hair was dark and a lock of it had fallen across his forehead.

He looked at his wife with an inquiry touched with mocking suspicion.

"Michael—Michael, would you mind awf'ly taking me back?"

He said, surprisingly, "Not having fun?"

"It isn't a very funny party."

He took in, then, the significance of her being alone.

"Not dancing?"

His tone was sharp, as if it was an affront that Tommy should not be dancing, though he never danced with her, never troubled about her, really, at a dance. Bob McNare always did that. Michael looked along the crowded veranda and asked, "Where's Bob?"

"He's dancing," said Tommy, as casually as she could. "But I'm tired. A bit seedy, I expect. I've had enough."

He looked down at her doubtfully. "You wouldn't be worried about me, Tommy?"

"Oh, no, Michael! I just want to go home. I'm not—" She tried to bring it out lightly, but her voice was strained: "I'm not much of a success, tonight."

"Right-o!" He was abrupt now. "We'll cut along."

"We must say goodby to Bob." She did not want to leave any reproach in Bob's mind. She hated plaintive little women. She explained, "We won't be seeing him again. We'll be pushing off in the morning before he's up."

"Isn't he coming with us?"

"No. He's waiting over a few days."

"The deuce he is!"

"He's tied up with those friends—those people who came out on the boat with him. Mr. Cunningham and his niece. I told you I had sundown with them at the Murchinsons'."

Michael looked sharply at her. She had said something about meeting some people who had been on Bob's boat, but she had not mentioned any niece. Now he saw the pattern in this disarrangement. There was a niece and Bob was staying over in Kampala and Tommy was having a thin time.

He said easily, "Boats come and go," and started back with her toward the dancing.

The music stopped, with finality this





FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY AT Firestone

TOYLAND is open today at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store! And what an exciting array of toys for children of all ages—trains and planes, dolls and games, paint sets and musical instruments, kiddie cars and ice skates—high quality merchandise by such famous makers as Lionel, Marx, Holgate, Fisher-Price, Wyandotte, Ideal and A. C. Gilbert.

Bring the children to see this fascinating display. And take this opportunity to do your own Christmas shopping leisurely and economically. At Firestone you will find home electrical appliances, housewares, dinnerware, glassware, luggage, recreation equipment, electric shavers, bridge tables, automotive accessories, radios, albums of Philharmonic records and hundreds of other delightful and practical gifts for every member of the family.

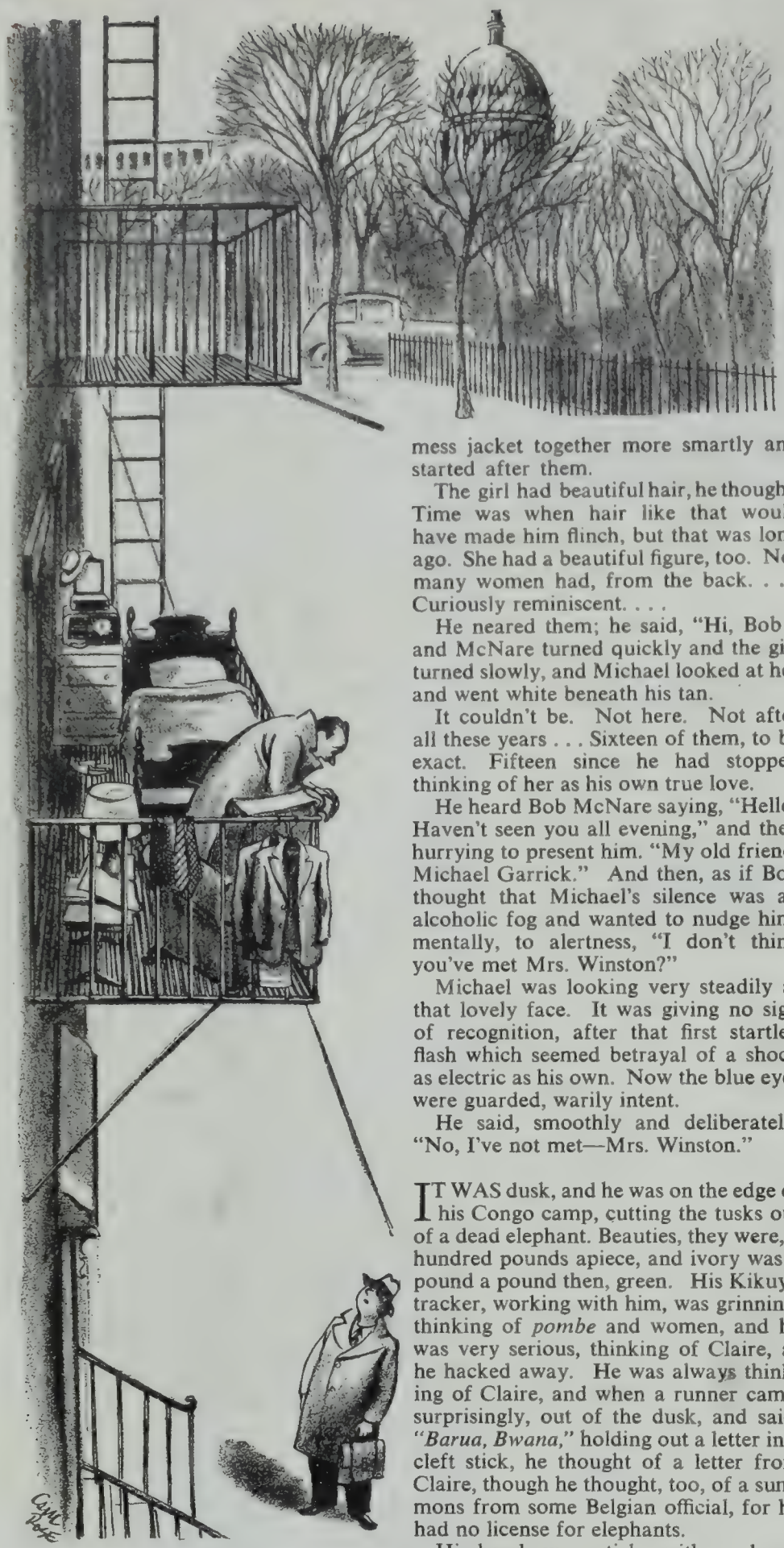
But don't delay! Stocks of many items are limited. Note the wide variety of gift suggestions shown on these pages—then see your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store today.

For your copy of the new Firestone Christmas Gift Catalog write The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C.

Copyright, 1942, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.





"I rented the apartment originally, but they keep stuffing people in at the other end"

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE

time, and the clapping grew discouraged and couples began to drift away. Women paused and pulled out compacts, tilting mirrors and powdering noses, and men mopped their foreheads and ran their handkerchiefs about their collars.

From the doorway Tommy saw Bob and Mrs. Winston walking off in the opposite direction and suddenly she hung back.

"You go say goodby, Michael. I'll wait here."

Michael rarely asked questions. His eyes asked them and he drew his own conclusions. He looked down at his wife's dispirited figure and then to where McNare and that tall blonde with him were walking away, and he brushed back his hair with a quick motion, pulled his mess jacket together more smartly and started after them.

The girl had beautiful hair, he thought. Time was when hair like that would have made him flinch, but that was long ago. She had a beautiful figure, too. Not many women had, from the back. . . . Curiously reminiscent. . . .

He neared them; he said, "Hi, Bob!" and McNare turned quickly and the girl turned slowly, and Michael looked at her and went white beneath his tan.

It couldn't be. Not here. Not after all these years . . . Sixteen of them, to be exact. Fifteen since he had stopped thinking of her as his own true love.

He heard Bob McNare saying, "Hello! Haven't seen you all evening," and then hurrying to present him. "My old friend, Michael Garrick." And then, as if Bob thought that Michael's silence was an alcoholic fog and wanted to nudge him, mentally, to alertness, "I don't think you've met Mrs. Winston?"

Michael was looking very steadily at that lovely face. It was giving no sign of recognition, after that first startled flash which seemed betrayal of a shock as electric as his own. Now the blue eyes were guarded, warily intent.

He said, smoothly and deliberately, "No, I've not met—Mrs. Winston."

IT WAS dusk, and he was on the edge of his Congo camp, cutting the tusks out of a dead elephant. Beauties, they were, a hundred pounds apiece, and ivory was a pound a pound then, green. His Kikuyu tracker, working with him, was grinning, thinking of *pombe* and women, and he was very serious, thinking of Claire, as he hacked away. He was always thinking of Claire, and when a runner came, surprisingly, out of the dusk, and said, *"Barua, Bwana,"* holding out a letter in a cleft stick, he thought of a letter from Claire, though he thought, too, of a summons from some Belgian official, for he had no license for elephants.

His hands were sticky with mud and blood and he wiped them on his khaki but they made dark daubs on the envelope. The envelope was large and square, of expensive paper, with British stamps on it, and he could never remember, afterward, whether he had been afraid before he opened it.

It was the announcement of Claire's marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Thorn Alloway have the honor to announce. . . . John Howard Winston. . . . The words were hard to see in the dusk. His Kikuyu boy held up a lighted match. . . . May twenty-seventh. . . . She had been Mrs. John Howard Winston for seven weeks. She had been Mrs. John Howard Winston while he was still at his Tanganyika post, arranging this little trip, planning to go poaching over the border, to make money for Claire's passage out. . . .

He had never heard of John Howard Winston. Claire had never mentioned him. She had sent no warning. . . . Later she wrote that she had been afraid that he would try to stop her, would try to come back in time. She wrote several letters after that, but it never seemed to be Claire who was writing, it was some strange girl married to a rich, older man, hinting to her discarded lover that when he did come back, on leave, there was no reason why they might not meet if he would be "discreet." . . . Michael had replied brutally, "I am served first or not at all," and there had been no more letters.

SHE had changed and she had not changed. She was thirty-five and she did not look more than twenty-five. She had been nineteen when he had left her, nineteen, and he was twenty-five. . . . There had been a dewiness to nineteen. . . . But, by God, she was beautiful! He took satisfaction in knowing that—in knowing that he had not gone mad for a chimera. He had not dreamed the beauty, though he had dreamed the spirit.

Something of him was thinking that all the time his mind was racing to sort out the facts. So this was the niece that Tommy had spoken of.

And why had she looked so startled—? Surely Bob must have spoken of him. No, clearly Bob had not, and quite as clearly, she had not ventured any questions about Michael Garrick. Sleeping dog. . . .

And then he remembered that she had met Tommy that afternoon.

He said—and there was no great pause between his first words and these, so that their silence had no time to be remarkable—"I think my wife met you this afternoon."

"Your wife?"

Her voice would not have sounded uncertain unless you knew her well, he thought. But her laugh was faintly nervous and confused. "Did I meet your wife?"

Bob broke in with a quick, "Why, yes! At the Murchinsons', you know." He sounded defensive, as if afraid Michael might be feeling he had been remiss toward Tommy. He insisted, "You remember—the little lady I told you was a neighbor?"

"Oh, of course! The one in yellow . . . But, do you know, I never caught her name. . . . Amusing, isn't it?" said Mrs. Winston, smiling into Michael's eyes.

"Very," said Michael.

"I know now. I thought the name was Carritt. I know some Carritts at home and meant to ask . . . I thought she was delightful."

"She is."

He glanced back toward the doorway. Tommy looked small and deserted, standing there alone. In that ruffled net she was like some funnily plumaged bird. He said, ceremoniously, "I am afraid I am keeping her waiting now. She sent me out to say goodby to you, Bob. We are leaving in the morning."

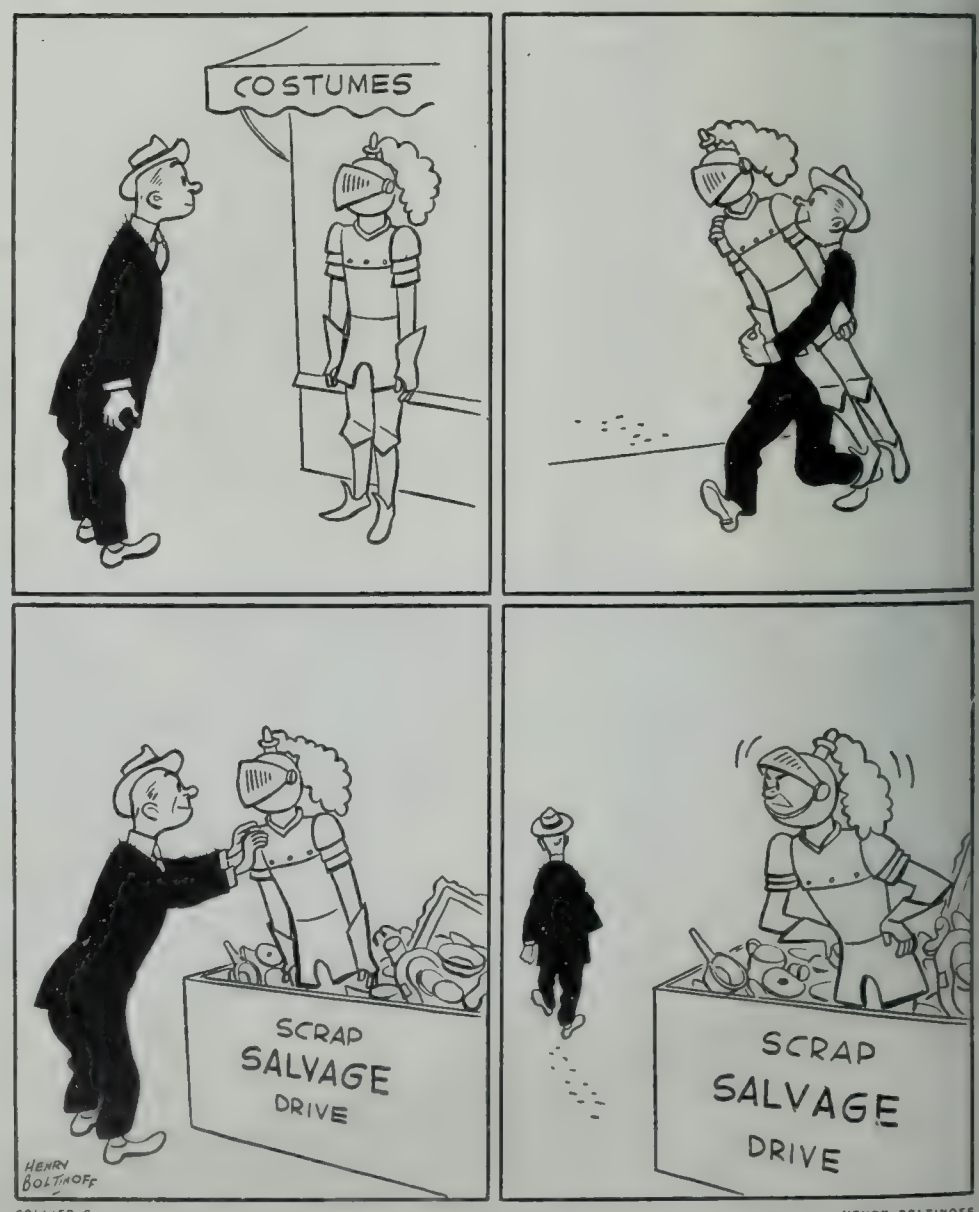
"Oh, so soon? I remember now, she said—"

McNare sounded confused, contritely conscious of neglect. He urged, "Don't leave now—let's get together a bit. This calls for a bit of the bubbly."

THERE had been wine on the table, that last dinner in London before he sailed, pale cool wine in glasses where bubbles raced up the hollow stems. They had sipped the wine with lips that were unsteady, lips that twitched and quivered when they looked at each other. There had been the sting of tears in their eyes. "Always, Claire." "Always, Michael."

Had she meant it? Her grief had been honest but her promises—? She had urged him to go, to take the chance of a colonial career, for that was the only chance of marriage for them, but in the back of her head, even then, had there been the thought that it was the only chance for her to get over him? To make the sort of marriage her beauty ought to make?

They were walking toward the door



COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Hard-boiled babies

Adolf...here's that bomber—*again.* This hard-boiled baby helped stall your *Wehrmacht* at Dunkerque...and just the other night it was back blasting your ports, hounding your shipping.

Hermann...it's that Hudson your *Luftwaffe* has never really stopped...the ship the R. A. F. calls "Old Boomerang"—because it always comes back.

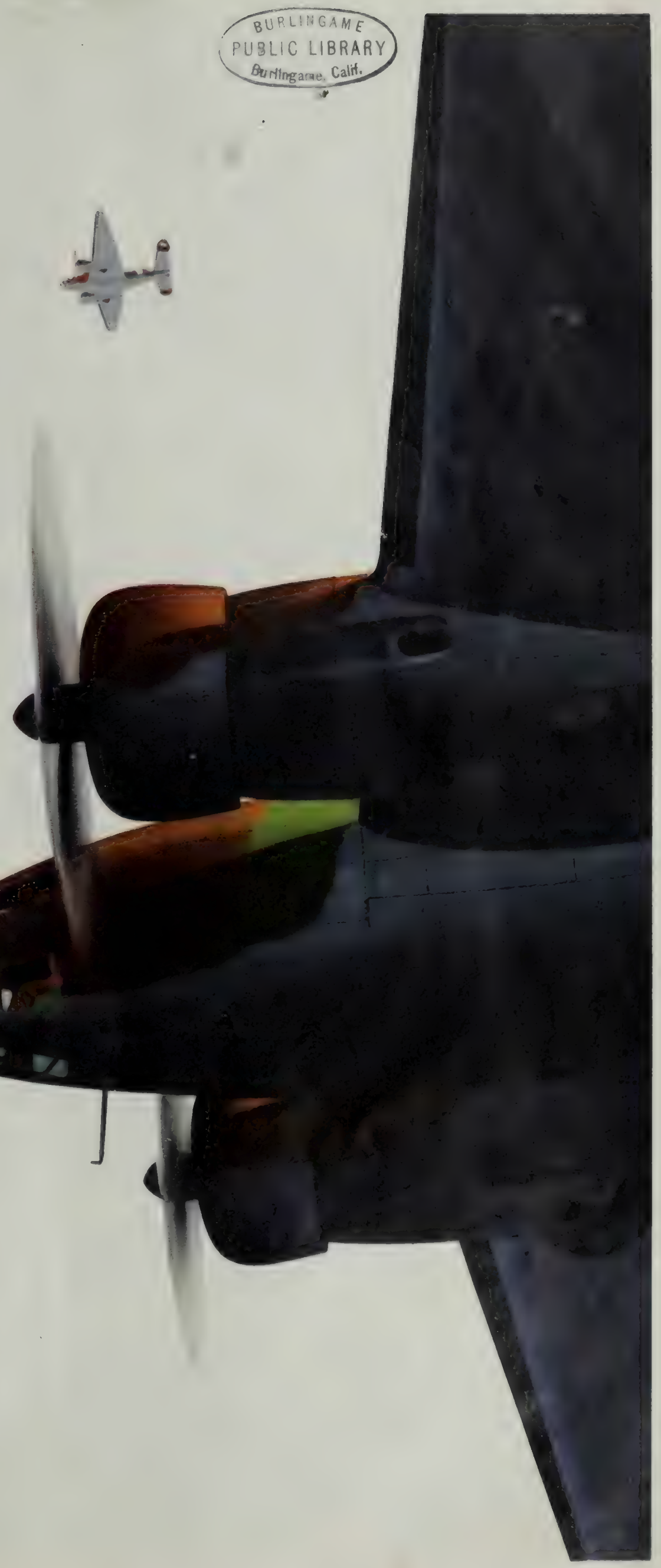
Hirohito...Tojo's met this Lockheed too, and he'll keep on meeting it...lots of places, and doing lots of things. For the Hudson not only does a job; it invents new ones for itself!

And, boys, it's got a big brother, the Vega Ventura, that has all the family characteristics, and some new tricks of its own! Lockheed Aircraft Corporation...Vega Aircraft Corporation...Burbank, Calif.

for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP









Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

and Bob, catching sight of Tommy, hurried ahead, in sudden concern for her. Michael and Mrs. Winston walked together.

"You've changed, Michael. But you're still—good-looking."

"I didn't remember you were so lovely," he said carelessly.

They were at a table on the veranda, the four of them, and Michael felt an impulse toward unholy laughter. The four of them, sitting at table at the Kampala Club, drinking champagne and eating tongue sandwiches, and making fragmentary little speeches! And to Bob McNare this was just a meeting of his old friends with a new friend that he hoped would go off nicely, and to Tommy Garrick it was a chance to talk to Bob and to watch him with that woman, and to Claire Winston it was—Michael could not imagine what it was to Claire, except that she would be both wary and curious, and quite sure that she had done well not to throw herself away upon a penniless young A.D.C. who had turned into a rather seedy-looking planter.

As for himself, Michael seemed to feel nothing but that this was as funny as the devil, and that he must be careful to carry himself well before those cool, blue eyes.

Very slowly he sipped his wine. He felt astonishingly clearheaded, as if he had not had a drink all evening; he was acutely aware of everything happening at the table; the friendly little smile that Tommy was turning toward Bob, sturdily disclaiming any consciousness that this was a different evening from any other evening; the very masculine gratefulness with which Bob took that smile at its face value; the polite exchange between Tommy and Claire about meeting at the Murchinsons', the points of light on the pearls about Claire's neck, the faint flush in her cheeks.

HE WAS aware, too, of the least inflection in her voice; she still had her old trick of secret communication which was his trick, too. How often, in the past, had they slipped meanings into casual phrases, exchanged covert laughter and understanding at those Mayfair dinners!

Why had he not said that he had known her? Partly to make a point, to say, "No, I have not met—Mrs. Winston," though he could have said, after that, "But I did know Miss Alloway," partly the fact that she had not greeted him and he'd be hanged before he claimed anything that she withheld.

He was not sorry to have been silent; this conspiracy of secrecy tickled his mordant irony. So did her manner, gently impersonal, masking her curiosity.

"So you are a planter, Mr. Garrick? In Uganda?"

"Right. . . . I started out as an A.D.C. in Tanganyika," he told her, gravely informative. "My official existence was—short-lived."

He was conscious of Tommy's quick surprise; he never spoke of that official past if he could help it.

"You tired of it?"

"The government tired of me."

He smiled, thinking about the scandal that had finished him. The D.C.'s wife. Of course there had been the liquor, too. She'd thought of him, if she thought of him at all, as still in Tanganyika. No wonder there had been that startled flash. . . . Or perhaps, it had been at the alteration in him.

He was forty-one. A hard-bitten forty-one. Not the youngster of twenty-five she'd parted with. What had she said? "You've changed, Michael. But you're still—good-looking."

Damn her! He'd like to drink himself unconscious. But not before her. He took a small, cautious swallow, and the pale wine felt like water to his throat.

"So then you became a planter?"

"Then I became a planter. In Uganda. And the government here is very tired of me, but it can't do anything about me," said Michael, still smiling, "so it ignores me." He asked softly, "Are you out for sport, Mrs. Winston? Your husband fond of shooting?"

"He's not with me, Mr. Garrick. . . . He died a year ago."

"Sorry," said Michael.

THERE was a time when that might have meant something. Even after the bitterness and disillusion it might have meant something. He would have begun to suffer hope again. . . . Hope, that dead devil. . . .

"She came out with her uncle, Colonel Cunningham. Just for a trip." Bob was speaking quickly, to get away from the awkwardness he felt that Michael had precipitated. He hurried on: "The colonel used to be in India—medical officer. Retired now. You'd enjoy him, Michael. Had no end of experiences. Tiger shooting and all that."

"Ah, the *pukka sahib!*"

McNare ignored the sardonic note. "Sorry he isn't here tonight. I'd like you to meet him." He added, "I've been trying to get him to go out on safari and have a bit of hunting here, but he thinks he isn't up to it."

"He really isn't," Mrs. Winston murmured. "He just wants to see the country—and the medical arrangements."

"But Mrs. Winston ought to go. I tell Mrs. Winston," said Bob, addressing them very earnestly, "that she isn't going to see Africa unless she goes on safari."

"Not every safari sees Africa."

"Right. But I mean the real thing, not mere motoring through the country. I mean getting out in the blue."

Michael looked quizzically at her, over the bit of sandwich on his fork. "If you know what that means?" His early letters had been full of the phrase.

Mrs. Winston sipped her wine.

"It means out in the wilds," said Tommy. "It used to mean walking with porters, but now everyone starts out in cars and there is very little walking to it, except after game."

"I think I'd like a safari," said Mrs. Winston. "All this is very amusing—" she smiled over the hint of deprecation in her voice, "and Nairobi was very charming, but all this dressing for dinner and all the sundowners and the bridge and dancing—well, it isn't so different from life in London, is it?"

Tommy laughed out. "You've only seen the top. A planter's life isn't a bit like London."

"We don't dress for dinner, as a rule," said Michael. He quoted, " 'Chakula's not a rite—it's often stew.' "

"Ragout to you," said Tommy.

Bob smiled at them, pleased they were getting on so well. He said, "Matter of fact, it's generally curry. But we do ourselves well enough," he told Mrs. Winston. "It's a good life. . . . I wouldn't want a better."

She glanced obliquely at him.



"For heaven's sake, Robert, find a table. I can't jump up and down all night!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

BOB went on, "But Mrs. Winston ought to get away from all this and see the real country." He continued to address the others while really urging her: "She ought to get out in the bush. She ought to have a shoot—"

"I'd like a shoot," said Mrs. Winston. "I'd like to see what I could do. . . . I'd like to shoot a lion," she said, reflectively. "They offered me a shoot, on a ranch near Nairobi, but that didn't seem—"

Her white shoulders moved expressively.

"Too tame," said Bob approvingly. "You want to see your lion in the wilds."

She queried, "But is there any wild Africa left?"

"Quite a bit of it," said Michael. "If you know where to look for it."

"*He's* the one to tell you where to go," said Bob, with warm enthusiasm. "He's been over in the Congo no end of times."

His friendly brown eyes smiled at Michael, as if trying to draw him out, to hearten him out of his somewhat brittle brevities. "He'd never dare to tell you how many points—that's tusks—he smuggled across the Semliki in the old days."

Michael said dryly, "We planters always brag about our poaching days."

"Really?" Claire Winston smiled at him. She said slowly, "I thought you hated—poaching—?"

Neat little flick! She had not forgotten his young, scornful letter. . . . But what was Bob making of that? Michael said quickly, "You thought that planters hated poaching? . . . Only on their own preserves."

Their glances met, exchanged a secret, almost gay, appreciation. Her eyes seemed to say an idly amused, "*Touché!*"

"If you want a lion," Bob interposed, too immersed in his own idea of a safari to make anything unusual of this exchange, "I'd like, awf'ly, to get up a shoot for you. I mean, I'd like to go out myself, and it would be jolly to show you the country. If your uncle isn't up to it, I could get some friends to come along, some other lady, you know, and I thought—"

He looked at Tommy and at Michael, and what he thought was clearly evident in the eagerness of his expression. "Don't you think it would be jolly?" he appealed. "Could you take it on, you and Tommy? Do you think you could? If you felt up to it—"

What he was really asking, Michael appreciated, was, "Could you stay sober on safari?"

"I could if I said I would," said Michael cryptically. "But I hardly think—"

BOB caught at the assurance. "You'd be the very one, Michael—you and Tommy. We'd have no end of sport. And I'd see to everything. We'd take the cars and the boys and get off into some real country, wherever you said, and then pick up porters and take off—we could get a carrying chair, you know, so it wouldn't be too difficult for you," he said, turning to Mrs. Winston, whose eyes, for a moment blankly surprised, now were as guarded as were Michael's.

Laughter was shrieking through Michael. What a fantasia! The four of them—Claire, Tommy, Bob, himself, out in the blue. . . . He looked about the table and thought he had never seen anything so devilishly funny as those three faces, Claire, her lashes lowered now, was smiling uncertainly into her wineglass, Tommy was staring with dismay and apprehension, trying not to show it, Bob was looking hopefully at Mrs. Winston.

"Don't you think it would be jolly?" he appealed again.

"How can she tell whether it would be jolly or not?" Tommy was sharply sensible. "Anyway, how can she tell us to our faces? . . . I don't think Mrs. Winston would like a camp at all. . . . You know, Mrs. Winston," she said, artificially merry, "there's a time in every evening when the men always plan a safari—"

"Oh, but I mean this!" Bob declared. "It's exactly what I'd like to do, after all that time in England. And if Mrs. Winston really wants a lion—"

"I don't know if I could manage—"

Her voice was vague; she busied herself drawing a cigarette out of a thin gold case in her bag and Bob leaned quickly to light it for her. She held out the case but Tommy shook her head and Michael drew out his crumpled pack of black native tobacco "gaspers."

"You could go while your uncle's visiting the hospitals here," Bob urged. "We could do it in three weeks. It wouldn't be difficult at all."

(To be continued next week)

Three ways for a man in uniform to keep his life insurance in force

Many of our policyholders have asked:

"How can my life insurance be kept in force while I am in the military or naval service of the United States?"

For the benefit of Service men and their relatives, we should like to point out that there are three principal methods by which those who have entered the armed forces can keep their life insurance in force.



1. Direct Payment. You, or a member of your family on your behalf, may make premium payments to your agent, or by mail, or in person to a Metropolitan District Office, or to the Home Office.



2. Government Allotment of Pay. Under this arrangement, you may authorize the Government to make deductions from your pay each month and remit them to Metropolitan. The Company will adjust your premiums to a monthly basis for this purpose, no matter on what basis you have paid premiums in the past. Your commanding officer will provide the required form which you can fill out authorizing the Government to make these deductions.



3. Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act. Among other things, this Act provides that policies, eligible under the law and approved by United States Government authorities for the benefits provided by the Act, will not lapse while you are in the Service during the present emergency. Unpaid premiums are charged as an indebtedness against the policy, subject to an accounting and settlement with the Government when your service is over, or upon prior maturity of the policy.

The form on which you can make application for the benefits of the Act, and any other information in regard to it, will be provided by the Government through your commanding officer. In general, insurance not in excess of $10,000, in good standing and not subject to any limitation as to cause of death, is eligible under the Act.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—
FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT,
OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

COPYRIGHT 1942—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 55 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

EACH of the above methods of keeping your life insurance in force has its advantages, depending upon individual cases. The important thing is to make sure that it *is* kept in force while you are in the Service. The Company will be glad to assist you in arranging the method best suited to your particular circumstances. If you are a Metropolitan policyholder, consult your agent or a District Office, or write to the War Service Insurance Bureau at the Home Office in New York City.

"Hey, Mister, That's no Way to help Win the War—

Your Car Needs Extra Care this Winter!"

Have your Car Winterproofed Now — It's an Important home front job. Get your Mobilgas Dealer's WARTIME CAR SERVICE

BE SURE to get the fine winter lubricants—special winter attention—your car needs. Let your Mobilgas dealer...

1 Flush radiator—guard against freeze-ups with Mobil Freezone.

2 Inspect your windshield wipers, chains, defroster and heater.

3 Check tire pressure weekly—to reduce wear and skidding danger.

4 Drain crankcase and refill with Mobiloil Arctic—world's largest-selling winter oil. Double-range for easy starts, full protection!

5 Put in *Winter* Mobilgas, America's cold weather favorite—for fast-firing starts, long winter mileage.

6 Check battery every two weeks.

7 Mobilubricate chassis at regular intervals—with special *Winter* Mobilgreases!

8 Protect gears, make shifting easy, with special *Winter* Mobiloil Gear Oil.

9 Clean and adjust spark plugs for quicker winter starting and important gasoline savings.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
and Affiliates:
Magnolia Petroleum Company,
General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

ANOTHER FRIENDLY SERVICE
Raymond Gram Swing—
BLUE NETWORK
COAST-TO-COAST, 10 P.M., E.W.T.
MON. TUES. WED. THURS.

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

Mobiloil
SOCONY VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC
MADE IN U.S.A.

A

MOBIL-IZE YOUR CAR FOR WINTER



Mrs. Veronica Coskey and some of her seamstresses at work on an aileron. Left to right, Antoinette Sisto, Helen Manno, Terry Leone and Margaret Korsun

First with the Needle

By Gurney Williams

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRITZ HENLE

UNTIL we hear authoritatively to the contrary, Mrs. Veronica Coskey is the first American woman to have sewed up an airplane. Furthermore, she is the only woman in this country who can boast of an eighteen-year career of sewing up airplanes. She started in 1924 and she has been at it ever since.

You'll find Mrs. Coskey at the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation's Newark (N. J.) plant, which is noisily engaged in turning out wings and pontoons for the Navy's giant Consolidated PBY flying boats. In what was once a Newark airport hangar, men (and a sprinkling of women) work in the clatter and scream of machines against metal. But in a soundproof, temperature-controlled loft suspended from the hangar roof, Mrs. Coskey and some twenty-five other girls do the quieter and more delicate but quite vital job of cutting, fitting and sewing together the cloth coverings for the ailerons.

They use Grade 1 cotton and waxed thread because engineers have yet to discover a better aileron material for the PBY. It's something of a slip-cover project, but bears no relationship to that zipper affair the interior decorator ran up for your davenport.

Says Mrs. Coskey: "I tell the girls that this is no play toy. Every stitch has to be perfect."

The cotton is cut from patterns and clipped to the metal framework for the final and incredibly neat stitches—four or five to the inch, as per Navy specifications. There's a knot every so often to keep a possible broken thread from developing a run. The ailerons come out smooth as drumheads and ready for the dope rooms, where they are weatherproofed.

Mrs. Coskey, who is strictly indigenous to New Jersey, started as an aviation seamstress at Anthony Fokker's Teeterboro plant in 1924, when she was twenty-nine and weighed 230 pounds. She had always been clever with a needle—had worked in Manhattan making dolls, fancy telephone covers, lamp shades, stuff like that—and her job with Fokker was practically the same as the one she's doing now for Brewster. In addition, she fitted covers to the thirty seats in Fokker's F-32 flying boxcars. Here her weight often came in handy, in an odd sort of way.

Built for Ballast

"The first time Mr. Fokker asked me to go on a test flight," she says, "I thought he was kidding. I was putting covers on the seats of this new F-32, and the boss climbed in with Bernt Balchen, the test pilot—you remember him: the Antarctic flier—and asked me to stay aboard. "You sit right there,' he said, pointing to a corner of the cabin, 'and don't move.' Well, we flew around and I didn't move, but when we got over Jersey City I did peek out of the window, trying to find my mother's house. As soon as we got down I asked why I had been told not to move, and Mr. Balchen laughed and said he had used me for ballast."

Mrs. Coskey doesn't mind talking about her weight. Once she got caught in the bomb doors of an early Bolling bomber and they had a dandy time prying her out.

"I weighed two twenty-four when I came to Brewster ten years ago," she admits. "Now I'm down to a hundred and eighty-five. It's the war."

Mrs. Coskey did the plain and fancy embroidery for the de luxe "show jobs" Fokker turned out for such customers as Gar Wood, "Daddy" Browning and other flying enthusiasts. She also did all the sewing on Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis, which, now in the Smithsonian Institution, bears a tag reading: "Sewed by Veronica Coskey."

When she went to work for Brewster in 1932, Mrs. Coskey was the first woman employed in production at the Long Island City plant. In 1940, when Brewster began manufacturing wings for Consolidated, she was sent to Newark and, among others, supervised the flap stitching on the famous Catalina which tracked down and helped destroy the German battleship Bismarck.

"I never get tired of sewing," she says. "It's a six-day week here, eight to five-thirty, but when I get home in Arlington, I keep right on sewing. Make my own clothes, and all sorts of things."

Mrs. Coskey is all out for the war. Besides the actual production of war material, she shares her car with three other Brewster girls, buys a War Bond every other week, and wishes she could do more.

A year from now, when the draft has further depleted the manpower in industry, it's estimated that some of our war plants will be operating with up to 80 per cent female personnel.

Mrs. Coskey is all for that. "We can do the job," she says. "I know I will. I hope to be sewing on airplanes as long as a needle and thread are part of the production tools." ★★★

TRICKY ST. NICKY!



BEING SANTA AT THE LOCAL STORE IS FUN SINCE I LEARNED HOW EASY IT IS TO REMOVE MAKE-UP WITH SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX TISSUES!*

(*from a letter by* F. K., East Stroudsburg, Pa.)

FOAM ON THE RANGE!



WHEN POTS AND PANS BOIL OVER I USE *KLEENEX* TO WIPE OFF MY RANGE. IT SAVES TIME... SAVES TOWELS FROM BECOMING SMUDGED!

(*from a letter by* I. R. S., Buxton, Ore.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND

FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO



KLEENEX* Serv-a-Tissue Box

SAVES TISSUES SAVES MONEY

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

HANKIES AWAY!



SINCE I ADOPTED THE *KLEENEX* HABIT, MY HANKIE-SCRUBBING DAYS ARE OVER! SAVES MY GOOD LINEN KERCHIEFS—SAVES ON LAUNDRY BILLS!

(*from a letter by* P. A. M., U. S. S. Paducah)



It takes a Bow to get a Beau!

SILKS AND SATINS ARE SCARCE YOU KNOW, SO NOW I'M WEARING A *KLEENEX* BOW!

(*from a letter by* C. L. K., Memphis, Tenn.)

HINT!—*FOLD INTO A BOW, TIE THREAD AROUND CENTER!*

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Hoard QUALITY

Don't hoard shoes . . . it's not being done, these days. Hoard *quality!* Take good care of your good *old* shoes; and be sure you buy good *new* ones . . . Freemans! Think of the wintry walking you'll be doing. You'll *need* weathery, leathery shoes like these, with extra soleage for extra mileage . . . and something extra *all through*. That's the Freeman idea . . . except on the price tag.



Meet snow and slush in thick-soft, hand-stained Weatherchrome calf, on robust 2-ply soles.



Or mock the elements in this moccasin . . . with cobble-sewn seams and heavy-gauge soles.

For Dealer's Name Write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wis.
Makers of Bootmaker Guild Shoes with Cradle Heel Tred
Freeman Master Fitters, Freeman Fine Shoes
"Worn With Pride By Millions"

FREEMAN SHOES $6.95*
MASTER FITTERS $8.75*
BOOTMAKER GUILD $11.50*
*Most Styles

FREEMAN

We'll Have to Feed the World Again

Continued from page 17

could begin at once. Arrangement of the final terms of peace could be completed later on.

The amount of loans or gifts by the victorious governments that will be required to fight the next famine, of course, cannot be estimated, but it is not likely to be less than after the first World War, save by the one possibility of the immediate removal of the blockade and a provisional peace.

For some time after the Armistice, the passage of mail, telegrams or persons over the frontiers of enemy and liberated countries was slow and uncertain. Fear, tension and hate were universal. The first need of our organization was communications and passport recognition. In order to secure communications, I requested each of the governments to lend us two telegraph circuits between principal centers.

An Organized Wire Service

All twenty-three governments involved willingly did so except the French. General Pershing solved this by giving us two wires from Cologne to Paris from the American military service lines. Within two weeks we had a complete telegraph system connecting every capital from Helsingfors to Constantinople with American Army and Navy operators at the clearing points.

Passage over the frontiers of the liberated and enemy nations was a great trial and filled with delays. I finally appealed to all the governments in the acute area to honor an informal passport signed by myself personally. They did so.

Shipping was scarce from war destruction and made more so by the frenzy of all the Allies, including our Americans, to get back to foreign trade.

The Germans and Austrians had some 3,000,000 tons of cargo and passenger ships held in their ports during the war. At once after the Armistice, we requested the allied military authorities to secure these cargo ships for use of our organization in carrying food. Furthermore, with the assurance of food, they could secure the passenger ships to repatriate the armies.

The ships were ultimately obtained, but some of our allies kept part of the cargo ships—aside from required allied ships. During the whole acute period we had daily to haggle, beseech and swear at our allies and the American Shipping Board to get the millions of tons we needed to save the lives of this mass of humanity.

Our shipping division had not only the duty of directing a giant fleet but also of maintaining large warehouse facilities in some twenty ports. Obviously, one of the problems was to determine a program to meet the need of each of the countries.

Inexperienced, panicky officials, faced with heartbreaking situations and fearful that our organization might fail in deliveries, always wanted their food all at once. We were fortunate in having able and patient men in our organization to determine these programs. They successfully guided the flow of cargoes to meet the need.

Shipping problems will be with us again, but should be settled in advance by a fleet of approximately four or five million tons, definitely assigned to the relief organization.

Another of the problems which will arise again will be to secure some unity of action among the liberated and enemy countries. These countries were dependent upon one another for inland transportation, coal, communications and many other things. Underlying and spread over them all were the violent hates resulting from centuries of oppression and outrage, conflict, jealousy and other mental disturbances that made it difficult to secure joint action.

There were just two points of unity—a realization that somehow there must be unified action if millions were not to die of starvation and disease; and a willingness of all (enemies and friends) to trust the Americans completely.

In the liberated and enemy areas, the ports, railways and canals were demoralized by the war and more demoralized by the revolutions. Ten new states had been separated from the five old empires, and the boundaries in four other liberated states had been rearranged. Each government seized all the railway rolling stock and canal boats that it could lay hands upon and, out of greed or fear, refused to allow them to cross the twenty-odd frontiers.

The railways of Central Europe had been government-built and operated upon empire systems. When the empires cracked, the railways were disjoined so that, to move between places within a new country by rail, it was necessary to pass over the frontiers of neighboring countries.

On top of all this, some of the new government railway officials had never seen a railway before except to ride on one occasionally. The railway systems in several countries almost ceased to function. Therefore, part of our problem was to get the ports open and to arrange where necessary for shipment of food by rail or canal across one country to another. In order to persuade the different governments concerned to allow rolling stock to pass over frontiers, we undertook to check the locomotives and cars at frontier points and guarantee their return, and we did the same with the canal boats.

Railroad and Coal Problems

In some areas we had practically to take over operation of the railways under American and allied railway executives. We further furnished experienced American railway advisers to several of the governments and aided those who had secured little railway stock in the grab to obtain more from other countries. We required that each government pay all costs of internal European transportation and distribution.

Beyond these troubles, the coal districts in the old empires came under new governments, some of which did not need all the coal but did not want to sell the surplus to hated neighbors. In any event, most of their neighbors did not have money or exchange to pay for it. Certain important coal districts were in the grip of bloody struggles by rival countries for their possession. In others, violent strikes were in progress. As a result, we had a famine in coal. In the grip of winter, the supplies were insufficient in certain countries to keep the people warm or to operate their railways and utilities.

We therefore placed American mining engineers in charge of certain coal districts; we established American coal advisers in the governments of others, and we had to negotiate the financial arrangements for coal purchases by those coun-

tries which were short. We had the same problems in moving oil from Rumania to the other countries. The abilities and tact of our Americans brought back the coal production in an astonishingly short time.

One day I received a telegram from the American colonel of engineers in charge of a certain coal district: "Sending $25,000. Send me that much tobacco." This was new in our experience in two directions, both the paying of cash and the use of tobacco for relief. I inquired for more details. It appeared that the colonel had found $25,000 in American gold certificates in the banks of the region, which they had held since before the war

"These poor devils of coal miners haven't had a smoke in three years," he explained. "You know a miner must have a smoke. We could lift the production of this district by twenty per cent if we could give a tobacco premium."

We bought him the tobacco from the American Army.

Barter System for Food

Some limited districts had a surplus of food, and those which needed it had no acceptable money with which to pay for it. Currencies were breaking down and, during the stagnation of the Armistice, there was little movement of trade, even inside Europe. To aid generally, our organization furnished American financial and economic advisers to several governments. The handling of food and coal exchanges with neighbors mostly came down to barter under direction of our Americans as neutrals in the performance.

One day I had an appeal from one of our representatives to decide how many eggs from Galicia should be paid per locomotive from Austria. Being stumped, I could only tell the man to decide it himself and to be guided by the age of each. We moved by this barter system some 600,000 tons of food internally in Europe, and millions of tons of coal.

In order to secure the great surpluses with which to carry the Allies in war over 1919 or to meet famine if peace came, we had guaranteed our American farmers $2.20 per bushel for wheat and $15.50 to $17 per 100 pounds for hogs. There were some other minor guarantees. The Armistice brought a temporary choke in the flow of our gigantic American supplies. It came perilously near breaking down our guarantees and bankrupting the American farmer and everybody who had loaned him money with which to produce. The situation came about because food prices for the dammed-back supplies from the Southern Hemisphere were much lower.

Some of the Allies naturally went at once to these quarters for the cheaper food. This, together with delays in removing the blockade, created a perilous situation for the American farmer, as we did not have storage capacity in the United States to hold such enormous quantities as he was marketing while we were settling these problems. We only solved it by transporting huge quantities of food to European ports and storing them there.

Ultimately, the Allies had to come back to us for supplies. I have no doubt that the farmers' prices would have crashed had it not been for the guarantees and the measures taken. We may experience this situation again.

As I said, the currencies of most of these countries had broken down or at least commanded little respect in the exchanges of the world. To accomplish a multiple job of relieving our government from making loans to pay for food and at the same time get the food into the hands of the needy, we set up some mechanism of exchange. We accepted remittances through banks in the Western Hemisphere to friends and relatives in the demoralized currency areas. We paid for food in the United States with these sums, and turned the food over to the governments concerned for local currency, which we then turned into their domestic banks for payment to the individual designated.

A little later we improved this greatly by selling through the banks in North and South America what we named a food draft. This draft called for a specific number of pounds of flour, lard, sugar, milk or bacon, and upon its presentation to any of our many warehouses, we delivered the goods. These transactions ran into many millions, saved that much in "loans" from the



COLLIER'S

"No, not this time. Can't you folks just relax and enjoy some of these good jumps I made?"

DAVE GERARD

AUTO-LITE
SPARK PLUGS
IGNITION ENGINEERED

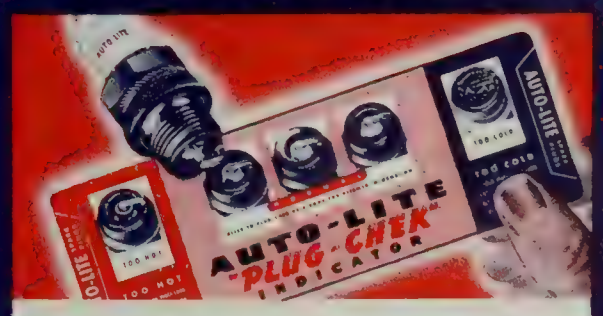


"SHET 'ER OFF WHILST THEY IS FIXIN' THAT BLOW-OUT, LUKE...AIN'T YOU HEERD THAT OIL IS AMMUNITION?"

"PLUG-CHEK" INSPECTION SERVICE HELPS STOP GAS WASTE

Yes sir! Jake's got the right idea. Today everybody's out to stop waste of vital materials, and here's how you can help. If you're driving a car with a sluggish, spark-weary engine, ask your service man for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. This new kind of service helps him quickly spot gas and power wasting spark plugs, aids in restoring gasoline and oil economy. Often simply cleaning and regapping your present plugs puts an end to costly waste. Ask for a "Plug-Chek" today—and when faulty plugs need replacement, put in ignition-engineered Auto-Lites.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • SARNIA, ONTARIO



Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating "too hot," or "too cold," or just right. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to spark-weary engines.



IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR



For Instance...

...during the Dieppe raid, Gen. Roberts commanded from headquarters on a destroyer. ...along a nine-mile front wireless [radio] messages could be heard coming in ... ...a smoke shield was ordered for troops on the "west beach" ... the [radio] order was given to the Fighter Command ... two hundred miles away ... WITHIN A FEW MINUTES Douglas Bostons were dropping a heavy pall of concealing smoke ... (news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines — the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS NOW

American government. We made a modest profit on the "drafts" and turned it over to the Child Feeding Division for charitable work—some $2,000,000.

The urgent question today is to lay some foundations in preparedness of supplies, especially in fats, to meet the inevitable need.

To understand the practical problem of food supplies requires a short digression to nutritional questions. Human beings cannot be kept alive or rebuilt in health by just any kind of food.

In nutrition terms, food should be a balanced ration of first, carbohydrates (principally bread, potatoes, sugar, rice, etc.); second, proteins (principally meats, fish, cheese, eggs, etc.); and third, fats (principally butter, lard, bacon, vegetable oils). There is some protein in the first and last groups.

The high-protein foods are hard to come by under famine conditions. Any large supply of meats requires refrigerator ships, and there are not many to be had after a war. But we found, out of vast experience in the last war, that adults can be carried over emergencies on a bread and fat diet supplementing their domestic supplies. The development of synthetic vitamins makes this easier to do, but a positive supply of fats is just as urgent as bread. Given time enough, people will die on bread alone.

Children must have a special supplement of meat, dairy products and some other protective foods to a bread and other fat diet, if they are to recover strength from their privations.

For reasons given later on we will most likely again go through the experience of a shortage of shipping which will require the utmost condensation and the exclusion of feed for animals at least in the initial stages.

In addition to our experience with the quantities required last time, we can get some idea of the forthcoming European need (supposing the war stopped tomorrow) by inspecting the rations now current in the different countries as indicating their domestic supplies. On this basis, to bring the supply not to normal but to an endurable level for adults, would now require more than the last time. At this moment a rough estimate for the war would be, for the first year, a minimum of 24,000,000 tons of bread grains, rice, peas, beans, and at least 7,000,000 tons mostly of animal and vegetable oil fats. This 7,000,000 tons would include a supplemental program for children. And Russia and China will also require help which is not included in this estimate.

Lack of Meat Requirements

A rough exploration of the food resources that will be available in the world discloses two pertinent facts—one good and the other terribly bad.

We have in the Western Hemisphere a surplus of wheat and other breadstuffs sufficient to meet any probable requirement. But at this moment, there is not in sight 20 per cent of the meat and especially fat supplies necessary. This volume of meats, fats and supplementary food for children cannot be mobilized unless there is definite advance food strategy. The situation at the Armistice in 1918, was much better than if we had to meet this problem tomorrow.

The shortage of shipping in the last war ultimately forced Britain, France, Italy and Belgium to depend mostly upon the short route to North America. To help the then 180,000,000 people of our European allies and their armies, together with neutrals whose ships we were pressing into use, the United States Food Administration undertook to produce for them for the harvest year of 1918-1919 a surplus from the United States of about 17,500,000 tons, of which 2,600,000 tons were to be largely animal and vegetable oil fats. The balance was mostly bread grains, beans, rice and sugar. This huge program was far in excess of our normal pre-World War I export surplus of about 5,300,000 tons of breadstuffs and 650,000 tons of animal and vegetable oil products.

Besides this Allied program we had to supply our own armies. Men in armies use up about twice as much food as when at home. We met this program. We did it by elimination of waste and unnecessary consumption and by appealing to our farmers for their maximum effort.

I may emphasize again that the most difficult part of the future problem, just as it was last time, is the fat supplies. In the last war we decided that the shortest route to fats was the American hog. To insure the farmer against loss if the war suddenly ended, we, as I have said, guaranteed him from $15.50 to $17 per hundred for hogs. Under patriotic urge and our guarantees, the farmer certainly delivered the hogs. In the years 1918 and 1919 he sent an average of 66,000,000 of them to slaughter, compared with 57,000,000 in 1917. He increased the surplus of other animal products also. The Canadians had likewise built up their surpluses.

Altogether we had North America geared up in preparation to carry the brunt of the Allied situation until the summer of 1919 had war continued, or alternately we were prepared to aid in the inevitable famine if the war came to an end. With the Armistice in November we had a large part of these supplies on hand.

At the present moment the United States is geared up to supply less than one half the meat and fat surplus of the last war, and the next famine will demand more. We are already feeling the pinch of shortages of this kind at home as the result of even these demands.

Moreover, after the last war we had large quantities of animal and vegetable oil reserves in South America, South Africa, Australasia, the East Indies and Manchuria dammed back by the shortage of shipping. Japan will have exhausted these supplies from the East Indies and Asia. In fact, after the present war the only consequential sources of supply will be the Western Hemisphere and Africa with some supplement from Australasia.

The reason for our diminished American supplies of meats and fats is that during the 24 years since the last European famine, the population of human beings in the United States has increased over 30 per cent while the animal population has not increased proportionally.

Fat-Producing Animal Decrease

Animal statistics are difficult to compare because of several variants, but taking the Food Administration statistics as of January 1, 1918, and those of the Department of Agriculture for January 1, 1942, the figures are:

	January 1, 1918	January 1, 1942
Cattle	73,040,000	74,600,000
Hogs	70,880,000	60,530,000
Sheep	48,900,000	55,930,000

There is some compensation by increased productivity from improved breeding. No doubt, under the present admirable stimulation of production and reduced civilian consumption, our surpluses will increase. But even these increases, after satisfying our domestic needs and those of our allies and our armies, have no present margin for the volume of fat that will be required for the next famine, without further preparedness.

If we look over the rest of the Western Hemisphere for after-war supplies, and even if we include Australasia and Africa we will find that their pre-World War II exports of animal and vegetable oil products amount to less than 200,000 tons a month. Of this, however, the largest part is fresh meat, which not only is in minor part fat, but requires refrigerator ships of which there will be but few.

The fat part of the problem will be un-



COLLIER'S "But, Mother, Commandos never wash the camouflage off their faces just for lunch!" GEORGE SHELLHASE

Don't waste PEPSODENT



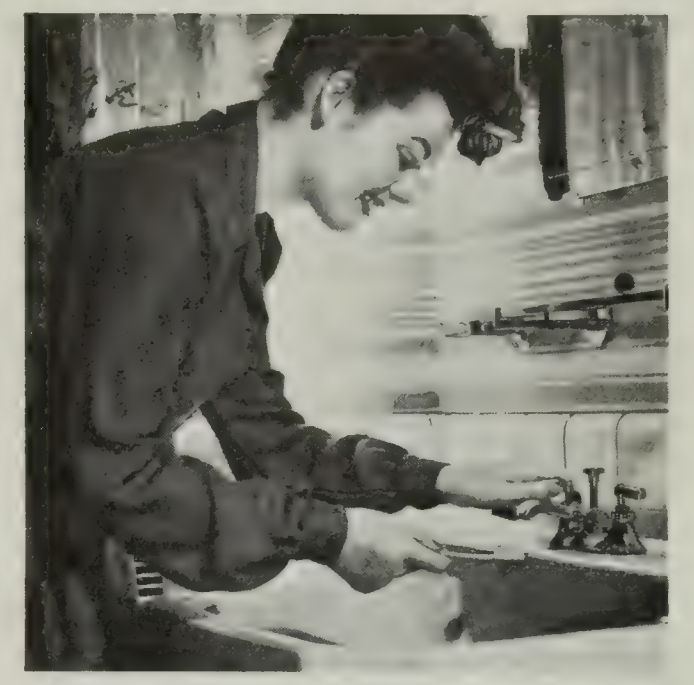
It takes only a little to make smiles brighter

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so...we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.



DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.



DON'T RUB—Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Measure out powder for small children.



DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER...
only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.



solvable unless the strategy is determined now and unless Western Hemisphere agriculture is oriented to carry it out.

The only immediate solution would seem to be to stimulate our hog production still further. And to do this the farmer may possibly need to be assured that his prices will not suddenly collapse when the war ends. Such assurances must be given to him a year before the hogs are ready for market. The product cannot be carried in storage for more than six or eight months. If the war did not end at that time there would be another loss to chalk up against the cost of the war. Dairy products will be no less needed but they increase more slowly.

However, a stimulated American program would require much more agricultural labor than is now in prospect. With the heavy drafts upon farm labor, and scarcer equipment, our production is more likely to decrease than to increase in a long war. If we are to solve our food problems, agriculture must be envisioned as a munitions industry and treated as such.

Certainly the whole question of fats needs urgent consideration. It would seem, outside our own possibilities, that stimulation of production could be undertaken in South America. They have the feed and labor. With Allied financial guarantees, they could do a great deal in preparedness.

All these are but a few of the possible problems that will arise again. In the last famine, the day-to-day purchase of food in eight countries from over seven seas, the fight for ships, their assignment to sources of supplies, their programming to keep the flow constant to a score of countries, the unloading, warehousing, distributing, accounting, disputing with dumbbells, listening to hourly advice from the well-intentioned but ill-informed and to the prayers of heads of needy governments, conciliating hurt feelings of our allies, co-ordinating supplies with them and the neutrals, and tempering the ideas of military authorities made a 112-hour work week for a magnificent staff of Americans.

All this account may seem dry and statistical. But the high purpose was to meet the prayer of nations for a chance to live and the cry of mothers for their children. Beyond that, it was the hope that we were giving strength to the frail democracies which had been brought into being, that through them the world might find peace. We had won victory by arms, and we dreamed that this unparalleled generosity and service by a great nation would set new standards of human relationships in the world. And it expressed the Christianity that was within us. We will need to do it all over again as part of our effort to bring peace to a weary world.

THE END

The Red Rain of Battle

Continued from page 15

practicing for months. But we didn't spend much time discussing it, because the first enemy plane, before we got him, had had plenty of time to radio a contact report to the Japanese bases. So we expected an attack from the Jap bases—and it wasn't long in coming.

The first wave was composed of nine twin-engined land-based bombers. They looked like B-26s, had about the same speed and if anything a little better fire power in their power turrets and cannon. Noel Gayler's division of Fighter Three was high up on combat air patrol, having just relieved the division led by Don Lovelace, my executive officer. Don's division, low on gasoline, was circling the Lexington, ready to come aboard and gas up. I had my own division on deck and we were on the alert in the ready room. When the Jap squadron was reported, Gayler took his division out to intercept.

Don Lovelace and his boys at once started back up and got into the fight, although they had only a few minutes of gasoline left. Most of the ship's planes were too far forward to make room for Don's division to land, and the landing crews worked hard and fast to get them aft, so that my division could get away. It was a beautiful piece of work, without orders, and it enabled us to get into the air just about the time the Japs got to the point where they could release their bombs.

Football Tactics for Planes

Noel led his division into attack. He and his wing man, Dale Peterson, at the first dive, shot down a bomber in flames. By this time I was in the air with four planes, two of my division being out of commission. It seemed ages before we could gain altitude. The Japs were coming in at 12,000 feet and the only thing I could do was sit there and bend the throttle. I felt like a football coach as I watched the other planes in my squadron. I'd trained the boys, told them all I knew—and from here in, it was up to them.

I had a beautiful view of the first part of the fight. Our tactics were even better than I'd hoped for. Every play seemed a touchdown. Planes were falling fast out of the sky. Our antiaircraft had opened up and we had to fly through this stuff to get to the enemy because, at this time, the bursts were above him, where we had to be, too.

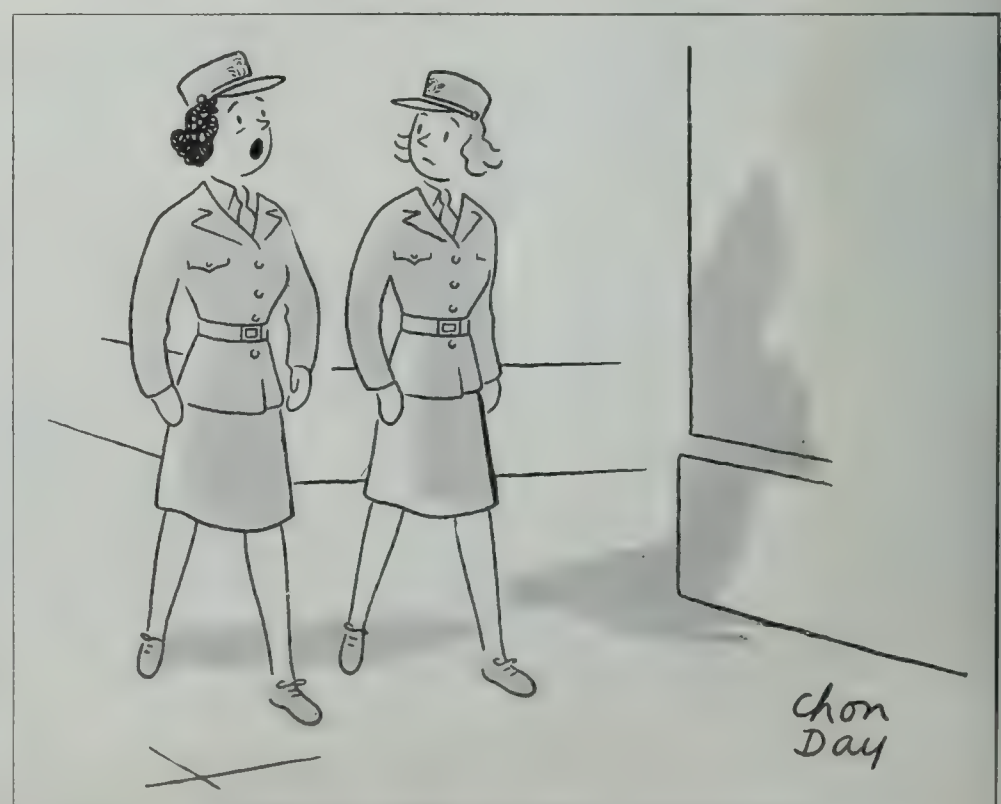
When I finally got up into a position to attack, the Japs were just about ready to drop their first bombs—but only four of the original nine were left. I went in to join the scrap, and we continued to work on these four while they were releasing their bombs and starting a getaway by nosing down and running at high speed, making them difficult to hit. We got three of them, though, and we could have shot down the survivor, but we were getting a little too far away from our own carrier, so I recalled the fighters.

We had one scout plane with us, and he eased up right under one Jap and shot straight up into the enemy's gas tanks with his free machine guns, while we were filling the same Jap full of holes from the side. Anyway, out of nine enemy bombers, only one got away and not a hit had been scored on any one of our surface ships. Two of my fighters had been shot down. One of them, Johnston, got a hit in his engine and lost power. But he kept at it and got into a bad position directly back of the Jap formation, through no fault of his own.

While he was opening up a second time he was hit by thirty bullets—and still not put out of action. We counted the holes in his body—not his plane's body—later. His plane was so badly shot up that it would go into a spin if he tried to land on the carrier, so he decided to jump. He used his head and glided on down through our antiaircraft fire, got into position ahead of a destroyer and bailed out. The destroyer skipper was on the job and put out a boat and picked him up in a hurry, and in a week he was back with us on the Lexington, and in less than two months he was back flying with the squadron.

Just as we finished practically wiping out the first wave, the second wave of Japs came over. Butch O'Hare, who had been patrolling over the carrier during the first fight, went on out after the second batch of bombers. I heard the alarm in the air, and my wing man and I beat it back into the new fight at top speed. O'Hare had raced on ahead and as we approached I could see Jap planes falling right and left.

I thought, of course, that several of our boys were working but it turned out to be Butch alone. He shot down five Japs in less than six minutes and damaged the sixth. This left four. By this time O'Hare was out of ammunition, so my wing man and I went to work



COLLIER'S "I can't bear to think of myself as a war veteran" CHON DAY

and shot down the rest of the wave. We had to chase them quite a distance from the ship but I wanted to make it a hundred per cent if I could.

When the Japanese start in to an attack they let nothing turn them aside. When we shot down one plane, another moved into the hole at once. They seemed to be practically ignoring us, but the strategy was right, for them. The bombs the four planes let go this time (those Butch got never had time to bomb) came a lot closer to the carrier than those of the first wave.

Meanwhile, Captain Sherman had been doing a beautiful job of maneuvering the ship, not only to avoid the bombs but to keep her close to the wind, so that we could land on her deck. As the bombs came down, most of the hands topside took cover to avoid splinters, but Lieutenant Dibrell, our signal officer, stood out on the open deck, waving our fighters in. One bomb burst astern between him and a fighter he was signaling in.

A Gantlet of Ack-Ack

We had a few holes in our planes from the Japs and some more from our own antiaircraft. Getting hit by your own guns is something you can't avoid. It's the job of the fighter to stop the enemy from coming in, and if he has to go through his own side's fire curtain, that's a chance he has to take. In this day's fighting, the antiaircraft stuff did us more damage than it did the Japs.

So that was the end of fighting for that day. We had seen twenty enemy planes and shot down nineteen. That was the first action any pilots had had from the ship, and I was pretty proud of the way the youngsters did the job. As a matter of fact, it seems like an incredible score, but it reflected the development of gunnery methods over many years, and tactics we had laboriously worked out in peacetime.

Our victory was due to our ability to hit the target and make every bullet count. It takes a lot of bullets to bring down any airplane, so that what wins is ability to hit the enemy, while maneuvering not to get hit yourself.

After the battle, while we were keyed to a high pitch, all our pilots wanted to go on in and hit the Jap base from which the bombers had come. But tankers were scarce, we were low on fuel—so we had to give up the idea. We just kept combat patrol ships in the air the rest of the day, in case the Japs might try again. That night after the last patrol plane had landed, we got the pilots together and had each one make out a complete report of what had happened during the fight, in order to find out who shot down what enemy. We finally accounted in this way for eighteen of the nineteen downs—but no one would claim the nineteenth. It's still unclaimed.

It is hard to identify individual Jap planes because they seem to carry no markings. They are a dull mottled clay color with sometimes a little greenish tinge. So it is hard for a pilot to remember individual planes, except by their position with regard to others. Few pilots remember how many times they shoot at the enemy. A pilot is so concentrated on doing his job that he automatically seems to shut off his memory.

On the Lexington, a recording machine preserved each pilot's story while it was hot. We spoke our pieces just as we came in, dirty, wounded, oil-soaked, before we had time to do any second thinking. Yet, when the records were analyzed, the stories fitted into place like a jigsaw puzzle.

Some pilots can sleep after a scrap, but I can't. It would be better if we all could, but we are wound up so tightly we just toss about. The morning after the first fight, I got up at two A. M. to find a sandwich and met Butch O'Hare in the wardroom, after one, too. We talked over the battle again and I guess we finally got to sleep an hour or two later—still right on the crest of the wave.

The next morning I got my pilots together and pointed out all the mistakes I had seen them make in the fight. I pointed out my own mistakes, too, just to keep all of us from being too cocky. The main thing, however, was the fact that the Japs had shown us that our tactics, expert marksmanship and teamwork were right. When we went into this fight we had no idea what sort of plane we would run into. We knew only that the Japanese were well disciplined, flew a beautiful formation, and never would give up an attack once they started in—even to the last plane. We knew that, in future battles, we would have to knock down every enemy plane, because those still flying never would turn aside.

The advantage of the fighter over the bomber is freedom of action. Ask any fighter pilot his chances of success against a formation of bombers, regardless of their size or fire power, and if they have no fighter protection, he'll say "Let me at them! Cold meat!"

As I shot down my first big Jap bomber, one of life's small ironies crossed my mind. Back in 1934 and '35 I was a test pilot and flew the first four-engined bomber ever built in America nonstop from Norfolk, Virginia, to Panama. I thought of all the troubles the Japs must have had building this big job and here it was now going down in flames from a three-second flash of a fighter's guns.

After this first fight, we refueled the ships and then went back in to attack shipping in Rabaul Harbor and around New Britain. An awful lot of work has to be done before an attack. Information has to be obtained and checked—geographical facts, weather forecasts, what enemy forces are where. All this information went to Captain Sherman and he had to okay the final plan. But before he published an operation plan, he always consulted with all squadron commanders. If we didn't like a tentative plan, we said so. He considered everything and always came out with the best possible answer.

This time the intelligence we had on the Japs wasn't so good. Just as we were going in to hit Rabaul and Gasmatta, down south, we got word from the Australians that the Jap ships had moved out and were attacking Salamaua and Lae. So we turned around and came back, because the objective wasn't worth risking a carrier.

So we came on out, refueled and went in again south of New Guinea, north of Australia and the Gulf of Papua.

Flight Over the Mountain

We tossed away the work of days and made new plans for attack. One new plan was to take the planes from the Lexington into Port Moresby loaded with bombs and torpedoes, refuel at the port and then fly over the Owen Stanley Mountains to smack the Japs on the north coast. But Moresby was being bombed twice a day and it seemed a needless risk to expose our bombers and fighters to this. We finally decided to take the Lexington close in to shore, launch our planes and fly them over the hump.

I used up reams of paper trying to calculate our gasoline requirements for this long, over-mountain flight. At best, our fighters would have just enough to get over the Japs, fight ten or twelve minutes,

ONE FREEZE-UP
CAN COST YOU
YOUR CAR!

Vital replacement parts are hard to get—often impossible. Guard your motor against a damaged radiator—cracked block—or broken water line. Insist on the Positive Protection of safe, sure Thermo Royal Anti-freeze. Keep your car in condition all winter long

PUBLICKER COMMERCIAL ALCOHOL CO., PHILADELPHIA

Get Positive Protection



In can or sturdy glass jug—IT'S THE SAME THERMO ROYAL!

OUR TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
Lined with Brybro Rayon
VARIOUS COLORS, FABRICS & LININGS
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO



Drink Moderately
...but Well

This grand old liqueur of the South has a robust body that pleases the men—a subtle potency that delights the women—versatile quality that gives any drink "that extra something." Use it either as a liqueur or a liquor.

FULL 100 PROOF
with the robust body of a mellow whiskey and the smoothness of a rare brandy.

SOLD AT BETTER BARS, HOTELS AND PACKAGE STORES

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

and get back. The torpedo planes were in the same fix.

I took eight fighters as an escort for the torpedo planes, leaving the rest over the Lexington for protection. The slower torpedo ships got a fifteen-minute start. I led one division of fighters; Noel Gayler had the other. We caught up with the torpedo ships just as they were straining to get over the hump. It seemed they wouldn't make it.

Jimmy Brett, the torpedo squadron skipper, reported he was losing altitude at six hundred feet a minute. Then, far below, he saw a green, flat area in the sunshine—and remembered his glider training. He got his ships over this area and found an updraft of about twelve hundred feet a minute. This just washed him up over the top and got him started down the other side. As he went over, Jimmy radioed to me: "Halfway house."

We went down the hill, headed toward Salamaua and Lae, the dive bombers on top, then our fighters escorting the torpedo ships. I flew on ahead, hoping to find some opposition but there was none. The only plane we saw was a lone seaplane fighter. Some of the Japanese cruisers and destroyers were under way by this time. I sent Noel Gayler away with his four ships to cover the dive-bombing attack on Lae. The Japs opened up with antiaircraft fire. We played decoy, keeping them busy while the torpedo planes and dive bombers got to work.

Ship after ship was bombed. I was right close to one big cargo ship when a bomb hit her. Her side seemed to burst open and she sank fast. The Jap cruisers were all streaking for the open sea. We strafed a couple of destroyers. When we opened up on them, the Jap antiaircraft gunners left their guns and ran like hell.

All this time, a little Jap seaplane fighter had been worrying around our torpedo planes. Four of our dive bombers came down and saw him, but he was a slick little guy and all four of them couldn't do much with him. He was the most courageous Jap I'd seen; he could have run away from our overwhelming superiority but he stuck around doing all the damage he could—until finally he made a mistake. He headed for Gayler.

Noel was leading his division into a strafing attack on a Jap cruiser when the Jap seaplane butted in. Noel got a glimpse of him for a few seconds, lifted his nose just enough to shoot down the Jap, and then kept on with his strafing.

This whole fight was a sort of picnic because we had no air opposition to speak of. We destroyed everything worth while in the vicinity.

A few days later, a little destroyer nosed up alongside and started passing mail sacks aboard. I think that if the Japs had attacked us during the next few hours, we'd just have gone ahead reading letters from home. . . . So, in time, we came on back to Pearl Harbor.

This is the first of two articles by Lieutenant Commander Thach.

The Wind Blows in a Circle

Continued from page 16

New York when I had to be there. I could try for trout in the upper Rio Grande, in a deep swift waters near the Colorado-New Mexico boundary line. I wouldn't use flies in the shallows, but a bait-casting rod. Casting out, almost across the river, narrow there, with a No. 2 Colorado spinner and some sort of black or dun fly attached to it, behind the hook. And maybe from there down into Sonora, where there were a few sage hens left, and partridge in San Luis Potosí, if I got that far.

It suddenly no longer mattered where. Not unlike a fever, the desire for journeyings was there, touched with nostalgia for places and people long gone in memory. . . .

I should have known my real reason in the next hour, because instead of picking up a train for Chicago at Albany, I went down to New York. I had to get my tackle, I told myself. I had to fly west to save time. . . .

I WAS there late that night—and when I left the next noon, I didn't go first to Chicago. I couldn't get a plane for a week. I took the Pennsylvania straight west to St. Louis. Oh, part of me knew what it was doing all right. It was the mind that was kidding itself. Amy Carvale was from St. Louis. But I was telling myself that that was the way I liked to go west. Straight, like a bird. From St. Louis the train to Kansas City and pick up the Santa Fe there instead of in Chicago. That's what I was going to do, I told myself. Take the Santa Fe then to Raton and from there the bus would take me to Cimarron or Taos or any place there were pack horses. I even had my connections figured, with ten minutes to change trains in St. Louis and I was hoping the train I was on wouldn't be late. . . .

It wasn't late. We got in early in the afternoon. I bought my ticket for Kansas City and started for the train that would take me there. I had six minutes and I thought that that would give me time to make a phone call. I dialed Amy's number but the operator said it was temporarily disconnected. So I called an aunt of hers and she said Amy and her father were in Mexico, as far as she knew. She didn't know just where, maybe Lake Chapala, maybe Acapulco, maybe Monterrey. Maybe the embassy in Mexico City would know.

When I hung up, I wondered why she had said that, then remembered that I had asked her if anyone would know where they were.

I had one minute to make the train for Kansas City. It seemed ridiculous, suddenly, that I should even notice this. I knew, also suddenly, that I had never intended going to New Mexico. Not unless she was there. I went back to the ticket window and told the clerk that I didn't want to go to Kansas City. I wanted to go to Laredo, Texas. He looked at me and I didn't blame him. I could see where I was still kidding myself. I was thinking that I would like to go to the ABC Café in Nuevo Laredo again and then maybe go over to the tarpon hole at Aransas Pass. Oh, I had a wonderful and constantly changing—so I thought—itinerary. I had a cousin on the border patrol. I told myself I would like to see him and his wife. I would bring the children presents. My cousin, Louis Breton.

"I don't know whether we can get you a reservation," the clerk said. "What's your name, please?"

"Martens," I said. "Joseph Martens."

"I remember now," the clerk said. "You used to pass through here a lot a few years ago."

"That's right," I said.

"I guess you must be in a hurry, too," he said, the phone raised to his ear.

"Why," I began, and was going to say, "not particularly," but I suddenly knew that there was a kind of urgency in my manner, something I hadn't been aware of, myself.

He spoke into the phone and listened, then hung up. He said, "I may be able to get you an upper. You have over an hour, anyhow. It's the troop trains, you know."

"Get me what you can," I said. "I'll sit up in a chair car if I have to."

He looked at me, surprised, and I was surprised myself. I turned away, told the porter to check the baggage, and walked slowly across the station.

No place in the world looks more like a railroad station than Union Station in St. Louis. It was a dull day and the steel girders went off into dimness that was only partly smoke. People hurried past and they looked tired. You could hear engines all the time.

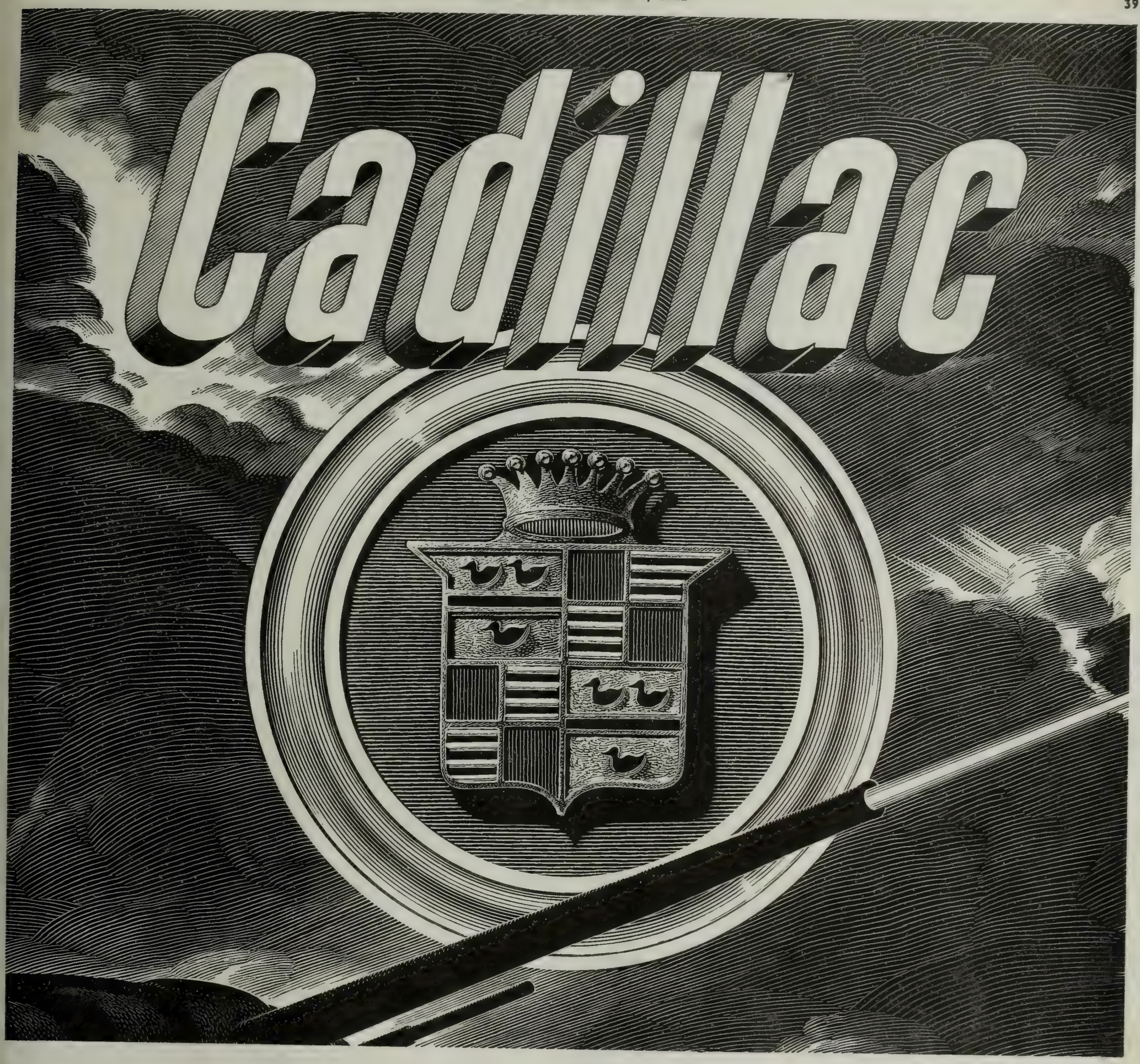
I remembered what had been said about the propensity of Americans for travel, and wondered why and if that made me an American. Not alone that, I thought. Nor alone seven generations here. . . . I didn't pursue the thought. It just occurred to me then, and I endured in my mind's silence the two denials. Neither one made a man an American, but what did make him one I didn't then try to find out. I supposed again, and still cheerfully, that I was what Amy had called fondly a weak character. Unstable, perhaps, I liked to think, but not weak. And I could always blame someone else—my parents for their divorce, or my grandfather for leaving me a trust fund.

I WENT outside and took a cab to the Hotel Chase. There was the big park across from the front entrance, where Amy and I had walked home from the Chase roof. In the summer, in St. Louis the sky to the west is frequently apple-green at evening. We used to sit there on the Chase roof watching that western sky, and be quiet for a change. But now I walked around to the side entrance. The white fountain still played feebly there on the south side of the Chase, and I remembered the New York Giants sitting there evenings in the big, wooden chairs and resting from the game that afternoon.

I knew some of the New York sports writers, then, and I remembered how in 1932, two of them had made a mess of bathtub gin one morning in a washbasin and left it there until evening to age while they were at the game, and they came back to find that the chambermaid had thought it was water and let it down the drain.

I went into the Chase bar and it was bigger and fancier than it had been and looked like a New York bar instead of a Western one. I get around so much I am always meeting people I know in new places, so it was no surprise to find that the barkeep at the Chase was one I knew at Delaware Park, where I had been most of one June because there was a jumping race almost every day and I had once or twice, when I was a kid, ridden as a so-called gentleman rider in steeplechases.

The barkeep remembered me but not my name. . . . He even remembered the day in 1940 when I had come down to Delaware from the Republican convention in Philadelphia—my father was a delegate to it—and there had been a jumper named Parma running and he was at around 20-1 in the mutuels and I



We have the *RIGHT JOB* to do!

Today, there is only one thing of fundamental importance to a manufacturer engaged in armament production: *build it well and build it fast, so our gallant soldiers and sailors may have fighting tools to match their skill and their heroism.* Here at Cadillac, that is our one aim; and accomplishing it is our one great satisfaction. But as individuals, and as an organization, we also enjoy one additional privilege. It is found in the fact that the armament work we are doing is precisely the type of work for which we are best trained and equipped. It calls for combining the finest precision craftsmanship with rugged, mass production—and we've trained for forty years on just such tasks. Thus, we are finding it possible to exercise our own special skills while helping to arm America for victory. It means that our work in war will leave us even *better* equipped for our work in peace. It also gives us great confidence in our ability to meet production schedules on projects assigned to us. For we're doing the right thing—the job we know best how to do.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GM ARMS FOR VICTORY GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY
TO WIN A WAR—*BUY*
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



"He looks too confident in that Arrow Tie"

• It's smart to be nifty... and *great* to look smart! And an Arrow Tie helps make you look smart. Maybe it's because the patterns are new and fresh... maybe it's because Arrow Ties hold their shape (a special lining sees to *that!*) or maybe it's because they never get a tired look about them. Your Arrow dealer has the new patterns. $1, $1.50, $2.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

The Library You Need At a Price You Can Afford

Now the Superb Harvard Classics at ⅓ the Cost of Current Fiction

Here is the library wanted in every home for it contains the greatest writings of all time with which every educated man and woman must be familiar. Here is the library that gives the liberal education so essential in this intensely competitive world. Best of all, its price is now within the means of every ambitious American family.

A Liberal Education for You

This marvelous library was assembled by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard University. It thus represents the utmost in educational value. It affords many hours of the supreme entertainment and stimulation which only great literature is able to give—that inspiration which carries men and women upward to new abilities and new goals of success in business, professional and social life.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

(The Harvard Classics)

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLET

P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York City

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. HE 794

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....



A Supreme Bargain

Brentano's, famous booksellers, recently stated that for only the partial contents of The Harvard Classics in ordinary, cloth-bound editions, the cost would be $402.00. Yet here you can have these precious writings at a fraction of that cost.

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books contains 50 volumes, 22,407 pages, 418 of the world's masterpieces, the famous lecture volume, daily reading guide and unique index of 76,000 entries, the key to this vast storehouse of knowledge.

For Only a Few Cents a Week

Not only is the price of these famous books unbelievably low, but you may purchase them on extremely liberal terms. For a very small initial payment, you may have this beautiful set placed in your home with all shipping charges prepaid.



A Beautiful Booklet Yours, Free

Our famous little booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" furnishes you with complete information about The Harvard Classics. It has brought new happiness to thousands who have sent for it. The booklet will be sent you free, postpaid, without obligation. Mail the coupon today.

knew that horse should never be that in any jumping race.

So I had told the barkeep and one or two people I knew and I put twenty on him myself, and he went off at 19-1 and ran into the lead on the backstretch the second time around. But the boy hadn't rated him well and he just about did get over the last jump and there was the favorite running at him all down that last sixteenth and the boy on Parma rocking back and forth as he'd first use the whip, then try to hand-ride him, and the favorite gaining with every jump and me dying because I needed the money then. He just did last to get a photo decision.

And now in St. Louis, in August, the barkeep remembered that, and we talked about a lot of things—horses we had bet on and fighters we had seen—and he asked me when the Army was going to catch up with me and I told him it had and I was just kind of making a little farewell tour.

He said, "Anyone that can pick horses like you ought to be in the Remount Service or something. How did you get to be able to pick them?"

"I used to ride some in steeplechases when I was a kid," I told him.

"Big as you are, eh?" he said.

"Oh, I could make 135 or 140 then," I told him.

I NOTICED that I had been gone an hour now and I left to get the reservation. The barkeep wanted to buy me a drink but I told him I didn't have time.

The clerk had the reservation, all right, an upper on the Frisco. Coming from the drinking and the talking about horses I felt good and had actually forgotten where I was going or why until the train was out of the station and then I began to remember Amy again and after Amy I thought I spontaneously remembered the tarpon and the way they had rolled, silver under the brownish water, in the last light at Aransas Pass. But I wasn't kidding myself and when I was in Laredo the next day I knew I wasn't going anywhere near Aransas Pass.

There was a girl named Virginia Slade I used to know in San Antonio and that night when I was about half stiff in the ABC Café in Nuevo Laredo I called her long distance. I was going to go up to San Antone and see her. When I got her sister on the phone, she remembered me, but Virginia was in California; she said Virginia had married an Army lieutenant and was out there. I was going to see if I could come and see her instead, but I let it go and went back to the bar where a few tourists stood and near them a few *politicos* and *pistoleros*, always short and stocky and swarthy, always in wide hats and with the square .45s always on the right hip.

They had been that way six years ago when Amy and I were new to each other and I had taken the train from New York and was waiting for the Carvales as they drove down from St. Louis to pick me up and go on to Mexico City and Acapulco. That was the beginning, as I say, and we were very much in love. Her father, who had never liked me, sat in the back seat afternoons and slept, and Amy and I were in the front, one of us driving, and I tried to say that going through this country was like being in love with her—you were never out of sight of mountains; but I botched it up pretty badly and she thought I was kidding her. She liked England, she said, and the, what she called, feminine countryside there. This country was too masculine, she said; it oppressed her.

I asked her if she thought I oppressed her, and she said sure, but she didn't mind. I said I was glad I had finally gone to England to see my relatives there because that was where I had met her. So I said England would always be all right with me if only for that reason.

"Joseph, my friend," she said, "I would marry you in a minute if you'd stop whirling around the country long enough."

I tried to know just what she meant then, but couldn't quite make it. And that way, it was all right with me, because I thought then that neither one of us would be at our best married. That's what I told myself, then—and what I've told myself often since then—so that what puzzles and sometimes annoys me is why, out of maybe thirty women I knew in six or seven countries, I should remember her the best and now be trying to find her. Because I wasn't kidding myself this time, either. . . .

So, since I wasn't kidding myself or just out for the ride, I went out into the night and could now hear the Army band playing in the Plaza of Nuevo Laredo and across the river I could see the lights of Laredo going up into the night. I took a cab to the railroad station but there was no train out until the next day. There was a bus out, however, at midnight, so I went back to Laredo and got my bags and bought a ticket on the bus to Monterrey.

We were an hour out of town in the night before I remembered that I hadn't even thought of looking up Louis and his wife. So I thought of Amy again, freely and willingly and not kidding myself. Sitting there in the crowded Mexican bus, with the smell of garlic and chickens and people all around me and a baby whimpering in the night, I thought of Amy and the first bullfight we had seen, in the big *Plaza de Toros* north of Monterrey across from the crenelated brick walls of the fort there. And how she had stopped in the Sunday crowd outside the ring where a vender was cracking pecans and she said it wasn't unlike the Polo Grounds before an important game except the sun was stronger and they were selling pecans instead of peanuts.

Her arm in mine was trembling and I asked her what was the matter. "The fact that we're certainly going to see death, I suppose," she had said, and I noticed that she was quite pale and that pallor did not become her, for a lot of her looks was in the warm, smoothly glowing quality of her skin.

WE HAD good seats and one of the *toreros* was an Indian called *Carnicerito de Méjico*, the Little Butcher of Mexico. A lovely name, Amy remarked, but she was standing up like the others, when the Indian broke his *banderillas* off short and placed them, *poder a poder*, in the bull. Placed them with his own back to the wall, slipping out as the bull splintered one horn against the *barrera*. And the disgusted Mexican next to us, booing while everyone else cheered, and explaining that one of *Carnicerito's* men had distracted the bull to one side to allow the Indian to slip out the other. And Amy saying, "What do you want for your four dollars?"

I felt very good and what might be called happy. I was certain, for no good reason, that I was going to see Amy and that when I did see her, everything would be all right. No reason for it, no logic at all, just that feeling.

But later, toward dawn and after dozing a little, when, waking, I could see the false dawn through the peaks of the mountains that surrounded Monterrey, I was sullen and could remember when we had broken down and, I suppose, why. That little tramp I knew from northern Florida. I hadn't seen Amy in a couple of months. Amy was flying up

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

from Mexico and was going to meet me at Miami.

She wired me three times, each time explaining some sort of delay. I called this girl I had known in Florida from a couple of years back and took her down to Miami with me. And then Amy coming in, unexpectedly. She had chartered a private plane to take her across the Gulf from Tampico to save time. But she used to write to me after that, even invited me to the wedding. I couldn't go, though. I had a four-year-old running in the jumping races at Belmont that fall. His name was Morgantown and he fell and broke his leg that meeting on the backstretch one day right after he ran into the lead.

WE WERE coming to the city and on the left and eastward you could see against the lightening sky the big rounded bulk of the bull ring and to the west and even closer to the road was the brick fort and the sentries walking their posts, much neater and more military-looking than when I had last seen them a few years back. Well, citizens, I told them in my mind, I will be right with you in a little while.

I always tell my friends driving down through Mexico to stop at the Charola Hotel in Monterrey for Mexican flavor. But now I went to the Colonial, myself. I was pretty tired and wanted an American hotel. Across the plaza from the Colonial you could see clearly now the details of the cathedral and the women in black going to early Mass there. There were a few men among the women and I thought this very curious because Mexican men usually only go to church when they have to, on a Sunday, say.

I slept until lunchtime and then went out south of the city in a cab to where old man Carvale had orange groves. His foreman there said the old man was in Mexico City, but he didn't know where Amy was. I asked him if there would be a *corrida* in the ring the next day, Sunday, and he said, yes, some good *novilleras* or novices, and that I ought to stay. I said I probably would. But I took the bus out that evening for Mexico City.

The bus broke down near Valles and another bus took us into the city and we were there all day Sunday. I wandered around remembering how Amy and I had sat on the terrace in front of the Hotel Valles that September evening in 1937 and listened to what we were sure were rifle shots over in the Plaza but what the manager told us, with great equanimity, were backfires. And it wasn't until we got to Mexico City the next day that we found out that what had happened was that Cedillo's men had come down from the San Luis Potosí hills and were sniping at a farmers' meeting there. Everyone was afraid of Cedillo, then, and no one would give you a straight answer about him. But the next spring they got Cedillo.

Now, in the Plaza, there was a traveling carnival set up and kids threw balls at rag dolls. I watched them in the torchlight and began to wonder if I would ever have kids of my own. So I walked back to the hotel and got a bottle of *tequila anjego*, and ordered a pitcher of limeade and sat drinking tequila limeades until the bus was ready to go.

I had plenty of money and when I got to Mexico City the next day I took a suite at the Geneva and then went to the embassy. Steve Mannon, the permanent secretary, was there and he told me that old man Carvale was in Guerrero at his silver mines, and that he wasn't sure where Amy was. He thought she'd gone back to the States a couple weeks ago, but he really didn't know.

I guess he must have sensed my disappointment because he started asking me how things were going and I told him I was practically in the Army. He was surprised I hadn't volunteered for the cavalry, he said.

"I guess I just didn't think of it," I told him.

"It's not too late," he said. "In fact, there's a Captain Goddard down here who's tied up in some way with the Army Remount Service. Why don't you talk to him?"

"Why, sure," I told him. "I don't know much, but I know horses."

"I know," he said. He phoned Goddard and we met him later at the Ritz Bar. There was a shipment of horses leaving a Texas port for England in five days, the captain said. They needed people like myself that knew horses and he could have me enlisted as a sergeant if I wanted it that way. I told him sure, sure, I knew horses and I knew and liked England. He said I'd maybe better leave in a day or two to be sure of getting there on time. The boat was probably going to have to sail unconvoyed and, of course, he said, I didn't have to go if I didn't want to.

I told him I very much wanted to go and he said to meet him the next morning at the embassy. In the meantime, he said, he and Mannon would go to work on getting me a clearance with my draft board. A telegram or a long-distance call to the right people would do the trick.

I was alone that night and it was a bad one. I kept trying to get old man Carvale at his home in the suburbs but the servants said they didn't know when he would be back or just where he was in Guerrero. I suppose I became a little panicky because by now it had become extremely important that I see Amy, see her just once, anyhow, and I began to be angry with myself for promising to sign up with the captain the next morning.

If I hadn't promised, I could have had two or three more days to look around for her before I had to go back to New York.

I WENT from the Ritz Bar to the Reforma and from there to a native place near the Zocola and from there right to the embassy in broad daylight. The captain was there and he never batted an eye as I came in. I signed what I had to sign and he said there was a boat going up from Vera Cruz to Texas the next day and he thought the best thing would be for me to go that way. I could get the night train to Vera Cruz.

"I always like to take the day train between Vera Cruz and Mexico City," I told him. "There's no scenery like it in the world."

"Do what you want," he said, "but get there by tomorrow morning."

I went down to the station and bought my ticket for Vera Cruz. I still felt pretty bad. If she was still here, I thought, and I could find out where and if it were near enough, well, I could take the night train. I called her house again and got the old man. He didn't sound pleased when I told him who it was.

"I suppose you wanted Amy," he said.

"That's right," I said.

"Well," he said, "I don't think you're going to see her for a while. She's in England with a woman's ambulance unit and I know you won't be going there."

"Why, Mr. Carvale, you old walrus," I told him, "you would be amazed," and I hung up.

I knew then, and still without logic, that everything would be all right now. As much as it could be these days. Amy was in England and I was betting five, two and even that I would see her there.

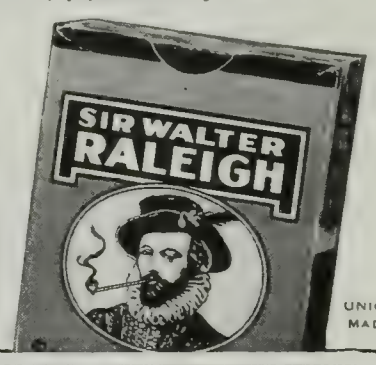
THE END



"Just what I wanted—Sir Walter Raleigh!"

IT'S A GIFT to know how to keep a pipe cool-burning and sweet-smelling. Experts agree you should clean it regularly and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from selected Kentucky burleys, this extra-mild mixture *stays* cool and fragrant. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America!"*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO
Smokes as sweet as it smells



Day and night, 3-mile-a-minute AIR EXPRESS is saving precious time here on the home front flying vital war supplies, to help keep the wheels of production turning at highest speed.

You do not need a priority to ship by AIR EXPRESS, but if you have war production shipments requiring priorities, they will be granted. Phone Railway Express Agency, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, or any air line.



NOW IN ITS 16th YEAR

AIR EXPRESS

Division of RAILWAY EXPRESS

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"Hey, what's this photo of me?" he asked. She half sat up. "Oh, that. One of the news photographers gave it to me"

The Warrior's Return

By "0-477891" of the U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

HE KICKED the hotel door shut and this time he kissed her properly.

"Well, well," she said.

He looked about, happily. "Say, it's the same room, isn't it? How'd you manage that?"

"I stayed right on after you left," she said. "I closed the farm. You can't get help or anything. I wrote you."

"I remember," he said. "Well, now for a bath! Then dinner. Then a show or a movie. How's that?"

"Fine," she said. "You know, I sold the Guernseys."

"I got the letter," he said.

She felt shocked. He spoke as if it didn't matter. Once the farm had been everything to him. Six months of the Army seemed to have cut him off from his past life. She began picking up his uniform from the floor.

"Don't touch it," he said. "Haven't had it off for three weeks. Lemme at that bath."

As she listened to the bath running, she picked up his uniform gingerly and hung it up. When the sound of the water running ended, she went into the bathroom and sat on the only available place. She grinned at him through the steam. He grinned back.

"I've been crazy for the last thirty-six hours," she shouted. "I called the telegraph company, but they wouldn't tell me where you sent the telegram from."

HE SUBMERGED and then came up again. "Yeah," he shouted. "They don't put place of origin on any more—there's a war on."

"You came back by boat?"

"Uh-huh. Convoy. Went via the North Pole. Froze to death. Life belts day and night. No clothes off. Boy—are we lucky!"

"What did they bring you home for?"

"I dunno. Detached for duty in Washington. That's all I know. Maybe help General Marshall, huh? Throw me a towel, Beautiful."

She went into the other room and lay on the bed. She felt happy, just hearing him move about as he came in and dressed. Then he spoke: "Hey, what's this photo of me?"

She half sat up. "Oh, that. One of the newspaper photographers gave it to me. Remember, they took some the day you left? And—oh, *heavens!*"

She jumped to her feet and stood, staring at him.

"For the luvva," he began. "What's wrong?"

"Quick," she said. "We've got to get out of this hotel."

He stared at her. "Hey," he said finally. "What's been going on here?"

She looked at him and then began to laugh. She went to him and put her head on his shoulder, laughing until she cried.

"Okay," he said. "I'm only your husband."

"Darling," she began, "will you ever forgive me?"

"I'm waiting," he said.

She picked up the photo in its circular frame. "What does that look like?" she demanded.

"Me," he said.

"No, look closer. The way your eyes are?"

"I was looking down—reading something a couple of newspaper fellers were showing me. They just popped a flashlight. I didn't know."

"But the background!"

"Oh, that's one of those sorta quilted silk curtains in the lobby downstairs."

"But, honey—look! Doesn't it look as if you're lying in a coffin—your eyes shut and the silk behind you?"

"Hey—it could be that. Why . . ."

"Look, I cut the other men out and slipped you in the frame. Just sentimental. Then, a couple of mornings later I was getting dressed when Katie came in—you know, the Irish maid on this floor. Well, I had a cold and was sniffing and I *didn't* feel good and I had put my black dress on, and Katie just said, 'How's the captain?' And I said, 'Didn't you know, Katie? He's gone.' You know—meaning you'd gone away.

" 'Gone,' she says, 'may the High King of Glory grant peace on his soul! And yourself, ye poor darlin', carrying on with never a tear in your eye.'

"I thought, 'What's she talking about?' and then I saw her looking at this photo, and like a flash I realized she thought it was a picture of you in your coffin."

"Gruesome idea," he said. "Well, what did you tell her?"

"That's it, darling! You know me. It's really all your fault—it comes from living in a fictional family. I *didn't* feel well that day, and my imagination was running me low and hounding me to death. And I got thinking what about if you did get killed or bombed or shot down or something, and I got to weeping a tear for your memory. You wouldn't want me to be callous about you being dead, would you?"

He scratched his head. "Why, no."

"Well, I was feeling low and lonesome."

HE REACHED out and held her close. "Okay, honey," he said. "I know. Sometimes, well—you do get feeling sort of lonesome these days."

She sighed happily. Then she backed away quickly. "But now we're sunk," she said. "Katie comes in here every morning. If she comes in tomorrow morning and finds you here, she'll die of fright. Look, we'll go to another hotel."

"We'll what?" he shouted. "Look, I like this hotel! I always did! And if you think my idea of twenty-four hours' leave is to go taxiing all over this darned town . . ."

"But, darling, she's so sweet! Every day now she comes in and picks up your picture so fondly. And it's: 'Ah, now—the poor, dear, darlin' captain. And many's the time I've seen him walking these very corridors with the light o' loife and the joy o' livin' in his heart. The handsome, darlin' captain!' "

"Well," he shouted, "why the heck didn't you tell her?"

"Sweet," she pleaded. "I couldn't. You know me—and once it got started—well, I couldn't. It comes from living with you—always making up stories about everyone around us and . . ."

"Nuts!" he said. "That's it. You're absolutely nuts. A man comes home after five months. He has one night in New York . . ."

She went to him and he held her tight. Then, slowly, he began to smile. "Oh, honey," he said. "You're crazy. You're wonderful. You know, all the time I was gone, I . . ."

"I know," she said. "All we have to do is just move to another hotel. And we'll have dinner. And—and we don't absolutely *have* to go to a show or the movies."

"That's right," he said brightly. "We don't *have* to go to the movies."

He picked up the telephone. "Six-twenty-one checking out," he said.



"SUNSET," painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Things you can count on ... When day is done and shadows fall, sit down and enjoy your favorite Kaywoodie Pipe. You can. With so much that *must* be curtailed, and so much to do these days, it's good to know you can still enjoy the same Kaywoodie Flavor—from the same fine Kaywoodie Briar you like so well, just as it was before the war.

It is not surprising that this should be so. A Kaywoodie Pipe is not a thing of the moment. It takes *years* to season and cut one. It was this circumstance of the long time needed for preparation, that caused us to have a very large supply of Kaywoodie Briar before this war started—and so we can go on making these fine pipes, of Mediterranean wood that has no equal, in a time of scarcity and substitutes. We have enough Kaywoodie Briar to last a long time.

Always a personal companion of the most trusted sort, always a source of inspiration and confidence, a Kaywoodie Pipe is as good in war as in peace—sure, steady, reliable. There's no other satisfaction that is quite the same.

Naturally, you won't find the same enjoyment in lesser things. And you won't need to. Kaywoodie Briar will not change. It will always remain the same. The good Kaywoodie Flavor is one of the things you can count on.

This Kaywoodie Pipe is an "Apple" Shape Flame Grain briar inlaid with Meerschaum. The "last word in pipes." $12.50. (actual size)

© 1942, Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue





The Front Jumped Over the Mountain

By Osmar White

of the major problems of the campaign against the in New Guinea is bringing up supplies to the forward , particularly when the fighting takes place in dense ntain jungle and the only communication is along ve paths. Here native carriers set off with their loads a control point. Below: New Guinea Scouts proudly lay a Japanese flag, left behind by the Japs in retreat





Natives of the territory are notorious head-hunters. This woman carries her child in a fishing-net sling

A correspondent of Australia's Sun-News pictorial follows the fighting Aussies across the jungle and mountain backbone of fantastic New Guinea. It wasn't easy going, even without Japs

AUSTRALIA'S front line in New Guinea is remote and mysterious, the most secret front line in a whole world at war. I was determined to find it. One of the things that struck me most frequently and forcibly about Port Moresby in four months of war-reporting there was the persistent scarcity of Japs. But somewhere or other, there must be a front line where our men faced their men over a strip of no man's land, a point at which their strength rubbed against our strength, at which physical contact was possible with the feet of the contestants planted on solid earth.

I gained permission to find the needle point that Australia holds against the breast of the Jap army. I could plot the route roughly on the map and was told where I might expect to travel by water and where by land, where I might meet white men, where provisions might be found with reasonable luck. A few culled extracts from the diary of the search may serve to animate the communiqués you have read:

Left Morseby under dust and heat haze, expecting an air raid. There hasn't been any for nearly a week. We are wriggling through the mine fields, the sea is like gray-green silk. An R.A.F. mercy ship tore it up a few minutes ago, appearing like magic out of the haze. I spent a lazy day sitting on an empty kerosene case by the wheel, just watching the horizon and the mountains diminish into the mangrove coast. The Kiwai boy at the wheel is the most doleful thing I've seen in months.

I was glad to get ashore even for a few hours. The stink of Kanaka sweat and coconut oil was beginning to get me. What a place! Hollywood never contrived anything nearly so South Seas as this—a mealy-grained tropical dusk with black palm fronds etched on it, a tall mountain against a turquoise sky. A fishing canoe with double-crescent sail has just slipped across the sunset, a grass-skirted woman and a man in a scarlet loincloth standing as motionless as statues fore and aft.

Not much information about the route. Entertained by the yarns of a missionary monk who swears blisteringly through his immense black beard and smokes coon tobacco in an equally immense pipe. He yarns about Jack Hides, Shark-eye Park and the other giants of Guinea legend. Dinner is tomato soup, crayfish, fried trevally, four vegetables, pear pie and coffee—a change from bully beef swimming in its own sun-melted fat, and cold sweet-potato chips. I wonder if it would be better sense to stay here and just interview fellows coming out.

Off at dawn. No proper charts of this coast. The schooner is rolling like a sow. We were to have been dropped off late this afternoon but there's been a hitch. I went ashore in a whaleboat and was carried through the surf by a native whom I later discovered to be rotten from head to foot with ringworm. I am still trying to wash off the smell of at least ten years' accumulation of rancid coconut oil. Every mosquito here carries a brace and bit.

The Deputation of Welcome

Found the man in charge—he's an aged beachcomber who has come out of retirement to do his bit supplying the phantom front line. I was escorted to his house by an immense deputation of naked Negroes and led by a headman who wore a black hat with a feather and carried a large rolled umbrella. Taubada wasn't at home. I demanded to know where he was. In a loud, aggressive tone the deputation of welcome scattered through the coconut grove, screaming at the top of their voices, "Ossikar—Ossikar—Ossikar." I gathered that his Christian name is Oscar. Oscar could give me information only of the next stage of the journey by paddle canoe to a small post—an indefinite distance up a river.

If you ever want to know what it is to fear for precious property, try being staged from one Papuan village to another by paddle canoe in the pitch-darkness. Everybody in the village seizes something belonging to you and vanishes.

Later, after an escorted parade through the village, falling over pigs, pups and apparently newborn babies, you arrive at a leg-breaking device which serves as the riverside landing stage. Be calm! Check the stuff! It's all there. No, it isn't! What about the haversack with the quinine and iodine in *(Continued on page 68)*

The Stern-Wheel Spy Case

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Bugaboo Jones knew every lady on both sides of the river from New Orleans to Greenville. But there's always room for one more in a loving man's heart

BUGABOO JONES knew everything a roustabout on a Mississippi River steamboat needed to know, and he did not like to clutter up his mind with useless knowledge.

In good times or bad, in peacetime or war, Bugaboo knew how to stick his simlin head under a hundred-pound sack of sugar and coonjine with it down the gangplank. He could slap his hook into a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton and make it roll. He could hoist a hog or tote a box of miscellaneous freight with a minimum of effort. And, most important to him, he knew practically every woman on both sides of the river from New Orleans to Greenville.

"Efn dey's old enough to giggle and ain't too old to groan," Bugaboo explained to Iron Man, "well, you kin speak my name and git a pleasant answer f'm 'em all."

Iron Man looked unimpressed. Though the start of each trip aboard the John D. Grace was a brand-new adventure for Bugaboo, to Iron Man it meant only another rousting job of work.

In the first place, Iron Man had a bad aftertaste in his mouth. Three days "back of town" in New Orleans with too much gin and food and not enough sleep had left him in no mood for anticipations. The selfsame stack of "low-eels" cloth on which he was resting had been toted aboard, not an hour before. That cloth, he knew, was destined for an upriver plantation, where it would be sewed into cotton sacks for cotton pickers.

These sacks would be filled with cotton which would be ginned and baled. The seeds and bales would have to be toted on board that very same steamboat and taken to New Orleans to be sold. That would give the upriver people money to buy more supplies to be hauled up the river so they could raise more cotton and send it down the river. It was an unending soul-souring contemplation.

"Unh," Iron Man grunted. "You speakin' 'bout womens and you ain't got a woman on de river."

"Who, me? Bugaboo grinned. "Son, I'm got me womens at ev'y landin' on both banks er de river. I bet I'm got me a solid hund'ed."

"A hund'ed speakers, maybe," Iron Man admitted, "but one woman? Naw."

Bugaboo laughed. "I'm got womens and I'm got a song. Efn you whup up a happy tune on dat Franch harp er yo'n, I'll sing about my womens—like dis:

"I ain't never had me no one woman at a time,
I'm always got six, seven, eight or nine.
And de doctor can't do me no good."

Iron Man was pained. "You think dat's a happy song?" he demanded. "Bugaboo, efn I blowed one lick er dat song on my harp, you'd break down and cry like a baby."

Bugaboo stretched lazily. "Efn I didn't had me but jest only one woman," he declared, "I figger I'd be might' nigh out er womens."

That statement made Iron Man even sadder. "Nawp," he said, "efn you ever thinned 'em down to jest one true-lovin' lady, you'd know what I'm tawkin' 'bout." He ran his forefinger nostalgically along a six-inch scar decorating the side of his face. "A true-lovin' lady name er Drusilla done me dat," he said fondly. "Wid a razor. Up in Arkansas. Efn I hadn't dodged, she'd 'a' chopped my haid off." He sighed deeply. "She loved me so good."

Bugaboo had heard many versions of how his roustabout friend had received that "razor track," but he never tired of hearing one more. "She hit you wid a razor on account er she loved you too good, hunh?"

"Marked me for her own," Iron Man explained. "She tuck a underbit in my year and a dewlap along my jawbone."

"She marked all her mens like dat?" Bugaboo asked.

"I was her one and only."

"Humph!" Bugaboo grunted. "Look to me like even a Arkansas gal c'd remember a big ogly somethin' like you, efn she didn't had nobody else on her mind."

"Maybe she wanted to find me in de dark," Iron Man said.

"'Twon't do," Bugaboo chuckled. "Nobody got to mark you to find you in de dark. All dey got to do is pull down de shades, blow out de lights and den grab de blackest thing in de house. Hit'd be you." He laughed heartily at his own joke.

IRON MAN lost interest in the discussion and began to blow sad sounds through the reeds of his harmonica. Bugaboo promptly went to sleep. It would be hours before the John D. Grace pulled into Reserve for a cargo of sugar, and Bugaboo had a heap of sleep to attend to before he was ready for that sugar pile.

At Reserve, Bugaboo's good-timing started. Standing on the bank, in addition to his ancient foil, Old Aunt Dinah, was Lee-lee. Big black Lee-lee who couldn't talk a word, could jabber Franch and make jokes with her eyes until it almost sounded like it was real talk.

"Look out, Lee-lee," Bugaboo called to her. "Efn you crawl in dis sack, I'll tote you right down de gangplank wid de rest er dis sugar."

Lee-lee shrugged and laughed. *"Je ne sais pas."*

"Well, Jenny, efn you see yo' paw,

"Dat mans," Maw-teel said angrily. "I no like heem. Make heem go away," Iron Man grinned. "Aw don't mind Bugaboo. Ain't got no harm in him"



Something New for Everyday Eating
French-sliced green beans!



1. Here's a *new way* to serve Green Beans by Birds Eye! Sliced long and thin, they look swell; taste swell! And *economical* enough for *everyday* use! Try them—*today!*

2. Like Birds Eye's 1-in. Cut Beans (Green and Wax), these beauties are picked at peak of *garden-freshness*, then *Quick-Frozen!* This seals in ALL *deliciousness*—*vitamins*, too!



3. Stringless, work-free, these Birds Eye French-Sliced Beans are a *marvelous* value ...GUARANTEED "finest you ever tasted"—or MONEY BACK! Box serves 4.

THEY'RE NATURALLY RICH IN NUTRITION!

VITAMINS	A	B_1	C	G	CALCIUM	IRON	COPPER
FRENCH SLICED BEANS	2	1	3	1	1	1	1

1(FAIR) 2(GOOD) 3(EXCELLENT)



4. Mixed vegetables—a *brand-new*, Birds Eye combination of *5 top-quality, garden-fresh* vegetables: Cut Corn, Lima Beans, Green Peas, Carrots, and Green Beans!

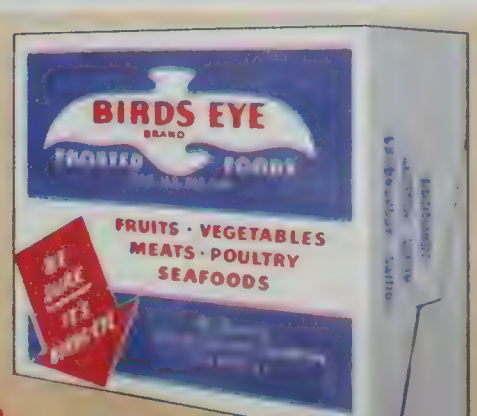
5. These new Mixed Vegetables are *ideal* as "Vegetables," with butter and seasoning, for cooked dishes, and salads! They're *ready to use*, a vast saving in *time* and *labor!*

MONEY-SAVER SPECIAL!

ONE WEEK ONLY—NOV. 30—DEC. 5

French-Sliced Green Beans

BRAND-NEW FEATURES: MIXED VEGETABLES
TRU-BLU-BERRIES (large cultivated berries)
CHERRIES (red, sour-pitted for pies)
MIXED FRUITS



den come and grab me by my right hand," Bugaboo said.

They both laughed at their standing joke.

"Efn she ever tuck you by the hand," old Aunt Dinah warned, "I'd have to loan you my crutch to limp home wid. 'Cause Lee-lee is a thaing! Nez paw, Lee-lee?"

The women on the bank screamed with laughter at old Aunt Dinah's bawdy joke, while Bugaboo Jones was having fun all the way down to his soul.

Not Iron Man. Bugaboo's wholesale talk with a crowd of women always made him feel tired. What counted with Iron Man was not what you shouted to a crowd but what you whispered to one woman. The chunky, sad roustabout felt impelled to say something to somebody. He had a sack of sugar on his head and had started toward the gangplank. He was near the edge of the group of landing visitors. He turned to the woman nearest him and without looking at her said, "Ain't dat's a shame—growed up folks speakin' so's nobody kin onderstand 'em! Franch tawk! Humph."

At Iron Man's first glance, she looked no different from the other women. Long and lanky, dusty yellow complexion, she was dressed as the others—worn-down shoes, barelegged, shapeless cotton-print dress and a scarf knotted on her head. Iron Man's second look at her found a subtle difference, a jauntiness to her style, a velvety grace to her movement. And when she flashed her eyes and bared a double row of white teeth in the warmest smile Iron Man had ever received, he dropped his sack of sugar and stared.

"You no like eet, de Franch?" she asked.

Iron Man gulped and sat down on the sugar sack.

"Which?"

"Maybe you not onnerstan' de Franch tawk, no? Yes?"

Iron Man found his tongue. "Now, look, baby," he said. "Le's I and you git dis started off right. I been makin' dis landin' ev'y since I been steamboatin' and dis is de fust time I ever seed ole long-laigged you around. Whar you been at?"

The woman shrugged. "Travel. I like travel, me."

Iron Man shook his head. "Ev'y since you pitched dem good-lookin' eyes er yo'n at me," he said, "I been sort er figgerin' I might quit travelin' and settle down."

The woman lowered long black lashes and then raised them slowly, flashing that smile once more. "I most go to Ba-tonh Rrrrouge," she said. "I go wit' you, hein?"

"Sho," Iron Man said enthusiastically. "I'll git you on de boat, baby. Whar yo' bundle?"

WHILE Iron Man was loafing and making love, Bugaboo was doing his best to shield his friend from the keen watchful eye of Cap'm Sam Cotton, the mate, whose chief aim in life was to keep the roustabouts busy.

But at that moment Cap'm Sam was preoccupied with a telegram just thrust at him by Cap'm Cooley, owner and master of the John D. Grace.

"Relayed to me here," Cap'm Cooley explained. "What do you make of it?"

"Sounds official, all right," the mate said.

"It is official," declared Cap'm Cooley. "But what you reckon they want platoon of troops up Bayou Boeuf for? That godforsaken swamp! We haven't been up there since we hauled that load of spokes out—in '32, wasn't it?"

The mate thought for a minute. "Seems like I heard that since Mr. Will died, Joe Rice has been boring for oil up there—"

"That's it," said Cap'm Cooley. "The oil fields! The government aims to guard 'em from sabotage."

With that, the aged riverman went into action—the kind of action which had enabled him to keep his stern-wheel steamboat on the river long after more modern vessels had crowded the other steamboats into oblivion.

"Drop your cargo where she lies!" Cap'm Cooley roared. "Cast off and hoist the plank!" He yanked the bell rope and shouted to the pilot atop the texas: "Back her out, Cap'm Roberts, and full speed ahead to Baton Rouge." He whistled into the speaking tube. "Mr. Estorge," Cap'm Cooley ordered, "give the refinery a blanket receipt for such sugar as we may already have on board; enter into the log that, as of now, we are operating under authority of the War Department and have the clerk break out the American flag!"

Cap'm Cooley paused. "And also," he added, "dig up that insulting letter we didn't mail to the Interstate Commerce Commission. We'll send it now and be damned to 'em. By the heterogeneous hoots of the howling holocausts! They may not appreciate a steamboat as a modern means of transportation but when the Army needs to get troops to the back country, they don't risk any of these Diesel-driven tunnel-sterned mullet mashers. They yell for a steamboat. Why, by the left hind leg of the lamb of Judah, it's the only practical means of transportation on inland waters! Remember to put that in the letter, too, Mr. Estorge. And make a note to buy twenty gallons of battleship-gray paint when we hit Baton Rouge!"

THE abrupt departure caused little speculation on the main deck. Most of the roustabouts were glad that they didn't have to tote all of that sugar on board. Iron Man was pleased to have been able to rush his new-found love on deck with no questions asked. As for Bugaboo, he, as always, was willing to let Cap'm Cooley take all responsibility for what the steamboat did; he'd manage to find something in the way of good timing.

Iron Man made rapid progress in his new love affair, up to a certain point. Her name, she told him, was Maw-teel and she came from a far piece away from where she got on board.

"Dis boat," Iron Man told her, "is fixin' to go up to Greenville. Dat's way up in Mississippi. And right across de river f'm dar is a place name er Arkansas." Iron Man fingered his scar. "And I ain't got no business in Arkansas."

"De boat, she go up de Bayou Boeuf, no?" Maw-teel asked. "And me, I got de beeziness up Bayou Boeuf. I go."

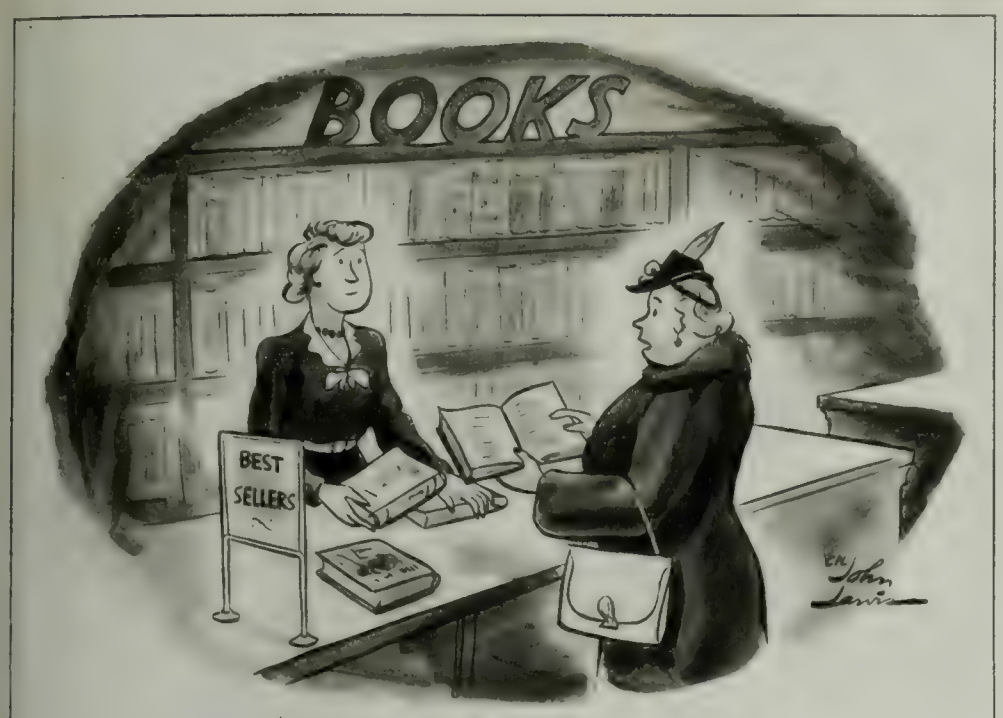
Iron Man shrugged. "I tell you what, sugarfoots," he offered. "I an' you'll git off'n de boat in Baton Rouge. You got business in Baton Rouge if you git off'n de boat wid me. I'll git me a job in de public works and—"

"But the soldier," Maw-teel objected. "You no hear *le capitaine* say soldier she ride on de boat?"

"Makes me no diff'unce," Iron Man said. "I see plenty soldiers scattered about, might' nigh ev'ywhar I goes. Soldiers is gittin' thick."

Maw-teel studied the roustabout through half-closed eyes, and said something to herself in Franch. Bugaboo came up and sat down beside Iron Man.

"Franch, hunh?" Bugaboo asked Maw-teel. "Kin you tawk dat 'Jenny see paw' stuff, like Lee-lee? She kin tawk dat stuff so good sometimes hit seem like she speakin' like she know what she sayin'. Look to me like her mamma ought to



"I really haven't time to read them, but I buy one or two every month to keep up with things"

COLLIER'S CORP. JOHN JARVIS

learnt her how to tawk when she was a baby."

Maw-teel eyed Bugaboo coldly and Iron Man noticed it. "Go 'haid, Bugaboo," he told him. "I and Miss Maw-teel got words to speak to we-se'ves." He grinned at the girl. "Nez paw, baby!"

She turned her dazzling smile on Iron Man. "Nez paw," she repeated, imitating his pronunciation.

Bugaboo moved to the opposite side of the deck, while Iron Man and Maw-teel resumed their private talk. Bugaboo began to sing, tauntingly:

"I'm got me a hund'ed womens up de river,
I'm got me a hund'ed womens down de river, too.
Efn my up-de-river womens don't do like I wants em,
Den my down-de-river womens know jest what to do.
And de doctor can't do me no good."

"Dat mans," Maw-teel said angrily, "I no like heem."

Iron Man grinned. "Aw, don't mind Bugaboo. He ain't got no harm in him."

"Make heem go away."

Iron Man frowned. "Listen, baby," he said, "efn you wants him to go away, well, I'll ax him and he might. But he ain't de kind er man you kin *make* go away, efn he don't want to."

"He go, or me, I go," Maw-teel snapped.

IRON MAN appealed to Bugaboo. "Don't you want to git about a little, son?" Iron Man asked. "I and Maw-teel got some mighty pleasant secrets to tawk about, and she figgers—"

Bugaboo laughed derisively. "She fixin' to hit you wid a razor like dat Arkansas lady done you?" he wanted to know. "Cause efn she is, I'm stayin'. I never seed a rale high-yaller lady pitch a razor."

Maw-teel rose abruptly and went toward the boiler room. "Now, see what you done," Iron Man grumbled. "She done walked out on me."

"She still on de boat," Bugaboo pointed out. "Efn you got anything to yo' mustache you kin go git her."

"Humph!" Iron Man reached for his harmonica. "Bugaboo, you don't know nothin' 'bout lonesome love."

Bugaboo was treated to the saddest tune he ever heard, but before the music had caused him to break into tears, the boat swung toward the bank, and there was Baton Rouge.

The landing at Baton Rouge was brief but two important things happened there. Everybody saw one of them: twenty-four soldiers, a sergeant and a lieutenant marched aboard the John D. Grace, while the roustabouts and a labor detail from shore stacked three truckloads of military supplies on the forward main deck. The other incident was seen only by Bugaboo Jones. Maw-teel was walking on the landing while the boat was tied up and when Bugaboo looked toward her, he saw her pass very near a funny little white man and deftly pick something from his pocket.

"She a rogue!" Bugaboo whispered to himself. Someone set a heavy box on his shoulders and for the moment Bugaboo thought no more of Iron Man's thieving high-yellow girl friend.

FROM Baton Rouge the trip grew tiring. The soldiers seemed to have a restraining effect on the roustabouts and all of them, including Bugaboo and Iron Man, just sat and kept their thoughts to themselves. Maw-teel, who had rigged herself sleeping quarters back of the boiler, kept aloof, too.

Iron Man drew his harmonica from his pocket and began to blow experimentally through it. Bugaboo listened without comment until the music began to take shape.

"Nawp," he told Iron Man. "You's wrong about dat Maw-teel gal. She don't love you like dat. She a rogue and a rogue don't love nobody but herse'f."

"How you know she a rogue?" Iron Man demanded.

"I see her roguin' f'm a white man at Baton Rouge," Bugaboo told him.

"His pocketbook?" Iron Man asked.

"Didn't look like no pocketbook," Bugaboo admitted. "F'm whar I seed hit, hit look like a piece er paper, but I couldn't hardly tell."

Iron Man laughed. "Maw-teel ain't no rogue. She jest lifted dat white man's pocketbook so's she c'd gi' me de money in case I couldn't get me no job er work, quick as I stops steamboatin' and marries up wid her. Womens do like dat when dey loves you good."

"Efn she lifted his pocketbook, she a rogue," Bugaboo insisted stubbornly.

Iron Man tried to explain. "Look, Bugaboo," he said, "efn you or me lifts a pocketbook, well, dat'd be stealin' and dat'd make I and you a rogue. But when a lady git bad in love wid a man and she figger he might need a little change, well, liftin' a pocketbook don't make no rogue outn no lady. Hit jest make her in love wid him."

Bugaboo gave it some thought. "Hit didn't look like no pocketbook, anyhow," he admitted.

"Dar, now!" Iron Man said triumphantly. "Efn she be's a regular rogue she'd a' got a pocketbook. You jest don't know nothin' 'bout pyore love."

Bugaboo scarcely heard him, for his eyes had grown suddenly tired and he began to rest them.

IT WAS nearly sundown when the John D. Grace swung into Old River, preparatory to the journey up the tributaries to the Bayou Boeuf country. Maw-teel emerged from hiding and signaled Iron Man to join her, warm smile and flashing eyes once more.

"Yo' fran', you know heem long time?" Maw-teel asked.

Iron Man shrugged. Bugaboo was his best friend and he had known him a long time, but a man had to handle women a certain way. "He ain't no regular friend er mine," Iron Man said. "I seed him once or twice befo' dis trip."

"He work long time on de boat?"

Iron Man pretended to try to remember. "I be'lieve he was on one yuther trip, one time." Being casual had its drawbacks. He looked across the broad sweep of water and his gaze fell on the squat buildings of Angola, the state penitentiary. It gave him inspiration for details.

"Last trip I 'members him to take," Iron Man said, "bad luck overtuck all er dem flatboatin' bootleggers. Dat was a long time ago. Dem flatboaters was makin' whisky and dat's agin de law. So de law come and locked 'em up. Right over yonder in Angola." He pointed toward the prison buildings. "Yonder what happen to people which gits mixed up wid de law." He shot a quick glance at Maw-teel. "Like maybe liftin' somethin' f'm a white man's pocket at Baton Rouge."

Maw-teel's face was expressionless. After a moment of silence, Maw-teel said tonelessly, "You see somebody take from white man in Ba-tonh Rrrrouge, hein?"

Iron Man grinned. "Naw, not me. I hyared Bugaboo speakin' 'bout hit."

"To you he speak?"

"Naw," Iron Man lied. "He spoke to de boss soldier. Dat's de kind er man he is—always braggin' to de white folks 'bout what he know."

"You no tell white folks what you know, hein?"

"Me?" Iron Man reassured her. "I don't tell nobody nothin'. People which jest watches me calls me Iron Man, but people which raley knows me good calls me Tight Mouf."

Maw-teel warmed to him again. "Me, I lof wid you, Tight Mouf," she told him.

"Baby—" Iron Man reached for her, but she sidestepped.

"Non-non-non," Maw-teel cautioned. "W'en we come to de Bayou Boeuf, yes. No?"

"Look, sweetenin'," Iron Man pleaded.

"Non-non," Maw-teel insisted. "Now I most go. And you most not speak about man in Batonh Rrrrouge."

"Aw, look hyar, honey—"

"Shhh," she whispered and disappeared.

Iron Man looked after her, bewildered. Then he grinned. "Crazy 'bout me," he decided. "She all in a swivit, she love me so good."

Later, he relayed the conversation to Bugaboo. "When I tole her I didn't know nothin' 'bout yo' business," Iron Man said, "dat's what broke her down. I tole her yo' name was ole Bad Luck Bugaboo. I tole her a big ole lie 'bout



For Distinguished Service



The MERCURY Aviation tan capeskin leather or bisque suede Cossack-type jacket, Action-Fit, shirred and belted back, celanese lining.

Give HIM an Albert Richard Coat with *Action-Fit

This year, you're thinking twice about your gift to *him*. To please . . . to be practical . . . make sure it's an Albert Richard Coat! Distinguished sports coats built to give the most in comfort, style and all-'round wear. Albert Richard Coats are expertly styled of sturdy, quality materials—they're tailored to fit . . . Action-Fit*. It's the exclusive Albert Richard feature that gives extra roominess across the shoulders . . . freedom for action. He'll feel swell, look swell . . . get real pleasure out of his Albert Richard Coat. Thousands of U. S. army and navy flyers are wearing outfits made in our factory. Choose from smart styles in quality leathers, poplins, gabardines and woolens. Buy his Albert Richard Coat today!

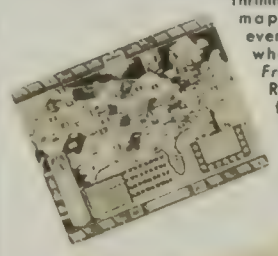


. . . and Albert Richard *Action-Fit GLOVES!**

Smart and comfortable. Handsome styles. Wide variety of soft, tailored leathers.

* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

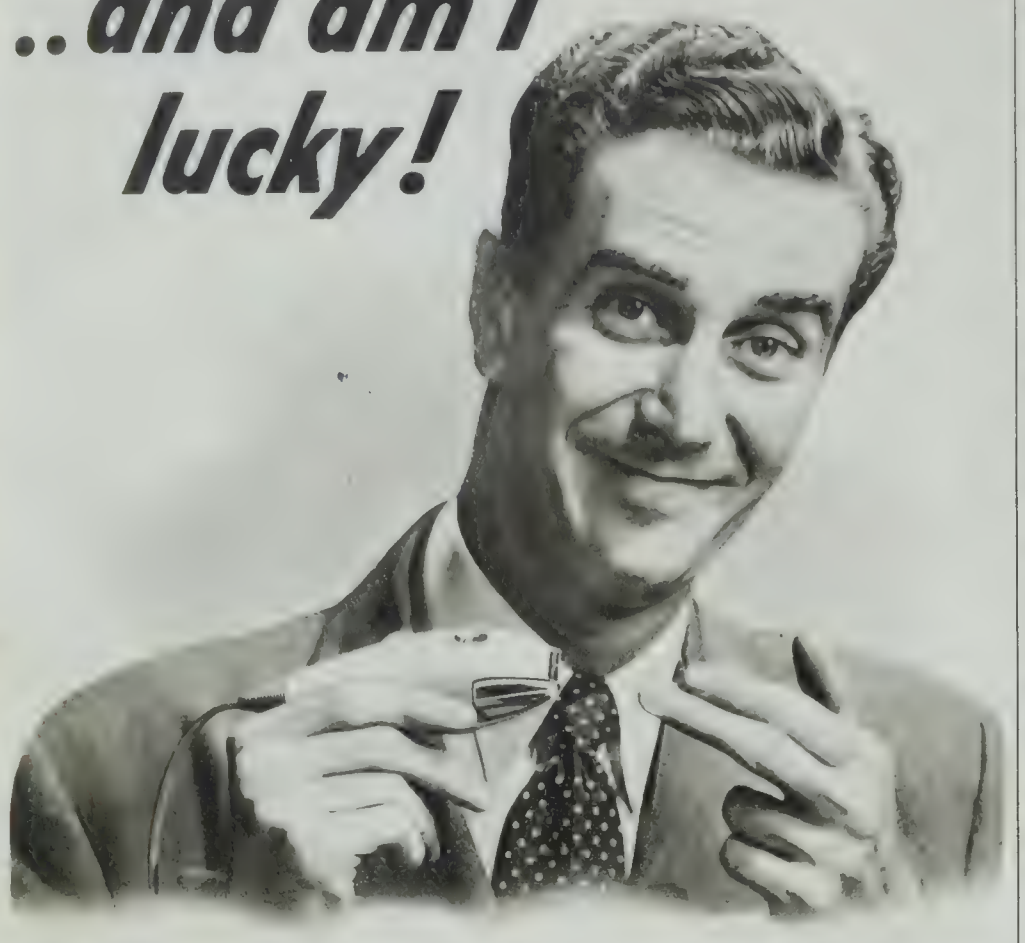
KNOW YOUR AMERICA! FREE! EXCITING PATRIOTIC PANORAMA



Thrilling full color, wall-size map picturing dates, events, places, people who *made* America. *Free* at your Albert Richard store. Write for store name or send 10c (no stamps) for direct mailing to Albert Richard, dept. M, Milwaukee, Wis.

ALBERT RICHARD
Division of Fried, Ostermann Co.
Action-Fit Sportswear*

LOOK WHAT I FOUND ..and am I lucky!



Lucky are the men (nearly 4 million of them!) who have found the Schick way to quick, clean, easy shaves.

And if you find a Schick Electric Shaver at your dealer's *these* days —you're extra lucky! For, the only Schicks now in dealers' hands are those we built before our factory went all-out on precision work for Uncle Sam.

And, to take care of our old customers as well as you new "converts," we built up a tidy backlog of 2-M Hollow-Ground Heads and renewal parts.

Be a lucky guy and get *your* Schick today. See how the 2-M Head arches the skin surface to make the whiskers stand up—ready to be slicked off by the Flying Shuttle Shearer that hums to the tune of 14,000 cutting actions per minute. Most of all, *feel* how smooth and fresh a Schick shave leaves your grateful, nickless face!

The Schick Colonel, pictured above, is styled in rich ivory plastic and powered by the speedy "Whiskwik" motor that works on both AC and DC. This handsome job is yours for only $15*—and if you'd part with it after 2 weeks' trial, your dealer will take it back and refund your money!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

**Slightly higher in Canada*

★★★

arousing suspicion of the troopers. In a way, your crew was vouching for her."

"The nerve of her," Cap'm Cooley muttered.

"I don't know all the details," the Coast Guardsman continued. "The F.B.I. seems to have been one jump behind her all along. At Baton Rouge, they saw her contact a man they suspected and had been watching. After you pulled out, they took in their suspect and learned all he knew. She was supposed to ensnare one of your roustabouts, and take him off the boat at Bayou Boeuf where he was to get a job as laborer in the oil fields. That would give her an opportunity, as the wife of an ordinary colored workman, to burn up millions of gallons of oil."

"So she was flashing the announcement of her engagement to the banks of Black River at midnight?" Cap'm Cooley chided. "Sounds powerful romantic and somewhat foolish to me."

"Neither foolish nor romantic," the officer said. "Just thorough. It was her last chance to communicate with her associates, because from here on, she had to be the wife of a rough laborer in the back country. Her flashing to the shore was to report her progress, so her chief would know whether to take additional steps from the outside. Her Baton Rouge man was expected to come here in a motor launch and take her report, but we jailed him and took the report ourselves."

"How was her scheme progressing?" Captain Cooley asked.

"Smoothly, except for one thing. She spotted your own undercover man, but promised to do away with him."

"My own what? I don't know what you're talking about."

"All right, you old river rat," the officer laughed. "Have your own secrets. But Martinique Mathilde gave a thorough report on a big man named Bugaboo, who played dumb but managed to ferret her game."

Cap'm Cooley rose to the situation. "Why—why—Bugaboo Jones here has been rousting on my boat for years," he said. "Naturally, he is patriotically interested in the welfare of his country."

"Well, Bugaboo," the officer said, "you landed a bad one."

Bugaboo grinned. "Iron Man drug her outn de river."

"I didn't know y'all wanted her," Iron Man apologized, "or I wouldn't 'a hit her so hard, but she was scratchin' and kickin'—"

The Coast Guardsmen lifted Mawteel into the speedboat. "She'll be all right when she comes to," the officer said as they started down the river. "A little surprised, maybe."

WHEN the Coast Guard boat had sped out of sight, Cap'm Cooley glared at the two roustabouts. "What was that woman doing on my boat?" he demanded.

Bugaboo and Iron Man exchanged glances.

She might er come on at Reserve." Bugaboo did the talking. "Us got away in sech a hurry."

"You've got to be more watchful," Cap'm Cooley warned. "This is wartime and that woman was a saboteur."

"A which?" Bugaboo asked.

"A spy," the captain explained. "An enemy spy."

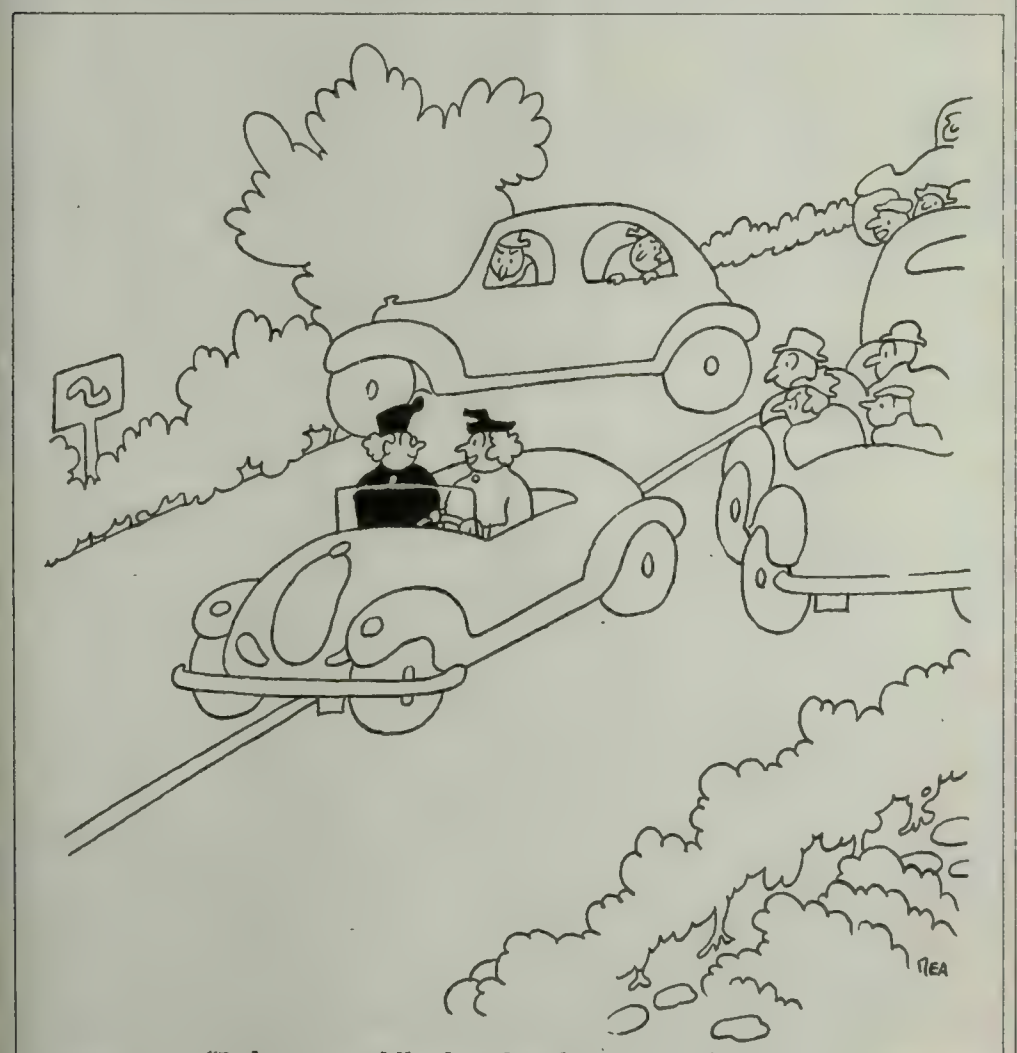
"Ain't dat agin de law?" Bugaboo wanted to know.

When Cap'm Cooley left, the roustabouts sat in silence for a long time. Iron Man began to blow on his harmonica but quickly stopped.

"Spyin' is agin de law," he muttered. "Roguin' f'm a man's pockets and totin' a gun is agin de law. Shootin' a man is agin de law—Bugaboo, I bet dey's fixin' to chunk dat lady in Angola for a hund'ed years, no months and no days!"

Bugaboo fingered his burning cheek. He hoped he would have a scar almost as good as Iron Man's. "Don't make me no diff'unce how long she stays in Angola," Bugaboo said softly. "Cause I'm gonter wait to she git out, and den make her shoot me again wid dis pistol. Cause I know she loves me so good."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I always straddle the white line, just to be safe" GARDNER REA





She was standing there, waiting for him. They slid into each other's arms, as if they were alone, standing motionless. Then he held her away to look at her

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

GREGORY COGSWELL, a noted news broadcaster, sells out to the Japanese, who send him to Manila to spy on the Americans there. Before he leaves Shanghai, his headquarters, he employs a young American journalist—Nick Griggs—to carry on for him in his absence.

Nick is in love with Betty Gaspard, whose father, a strong De Gaullist, is kidnaped shortly after Nick goes to work for Cogswell and taken to Saigon. . . .

Realizing that Nick's truthful broadcasts and news stories (should he ever get any past the censors) would hurt the Japanese cause, Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American secret agent; Harold Makita, his aide; and Ernst Sperling, a German Nazi, decide to get rid of him. A short time later, Nick receives a cablegram from Cogswell ordering him to come to Manila.

Meanwhile, Betty has learned that her father is to be court-martialed. So when Nick sails—on the Maréchal Joffre—she is with him. But the Maréchal Joffre (bound for Manila and Saigon) does not go to Manila—it goes straight to Saigon, where Betty sets to work to effect the escape of her father!

In Saigon, Nick sees much of Harold Makita, who has flown down from Shanghai. Makita professes to be his friend; in reality, Makita has been ordered by Yagi to keep an eye on the American and report on his activities.

Makita misses few of Nick's moves, but there is one important thing he does not know: Betty has arranged for her father's escape. The three (Betty, her father and Nick, who has finally decided that he must leave Saigon if he ever hopes to get important news to the outside world) are to take a ship bound for Singapore. . . .

Nick goes aboard the ship, the French steamer Faucault. He *thinks* that Betty and her father are already on board but he does not see them and he is not sure. He has a companion—Makita. The latter, very suspicious, does not leave him until the ship begins to move.

Rid of the Japanese, Nick looks for Gaspard and Betty. He cannot find them. More and more worried, he paces the deck.

After a time, a man—a Frenchman who is seated at a table—stops him. "You're Monsieur Griggs, aren't you?" the man says. "Yes," Nick replies. "I'm the captain," the man says. He lowers his voice. "They're in my stateroom."

VII

NICK put out his hand to steady himself on the table. He said, "Can I go there?"

"Later," said the captain. "After we're out of the river. I'll come for you."

Now Nick scarcely felt the heat. He was hungry. He took the steep stairs recklessly, seating himself at the table as the other passengers were finishing their coffee. He did not notice what he was served, except that it tasted fine.

When he went above, he found that the captain's little table had been moved under the swinging lamp at the stern. The tobacco man and his wife were playing bridge with another couple. Dixon and half a dozen companions sat on a covered hatch, braying songs. You could tell their generations by their repertoire. They knew the words to There's a Long, Long Trail, and Tipperary, and Over There. Nick taught them the Beer Barrel Polka, and they were rolling out the barrel in enthusiastic, flawed voices, when a cable snapped louder than they could sing.

The ropes running in the gutters at the edge of the deck slackened and began to flop against one another. The ship was drifting. Even the bridge game was halted and through the grunts from below and the cries from above, the tobacco man said: "Damn it all, the steering gear must be pooped out again."

The chorus moved from the hatch cover to make room for the repair crew.

Dixon said, "You know, it would be infernally tiresome to have to turn back."

Nick felt cold. He jammed his fists into his pants pockets and stared at the Japanese destroyer off starboard.

"No use funking," said Dixon. "Do give us the key for that barrel song, Nick, there's a good fellow. Now, all of us: Roll out the barrel . . ."

By midnight, the ship was on its way once more. The passengers retired to their staterooms around the saloon. Nick went below with Dixon, brushed his teeth and said, after an elaborate yawn:

"Think I'll sleep up on deck tonight. I like the air."

"Capital idea," said Dixon. "You take one hatch and I'll take the other."

He bounced up the stairs with his pillow and one of his golf irons. "Handy, if there's rats," he told Nick.

Nick lay on his hatch cover, watching the river widen, and wondering how quickly Dixon would fall asleep. Presently he began to curse and turn and bang on the hatch cover.

Dixon said, "Are you asleep, old boy?"

"Yes."

Dixon said, "Hanged if I don't think it would be more comfortable below. What do you say?"

"I guess you're right," Nick said. "I'll follow you down in a little while."

DIXON disappeared with his pillow and his golf stick. The Faucault was, at last, at sea. Nick began to prowl around and around the limited deck space. Then he saw a figure approaching him and he stopped where he was. It was the captain who peered up into his face, nodded and, without speaking, beckoned him to follow.

Above, approaching the bridge, the captain looked about him before he opened the door to his cabin. Betty was standing there, waiting for Nick. They slid into each other's arms, as if they were alone, standing motionless and wordless. Then he held her away to look at her and they wrinkled their noses at each other. Behind her, he now saw Henri Gaspard lying on his back, with one leg hanging over the edge of the captain's bunk and one arm crooked over his face. He was asleep.

The captain said in a hoarse whisper: "In a few minutes you may come out on the bridge."

He tiptoed out to order the helmsman below and took the wheel. By the time Nick crept out, he was alone and Betty, too, could steal out to join Nick on the starboard bulge of the bridge.

He wanted just to stay there, silent by her side, but he forced himself to speak: "Were there any slips?"

"None. The car went directly to the river. The sampan was waiting. And we believe no one noticed."

"Does that mean we're set?"

"We cannot feel easy until after we leave Pula Condore around noon today. You know, it's their Devil's Island out here. Two island officials are on board."

"Not on their way to Singapore?"

"No, on their way back to Pula Condore." She rested her head against his shoulder. "I was afraid I'd never see you again, my darling."

"I was more than afraid."

"Do we knock wood?" They solemnly rapped on the railing. "You see, if they should become too alert at the prison to which Father was to be transferred, if they should check back immediately, instead of waiting until the day of the trial . . ."

"Did the guard plan to skip as soon as he handed in the receipt?"

"Absolutely no. He is a brave man, he will wait until just before the trial."

"Well, if they find out immediately, they still mightn't suspect you're here."

"It's the only ship out, not counting Japanese," she said. "Listen. They'll think of everything."

"All right. That means there's still a chance this Pula Condore place would be notified before we dock there."

She nodded. "The captain wants to talk to you about this."

"Okay." He took her hand and led her toward the wheel.

Betty said, "I told Nick a little about Pula Condore."

"When we arrive there, I *(Continued on page 60)*

The Thrill is Gone

By Charles Rupert

THE news in yesterday's papers was not the beginning of a new life for Henry Dawkins, as many of his friends supposed, but the logical next step in a strange and long-concealed pattern that stretched from his cradle to the courtroom.

The hidden passion of Henry's heart was a desire for excitement, a dream of adventure and danger. He was a small, freckled man with volcanic blue eyes and he worked in a piano factory in one of the distant and almost uninhabited reaches of the Bronx. He lived not far from the plant in the third floor front of a rooming house. In his room was a grand piano and a shelf filled with secondhand detective and Western novels. Henry could not play the piano and had bought his instrument merely to make the proper impression on his employer. Neither was he a detective or a cowboy, but he lived in a storybook world, always hoping that some day something would happen to him. And one day something did.

There came in Henry's mail a summons for jury duty. As he was not acquainted with the defendant, had never been arrested, and had no prejudices against capital punishment, he was acceptable to both sides, and so became a member of the jury.

The prisoner was Wilma Bowers, a widow, and the charge was that she had willfully, and knowingly, and with malice aforethought, dropped into her husband's beer enough cyanide of potassium to kill a horse. Mrs. Bowers admitted having bought the poison but only at her husband's command. She admitted also that she had induced him to take out a life insurance policy for ten thousand dollars, but she felt this was no more than proper wifely prudence. Finally she asserted that her husband had suffered from chronic headaches and dosed his own beer with poison because he was tired of pain. In fact, he wrote a suicide note and left it on the table in the hall. Unfortunately, in the distraction of her grief, Wilma could not remember where she had mislaid this vital document.

"A likely story!" fleered the district attorney, rolling his eyes at the jury. But Dawkins was not listening to the district attorney. He could concentrate only on the lovely prisoner. Henry thought that Wilma was a fascinating, glamorous creature. The modest dressing of her dark hair, the hope and fear in her large eyes, the curvacious figure, made the blood incandescent in his veins. In fact, he barely heard the impassioned arguments of prosecutor and counsel for defense.

The first vote in the jury room was eleven to one for a verdict of guilty. The one acquittal ballot was Henry's. When he realized that all the other jurors were ready to send the beautiful prisoner to the electric chair he was stunned. Then he sprang into action. Never a garrulous man, he suddenly found himself gifted with a superb eloquence. He argued and debated, pleaded and denounced, while hours rolled on. Just before dinner, a second vote was taken and the count stood seven to five—for acquittal. By midnight, the last stand-out for electrocution, a Mrs. Harrington, changed her vote. The jury reported a unanimous vote of not guilty.

Naturally the defense attorney learned of the magnificent behavior of Henry Dawkins. The result was an invitation to luncheon, from which counsel then excused himself. Wilma Bowers and Henry were alone at last.

Eventually Henry said, "You are the most wonderful woman in the world. I wish I could be with you forever."

"This is sudden," admitted Wilma, "but I like it. I accept."

One week later they were married. Then began for Henry Dawkins a period of ecstatic and thrill-filled days and nights. Wilma, the widow, was a tender and affectionate teacher of her bachelor pupil. But the familiar joys of wedlock were of wholly secondary importance to Henry Dawkins. He accepted them only as a pleasant by-product of a larger bliss. His was a secret and solitary happiness, the thrill of living close to danger.

Not for one moment had Henry ever felt himself deceived about Wilma. He devoutly believed the whole story as told to the jury by the district attorney. Now he felt certain that the time would soon come when she would do to him what she did to her first husband. At last he was living a real adventure! Thus he was not surprised when Wilma suggested that he take out life insurance; he signed the application with glee. Until the policy was issued he felt uncomfortably and disappointingly secure.

But once the policy, naming Wilma as sole beneficiary, without possibility of change, was delivered to him, life really became exciting. If Wilma baked an apple pie, Henry tasted it with eyes to one side, tongue poised, for the distant tang of an alien taste. He went curiously to sleep wondering if he would ever wake up.

Then came a winter's night, with the wind crying like a bad child. The lamps were low in the Dawkins' living room, and Henry was in his easy chair reading a detective novel. Through the door came Wilma, smiling; in one hand she carried an empty glass and in the other an uncapped bottle. Henry's heart vaulted and fell. He remembered; his predecessor had passed out after a draught of beer.

"My dear," he grinned, "that looks like brown October ale. You remember—the song in Robin Hood?"

"Robin Hood?" repeated Wilma, aghast. "Did you say Robin Hood?"

"Yes," said Henry. "Anything wrong about it?"

Wilma's hand, pouring the beer, began to tremble. "Robin Hood," she repeated. "I remember now."

She rushed across the room toward the bookcase, and her hands raced from title to title. She gave a little triumphant squeal and pulled out a book, shook it, and a piece of white paper fluttered to the floor. With a cry from the heart she seized it and held it triumphantly before Henry's bug-eyed stare, There it was, and no mistake. Her first husband's note, proclaiming his intention to commit suicide. Wilma was not a murderess. She was vindicated. . . .

The squib in the paper yesterday told how Henry Dawkins of the Bronx went to Reno and got his divorce. ★★★



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Henry Dawkins was not listening to the district attorney. He could concentrate only on the lovely prisoner. He thought that Wilma was a glamorous creature. She made the blood incandescent in his veins

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"The Busier I am
The more useful
I find my Lady Buxton"

Wherever I go—whatever I do—my Lady Buxton thinks of everything! It's so roomy, so convenient, so darned useful that I honestly don't know how I'd get along without it.

It's remarkable how my Lady Buxton keeps its youthful figure. You see Buxtons are made with a *patented* "give-and-take" construction. Fill it full . . . it expands—ease the load and it slips back into shape!

THE MAGIC PURSE
When I need a "small change" purse, I just unsnap the Magic Purse. Easy to take out—it's easy to snap back. And doubly secured by the *patented* "Raplock"—*it stays!*

(top) "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in smooth Calf. $6.

(middle) "Three-Way" in Goatskin with Magic Purse. $5.

(bottom) Open-window model with Magic Purse. $2.

Lady Buxton

Other Lady Buxtons from $1.00.

'S THE LADY BUXTON "THREE-WAY"...

1. *A complete pocket file*—The inner fold, *open side up*, gives you 3 full-length compartments separating checks, bills, papers, etc.

2. *For glamorous evenings*—Draw the inner fold toward you. It unlocks—lifts out. It's a separate complete "wafer-thin" billfold to slip into your evening bag!

3. *A secret hideaway*—Insert the inner fold containing your big bills *open side down*. Presto—the hidden compartment keeps valuables from prying eyes. All Lady Buxton "Three-Ways" have the Magic Purse.

E FOR THIS FREE GIFT BOOK—Dozens of "what-to- ' suggestions—thoughtful remembrances from and $1.00 to lovely matched sets at $25. Clear uctions for fancy gift-wrapping. Information on ers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4278 Orleans St., Spring- , Mass. or Dept. Z, 47 W. 34th Street, N. Y. C.

Buxton

Leggy Blonde

Continued from page 18

proceeded through the place in the accustomed way, working backstage, managing props, managing the shows.

When she got to Warners' there were discussions over her name. It was felt that while Smith was a distinguished name it was not strictly exclusive. As for Alexis, it was masculine. It was further pointed out that the most famous of all Smiths, Gladys, had changed her name to Mary Pickford. Alexis handled this competently by simply walking away at such a pace that strange little creatures known as press agents were left panting behind.

"If I came home with my name changed, I'd get smacked," said Alexis, who has great respect for Mr. Alexander Smith, *père*.

Just how serious Warners' were about Alexis at first cannot be determined. They were paying her something less than a ransom and were getting full worth in press publicity. She spent her first weeks practically unclothed, appearing for so many bathing-suit pictures that the world could only surmise that the girl spent her sleeping hours in a bathhouse.

The fan mail following her first screen showings was such that if she could act it was all right and if she couldn't she would be in pictures anyhow.

Darling of the Photographers

"A great native talent," they said profoundly, meaning that the cameramen began chattering like apes when she approached. They worried neither about shadows nor freak angles nor elongated noses; they simply turned the machine in her direction and let it run.

At the same time the press department was chinning itself in ecstasy. Placing still photographs of Alexis was almost too simple; they had to find a tag line for her. Ever since this department christened Ann Sheridan the "oomph girl" it has been torturing itself for a new triumph. It wasn't long before they came chortling forth with a nifty for Alexis: "The Blond Bomber."

Nobody gave a hoot and they tried again. They dug up one James Darling, president of the Dynamiters Guild of America, who promptly designated Miss Smith as the "Dynamite Girl" and presented her with an "Oscar" consisting of five phony dynamite sticks. Mr. Darling also made a speech:

"Miss Smith is full of tremendous energy, ready to explode on the slightest impulse and walking around with a half mad on, like dynamite."

All that can be said on behalf of Miss Smith is that if she can survive all this she *must* be an actress.

On the personal side, the girl is all right. She takes her fame as a matter of course, somehow feeling that heaven and not proximity to the studios brought it all about, but in other ways she is normal. She has been driving her own coupé since she was sixteen and is always getting tickets.

One day a cop stopped her and said, "You're Alexis Smith, the movie actress. I've been waiting for you."

Because she lives at home and has to be in early like a good girl, she knows very little about Hollywood night life, which is no loss to anyone. The war is a powerful thing; it even made Hollywood duller than usual. Rumors have it that her boy friend is Craig Stevens and if so this must set Mr. Stevens back a pretty kopeck because Alexis runs strongly to steaks and other hot meats. However, they are addicted to drive-ins and other lesser enjoyments, including dancing, at which Alexis is still adept.

"Dancing on your toes is a disease," say her friends. "It's harder to break than the marijuana habit."

She still takes dancing lessons three times a week and is said to be good in tap, ballet and interpretive forms of that minor art. Her family have no servants and she helps with the dishes. After finishing The Constant Nymph, she went into Gentleman Jim, the life of James J. Corbett, with Errol Flynn.

It was a lucky break because, as previously hinted, Warners' are not crowded with lofty actors. Her height is listed as 5'7", but that is in her stocking feet. She is a good 5'9" with heels and we don't mean male actors.

Her father looks after her finances, which are just slightly north of peonage, as with all young actresses, but there is a vague possibility that Warners' will make a readjustment following her elevation to stardom. She saves money and has a definite financial program—something worked out with a slide rule, no doubt.

The Smiths seem to have a little money ahead, however, because recently they built an addition to the old homestead in Glendale. They had a family council and vowed a good Scottish vow that they would have no rumpus room, bar or swimming pool. Alexis has lost her love for swimming pools.

The family now has a box at Hollywood Bowl, this making up for the years when they had to get to the free seats at five in the afternoon, replete with sandwiches, umbrellas and insect spray. Alexis takes pride in her fame and always hangs around beauty parlors with the hope that somebody is going to discover that she is the girl whose picture hangs near the drier. They almost never do it. Even in Glendale her heart was broken in that way, the manicurist merely saying, "That's a girl from around here. Quite nice-looking."

She will soon be working in The Adventures of Mark Twain with Fredric March. He has been warned that she is fond of green onions and is prepared.

"Just a little advance warning," he says. "I'm a garlic man myself."

Success Story in Reverse

She was in Hollywood High at approximately the same time Lana Turner of the same institution was being discovered in a drugstore by a movie scout. But Alexis has had none of the little boring things happen to her. She was not found in a five-and-ten; she was not understudy to a great star who came down with pellagra; she did not sit next to a great producer who swooned into his coffee cup at sight of her; she has simply had it soft, first and last.

That would be all right if she weren't ruining all the illusions of Hollywood glamor by that Glendale stuff. Nobody loves Glendale more than we do. It is a beautiful, divine place used by radio comedians as the equivalent of Oshkosh. However, we belong to the school which maintains that all movie actresses should live in castles which can be reached only by gallant knights climbing up rose trellises. We also think it would be wrong if Miss Tallulah Bankhead lived in Gary, Indiana. There is a rightness about these things that must be observed.

THE END

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Any Week

Continued from page 4

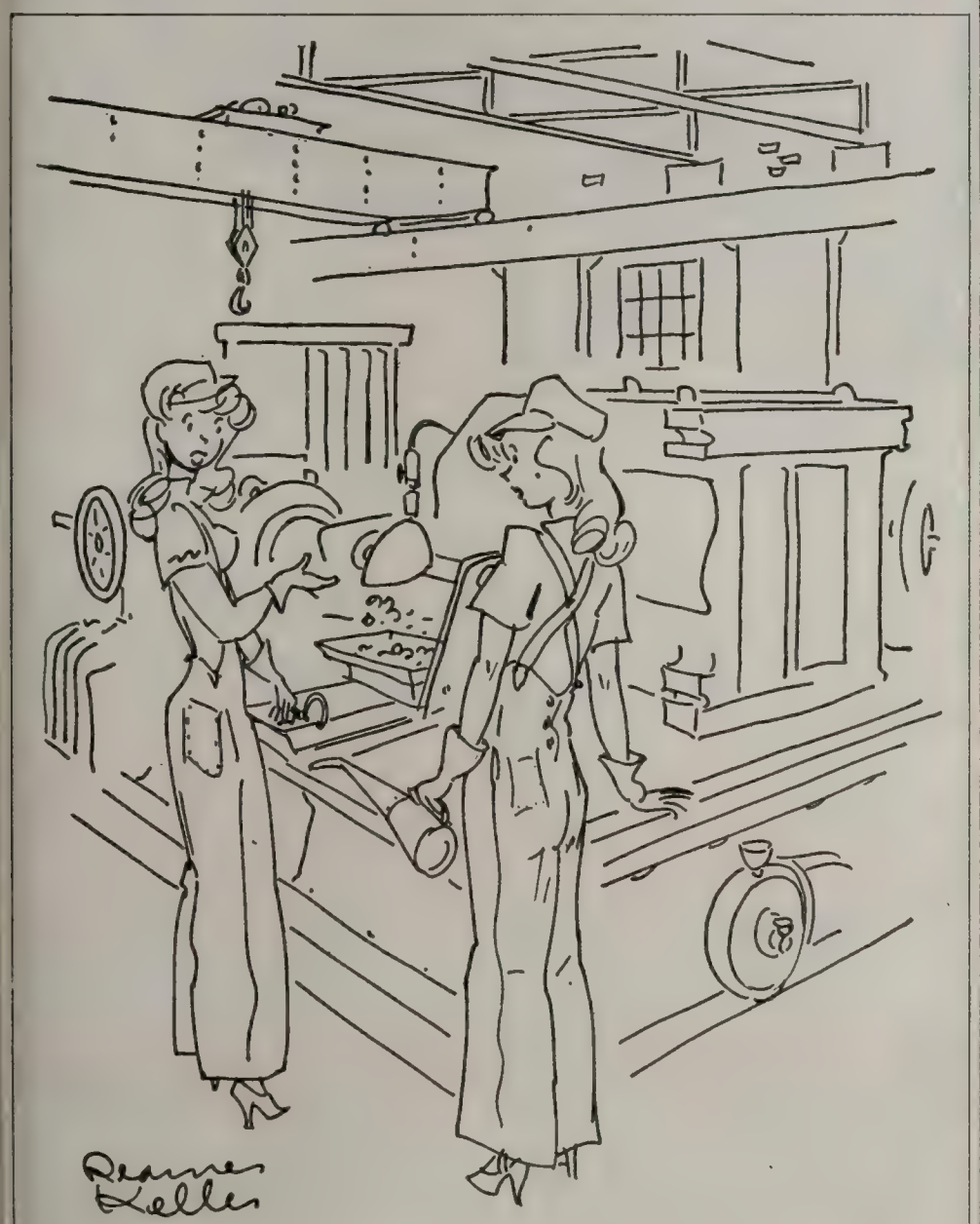
been taken over by maps, and Mr. Vest and friends have begun to spread their activities to the second floor. Mrs. Vest is in quite a state. Geography is ruining her life.

HERE'S a plea for football articles that are not written in footballese. Admittedly, it's a bit late for beefs of this sort although we're in complete sympathy. Anyway, Miss Eunice Squarsch of Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, will not have to read any until next fall, or hardly any. Miss Squarsch admits that it's nice to read in a magazine that Tubthump Teachers won from Nougat Normal in the last few seconds of play in 1941. But after reading the heartening news twice, she still wonders what happened in those last few moments. "All I got out of it," sighs Miss Squarsch, "is that Mike Badgernosi, a blocking quarter, called for the well-known 7-G, figuring that Teachers with their unbalanced five-three-two-one defense would be looking for 7-D with the tailback on the weak side and a man in motion with his ends wide. But instead of this, Mike goes into a short punt formation, reverses his field and throws up in the flat, refusing the penalty. Teachers fell for the brilliant stratagem and went over from the three on a crossbuck, calling for time out at the half." All this is as clear to Miss Squarsch as the text of an insurance policy, an OPA rationing directive, a government revenue bill or one of this column's attempts to be brainy. "Just tell the boys writing such pieces," asks Miss Squarsch, "to come clean. Won't you?"

MR. BERTON KNIPP JACKLYN of Sarasota, Florida, has written "a precision poem in the modern idiom reviewing the war from Munich to Monrovia with footnotes." But we shall not read it. Mr. Jacklyn will not let us. He says that the denial serves us right. "I sent you a similarly styled review of Napoleon's Russian campaign," he writes, "and one of your secretaries returned it to me with the comment that the heroine's conduct when he was informed that the man she had married was an Anglophobe is scarcely credible. With certain changes—I shall not send my verses to you this time, but hope that my decision will not disrupt our otherwise cordial relations. Sir, there was no heroine or bridegroom in my poem of Napoleon's Russian campaign. Furthermore, the writer of that letter reversed my name, making it Jacklyn Knipp. I am congratulating myself that I did not enclose return postage. I am still awaiting your reply to my invitation to you to dine with me."

AND we've received a number of letters protesting against a small-time crack we made some time ago to the effect that if we were consulted we'd turn the war over to the F.B.I., which, in our opinion, is one of the very few government agencies making few, if any, mistakes. The latest objection we've had comes from a quartermaster corps colonel who, if you ask us, is a pretty dreary customer. But we still wonder where we'd be if it weren't for the F.B.I. and the Marines. . . .

W. D.



"The foreman wants me to come up to his office to look at his blueprints"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

The best to the best!

P&T

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE WHISKEY A BLEND

BLENDED & BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A Gift in finest taste

—because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF



"What's so tough about being a bombardier?" Mr. Pfifer demanded; then: "The bombardier's the fellow the pilot drives the plane for, isn't he? You're a lucky fellow, young Hoag, to be here"

Flying Gadget

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

By Libbie Block

When they washed Danny Hoag out of a pilot's cockpit he set out to show the Air Corps just what a really tough boy he was

SOME men, like some teams and some nations, are crushed by first defeat. Some men, some teams, some nations rise up again and win. And some are lost . . .

When Danny Hoag washed out as a pilot cadet, the change in him was from gold to brass. He had been an earnest student; and physically, a perfect specimen . . . a pleasant redheaded Tarzan. But the Army had dismissed him as pilot material. What he had a talent for, they said, was the gentle art of bombing. He transferred to Baffine Field and there was a new hardness about him, a new recklessness.

He set out to put his mark on Baffine Field and the town of Murphy, Texas, which it adjoined—the mark of the playboy, the wise guy. "I'll show them," he thought fiercely. Though *what* he would show *whom*, he never asked himself.

In the twenty-two years of his life he had never been scared before. Now he was tormented, he was stiff-scared that he would wash out again.

He did pretty well with the girls of Murphy, Texas. He let them ask him out to dinner . . . the tanned face below the rusty toothbrush haircut became a familiar sight at the tables of the town's best families. Indifferently, he dodged the girls whose kisses were easy; the hard-to-get, he blitzed. His mother would never have recognized him.

But Mrs. Hoag was way up north in Wyoming, where Danny had come from, and maybe it was just as well. Maybe even his mother wouldn't have been able to get under his brashness to where he was hurt.

He was giving a pretty good imitation of a bad boy. As far as his bombardier instructor, Lieutenant Jack Harquer, was concerned, it was a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Lieutenant Harquer did not pretend to be a psychologist. He was twenty-five, almost of an age with his pupils, and what he wanted most in all the world was to be postman to a few tons of bombs sent to Tokyo, special delivery. Instead of which he trained one flight of bombardiers after another.

As a good instructor he had spotted Danny Hoag as a good potential bombardier. The boy had a bombardier's hands, quick, easy-jointed. Already he was handling the instrument as though he'd been born to it. And yet, and yet . . .

Well, it was this: What counts with a bombardier is how close his dropped egg comes to his target. Cadet Hoag wasn't getting them close enough. It was the intention of Lieutenant Harquer this cloudless blue afternoon to find out why not. To Cadets Weatherly, Bobbins and Hoag he had announced, "I'm going upstairs with you boys," and had seen unease take two of the faces and defiance, the third.

Today's mission was in the B-18, the Flying Boxcar. From medium low altitudes the cadets were to bomb a shack far out on the Texas prairie. Ordinarily they would be traveling without an instructor, scoring one another. The fact that Lieutenant Harquer was coming along indicated that one of them was in for a check ride.

But which one? Weatherly, from Georgia? Or Bobby Bobbins? Or Hoag? *I'm the one,* Danny thought, and his stomach sickened. *It's me!* The Flying Boxcar circled up and out, en route to the target.

By the time Lieutenant Harquer came into the greenhouse, Danny had his face ready, eyes narrowed and lips derisive.

"Okay, Mister Hoag," Lieutenant Harquer said. "I'd like to see you drop a few."

Bobby crawled out, the instructor took his place beside Danny. In a minute Bobby would be indicating to Rink

(Continued on page 65)



DON'T WORRY
about
Iron

Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the way you can use it!



DON'T WORRY
about
Vitamins G, P-P

You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and *the entire* Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



DON'T WORRY
about
Vitamin D

Rarest of all vitamins in food. You get it from sunshine—but during 6 or 8 months of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine.

DON'T WORRY

about Vitamins and Minerals



DON'T WORRY
about
Vitamin A

Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds, for good eyesight. With Ovaltine you *get* all the extra "A" you need —according to experts.

3 Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Average Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use! Here's Why—

Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result, millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovaltine user—and are eating three good meals a day—you don't need to worry —you don't need any pills, *unless you are really sick and should be under a doctor's care.* According to experts, you're already getting all the extra vitamins and minerals *your system can profitably use!*

Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovaltine *extra amounts* of those rarer food elements most likely to be deficient in the average diet—*enough to be sure* —in scientific proportion—all except Vitamin C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, underweight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovaltine is added to their regular meals.

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals! Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra ones you can use—in addition to its other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health—

3 MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

If you want to read more about this extremely interesting subject, send the convenient coupon at right. If not, start your Ovaltine today and don't worry!



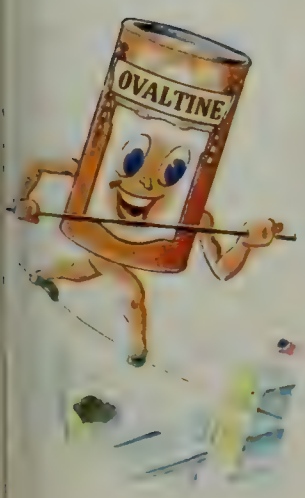
DON'T WORRY
about
Calcium and Phosphorus

They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

DON'T WORRY
about
Vitamin B_1

You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B_1. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!





BUT NO!

Don't think vitamins and minerals are *all* Ovaltine gives you. It's a well-balanced dietary food supplement prescribed by doctors the world over. Famous also as a bedtime drink to foster sound sleep and morning freshness.

WARNING!

AUTHORITIES say "Don't trust incomplete pills that may lack the very vitamins and minerals you need. And don't waste your money on 'loaded' products that supply overdoses your system can't use."

RELY ON 3 good meals a day and 2 glasses of Ovaltine for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

OVALTINE, Dept. V42-C-12
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine—and interesting new booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

OVALTINE

THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

The Battle of Sam Hill's Army

Continued from page 20

talk with lightning . . . Indian come ahead, white man'—hell—wait!"

Mr. Hill lifted his hands and fired a fast paragraph or two at the Rattlesnake. He turned to Tom Goat. "All right, let him have his way. I'll cover the pair of you. You get him?"

"I got him. Grandpaw and I will take a crack at the two Japs and see if we can keep it quiet with his old rope trick and my machete. They've got a portable radio set over there. Can you see them?"

"I see them now—one of 'em grinding that generator like a dog digging up a bone and the other banging away with a slow key. International code, but I can't get it. Jap lingo, I guess, to their ship."

"I'll move in now," Tom Goat said. "If there's any shooting—most of them are behind us—excuse me for trying to break in with any advice, Mr. Hill."

"Hop to it. I'm ready for shootin' to start, but I'll stay quiet while you get that pair over there."

A long five minutes of tense waiting and then Sam Hill thought that he could see a dark shadow creep along behind a big pine tree that stood within twenty feet of the two Japanese. The next five minutes seemed to be an hour and then the Jap who had been grinding away at the radio fell backward suddenly, into the Rattlesnake's arms. The other Jap's head bounced over the radio set and rolled into a clump of mesquite.

SAM HILL wriggled his way along the ground toward the kill. He dragged the body of the headless Jap into the brush while John Rattle lifted the tight loop of a rawhide cord from the other Jap's throat. "They'll wonder what broke his message," Sam Hill whispered to Tom Goat. "Let's get to the edge of the bluff and see if we can spot their ship. This is a tough spot for a three-man army!"

A fringe of coarse grass grew to the edge of the bank. Five feet from the edge Sam Hill signaled his companions to halt. "Your hair shows up too plain against this grass. My gray head was made for the job." He inched his way ahead, reluctant to displace a single sheaf of the waving grass and then, below him and three hundred yards to the north, the whole scene lay revealed.

"Submarines! Four of them, and a slim gray boat with two low, stubby funnels! A mine layer—fifty mines there on her deck!"

A dozen torpedoes lay nested on the forward deck of the gray ship, and another one of the deadly projectiles was swinging in a sling toward the deck of the nearest sub.

Sam Hill lifted his right hand and flagged a slow signal to John Rattle and Tom Goat. "Come ahead." When they could hear him, "Pig boats!" he whispered. "There's about one chance in a thousand that we can explode one of those mines on the head end of that mine layer with rifle fire. It's risky, but it's our big chance. Figure the range—quick!"

"Three hundred yards," Tom Goat said. "They're three hundred feet below us. It's a tough shot."

"Check the barrel of your rifle—no sand in it," Sam told Tom. "Take it slow, and when I count three we fire. After that, if the devil deals against us, pour it into those mines until something happens. Are you all set?"

"All set," Tom Goat said. John Rattle grunted.

Sam Hill abandoned his whispering and spoke slowly: "Breathe natural, now. Hold your breath on the 'ready'—and here we go . . . ready . . . aim her low, and fire . . . one, and two, and three!"

John Rattle fired his third shot on the top of a violent earthquake that jolted him back from the edge of the bluff.

"Felt like a mule kicked me in the stummick," Sam Hill growled. A volcano roared up a thousand feet above the shattered subs, and, through it, crowding the smoke and flame aside, water and steam and the torn steel of dead ships lifted against the western sky.

"Fair enough!" Sam Hill said, after the swelling in his throat subsided. "Looks like we scored a five! Break out some shells now, and dig in! We've got to hold this position against those yellow swine behind us until we clean 'em up. Then we'll see if we can make that radio work."

John Rattle began to laugh for the first time in his life. Presently, recovering his mask: "Fifty years I kill deer, bear, man—first time now kill everything one shot! Fifty years—first time I laugh!"

"I'll go up and bring that radio rig back here," Tom Goat said. "Maybe after a while I can nail a Jap that has some cigarettes on him."

"I'll go with you," Sam Hill said. "Like as not they'll be heading back by this time."

AGAINST the rim of the bluff, concealed by a growth of overhanging brush Sam Hill and Tom Goat started in on the radio rig while John Rattle lay on guard against the landward enemy.

"Crank her and I'll prospect around the kilocycle corral and trust to luck," Sam Hill said to Tom Goat. "We'll try her on every wave length on the dial and see what happens. Where are we? Midway, let's say, between Potam and Huatabampo. Patrol the railroad from Empalme to Navajoa and none of 'em can get away. First of all an S O S and a yelp for a patrol bomber that can spot a signal smoke and that can ride the rolling wave. Let's go!"

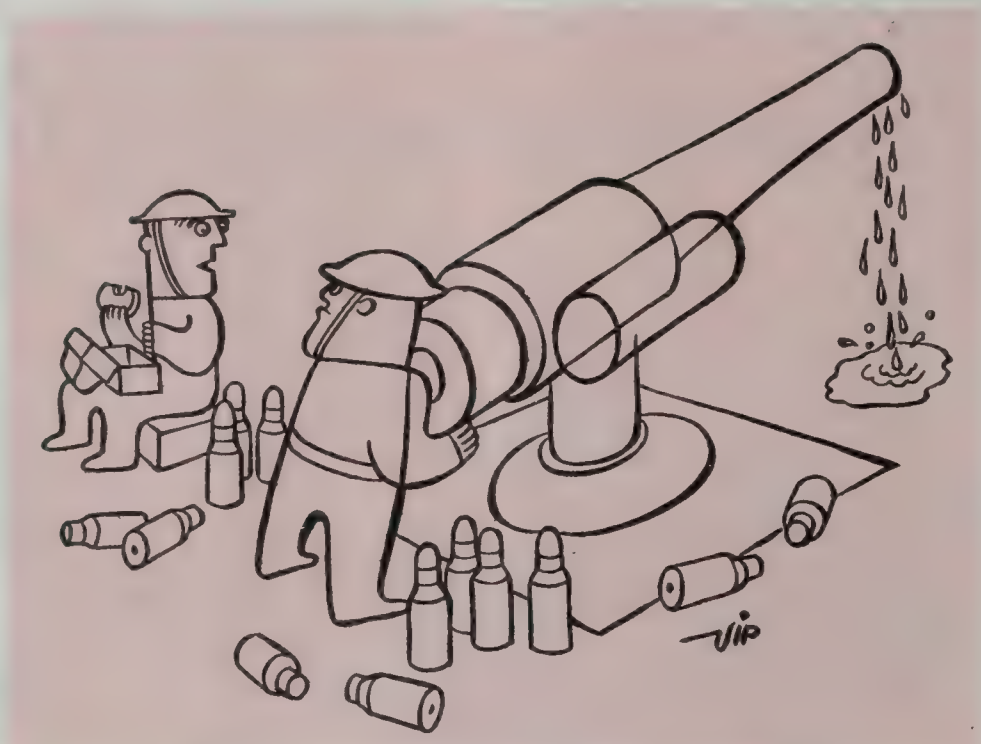
A short-wave fan in Guaymas picked the flash up first. After that, the telegrams from the other short-wave addicts began to dribble in to Army and Navy stations in Arizona and California. Sam Hill burned the key for eight minutes before he was interrupted by four shots from John Rattle's rifle. "Jap coming!" John Rattle announced. "You better help me fight 'um now."

"There's one military advantage in this position," Sam Hill observed, after a twenty-minute stretch of fast work with his rifle. "Our rear is darn' well protected!"

"Not bad hunting, either," Tom Goat added. "Grandpop has bagged eleven of the lousy lizards. I've got six and I've counted a sure eight for your gun. You think they'll try to rush us—with a touch of the bayonet for good measure?"

"I GUESS all Jap dead," John Rattle grunted. "Me hungry now. I go look. Come back half-hour." He slid into the brush, bearing to the right on the first leg of his scouting tour.

After a while: "I'll hold this point," Sam Hill said to Tom Goat. "You'd better sneak over until you're above the place where the pig boats got theirs and start a signal fire. Make it easy for any flier to spot us."



COLLIER'S "That was my thermos bottle you just shot off!" VIRGIL PARTCH

Fifteen minutes after Tom Goat moved away Sam Hill saw the first thin column of the signal smoke drift upward. He watched it for a moment and then, from deep within the brush he heard three shots. "The Rattlesnake's gun . . . and nobody shooting back at him!" He waited for thirty seconds and fired a single interrogative shot in the air. John Rattle answered it at once with two shots. At which, throwing caution aside, Sam Hill stood up and started inland. "I'll bet that old Yaqui rattler has struck again!" he mused. "Like as not he hated to waste two cartridges, answering me."

John Rattle stood looking down at three dead Japs when Sam Hill found him. "All Japs dead now," the Yaqui said. "All right eat something now. Plenty hungry."

"Bring the meat and coffee out to where we can see better," Sam Hill directed. "Maybe somebody fly in, look for us, not see him in here."

The coffeepot had begun to boil and Tom Goat had finished his census of the dead when the silver fighter gleamed across the morning sky, ten thousand feet above the blue waters of the Gulf.

"Lockheed P-38," Tom Goat announced. "Sure got here quick."

"Bring us that red blanket of mine," Sam Hill said. "We'll flag him if he swings down to where he can see us. Probably just a messenger heading down to Mexico City on business."

The flier came back on a wide turn two minutes later. He brought his ship down to a thousand feet and circled the signal fire three times, then headed to the north.

"Looks like we punched through with that radio rig," Sam Hill observed. "That boy was looking for us."

"The meat cooked. Coffee ready," John Rattle said. "Eat now. Everybody come here purty soon now."

Within the hour a trio of North American Mustangs and then a dozen various planes had circled above the scene.

At midday a big Consolidated patrol bomber drifted down and landed half a mile from the site of the hillside scar that marked the grave of the Jap subs. She plowed ahead on her course while Sam Hill with Tom Goat and John Rattle scrambled down to the water. The pilot of the bomber fired a question at the trio on the shore. "Who are you, and what goes on?"

"Climb into one of your little rubber boats and come ashore for a look," Sam Hill invited. "We have a few Jap casualties up the hill for you."

THE skipper of the bomber and two of his crew came ashore. They looked at the big scar that had been blasted into the hillside and counted the enemy dead above on the field of battle. A full report of the action began to burn through to headquarters over the bomber's radio ten minutes later.

After a while, having finished his third borrowed cigarette: "I've got to go and round up that horse that hit the back trail last night," Tom Goat said.

The pilot of the bomber smiled at Tom Goat. "Listen, son, take it easy," he advised. "Mr. Hill and your grandpaw and yourself just knocked over four of the biggest known subs in the Jap navy. Four subs and their torpedo ship. There'll be a regiment of Mexican infantry on the job in a couple of hours. Never mind that horse. I just got orders from the head man of the Ninth Corps Area to fly you three fightin' fools to San Francisco in my ship—pronto. You're probably headed for the White House!"

"I'd like to stop over in Hollywood and have a word with that recruitin' sergeant that called me an old slacker," Sam Hill declared. "Buy him another beer and razz the heck out of him. Make him jealous as a pet hound when I tell him what a first-class scrap we had down here."

"I got to get my pants," John Rattle added. "Walk in big town, no pants, long time stay in jail."

"All right, get your pants! You men kill three or four hundred Japs and sink four subs and chatter about a pair of pants! Get your pants and then we head north. You're due for supper with the commanding general a thousand miles from here."

"I could stand a little high-toned chow," Sam Hill reflected. "Venison three times a day is sort of like the eternal goldfish in '17 . . . maybe if I lie to the general about my age he can fix up another Army hitch for me."

THE END

IT *was back at Jack Higgins'*



YES, it's Jack's first—a boy. And after Jack had got over the shock of being a father, he began to plan, as all of them do.

"What d'you think, Doc," he said, "suppose he'll make a doctor?"

"Could be," I said. "Though I'd wait till he got some hair and teeth before I decided for sure."

But shucks! Jack wasn't listening. By the time I left he'd had the kid governor—he's probably president by now!

President? Maybe. No telling what little Johnnie'll be when he grows up. But whatever it is, we're sure going to be needing men like him! There'll be jobs to do, designing and building things for the future. Things like television, and air conditioning, and plastics, and what'll come after them.

This war is changing lots of things. We're just beginning to realize how big a job we've got ahead. But if the war's already showed us anything, it's that we couldn't begin to win if there hadn't been men with courage and vision to build factories and organizations big enough to make the weapons and equipment our boys in the Army and Navy need.

And it's showed us that if the factories can pour out war stuff the way they're doing today, afterwards they can turn out just as much to make peacetime living better.

So it's up to us to see that Johnnie has *his* chance, too. The chance to use all his initiative and gumption to produce something worth while. To give to the world as much as he gets. There's some *satisfaction* in a job like that! And that's the kind of a future I wish for little Johnnie Higgins! *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

THE VOLUME *of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great, that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely, we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-386K

The Kid from Sunnyside

Continued from page 13

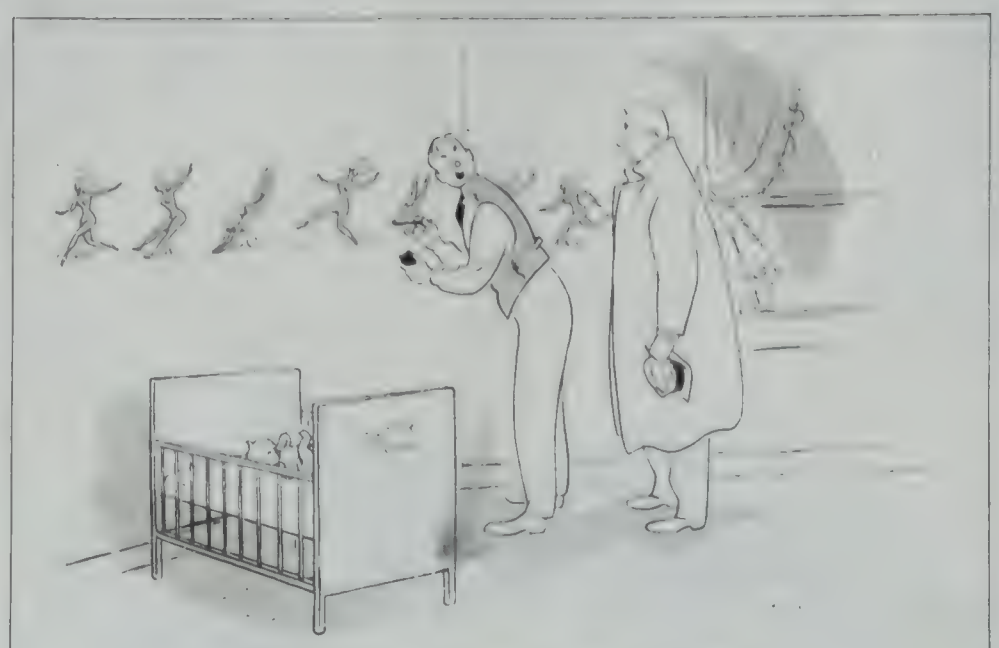
"James outrode Arcaro," the railbirds said. "Eddie waited too long to make his move."

This little guy who, win or lose, leaves them talking when the race is over, is snub-nosed, blue-eyed, light-haired, looks—for all his twenty-four years—like a fugitive from high school and cannot remember a time when he wasn't around horses. His mother died when he was five years old, and his father, a minor-league rodeo rider trouping the carnival towns, sent him to live with his grandfather, who raced a string of horses on the half-mile tracks in the Northwest.

"Grandpa had me in the barns as soon as I was able to keep from under the horses' feet," Basil said. "When I was ten years old I was walking hots."

"Hots" are horses just back from a race or a workout, and blankets are put on them and boys walk them until they are cooled off.

At fourteen, Basil was a jockey. That was at Helena, Montana, and the name of his first mount was Sineta. Jockeys sometimes forget many things, for their lives are crowded. But they never forget the name of the first horse they rode, the first time they ever wore silks, the first time they ever heard a bugle calling them to the post.



"He's too young to know what he wants, and I'm old enough to know what I like"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

They Paid Him in Peanuts

A year on the brush tracks, and he joined up with the Tranquility stable. Now he was riding a better grade of horses and for a stable that ranged wide and bet heavily. He was winning regularly, knocking down a lot of fair purses, winning many big bets for his employers. But he was getting only $100 a month, with no percentage of the stakes and no bonuses.

"I wanted more money," he said, "but they wouldn't give it to me."

The Tranquility horses were in California; he had only a few dollars saved and he didn't know what to do. For advice, he went to the trainer Ed Snyder, who now trains for Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. Basil reported the result:

"He thought I ought to get more money, too. But still they wouldn't give it to me, and Mr. Snyder said to them, 'I don't want to work for a stable that don't treat a boy better than that. If you don't give him a raise, I'll quit.'

"They still wouldn't give it to me. I guess they thought it would spoil me. So Mr. Snyder quit and I said to myself, 'Well, if he thinks enough of me to quit on my account, the least I can do is to quit with him.'

"I didn't have any contract, so I just got my stuff together and walked out. Mr. Snyder didn't have any job, so he couldn't take me along with him but he took care of me. He sent me to Bones."

"Bones," as he is known on race tracks all over the country, had come out of Canada as a jockey with Johnny Longden, Red Pollard and Georgie Woolf, but he grew too heavy to ride and became an agent. He was handling some of the leading jockeys on the Coast and he wasn't interested at first in the kid.

"But Mr. Snyder asked him just to look at me," Basil said. "When he saw me working a horse, he saw I could ride a little bit anyway and had a chance to get somewhere if I could learn, so he agreed to take me. He schooled me in the mornings, and in the afternoons he would take me into the infield at the track, so I could see how the good jockeys handled their horses. He showed me all the things the jockeys were doing and I learned a lot just by looking at them."

So began an enduring companionship between Bones and Elmer. Elmer? Well, that's the name Bones has given Basil. Around home he was known as "Cotton," a contraction of "Cottontop," which his grandfather, now dead, called him when he was a baby and his hair was even lighter than it is now. But one day Bones introduced him to a man named Elmer, and that was the first time he ever had met anybody named Elmer. After the man had left them, Basil said to Bones, "Is that really his name? I mean, is anybody really named Elmer?"

Bones never forgot that. From that time, Basil has been Elmer to Bones; the other jockeys have picked it up, and that's what they call him in the jockeys' room.

Bones arranged for him to ride for Major Austin Taylor, owner of the A.C.T. Stock Farm, and he rode the major's Indian Broom and Manner's Man. Now he really was in his stride. He piled up one victory after another, and his fame spread. W. E. Boeing, Seattle plane manufacturer, had formed a stable a year or so before. He had some good horses, and in 1938 he took first call on Basil's services. He shipped some of his horses East, among them the two-year-old Porter's Mite, which he had bought from Jock Whitney and with which he was aiming at the great juvenile stakes.

James had ridden Porter's Mite in three of his four starts on the Coast and had won with him each time. In two starts at Aqueduct, the Mite was unimpressive and so, when he went to the post in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont a week later, he was 20 to 1. But he won in a terrific drive through the last furlong and cracked the record for the distance, then six and a half furlongs, by covering it in 1.14$^{2}/_{5}$. Now Porter's Mite was famous—and so was the kid from Sunnyside, whose great ride had contributed so much to his victory. Two weeks later, Porter's Mite and James scored another triumph. They won the Belmont Futurity, most important two-year-old race in the country.



"I wish the old man wouldn't be so danged dramatic about the dead line!"

COLLIER'S DAVID C. GERARD

"Mr. Boeing was in Seattle," Basil said, "and after the race, when they were going to present the trophy, it looked like there would be nobody to take it. Mr. Horning, the trainer, was scared to go up there and he wanted the stable foreman to go but the foreman refused too. It was getting kind of awkward, so Bones says to me, 'Come on, Elmer. Let's you and me go.' So Bones and I went up to get the trophy. I guess that's the only time an agent and a jock ever pinch-hit for an owner."

That night James, Bones and their friend Harry Millar, the turf writer, had dinner in a Chinese restaurant in Jamaica. Halfway through the meal, it occurred to Basil that they should have champagne. He never had drunk champagne but he had heard that it was the only drink by which a great turf victory could be properly marked.

"There wasn't a drop in the house," he said. "But Millar went out and got three quarts and we drank them."

Thus was the winning of the Futurity celebrated by a jockey, an agent and a turf writer in a one-flight-up chop suey joint on a side street in Jamaica.

A Difference of Opinion

James and Bones broke with the Boeing stable shortly thereafter. The break came as an aftermath of a race in which Porter's Mite was beaten. The quarrel was with the trainer.

"Mr. Horning didn't like the way I rode the colt," Basil said. "But I rode him the way I thought he should be ridden and I felt as bad about losing the race as Horning did. He was so mad at me that, after he bawled me out, he suspended me. That was too much for me to take. If my own trainer didn't have any more confidence in me than that, I wasn't going to ride for him. I had saved my money and I bought my contract."

Since then, Basil has been under contract at various times to John Hay Whitney, C. V. Whitney and others. On outside mounts, he has ridden for Alfred Vanderbilt and Warren Wright, among the better-known horsemen. With the end of the 1941 season, he purchased his contract from C. V. Whitney and rode as a free lance. This gave him greater latitude than usually is enjoyed by a contract rider.

"I didn't have to ask any favors of anybody," he said. "I could go where I wanted to, any time I wanted to, and ride for anyone I pleased."

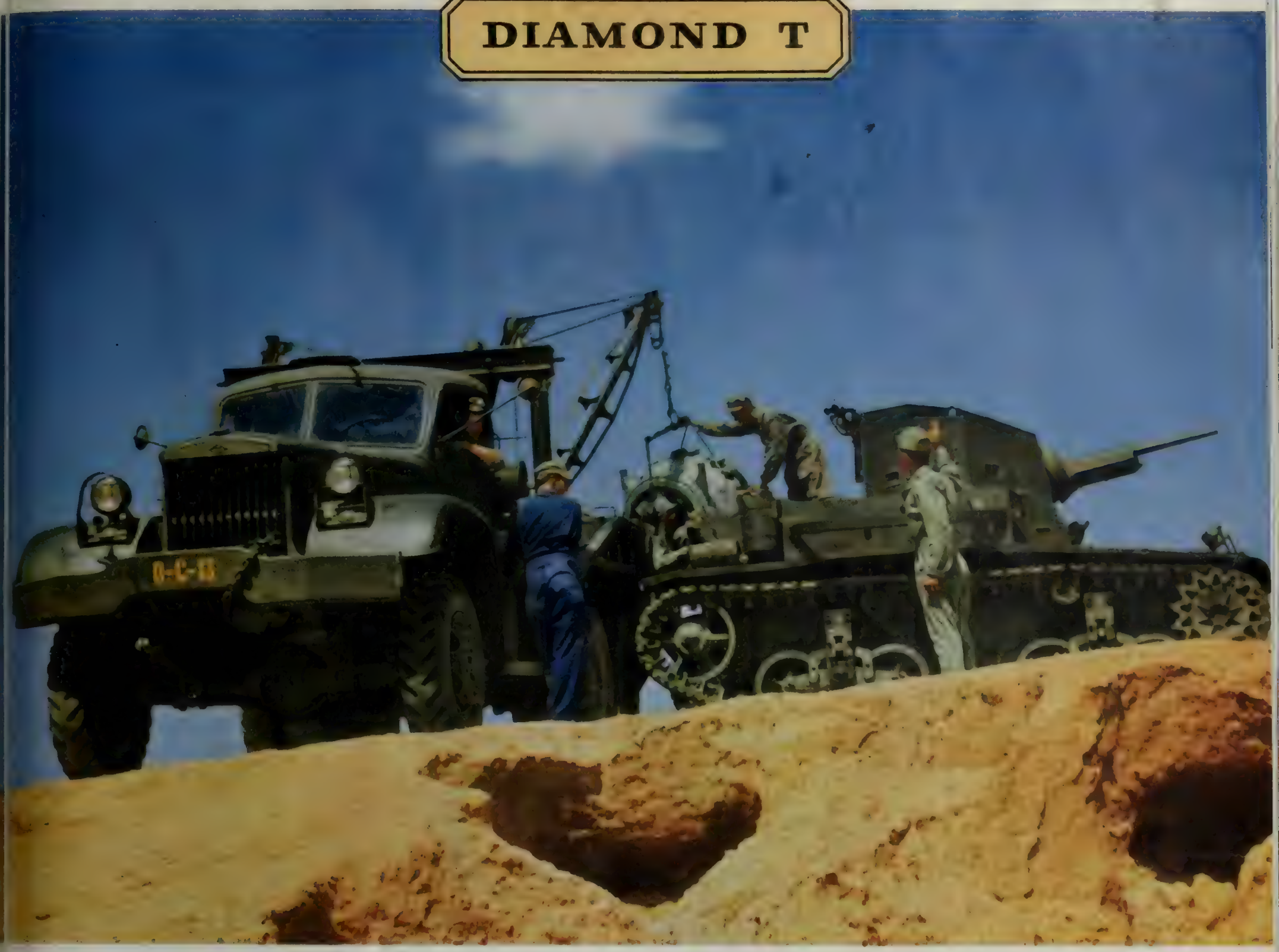
His attitude toward the bettors was the only one a jockey safely can maintain and keep his mind on his mounts and not on the mutuel board. Having been beaten on a heavily played favorite at Aqueduct, he walked into the jockeys' room the next day, and Arcaro, winking at Johnny Gilbert, said, "They tell me that fifty guys who bet on James yesterday took it off the bridge last night."

"I heard that, too," Gilbert added. "Too bad!"

"Yes, ain't it?" James said. "I feel sorry for them, but not too sorry. I don't know who told them to bet on me. But I didn't."

THE END

DIAMOND T



In uniform again, as in 1917

— *for the duration!*

THIS rugged Army Wrecker is today one of the proudest products of the Diamond T craftsmen who first showed the world that a truck could be a thing of beauty! The famous streamlined Diamond T sleekness—the colorful coachcraft finish you've long identified with Diamond T—are laid aside, like your soldier boy's tuxedo, until Victory. Diamond T is in uniform again, as in 1917 . . . for the duration.

Diamond T's doubly-doubled production lines are turning out great cargo and personnel carriers, 80-ton tank carrying units and versatile half-track vehicles to carry mounted cannon or munitions and men through roughest going. Those are our tasks toward the war's winning.

In serving civilian Diamond T owners, cooperating with the great Truck Conservation program of America's Office of Defense Transportation, Diamond T dealers are carrying on patriotically and devotedly. Their purpose, with your permission, is to protect *your* precious trucks.

Diamond T Motor Car Company, Chicago
Established 1905



Prized beyond price, the famed Army-Navy "E" flag, awarded for distinguished production performance, floats above the Diamond T plant, and every Diamond T man proudly wears his "E" pin.

DIAMOND T MOTOR TRUCKS

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS—YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF—YOU OWE IT TO AMERICA

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 50

must be free to entertain in my cabin," the captain said. "I bring out a bottle for the boarding officers. It is the custom."

"So Father and I must disappear," she said to Nick.

"Into your cabin," the captain told him. "If you can invent a way to keep your cabin mate out of it."

"Well, if they happen to get word at Pula Condore," said Nick, "what's to keep them from poking around?"

The captain said, "We're forced to proceed as if they have no word."

Nick scowled. "Only, the ship's so small. Everything seems so open."

"While lying off Pula Condore, we insist that our passengers must carefully lock their cabin doors," the captain said. "Prisoners come on board to unload cargo. Their guards assume they would steal anything they could get at."

"You know, it's Dixon who shares the cabin," Nick said, looking at Betty.

"Would you trust him?"

"I think I would," he said. "In this case, we've got to, haven't we?"

"Yes. We have no choice," she said and turned to the captain. "When do you want us to move?"

"The sooner the better," said the captain. "Since daylight is not far away and I cannot wait much longer to call back my helmsman."

"Do you feel any better, Captain?" She looked at Nick. "On top of everything else, the captain has a temperature and he ought to have a doctor. But there is none."

THE captain seemed embarrassed. "I'll send for the Pula Condore doctor while we're anchored," he said. "And then, he'll tell me I'm coming down with a touch of the old malaria again and I know that already. I don't need his diagnosis and I have already taken my quinine."

"Well, I hope you'll feel better," Nick said. He added: "Suppose I go down and rout out Dixon now?"

He left Betty with the captain and hurried below. Dixon mumbled before he opened his eyes. Then, suddenly, he sat upright and listened intently to Nick.

"I'll be dressed in no time at all," he whispered.

Dressed, he stuck a toothbrush in a pocket, grabbed a pillow and then carefully replaced it. "Don't want to do that," he said. "They'll be needing them." He lingered, scrutinizing the room. Then he reached for Nick's typewriter. "We'll take this along, old boy. Can't tell what we'll need to do it up properly."

They placed the typewriter on one of the hatches before they went up to the captain's cabin. "Softly, softly," the captain whispered, standing uneasily in the open doorway.

Betty helped them to rouse her father. Even on his feet, he still seemed asleep. Nick and Dixon handled him as if he were drugged. He was difficult only on the steep narrow stairs.

Below, inside the cabin, Dixon pressed Betty's hand and was careful not even to whisper. Nick brushed his lips against her cheek. Then they carefully tiptoed out and quietly locked the door from the outside.

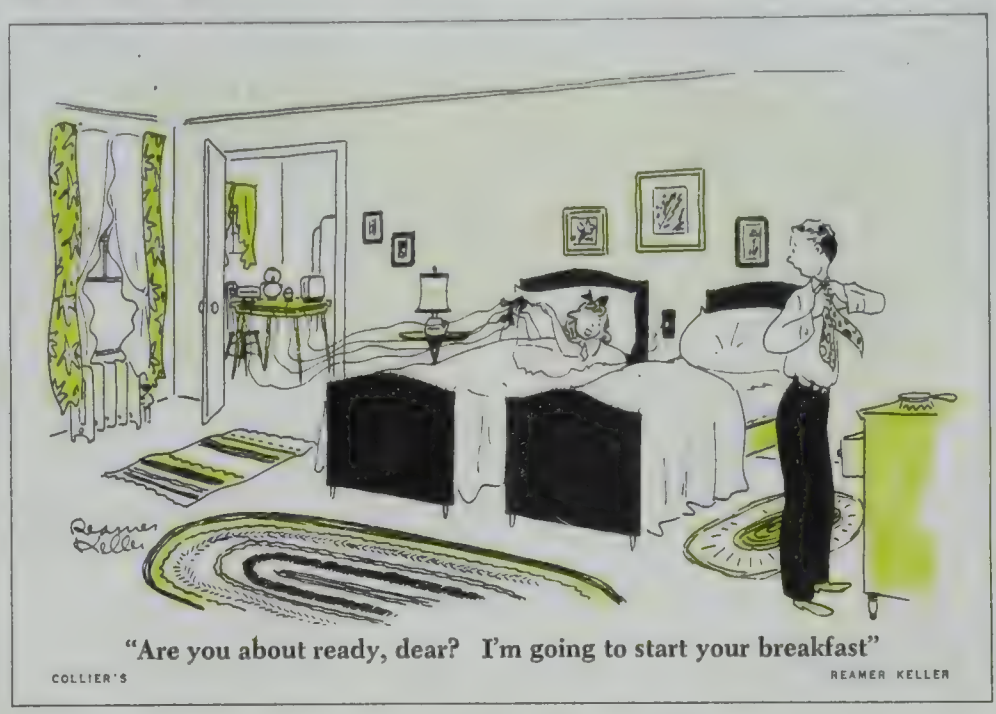
Back on the main deck, Dixon threw himself on one of the hatch covers. "Maybe we can still snatch a few winks," he said.

Nick said, "Nothing's going to stop me." Nothing, he kept telling himself, as the eastern horizon grew paler. He was going to sleep and, when he woke, he was not going to fret about her. Sometimes, he thought, you could hide anxiety from friends more successfully than from strangers. But no one from Pula Condore was going to suspect that he had a single care.

HE FELL into a doze, disturbed by noises and finally broken by the tobacco man's children. Little Rollie was also on deck in his harness, its reins secure in the hands of a woman who could not be named anything but Rhoda Trumwine. He was about four and he did not look as if he could bite very hard.

Dixon pulled Nick below for breakfast. Dixon pulled him back on deck, to act like everyone else. Dixon muttered to him, as the ship anchored in Pula Condore's bay:

"What do you say we spell each other? One of us stands watch above while the other sits in the saloon. We can look busy down there, pounding out some kind of rot on your typewriter."



"Are you about ready, dear? I'm going to start your breakfast"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

He lugged Nick's portable below and sat at the table, painfully typing with his forefingers. On deck, Nick stood at the rail, holding up the tobacco man's little boy while the motor launch from the island came toward them. There was a girl on it, the head warden's daughter, pretty and tanned and tidily curved. She flirted her eyes at all the men on deck. Watching the girl and the officials accompanying her, it was ridiculous to suppose that Pula Condore knew the Gaspards were missing.

The little boy in his arms asked a lot of questions and Nick answered them thoughtfully, wooing the child's company. The Faucault passengers were not permitted to go ashore. They watched the prisoners, haggard in their shabby blue cloth uniforms, silently load cargo onto the barges. They fanned themselves; they struck up conversations with the boarding officers.

Once the captain, his eyes rheumy and bright with fever, walked past with one of the prison officials. He nodded casually to Nick.

"We'll be getting away soon," he said confidently and to the man at his side, he remarked: "All of them are so eager to get to Singapore."

Nick put down the little boy. "Look out for yourself, kid, don't try leaning over by yourself," he said and moved carelessly down to the saloon. Dixon was stooped over the typewriter; he had seated himself so that he faced the door to their cabin.

"I think it's okay," Nick said in a low voice. "I'll take over. Go on up above."

Presently, he heard the launch leave. He continued to type. When he heard the launch return, his hands became so slippery with sweat that his fingers slid over the keys. He made a lot of mistakes, typing, "Now is the time for all good men . . ."

Then he heard the launch leave. The Annamite steward started to set the table for tiffin. The ship began to move. Around him, passengers were unlocking their doors and vanishing into their cabins. He kept on typing as though he did not know how to stop, until Dixon was beside him.

"The skipper says it's safe for them to come out now," Dixon said and smiled broadly. "Give me the key."

Betty was heavy-eyed for want of sleep. Immediately after lunch, she went to one of the cabins vacated by the Pula Condore officials, to rest. Henri sat on deck with Nick. No one but Dixon recognized him; no one paid him attention, now that it no longer mattered. He might have been ill until today, he might have been taken on at the island. He was, for the other passengers, merely another face that was overpale, overpinched and overharassed.

FOR a few minutes, Dixon hovered over him. In his exaggerated solicitude, he treated Henri as if he were a frail, aging man. Nick figured that they were probably the same age; if anything, Henri might be slightly younger than Dixon.

Then Dixon behaved like a nurse, a hefty one, who had bedded her patient for the rest period. He disappeared.

"He means well," Henri said in a dry, fatigued voice.

"Absolutely," Nick said. He cleared his throat. "I guess, maybe, Betty didn't have any time to mention to you—" He felt clumsier than Dixon, unable to continue.

Henri said, "Yes, she had time." He smiled. "You desire to marry. Excellent."

Nick began to grin; then he did not know how to stop grinning. "If Betty will marry me in Singapore," he said, "we could, right away." He saw Henri close his eyes and added hastily: "Of course, don't think I don't know how close you are to each other."

"In Singapore, once I have rested a few days," said Henri, "I shall enlist with our Free French forces. And then, I go where I am sent—Syria, Brazzaville, the Libyan Desert." He closed his eyes again.

Dixon came thumping back and when he saw Henri's closed eyes, he tried to walk on his toes. "I'm blowed if the skipper isn't infernally sick," he whispered.

Henri opened his eyes.

"I was up listening to his radio, you know, it's the only one we have. What do you make of this?" He turned to Nick. "Your fellow Roosevelt has sent a last appeal direct to Hirohito."

"The answer will be from Tojo," said Nick.

"I see the idea," said Dixon. "But, upon my word, I can't quite fathom their reply. You know, the skipper, the poor bloody fellow, he almost threw me out. He said he's going to lock himself up and doctor himself and anyone who tries to disturb him, he'll put in irons."

Henri said, "Truly? That cuts us off from the radio."

"What's there to hear?" said Dixon. "The war doesn't change much from day to day. And I dare say Hirohito—or Tojo—won't be overprompt in answering Roosevelt."

BEFORE daylight on the second morning out from Pula Condore, half the passengers gathered on the deck in their bathrobes to stare across the smooth sea toward the lighthouse signals.

"We ought to be seeing the glare from the city," the tobacco man said to Dixon and Nick, standing beside him. "They haven't been having blackouts, don't you know."

The Annamite cabin boy who padded up to them addressed Nick and Dixon: "The captain calls for you. At once, please."

The tobacco man went with them.

"I can hear his radio," Nick said as they started up the stairs.

"I'll be hanged," said Dixon. "Sounds like your man Roosevelt's voice."

The captain, his face flushed, his eyes bloodshot, sat on the edge of his bunk in a pair of underdrawers. "It's war," he said. "Listen."

"Hostilities exist," Roosevelt was saying. "There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory and our interests are in grave danger. With confidence in our Armed Forces—with the unbounding determination of our people—we will gain the inevitable triumph—so help us God. I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December 7th, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire."

Now it was here. It was always coming, Nick thought, only now it was here. "This is it," he said aloud.

"This is it," said Dixon.

Nick found himself looking uselessly at his wrist watch before he said: "Sunday, December seventh? Well, for the love of God, this is Tuesday."

"Remember, it's Monday evening in Washington," the tobacco man said in a hollow voice.

"That was a rebroadcast we heard from Singapore," the captain said. "Your President made his address to Congress more than six hours ago."

"What about London?" said Dixon.

The captain said, "I don't know. I haven't turned on the radio for more than twenty-four hours. It was only when I determined to get up to take the

"THEY'RE NOT RATIONING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT!"



This year, gifts carry a *special* significance! That's why you'll be so proud when you present TruVal Shirts—tailored, as always, in the TruVal tradition of fine quality—featuring styles that are right and patterns that are a delight. Yet the prices are light on any gift-budget! This Christmas, as always, TruVals are America's greatest shirt values! • At selected stores.

For other Welcome Gifts, see the complete, colorful TruVal Line—Pajamas & Sports Shirts from $2. Outer Sportswear from $6.95

TruVal SHIRTS

IT'S KHAKI FOR THE ARMY—TRUVAL FOR THE "CIVVY"

$1.55 *and* **$1.85**
(WHITES SLIGHTLY HIGHER)

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York City



Let Me Tell You

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

In this short-short article, one of Collier's favorite authors shares with you an exciting experience he's had.

I CONSIDER "Random Harvest" one of the finest pictures I have ever seen.

Fine acting does not necessarily make a fine picture; nor fine direction, fine writing, fine photography. But the combination does make for something memorable in the way of screen entertainment, and that is what I believe "Random Harvest" to be.

Greer Garson's performance has all the poise and sincerity and artistry which she brought to "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Mrs. Miniver" and there is nothing that I might say which could be greater praise. Ronald Colman is superb as the shell-shocked soldier. You remember him as a warm, human and bewildered person—not as an actor.

To James Hilton, the author of the book on which the story is based, and to the writers who adapted "Random Harvest" to the screen, goes my whole-hearted admiration. Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Sidney Franklin, the producer, have united to fuse these talents into a picture which from any angle makes top dramatic entertainment.

Susan Peters, in a supporting role, is excellent. So is the balance of the cast. The only thing I could not find in "Random Harvest" was something to criticise.

Praise such as this from Octavus Roy Cohen prompts Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to term "Random Harvest", starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson, the Hall of Fame Picture. James Hilton's best-selling novel has been brilliantly transferred to the screen by Director Mervyn LeRoy, Producer Sidney Franklin (who gave you "Mrs. Miniver") and Screenplay Writers Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis. A word of praise must be given, too, to supporting players Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Henry Travers, Reginald Owen and Bramwell Fletcher.

Fleeing from his captors, Smithy takes refuge in Paula's dressing room — and finds new hope in the sympathy of the kind-hearted, beautiful show girl.

Advertisement

k is, Cap-

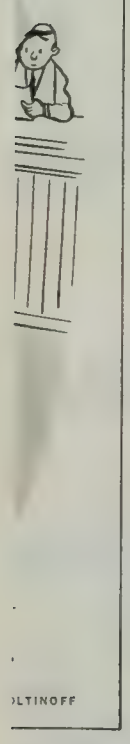
for him,

captain

her with
to your
the way

nk but he
ty's face.

ow," said
uthorities
r. Griggs'
Cogswell,
arrested
Warton
ilitary or-
prepared.
" . . .



the sight. The tobacco man said, "Oh, my God."

The captain rose, his knees creaking, to fetch the first-aid kit.

The tobacco man said: "Why, we've known each other forever."

Nick said, "I'll take the kit. It's not Betty?"

"She's all right," said the tobacco man. "A few were wounded, though, and a Hindu killed." He swallowed, moving his head forward like a turkey. "Dixon?" he whispered tentatively. "Dixon."

Nick and the captain hurried to the deck where the women were suddenly skillful with bandages and the men were covering the dead Hindu.

Dixon had been brought down to the main deck. He lay, covered with a sheet, at the side and Nick tried to stay away from him. He could not. Betty was beside him but she did not take his arm or try to comfort him. He was glad for that. He was scared that any minute he would begin to sniffle.

"Hang it all, hang it all," he said. "Who'd think you'd miss hearing him say that?" Then he turned his back on Betty and loudly cleared his nose.

She left him as the Faucault dropped anchor, and a launch, smaller and speedier than the tender just behind it, came

[illegible] told later," said the major. "I have instructions only to return with you."

The captain said, "It is true. He has papers in proper order demanding your surrender."

My surrender, thought Nick. For the love of Pete, what are they talking about?

The major said, "Two days ago, I also had orders for the arrest of Mr. Henri Gaspard, should he be on board. But since yesterday, we no longer recognize requests from Indo-China."

MAYBE it's some technicality mixing me up with Henri, Nick thought. Maybe it's this British red tape you always hear about. "Wait a minute," he said, starting toward the stairs. "I want to speak to someone."

For the first time, the major spoke sharply. "No," he said. "It will be less conspicuous if you come with me quietly. Otherwise, I shall have to require my men to seize you here."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Nick. He walked down the ladder to the small launch which made off for Clifford's Pier.

When Betty returned to the deck, she found the captain staring at the launch in the distance.

[illegible] in the Far East was named Mauran. He belonged to Henri's generation and, like him, had served in the other war. Sitting now in Mauran's office on the sixth floor of the Union Building on Collyer Quay, Betty counted the articles on his desk. Deliberately, she sat with her back to the window that looked out on the harbor and on Clifford's Pier. She did not want to think always and only of Nick. But no matter where she sat, she could not fix her attention on anyone or anything else.

There had been British officers in the room and newspaper reporters and other Free French representatives. There had been reports that the Japanese were already in Kota Bharu. The telephone had rung without ceasing. And all the time there had been Mauran smoking his pipe, and the articles on his desk and only once, long ago, her father telling Mauran about Nick.

She forced herself to listen. Her father was saying, "That's agreed. I shall go to Syria."

"Try to rest until we can arrange transportation," Mauran said.

"It is a pity I cannot be of immediate assistance here," said Henri. "But then we need assistance in the Middle East, also."

Mauran nodded.

His face suddenly tender, Henri looked at Betty. "Finally," he said, "let us return to the problem of my daughter's fiancé, who helped in my escape, in Saigon. We must obtain his freedom."

Betty leaned forward.

"It is not entirely simple on a day like this," said Mauran, "to know what to advise."

"We must tell them that it's Cogswell who is an enemy agent," Betty said.

Mauran said, "That is not so simple, either. I think that Cogswell's reputation with the British and the Americans has been without reproach."

"And with the Japanese!" said Betty.

"That is your assumption," her father said. He added, "Truly. I believe I share it."

"He even told Nick not to interest himself in your kidnaping," she said.

Mauran looked startled. He tapped the desk blotter with his pencil. Then he said, "When the shock of these first days of the Japanese attack is lessened, we shall have a better opportunity to discuss Mr. Griggs' case with the British."

"Perfect!" Betty said desperately. "And by that time they will have shipped me out of here."

"For your own safety," said Mauran. "My wife must leave, too. It is not impossible that we may be besieged here in Singapore."

"Listen," Betty said. "We must do something now. Today. If the British are too busy, can't the Americans do something? After all, Nick's an American."

"The American consul general is in this same building," said Mauran. "Two flights down."

"Excellent. We shall visit him," Henri said, rising.

THE consul general was not in. The young woman at the reception desk said she did not know when he would return.

"Who is in charge now?" asked Henri. "In the consul general's absence?"

The girl called a youth from a distant desk. "That is one of the vice-consuls, she said as the young man crossed the room.

Henri addressed him: "We are French citizens, but we have come to you for assistance for one of your own compatriots. A young man has been arrested—"

The vice-consul interrupted him: "You mean Griggs?"

Betty compressed her lips.

Henri said, "Nicholas Griggs, an American broadcaster."

"The British have kept us informed of his detention," said the vice-consul.

"Where is he?" Betty asked quickly.

The vice-consul said, "He is a military prisoner."

"But there's been a mistake," said Henri. "The charges must be false."

"The charges were made by Gregory Ward Cogswell," said the youth.

"Doesn't anyone recognize Cogswell for what he is?" Betty said in a despairing voice.

Henri said, "My daughter is upset. She feels Mr. Griggs is the victim of an error."

"I know Mr. Cogswell," the vice-consul said icily. "We all do. We accept his recommendations. I am afraid I can give you no assistance."

Betty said, "It's Cogswell who should be—"

Her father interrupted her: "What a pity that we must seek assistance for him elsewhere."

When they returned to the Free French office, Betty gritted her teeth, hearing Mauran say that it was a mistake to attack Cogswell's reputation. Then he added kindly, "It is not irreparable. I



Gift SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM



Special CHRISTMAS PRICE

2 one-year subs. only $3

(Your own subscription may be included)

EACH ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTION only $2.50

Collier's The National Weekly
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Enclosed is $_____ for which please enter Christmas Gift Subscriptions to COLLIER'S for one year. Send Christmas card, bearing my name as donor, to announce each gift subscription.

SEND TO_____

_____

_____

SEND TO_____

_____

_____

SEND TO_____

_____

_____

*SENT BY*_____

_____

_____

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE YEAR $3.00

Susan Peters, in a supporting role, is excellent. So is the balance of the cast. The only thing I could not find in "Random Harvest" was something to criticise.

Praise such as this from Octavus Roy Cohen prompts Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to term "Random Harvest", starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson, the Hall of Fame Picture. James Hilton's best-selling novel has been brilliantly transferred to the screen by Director Mervyn LeRoy, Producer Sidney Franklin (who gave you "Mrs. Miniver") and Screenplay Writers Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis. A word of praise must be given, too, to supporting players Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Henry Travers, Reginald Owen and Bramwell Fletcher.

Fleeing from his captors, Smithy takes refuge in Paula's dressing room — and finds new hope in the sympathy of the kind-hearted, beautiful show girl.

Advertisement

ship in that I turned it on." He paused. "Hawaii, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Malaya—they have all been attacked."

Nick said, "Listen."

The Singapore broadcaster was saying in a charged voice: "Now that the British Empire has also declared war on Japan, Britain and the United States are full allies."

"Thank God," Dixon and the tobacco man said in unison, and the latter added, "I'll let them all know." He hurried away.

The broadcaster's voice remained electric: "Japanese troops have extended their advance in northern Malaya. British troops have withdrawn in complete order to previously prepared positions. Enemy scouting planes are reported over the Gulf of Siam. Our planes have gone to intercept them."

The faintly audible drone of an airplane drew the rest of them to the bridge. High above them, they were just able to make out a solitary plane circling their ship.

The plane dropped lower and, as it headed directly for the Faucault, they saw the Rising Sun emblem on its side.

The roar of the engines was suddenly augmented by the rattle of machine guns as the plane raced over the length of the ship and then climbed rapidly toward the north.

At Nick's feet there was a bullet hole and he stared down at it, scarcely able to believe that it had happened so quickly and so near. Then he thought of Betty and, in panic for the first time, he started toward the stairs.

Over his shoulder, he called, "Dixon."

The captain shouted, "Wait!"

Nick wheeled. The captain was on his knees over Dixon, listening for his heart.

NICK flung himself beside the captain and took Dixon's hand. It was warm and the big callous on his middle finger was just the same. His eyes were closed, his face looked as it had five minutes ago. There was a small dark tear above his heart and blood only beginning to well, slowly, out of it.

"I don't think he knew what struck him," said the captain and Nick nodded, without knowing that he was nodding.

Then the tobacco man was springing up the stairs. "Where's your first-aid kit?" he shouted before he saw them.

Now he looked as though he were going to weep and Nick stiffened against the sight. The tobacco man said, "Oh, my God."

The captain rose, his knees creaking, to fetch the first-aid kit.

The tobacco man said: "Why, we've known each other forever."

Nick said, "I'll take the kit. It's not Betty?"

"She's all right," said the tobacco man. "A few were wounded, though, and a Hindu killed." He swallowed, moving his head forward like a turkey. "Dixon?" he whispered tentatively. "Dixon."

Nick and the captain hurried to the deck where the women were suddenly skillful with bandages and the men were covering the dead Hindu.

Dixon had been brought down to the main deck. He lay, covered with a sheet, at the side and Nick tried to stay away from him. He could not. Betty was beside him but she did not take his arm or try to comfort him. He was glad for that. He was scared that any minute he would begin to sniffle.

"Hang it all, hang it all," he said. "Who'd think you'd miss hearing him say that?" Then he turned his back on Betty and loudly cleared his nose.

She left him as the Faucault dropped anchor, and a launch, smaller and speedier than the tender just behind it, came toward the ship. A British major and two soldiers climbed to the deck from the launch. The captain met them.

The soldiers remained on deck, but the major went above with the captain. The children were complaining. The adults were standing watch over their baggage. The wounded were resting on the hatch covers.

Nick was still standing near Dixon's body. He turned slowly as he heard the captain address him. The captain looked grave.

"They want you to go with them," the captain said. Now Nick saw that the British officer was behind him. "Major Warton has a—" the captain hesitated. "There must be a misunderstanding. He has orders to arrest you."

"To *what?*" Nick said.

"I am sorry," said the major. "I must ask you to come with me. Do not bother about your kit. It will be looked after."

"What is all this?" Nick asked incredulously.

"You may be told later," said the major. "I have instructions only to return with you."

The captain said, "It is true. He has papers in proper order demanding your surrender."

My surrender, thought Nick. For the love of Pete, what are they talking about?

The major said, "Two days ago, I also had orders for the arrest of Mr. Henri Gaspard, should he be on board. But since yesterday, we no longer recognize requests from Indo-China."

MAYBE it's some technicality mixing me up with Henri, Nick thought. Maybe it's this British red tape you always hear about. "Wait a minute," he said, starting toward the stairs. "I want to speak to someone."

For the first time, the major spoke sharply. "No," he said. "It will be less conspicuous if you come with me quietly. Otherwise, I shall have to require my men to seize you here."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Nick. He walked down the ladder to the small launch which made off for Clifford's Pier.

When Betty returned to the deck, she found the captain staring at the launch in the distance.

"Oh, do you know where Nick is, Captain?" she asked.

He did not answer.

"I guess I'll have to look for him, then," she said.

"He has gone ashore," the captain said.

"He didn't!" she said.

The captain was looking at her with troubled eyes. "Come with me to your father's cabin," he said, and led the way below.

HENRI was lying on his bunk but he sat up when he saw Betty's face. "What is it?" he asked.

"I will tell you both all I know," said the captain. "The British authorities have received a cable from Mr. Griggs' superior, a Mr. Gregory Ward Cogswell, in Manila, requesting that he be arrested as an enemy agent. Major Warton showed me the cable and his military orders. They were correctly prepared. There was nothing I could do." . . .



"My wife says as long as I bring work home from the office I've got to bring some of my work from the house down here!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

The head of the Free French in the Far East was named Mauran. He belonged to Henri's generation and, like him, had served in the other war. Sitting now in Mauran's office on the sixth floor of the Union Building on Collyer Quay, Betty counted the articles on his desk. Deliberately, she sat with her back to the window that looked out on the harbor and on Clifford's Pier. She did not want to think always and only of Nick. But no matter where she sat, she could not fix her attention on anyone or anything else.

There had been British officers in the room and newspaper reporters and other Free French representatives. There had been reports that the Japanese were already in Kota Bharu. The telephone had rung without ceasing. And all the time there had been Mauran smoking his pipe, and the articles on his desk and only once, long ago, her father telling Mauran about Nick.

She forced herself to listen. Her father was saying, "That's agreed. I shall go to Syria."

"Try to rest until we can arrange transportation," Mauran said.

"It is a pity I cannot be of immediate assistance here," said Henri. "But then we need assistance in the Middle East, also."

Mauran nodded.

His face suddenly tender, Henri looked at Betty. "Finally," he said, "let us return to the problem of my daughter's fiancé, who helped in my escape, in Saigon. We must obtain his freedom."

Betty leaned forward.

"It is not entirely simple on a day like this," said Mauran, "to know what to advise."

"We must tell them that it's Cogswell who is an enemy agent," Betty said.

Mauran said, "That is not so simple, either. I think that Cogswell's reputation with the British and the Americans has been without reproach."

"And with the Japanese!" said Betty.

"That is your assumption," her father said. He added, "Truly. I believe I share it."

"He even told Nick not to interest himself in your kidnaping," she said.

Mauran looked startled. He tapped the desk blotter with his pencil. Then he said, "When the shock of these first days of the Japanese attack is lessened, we shall have a better opportunity to discuss Mr. Griggs' case with the British."

"Perfect!" Betty said desperately. "And by that time they will have shipped me out of here."

"For your own safety," said Mauran. "My wife must leave, too. It is not impossible that we may be besieged here in Singapore."

"Listen," Betty said. "We must do something now. Today. If the British are too busy, can't the Americans do something? After all, Nick's an American."

"The American consul general is in this same building," said Mauran. "Two flights down."

"Excellent. We shall visit him," Henri said, rising.

THE consul general was not in. The young woman at the reception desk said she did not know when he would return.

"Who is in charge now?" asked Henri. "In the consul general's absence?"

The girl called a youth from a distant desk. "That is one of the vice-consuls, she said as the young man crossed the room.

Henri addressed him: "We are French citizens, but we have come to you for assistance for one of your own compatriots. A young man has been arrested—"

The vice-consul interrupted him: "You mean Griggs?"

Betty compressed her lips.

Henri said, "Nicholas Griggs, an American broadcaster."

"The British have kept us informed of his detention," said the vice-consul.

"Where is he?" Betty asked quickly.

The vice-consul said, "He is a military prisoner."

"But there's been a mistake," said Henri. "The charges must be false."

"The charges were made by Gregory Ward Cogswell," said the youth.

"Doesn't anyone recognize Cogswell for what he is?" Betty said in a despairing voice.

Henri said, "My daughter is upset. She feels Mr. Griggs is the victim of an error."

"I know Mr. Cogswell," the vice-consul said icily. "We all do. We accept his recommendations. I am afraid I can give you no assistance."

Betty said, "It's Cogswell who should be—"

Her father interrupted her: "What a pity that we must seek assistance for him elsewhere."

When they returned to the Free French office, Betty gritted her teeth, hearing Mauran say that it was a mistake to attack Cogswell's reputation. Then he added kindly, "It is not irreparable. I

This year... it's Waterman's for Everyone!





For the "ONE and ONLY"... give Waterman's 100 Year Set. Choice of four jewel-like colors, and the pen is guaranteed for 100 Years*! The De Luxe Set shown in gift box is $13.75. The pen alone, $10. Regular sets for "Him" or "Her" at $12.50, or $8.75 for pen.

In the SERVICE... Waterman's 100 Year Sets are also packed in Army or Navy leather kits—compact enough to go anywhere! Military clips that meet service requirements on both the Regular (*illustrated*) and De Luxe Sets. Four smart colors, and 100 Year Guarantee*.

**Pens guaranteed for 100 years against all but loss or willful damage when returned to factory with 35¢ to cover handling, postage and insurance.*

■ It's no trick to select the proper gift *this* year. Right down your list, nearly everyone needs a really good pen. And, of course, that's Waterman's! Every Waterman's is built to stand the pace of a Speeded-Up America. Every Waterman's meets military needs with regulation top clips and service colors —meets civilian needs with streamline styling, hand-ground 14Kt. Gold points—and other famous features. So make it a Waterman's Christmas. See these handsome Waterman's pens and sets at your dealer's now!

■ *In addition to the handsome 100 Year pens above, see Waterman's Commando —the new super-pen at $5... The new Waterman's 352 at $3.50, and the 302 at $2.95. All have military colors, military clips—all have styles for "him" or "her". P.S. Ask to see Waterman's special Nurse's set—a "knockout" for only $7!*

DON'T FORGET... GIVE WAR BONDS, TOO!

Waterman's



L. E. WATERMAN CO., 55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY • Union Made

shall myself visit the consul general at the earliest moment."

"And the British?" Henri said.

"Depend upon it," Mauran answered. "But in the meantime, I would urge you to postpone your registration no longer. In the last few days they have naturally become stricter about regulations."

As Henri and Betty started for the door, the captain of the Faucault, almost unrecognizable in a neat ship officer's uniform, entered with the tobacco man.

"The skipper's told me about Griggs' arrest," the tobacco man said. "They're altogether a pack of fools. I never heard of this beastly fellow Cogswell or whatever his name is, but Dixon told me about Griggs' work in Shanghai. Great Scott! That was for us." He nodded his head. "It looks like something's been rigged up."

"It has," Betty said.

He patted her shoulder. "Don't you worry," he said. "We'll do this up properly."

"We came to suggest that you go with us to the British," the captain said to Mauran. "The three of us may be able to be convincing."

"I shall go with you, in two minutes," Mauran said. He turned to Henri and Betty. "I'll notify you at your hotel as soon as there is news. Try not to be impatient."

Outside, in the drilling heat, Malays were piling sandbags against buildings whose ground-floor windows were not already screened by bomb-protection walls. Henri hailed a cab.

"Police headquarters, Robinson Road," he told the driver.

ONCE in the cab, Betty looked out of the window, her face mournful. Henri started to speak to her, shook his head, and addressed the man at the wheel, a young Malay: "They are not calling you to defend Malaya?"

"No, sir."

Henri looked at his daughter. "We take so long to learn," he murmured, lowering his voice.

Turning toward him, she said: "Yes." Then, she added, almost defiantly: "I'm not thinking of Singapore's danger at all. I'm thinking of Nick."

He brushed her hand. It was too sticky to clasp it. "But that is natural, my dear."

"They must let him go."

"Mauran will help."

"All the same, they won't let me stay. They'll make me leave before I can see him. They're sending me away because I'm a girl, although I'm not afraid. Not for myself. Now I'm afraid only for Nick. I was afraid for you," she went on. "But you're beside me and now I can think only of Nick. No, not only Nick. Cogswell, also. I want to kill him."

"You would like to, that is comprehensible," Henri said. "But you will not be able to."

"I know. I'm only talking. I'm only a woman, so I can't even stay in Singapore."

"Allow me to be your representative," he said. "When I am again in uniform and facing the enemy, I'll think of Cogswell."

She was silent, ashamed to say: Don't go. Don't leave me. Everyone is taken away from me. If I had met Nick six months earlier, we would be married by now and I could remember six months and be brave for my husband instead of an American I loved . . . but we never saw each other again.

Her father knew she was in pain. He could not divine her exact thoughts or predict her actions but in her face he always saw himself, her dead mother and herself in the years when her problems were solvable. He could not insult her, saying, "Be of courage." He could not console her, saying, "It will turn out all right." It was the time of the world, he thought, when one was no longer able to defend a loved one. One tried to defend one's side, that was all.

The driver stopped the cab and Henri welcomed the respite that the small task of registration might provide her.

The registrar reached for the ledger, handed Henri a pen and showed him where to sign his name and furnish the required information. Henri noticed that most of their fellow passengers on the Faucault had already been entered.

When he finished he handed the book to Betty. The registrar said, "The young lady is only transshipping, I take it.

Henri said, "Yes, she knows she is not permitted to stay."

Betty said, "Father." She pointed to the opposite page that bore yesterday's date. "Look."

OVER her shoulder, Henri saw a large, irresolute signature written, he thought, with a stub pen: Manis Vooren; from Shanghai, by plane; address, Raffles Hotel.

"Not Cogswell, too?" he said.

She riffled several back pages. "No." She turned toward the doorway. "She'll help. If she did it before, she absolutely will again."

As he got into the cab and seated himself beside her, Henri said, "You will not approach her with accusations this time, my dear?"

"Only against Cogswell. This time I'll show her what he really is."

"And I? Do you wish me to go with you?"

"No, darling, you must rest."

She left him at their hotel, the Adelphi, and ordered the driver to continue on to the Raffles, a few blocks away.

The desk clerk was slow in attending to her, Madame Vooren long in answering the telephone.

"She wishes to speak to you," said the clerk.

Betty said into the telephone, "I must see you right away. Please. It's particularly serious."

"It will save time to come to my room," said Madame Vooren. "Since I am not dressed."

She greeted Betty in a shuttered, high-ceilinged room, made bearable by the ceiling fan. Even in this twilight, Betty could see that Madame Vooren looked worn and a little ill. For once, her hair was carelessly arranged; her beautiful eyes were shadowed.

"Is it your father?" Madame Vooren asked immediately.

"No. Father is here. Father is free. It's Nick."

Except for her hands, Madame Vooren remained motionless as Betty told her. But her hands spoke, clasped and unclasped, tensed and limp. At the end, she rose and, trailing her delicate, rumpled dressing gown, crossed the room twice before she spoke.

"Yes, I'm obliged to confront the fact," she said in a dull voice. "But I do not *know* the facts. I may only guess."

Betty said, "I was only guessing about Cogswell until now. It's knowledge, though, now. It couldn't be anything else."

Again Madame Vooren crossed the room. She acted as though she had not heard. "Perhaps this is what I dreaded all the years I knew him," she said. "I know too little to suspect so much."

"You know that Nick is innocent," said Betty. "And so, that makes Cogswell guilty."

(To be continued next week)

Flying Gadget

Continued from page 54

Wearily that the man on the spot was poor Hoag. Nobody needs to feel sorry for me, Danny thought, furiously. Haven't I got a date tonight with a girl these guys can't even meet?

Grimly he set to work as the pilot swung the bimotor around and back to approach the target. They would come from the west, the sun behind them, and Cadet Hoag would drop five bombs in train.

"Are you going to get set to drop those eggs, Mister Hoag? Or are you out for the ride?" Even through the noise, Lieutenant Harquer's voice was level and deadly.

"Yes, sir." Danny checked his bomb bay doors and put his eye to the rubber bumper of the instrument. Keep your mind on the job, he told himself . . . He tried to focus himself on his job. But his head filled up with thoughts. Danny Hoag was a flop . . .

"There went your target," Lieutenant Harquer said. "Good thing that isn't Tokyo downstairs."

They were almost upon the target, so that a bomb dropped now would explode far past it, a few rabbits would run and the photographer they carried would get a picture of an error. A whopper!

The pilot's remarks could have been printed in purple ink, the mission would have to be run over again. Cadet Hoag hated himself, the instructor, the war and the world.

The second run was better. Danny kicked off his five bombs; none of them touched the little frame practice shack but they weren't too far away.

"Unfortunately," said Lieutenant Harquer, "there aren't many second chances in war. Why couldn't you have made a score like that the first time, instead of a dry run?"

The worse Danny felt, the fresher he became. "If I knew that, I guess *I'd* be teaching lugs like me, sir," he said.

Lieutenant Harquer thought: Personally I'd bounce this kid out of the Air Forces. But what I have to remember is that it isn't personal; the country needs bombardiers and I'm supposed to train them. He said, "Come around to my quarters at eight o'clock tonight, Mister Hoag. Have you a date in town? M-mm. I thought so. Well, I won't keep you too long." Lieutenant Harquer looked at Danny curiously. "The first few times you were up with me, you whistled. A man who whistles likes his work." If he expected some comment, he got none. After a moment he said, "Send Weatherly and Bobbins to score him."

FROM that moment until it was time for him to appear at Shangri-la, which was what the yearning cadets called the Bachelor Officers' Hall, Danny Hoag fed on his fear. The worst, the bottomless worst was going to happen. He would be washed out. Immaculate and nervous as a show horse he presented himself at Lieutenant Harquer's door.

The lieutenant admitted him and said, "Myself I drink root beer. How about you, Danny?"

In the shock of hearing himself addressed by his first name his carefully constructed poise deserted him. Speechless he accepted the brimming glass and the straight chair.

The lieutenant said, "I want you to believe I'm interested in you. When you dropped your first bomb I had an idea you were going to make a first-rate bombardier. I don't know, there isn't a name for the instinct which makes one. I call it the sense of *NOW! Now* is the time to drop the egg! A man who has that has a priceless gift. I thought you did. What happened to your work, anyway, Danny? It's not so hot."

What Danny Hoag wanted more than anything was to be told what was wrong with his work and with his life. But he said sullenly, "I don't think my work's any worse than some of the other fellows', sir."

"The point is that you started out by being better than most of the other fellows. All your first weeks were good. Your mental attitude, of course, left something to be desired. And now, certainly your work does. Is there any way I can help you get straight?"

Danny looked at Lieutenant Harquer. Tell him, he urged himself. Tell him you get stage fright every time you go upstairs. Tell him. But his traitorous tongue said, flippantly, "Nope. Thanks just the same, Lieutenant."

"Well, take one suggestion from me. Quit playing the town, stop trying to be a Flying Gadget. Leave the girls alone and fall in love with your work." Abruptly Harquer asked, "You've never had a shack, have you?"

"Been on target, dead center? No . . . I mean, I never have."

"Ever play golf? Get a hole in one? Well, it's like that. It's an experience you never forget. It's . . ." He fell silent. "I guess that's all." The lieutenant rose, he was an easy-slung guy, relaxed, but generating power every minute. "If I were you I'd call off my date in town. Spend this evening thinking about your job. Any man in my flight who isn't giving all he's got to bombardment can expect to be washed out."

"Yes," said Danny and after a pause so long the designation of honor was almost insulting, "sir."

When he was on the sidewalk outside Shangri-la he looked at the star-flooded Texas sky and said, "Break my date? My compliments, Lieutenant," he thought, "but I don't intend to do it."

THIS anarchy proved to him that he was still a man, not to be kept studying after school like a sixth-grader. He made his way, swaggering slightly, toward the gates outside which an unknown girl awaited him.

Her name was Lela Ruth Pfifer. All he knew about her was that her father's beer went down the dry gullets of all Texas. Some of the guys at the field who had met her had tried to date her; results, zero. Because he felt inferior to almost all his fellows it was necessary for Danny Hoag to do whatever they couldn't do.

So last week intrepidly he had taken his telephone in hand. A soft voice had admitted that it was that of Lela Ruth Pfifer. "Cadet Hoag speaking."

"I don't know any Cadet Hoag."

"How's to correct that? You might like me."

"No," she said.

"Would you like to know how I like Texas?"

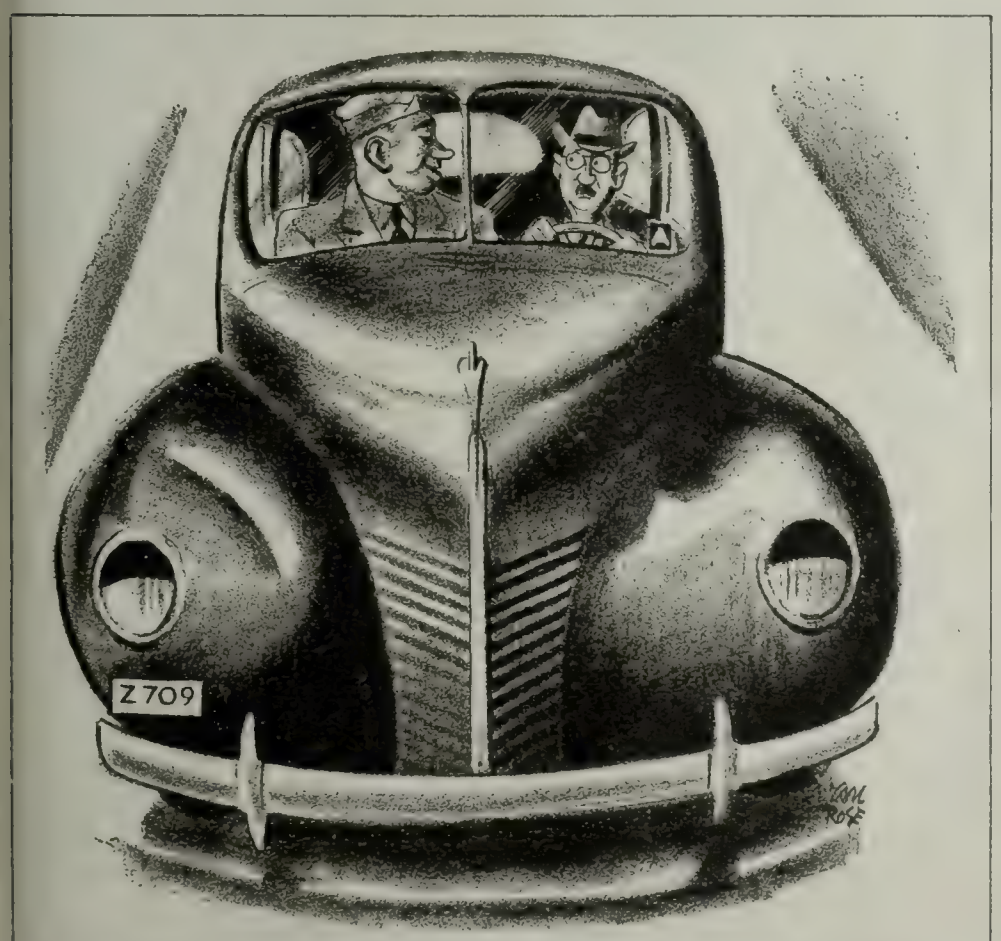
"No."

In a minute she would hang up. He said, "I guess you wouldn't be interested in a guy who's just lonesome." The words rang with unexpected sincerity.

"There's no need for anybody to be lonesome in Murphy," said the patriotic voice of Miss Lela Ruth Pfifer. "There's a dance next Wednesday night at the hotel. I was supposed to invite something in a uniform and it might as well be you."

So he had a date with Lela Ruth Pfifer and he hadn't exactly kept it a secret. He showed his pass now and went through the gates hoping some of the fellows would see the gray convertible, a sleek, expensive job, in which she awaited him.

She was at the wheel and as he went around to shake hands with her, he saw by the dashboard lights that she had big eyes and shining dark hair, dragged off her neck, cool and sweet. There was a hunk of glitter on the wrist of the hand he held. "This is the most important



"You have an honest face, and I feel that I can trust you. I'm A.W.O.L."

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE



MATCHED belt and billfold set hand-tooled by artists in leather. A gift that is distinctive as a Texan's drawl. Shown above the **"Deaf Smith,"** Texas Ranger belt named for heroic destroyer of Vince's bridge in battle of San Jacinto. Genuine Russia Calf. Hand-tooled in authentic western design. 1" wide. Saddle Tan. **$5.00**

The **"Deaf Smith"** Billfold crafted from same fine calfskin as "Deaf Smith" belt. Hand-tooled in matching floral design. Outside in Saddle Tan. Two-tone inside smartly finished in Saddle Tan and Texas Roan. **$7.50**

The **"Deaf Smith Pard"** set packaged in attractive gift box with tooled leather on cover. **$12.50**

The **"Palomino"** A Saddle Craft belt. Genuine Russia Calf on full grain cowhide, doubled and stitched. Tooled "Mexicali Rose" design. ⅞" wide, tapered to ⅝". Saddle Tan or Antique. With leather covered buckle **$1.50** With Sterling Silver buckle set as illustrated **$3.50**

IF DEALER DOESN'T HAVE, MAIL COUPON

TexTan Dept. C-242
Yoakum, Texas

Free CATALOG

Please send belts and/or billfolds as checked. If not 100% satisfactory, I reserve right to return merchandise within 7 days for full refund. Send C.O.D. ☐; Remittance enclosed ☐; The "Deaf Smith" belt ☐; The "Deaf Smith" billfold ☐, The "Deaf Smith Pard" set ☐; The "Palomino" belt with leather covered buckle ☐; The "Palomino" belt with Sterling buckle set ☐; Antique ☐; Saddle Tan ☐; Waist measure inches; Send free catalog ☐.

My Name

Address

City State

My Favorite Dealer

★ *make your dollars fight...buy war bonds and stamps!*



The gift that hits the spot...

because it's **PRIME * MATURED**

Give . . . not just whiskey this holiday season . . . give the whiskey that's prime*matured! Let the smooth, clean taste of Ancient Age be a flattering quality-tribute to the one you would impress. Through a scientific duplication of the old "top-racking" custom, Ancient Age is *prime* in quality, Ancient Age is evenly *matured* to make a gift that hits the spot for the most worldly-wise of drinkers. So, give the gift that pleases *experts* ...and be prepared with it yourself, when friends troop in!

Have *you* tried

Ancient Age

straight . . . or in a highball?



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 Proof. This whiskey is 5 years old.
Copyright 1942. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City
tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Carnival."
Your Mutual station every week (consult your local newspaper for exact time).

event of my life," he said, as he often had in Murphy, Texas. Then he went around and got in beside her.

When she parked in front of the hotel where the dance was being held she took a good look at him by the light of the street lamp. When she got to his eyes her own eyes smiled—contact was established, quick and deep. "If you'd told me on the phone that your hair was red, I wouldn't have been so mean," she said.

Of course as soon as they got into the lobby she discovered he'd never been lonesome in Murphy. Within a minute he was surrounded by tulle and organdy skirts.

Lela Ruth dragged him to a neutral corner. "You fibbed to me just to make me feel sorry for you, so I'd go out with you."

"Well, haven't you ever known a lot of people and been lonesome for just the right person? I'm not lonesome any more." Well, maybe he half meant it. Anyway, she liked it. "Let's dance," he said, hearing an orchestra someplace; he whistled a few bars of the tune it played. Whistling . . . what was it Lieutenant Harquer had said about a man who whistled liking his work . . . ?

It was as though there had been thought transference. Danny lifted his head to behold the guy himself, the lieutenant, buying cigarettes at the cigar stand, not ten feet away. Further, Lieutenant Harquer saw him too. His eyes took in Lela Ruth in her white dancing dress holding on to Danny's arm.

"What's the matter?" Lela Ruth said, startled at Danny's expression.

"Not a thing. Not a little thing. Come on, where's that band?"

Like many girls who are reputedly hard to know, Lela Ruth Pfifer was only shy. She liked Danny Hoag right away and when, later in the evening, he told her that he had washed out as a pilot and that it had sunk him, "for a while . . ." her heart went out to him and never came back.

NEXT day Danny braced himself to face Lieutenant Harquer and take his medicine for having disregarded the instructor's suggestion that he stay on field last night. But the lieutenant's eyes passed absently over Cadet Hoag. Maybe, thought Danny, he's so sure now of washing me out that it isn't even worth while to say anything to me. Fear grew within him like a living organism.

Sometimes, though, especially on night missions when the air was dark and cool and the plane like a throbbing rocket, he seemed to fit into the slot just right. Sitting up there in the nose of the ship he co-ordinated like a fine watch.

Target below like a little crossed string of incandescent beads; "Bombs away, sir," and after a wait, orange flame and orange sparks.

And then the swell feeling on the way home from the mission. It was like the peace of getting well after a long hard illness. And having a cigarette taste out of this world.

But even at those times his scores were the poorest of the flight.

The only comfort he had those days was Lela Ruth. She took him to her big house with its water-tinkling patio and introduced him to her father, giving him a big build-up. "This is Danny Hoag, and he's a swell guy, Dad. He doesn't complain about a thing and he's had a tough time."

Mr. Pfifer was interested only until he heard that the tough time consisted in having washed out as a pilot cadet. "What's so tough about being a bombardier?" he demanded; then: "The bombardier's the fellow the pilot drives the plane *for*, isn't he? You're a lucky fellow, young Hoag, to be here at Baffine Field. And no better town than Murphy, anyplace." He then looked pointedly at Danny indicating he would like to recline in the bamboo chaise Danny was occupying.

There was no way Danny could explain to a man who'd always been a success what it felt like, what it did to a guy, to be a failure. The only thing he could do was to get even with Mr. Pfifer too . . . by wooing his daughter.

Actually Danny never saw Lela Ruth as a girl; affection was beyond him. He wore her on his sleeve for the other guys to envy. Whenever he was uncertain of himself, which was most of the time, these days . . . he thought of Lela Ruth.

Why don't I recommend that Hoag be washed out? Lieutenant Harquer asked himself that question almost every day. What makes me think he has the stuff? Well, he only has five weeks, four . . . three . . .

THE last three weeks of training are spent in incessant flying—night and day. For men who are good bombardier cadets it is the best time of all. For Danny Hoag, watching man after man with lesser talents outstrip him, outbomb him, it was undiluted torture. He was sleepless by night and brain-sick by day. It was in this mood that he became engaged to Lela Ruth Pfifer.

It came about because she had sent for him to tell him that they oughtn't to see each other any more until he had his wings.

"Dad said I was hurting you by spending so much time with you. He says a cadet needs every ounce of stuff he has in the last weeks . . ."

It seemed to him that she and her father had read his secret premonition of failure. "Are you trying to brush me off? You don't have to beat around the bush."

"Danny!" She took his hand between her own, cradled it mournfully. "It isn't that . . . you know it isn't, Danny. I just . . . care so much about what happens to you that I'd die if you washed out."

"What makes you think I'm going to?" he said harshly. "Is that the opinion you have of me?"

"Danny . . . anybody could wash out. Please . . . I'll wait for you . . . I won't see any other fellows . . . Just put everything you've got into your work these last few weeks."

He rose. "I've got to get back to the field. We're bombing for record this afternoon. Lela Ruth . . . if you don't want to see me till I get my wings then I don't want to see you. *Ever.*" She cried and he felt better.

"All right," she said, "I couldn't stand never seeing you again. I give in."

He kissed her, hard, bruising her lips. But he wasn't covered up yet, where the fright and weakness in him had been exposed. "Lela Ruth, will you marry me?"

Mistrusting something in his voice she drew back within the curve of his arms. "Danny . . . do you love me?"

"Even if I don't get my wings, will you marry me?" He had to make sure of it . . . that even if he failed he'd have some triumph to solace him.

"The only reason the wings matter to me is because I know they matter to you. I'll marry you whatever happens."

At the field, the B-24 had been wheeled out; its great dark green wings threw black shadows. The mission was to bomb for record at high altitude. The cadets who were going upstairs in the big boat stood together in the dust, jumpers on, chutes ready, pistols on hips: Hoag, Bobbins, Weatherly and Hoffman. As Lieutenant Harquer approached the group he saw that Hoag seemed to be getting his

back slapped. There was no mistaking it, the carryings-on were congratulatory.

Cadet Hoag made the announcement: "I'm engaged to be married, sir." He was a bit more than necessarily triumphant. Vindictive, almost.

All right, the lieutenant thought, he's asking for it. "Well, that's very interesting news," he said, and then to the other three men: "Get to the ship. Mister Hoag, I'd like to talk to you."

The noise dimmed as the lieutenant and Danny walked down the field.

"Some time ago," said the instructor, "I suggested to you that you fall in love with your work. You didn't see fit to do so." He paused. "It won't be necessary for you to postpone your wedding date until graduation, Mister Hoag. You aren't going to graduate."

To Danny the words seemed low; they went not to his ears but to his heart. Washed out. Again. It's more than I can live through, he thought despairingly. I'm no good at anything.

"As a matter of fact," Lieutenant Harquer said, "maybe you'd be better off in another field of service. Not everyone belongs in the air."

Not belong in the air? Danny Hoag who had a swivel-neck from watching the wings go by in the sky? Anger rose in him. Then, suddenly, he relaxed.

The thing had happened to him, there was nothing left to fear.

INSIDE the B-24, Hoffman and Weatherly were below in the nose. Danny and Bobby Bobbins would bomb later. The traffic control tower was as busy as a ticket taker on rodeo day; the B-24 had a three-minute wait.

Now I'll stop being mad, Danny thought. He wanted to hang on to the way he felt, it was an anesthetic, keeping the pain at bay.

The B-24 took off, circled, gained altitude. Down below was Murphy, Texas, where Lela Ruth lived. His mind hit her name and bumped away. But not before he thought: I can't hold her to her promise—she deserves better than me.

In the plane it was cooler already. Imagine not being able to get up here where the air was cooler, sweeter. Imagine having to live all your life on the ground!

It was going to be a long wait before he and Bobby Bobbins got down into the greenhouse. Weatherly would score for Hoffman, then Hoffman for Weatherly, they would drop five eggs apiece from three angles, with a practice run for each man.

Usually when there was a long wait ahead before his turn came, Danny suffered, his mind jumped and his palms sweated. Now there was nothing left to worry about; he enjoyed the ride.

"Hey!" Bobby Bobbins barked. "Lay off that Apple Tree, will you, Danny, or whistle in key?"

". . . No, No, No.

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me . . ."

Danny never knew where the time had gone. It must have been almost two hours but it seemed like five minutes later that he and Bobby Bobbins had wormed their way into the nose of the B-24, replacing Hoffman and Weatherly. Bobby would drop his eggs now. Danny had no idea of how well or poorly the others had scored; he had been blind and deaf to everything but his wrath. Now he came alive.

Bobby who would bomb first had made his calculations and signaled to take over the ship. Hunched over the instrument, he dropped his first egg.

A minute later. "Hundred-fifty feet at two o'clock." That was the distance from center target, and the angle.

Why, Danny thought, I love this. If they keep me out of the air I'll grow wings and fly by myself. Darned if I won't.

Bobby's last bomb was away. "Take over, Danny."

Well, here it is. When I bomb Berlin I'll feel like this, clear and mad and happy. *They aren't going to let me bomb Berlin nor any place else.*

Silently he said to the instrument, "Anyway, you'll never forget Danny Hoag." He adjusted his sight respectfully and got to work.

The plane would approach the target from three angles, describing a three-leaved clover in the air. It would travel as levelly as a good pilot could keep it.

"No, no, no.

Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me . . ."

Direction and velocity of wind, speed, sun . . . Bombs just hanging in the bay waiting for him to drop them, like kids waiting to have the door opened so they can play outside . . .

All right! The cross hairs marry the target . . . NOW! In his inner ear, intuition shouted it at him, *NOW!* And the egg was gone!

Back she goes, the bright blue bomb and down; lazylike. She's too far behind the target, the plane is directly over the target now. The bomb lags. Ah, there she goes now, gliding in toward the target . . . smaller and smaller. . . .

Bobby leaned forward studying the toy earth. "Man," he said, respectfully, "I make that to be about twenty-five feet."

Another bomb had gone, a third left the ship. There were new flowers on the plain below. White flowers, quick-growing, quick-dying. Never mind. The photographs would have the data, exact, imperishable.

This was the best he'd ever done. There was no surprise in Danny. Hah! This is bombing in any man's country.

He didn't know he was whistling.

The plane came in from the southwest now. Now the last bomb was away.

"Better be a good one," Danny said leaning forward.

The shack was almost invisible down below, his trained eye saw it as a black dot on the sheet of brown prairie.

The bomb was a bird getting smaller, a fly, a mosquito . . . Now it was invisible, gone. At last! Puff, the tiny flower. But not so white; a little gray, indicating that the bomb had put its tooth into something besides dirt; there was debris in that smoke flower. *Danny had got him a shack!*

THE beautiful and awesome B-24 approached her field. The runway stretched like an arm saying, "Welcome home, boys." She came down gracefully, she touched the earth serenely, and paused ever so sweetly, her four motors at rest.

The ground crew swarmed upon her, the sky crew tumbled out.

It was as though Lieutenant Harquer had been waiting for the ship to come in. Casually he approached Bobbins and Hoag. "How'd you make out?" The question was addressed to Bobbins.

"I'll tell you how *he* did, sir." said Bobby Bobbins nodding toward Danny. "If that had been Hamburg down there, they'd be sweeping it up now. With a dustpan."

"It was pretty fair, sir," Danny said. His knees were wobbly. It had just hit him again that he was going to be washed out.

"Seems to me I heard," said the lieutenant, "that somebody got a shack. The range detail sent word. Was that you, Hoag?"

"Yes, sir." Now, just after he'd had a shack, wasn't it strange that he should feel humble?

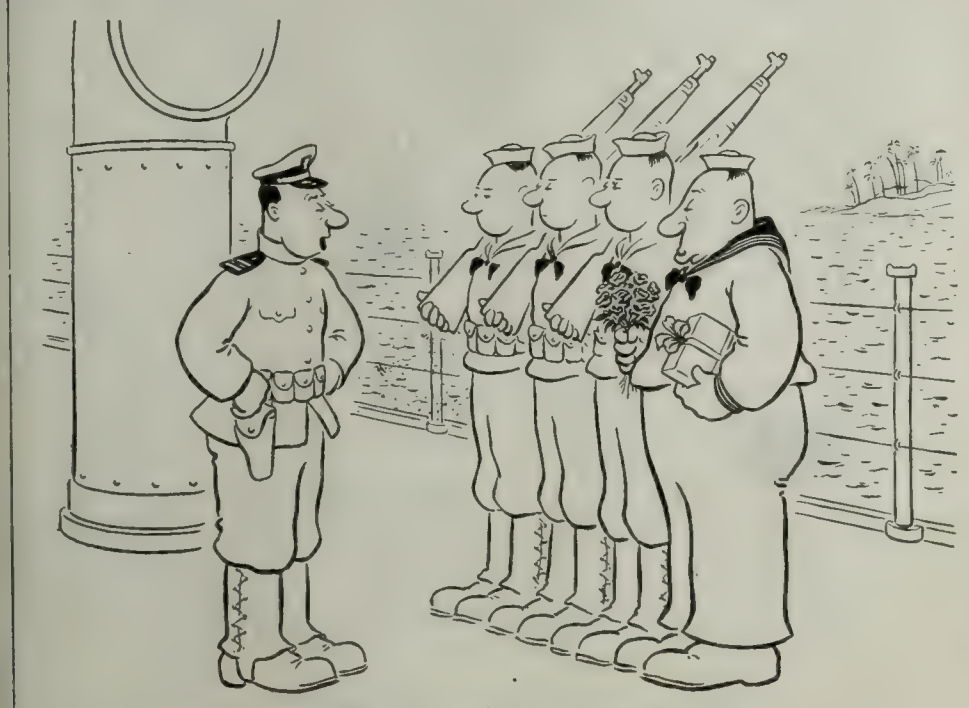
Lieutenant Harquer studied Danny's face as though it were a blueprint. The tightness had gone from it, the lips no longer sneered, the eyes were steady. They neither pleaded nor threatened. I was right about him; he's sound. "The matter we were discussing before you took off. You can skip it, Mister Hoag."

"Thank you, sir." Danny thought: Lela Ruth, get set. I'm going to ask you the same question in another way . . . "Sir, I sure thank you."

For a minute, Lieutenant Harquer watched Bobbins and Hoag trotting away, down the dust-filmed field. They were all right, those boys. Bobbins was going to be a good bombardier. And Hoag—unless he missed his guess, Hoag some day would have a chest covered with medals. And as for himself, some time later today . . . for the hundredth time . . . Lieutenant Harquer would inquire as to just what had happened to his application for transfer to active duty. Damn it anyway, he wasn't cut out to be a schoolma'am.

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"I'm afraid you haven't gotten the correct impression of the term 'landing party,' Alfred."

COLLIER'S



Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of

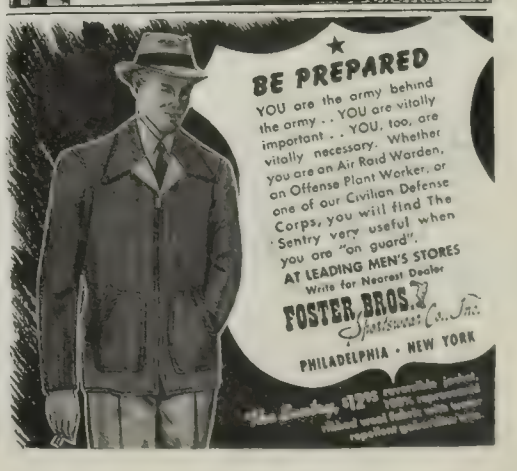
MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER



Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N.Y.





The Front Jumped Over the Mountain

Continued from page 44

it? Hi, you little fella, bag *pusa maragina un!* Your error, you're carrying it yourself. Keep calm! You're certain it's all there?

All right, climb gingerly onto the platform of the double canoe and cast off. Wild screams as a six-year-old child staggers onto the landing stage bearing bedroll, mosquito net and spare clothing. One day, probably after a year of traveling like this, you just won't worry. It always turns up. The village drops away into the night. All I can hear is the soft rhythmic suck of the driven paddles—five hours' paddling ahead.

Upriver all day, slowly fried alive under the sun. They rigged up a big umbrella but it wasn't much good because the river twisted so much. The country is slowly changing. The nipa and sago swamps have run out into fine clear jungle. Now and then one can see great scarlet ropes of vine flower run from tree to tree, the mass of a half-ton staghorn, the virulent green of arsenic bush, and the blue hills at midday—the first signs that pretty soon it's going to be a tougher proposition than fighting cramps and frying. Take thirty grains of quinine today just in case the mosquitoes carry full-sized drills.

Stuck on the snags all night. At one stage it looked as if capsizing was inevitable, but half-caste John pulled us through waters running like a millrace. John is a sort of human pelorus jack. We passed a single dugout canoe today, 90 feet long, hewn from an immense 109-foot log. It will carry 100 men. We pulled into a village at dawn for breakfast. Poling is insufferably, maddeningly slow. The war'll be over by the time I find the front. It's silly!

A Foothill Post

Saw the mountains at dawn this morning. They take your breath away. The tallest mountains I've ever seen. The mountain over there is in the 14,000-foot class. The track leads straight over a 9,000-foot pass. Here at last a little information of the route is available—such essential details as how many hours between shelters, the number and conditions of the log and vine bridges over the gorges.

I pity the men manning this foothill post on the way to the line. They're tired—jungle-tired to the very bone. They're thin and yellowed and listless. They have had to dig a four-foot-deep trench around their camp and block the bridges across it because death adders and rats pester them at night. When not working, they live in a huge mosquito net which covers the space for a table and chairs and a little bookshelf. They get mail once in two or three months.

Stiff from unaccustomed walking today. The forest is dense and damp, pervaded by the stench of epoch-old decay. The idea is to get the day's walking over before the afternoon rain sets in. What rain! Straight down, warm and steamy, drenching to the marrow. The first Kunds bridge swayed wildly over roaring rapids forty feet below. Log crossings are not too bad after all, at least those with a piece of vine stretched across as a handrail. Fixed up bush ulcers and infected sores on the carriers but must go easy on the medical kit. It won't last forever. Sweated a gallon today. Sweating leaves one weak and a bit light in the head.

Wet, miserable morning, still warm, but the first pneumonia case has occurred among the carriers. Couldn't miss it. He was running a temperature of 105 and plugged completely in left lung. One other is a pleurisy possibility but I couldn't spare him. He'll have to go over. I sent the pneumonia case back. The trail starts to rise. It's colder by midday and wetter. Some of the traverses along the sides of the muddy gorges with a 500-foot drop are pretty wild. One slip means broken bones at best, but there's no real reason to slip. Safe walking here means utter concentration, step by step. It's only a matter of concentration but I'm glad there'll be a European in the camp tonight.

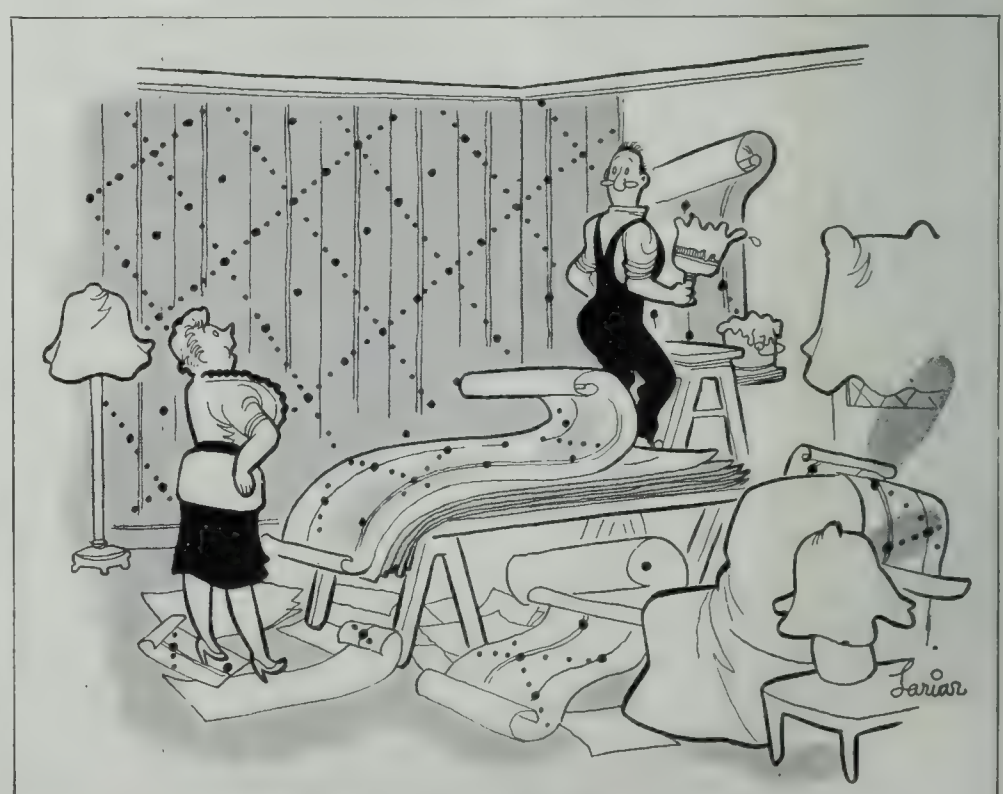
The pleurisy case developed pneumonia. He can't go over after all. Terrific shots of sulfa are the only thing to save these poor devils from dying like flies. I am feeding our personal Negroes vitamin pills to try to build up a little extra resistance. We can't afford to have them go sick. Colder and wetter and steeper tomorrow. Harry says we start really to climb. Last night a little band of shy (censored) came into camp, trying to trade for rice. They carried little black bows and quivers of poisoned arrows. One wore a ragged khaki shirt. Trust the Army to provide an anticlimax. It's hard to believe those insignificant little black monkeys are the notorious (censored) with many a shrunken white man's head collected over the years, hanging to the ridgepoles of their man houses, that they still collect a sick carrier or two for meat and head trophies in the filthiest and most miserable human habitations I have ever seen. Six months ago this was uncontrolled territory. I noticed a woman rocking her baby, a few hours old, in a tiny fishing net slung from the ridgepole of the lean-to. She slapped it with an audible smack from side to side in a six-foot arc. It looked like badly discolored sirloin of beef.

The trouble with the carriers is they're slow to get started in the morning and the police boys are having difficulty with stragglers. I hang back near the end of the line and curse at the top of my voice on principle. It works. God knows how they do it—90-pound loads on a pole between two of them, straining until the black veins stand out on their heads. The acrid sweat spurts out of them, their breath rasps like a file on hardwood.

There's a war on somewhere. I know because today at midday up among the peaks a Flying Fortress droned over, carrying a load of death for delivery somewhere on ahead. Up and up and up and up. The track is a cannibal pad now, not nine inches wide. The high air's thin—not half a breath in a lungful. The sun has not shone on this mud in a hundred thousand years. Still up. Sometimes the trees thin a bit and one can see a glimpse of a breath-taking blue valley, utterly blanketed in treetops, sweeping down 4,000 feet onto the snakelike river, white with rapids and waterfalls. Here one may hold shouted conversation with a man a full day's journey away.

A Night of Misery

Hell! What a night! Under the open slats of the rest-hut floor the boys built a fire directly below our bedrolls to make the cold endurable. We were smoked brown in an hour with eyes stinging and throats raw but it was better than the cold. The carriers huddled in their single miserable pink blankets, coughing and moaning and crying out in their sleep. This morning I found they'd improvidently eaten all their issue of rice and must start the descent on empty bellies. Gave the poor devils some tea. There'll be more rice tonight at eight o'clock. There was commotion among the lower huts. A police boy came up and said that a carrier wouldn't go. I went down, cursing on principle. A white man's cursing is hotter than a shot of caffeine. I found that out yesterday by literal experiment. No, the carrier wouldn't go! They brought him out of the hut, a poor, twisted black monkey with his hands clasped agonizingly over his belly. His eyes were wide and bloodshot and protruding, his nostrils clotted with mucus. I felt him. No doubt about it. Ruptured bowels or spleen! The police boy said a load fell on him yesterday but he went on carrying, saying nothing. How was that for war effort? That boy



"You'll be glad to know that I finally made up my mind, dear. I don't like it!"

COLLIER'S — LAWRENCE LARIAR



YOU WIN

only when in Good Health

Fighting in the Armed Forces or in the battle line of Production, every American can do his part in winning this war only as long as he *keeps fit.* Every man-hour lost *postpones* the Victory.

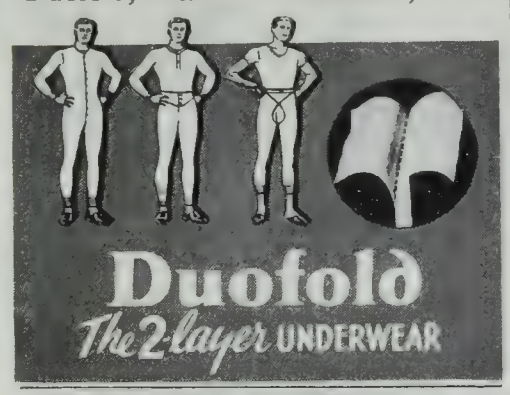
In 1941, 45 million man-*days* were lost because of colds and respiratory disorders *alone!*

What can *you* do about it?

Live up to the rules of health. Build vitality and resistance to disease. . . Conserve bodily energy, especially in winter.

Duofold Underwear has its place in this program. Its 2-layer, with air space between, fabric insulates against penetration of cold, and reduces chills caused by evaporation of bodily moisture.

Duofold, Inc. • Mohawk, N.Y.





STOP Scratching

It May Cause Infection

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

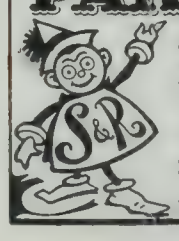
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 2907-L, ELMIRA, N. Y.

"Be of Good Cheer!"

PARCHEESI

TRADE MARK



AMERICA'S FAVORITE HOME GAME

Loved by old and young alike. For 77 years has brought cheer to millions of families. The ideal game for two players—excellent for three or four. $1.00 and $2.00. AT ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT.

SELCHOW & RIGHTER COMPANY

(Famous Game Makers for over 75 years)

200 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.



EXTRA DRY • BRUT • SPARKLING BURGUNDY

BURGUNDY • RHINE • SAUTERNES
CLARET • PORT • SHERRY • MUSCATEL • TOKAY

AMERICAN WINE CO • ESTABL 1859 • ST. LOUIS

Magazines
hold the approval of millions of readers with each new issue. Week after week, month after month, each "New Model" must be good.

DOCTOR'S FAST CORN RELIEF



Costs But A Few Cents!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure and send pain flying. Give you glorious ease in new or tight shoes. Speedily remove corns when used with the separate *Medications* included in every box. Cost but a trifle! Get these thin, soft, soothing cushioning pads today at your drug, shoe, department store or toilet goods counter.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

HOT, TENDER FEET?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring feet. Eases tight shoes. Soothing. *Send it to boys in Service.* 35¢.

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

had a load of food for the front line. We left him with his friend. All carriers have a friend. A little shot of dope to dull the edge of his agony, a handful of barley sugar—it's all I know. He'll die! Down now. We're over the hill. Down and down and down.

Dry, comfortable camps overlooking a rolling grassy valley. Fresh food to make your teeth water. The only fly in the ointment is the rats in the bedrooms. They run up under the blanket with their little cold feet. News that the carrier left at high camp died early Tuesday morning. An outgoing line carries his body solemnly down for burial in friendly ground.

This valley is hot and magnificent with richness. There are great stands of hoop pine. My boy brought me a spray of creamy orchids a foot long. Met some fellows from the front line, going out sick. Two of them had been in the Salamaua show. They had bad sores from mocka bites. Mockas are scrub ticks that carry Asiatic typhus. They call it Jap river fever up here. They bit me pretty severely on the way over and this kunai grass is swarming with them, but the iodine bottle keeps them down. The fellows told grim stories of the Japs jubilantly relaxing in neat little grass villages among grinning, well-fed natives. I looked back at the hills disbelievingly. Ahead are more hills still; that run-dye blue beyond them.

Back from grasslands to jungle full of papaw and sweet potato. It looks wetter and steeper, but this is the last stretch. Camped tonight under the skirts of a 12,000-foot mountain. About nine o'clock I heard the unmistakable high-low drone of a Jap bomber. I turned off my lantern from habit and went out. The forest was ablaze with eerie light; the ground under the hut a flickering mass of glowworms. Swarms of great New Guinea fireflies pulse through the trunks and low branches of trees which themselves are clothed and outlined to the very topmost twigs in masses of luminous fungus. Disney at his most inspired never designed a frame of more faery yet macabre beauty.

Commandos in Camouflage

Camp locally known as Skin Deewhy (pidgin English for bark of tree). It has four great huts, now housing a contingent of Commandos going to the front—lean, stooped youngsters already yellowed by fever. They are the first considerable body of troops I have seen in nearly 300 miles of walking. They have blotched their clothing with green dye from the berries that grow in a near-by creek and tarred their tin hats and rolled them while still wet in the loose leaf mold. In broad daylight they're hard to see at ten yards. These are the men who do quiet execution of every Jap patrol that dares poke its nose out. Only one is over thirty. I'll guarantee he lied to get into the Army. He's a bare 120 pounds, rake thin, tough as a steel cable and little and vicious. Ex-kangaroo shooter, crocodile hunter, timber getter from the Gulf of Carpentaria. He can outwalk, outlast, outstalk and outkill the youngest and brawniest.

Down front. Rains are easing, clouds are lifting in the valley. There's a thick, drenching mist. On this job a man is always hungry. That stuff the cook boy ladled out into my muddy dixie ought to have sickened me. We've had rice and bully beef straight for nine days now, not even pepper or sugar, but my mouth waters for it. The only thing is that when the saliva starts to run I can suddenly smell mud on the cookhouse floor—hot and sweet and filthy. Why worry? Cram it down. It's going to be useful fuel by nightfall.

It happened today. Went up by way of a cedar tree to have a look at the top story. The valley opened out and far off behind a cloud bank was the faint sheen of the sea. Then, like a cue in a stage play, it came—the distant rolling thunder of machine-gun fire. Nothing to see: you could only guess. It was happening down there under that soft canopy of treetops. But tonight there was no need to guess. We arrived in time to see the patrol come in, torn, caked with mud and sweat and jubilant. The red weal of a bullet coiled over the neck of one of them like a little dead snake. Patrol of 120 Japs. They stalked them for nine hours, then placed a machine-gun nest in a clearing and slashed them to shreds. The Japs fled through the jungle in twos and threes, howling. Our forward scouts may pick off the rest. I saw the battlefield by lantern light. Sodden heaps of clothing and equipment; little pools of blood which rain is diluting and blending with the earth; trampled through the grass is the obscene white of field dressings. Papers that wrapped little yellow candies—how pitiful! How just! How inevitable! The front line! Blood and little yellow candies wrapped in paper!

A Man of the Jungle

Saw bodies of four traitorous natives shot in a patrol clash but no more. The Japs carried their casualties back in ones and twos but the Kanakas were left out for the ants and kites.

Down the river with B—, the scout. He's thirty-three, six feet and magnificently muscled; wears a red beard of patriarchal length. His daily beat requires him to walk from twenty to thirty miles on secret tracks. Now and then he will travel more than forty over a route that requires a 6,000-foot climb. He does this journey in thirteen to fourteen hours. He seems immune to malaria and other tropical diseases, and travels almost naked in the shortest of shorts and sometimes bare feet. He can live off the country, neither smokes nor drinks, and is the merriest, sanest and most modest and undemanding of camp companions. But he is a truly terrible man to travel behind. My legs feel as if they had been put slowly through a mangle. We arrived in camp just before midnight—a tiny kukukuru hut hidden in the dense tangle of scrub. We can have no fire. Japanese encampments are only two miles away. Through a break in the trees one can see gleaming rows of cooking fires and the swinging yellow of a lantern.

In and out all night. Climbed a scout tree at dawn—seventy-three rotten rungs onto a swaying platform. The Isthmus of Salamaua was close, so close that I caught my breath and shrank back. Two Zeros came in to land. A knot of figures trotted out to swing the wing tips. Through my glasses I could see the white of their faces—white or yellow? It was hard to believe, somehow, that if one or any of the men wandering around just down there were to come up here, we would try to kill them and they would try to kill us. We must not move carelessly or talk in loud voices or expose any part of us for fear of being killed. Somehow I thought that the front line would be more real, more tense, less casual than this mere looking at men—these rolling hills, this silken sea, that strip of green, those little trotting figures, the echo in my head of that hidden short stammer of machine-gun fire. These and even I, crouched and afraid in a tree, are the front line I sought through sea and river, mountains and swamps and trees.

THE END



ALERT, now meaning "air raid alarm!", comes from early French *à l'erte*, "on the watch." This, in turn, came from Italian *all'erta*, "on a watchtower or height." When the first field hospital was organized to follow an army, the French called it *hôpital ambulant*, "walking hospital," from the Latin *ambulare*, "to walk." Eventually *hôpital* was dropped and *ambulant* became *ambulance*, a vehicle for conveying casualties. *Sabotage*, now the malicious hindrance of production, comes from French *saboter*, "to work carelessly"—originally, "to tread with wooden shoes, or *sabots*."

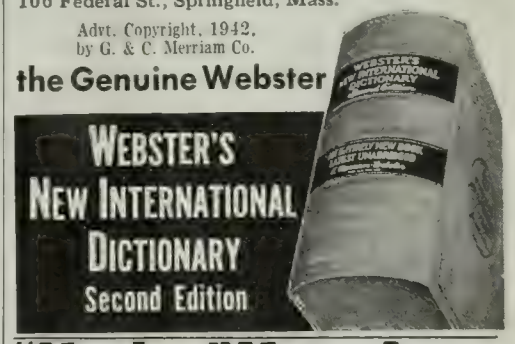
Both you *and your children* will enjoy the hundreds of fascinating word origins in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition—The Merriam-Webster.

These colorful word histories are just one feature of this greatest of all knowledge books. The more questions you and your children bring to it, the more you will be amazed at the range and scope of the information furnished by its hundreds of encyclopedic articles, by over 200 outstanding authorities. And, in addition, you learn everything you want to know about words, 600,000 of them, 122,000 more than any other dictionary.

You have long wanted this great question answerer; now is the time to get it. Ask any bookdealer to show you *the Genuine Webster*—The MERRIAM-Webster—*identified by the Circular Trade-Mark*. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Co., 106 Federal St., Springfield, Mass.

Advt. Copyright, 1942, by G. & C. Merriam Co.

the Genuine Webster



"Nudge" Your Lazy Liver Tonight!

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So pep up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but ALSO help elimination. Get a box TODAY! Follow label directions. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

ROYAL DUKE

See the Amazing **TRIPLE TRAP**



PUR-O-MATIC
Bit especially designed to trap impurities. Pipe smokes 23% cooler, 17% drier, removes 238 milligrams of tar and nicotine.

$1.50 $2.50 $3.50

Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
York & Adams Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.

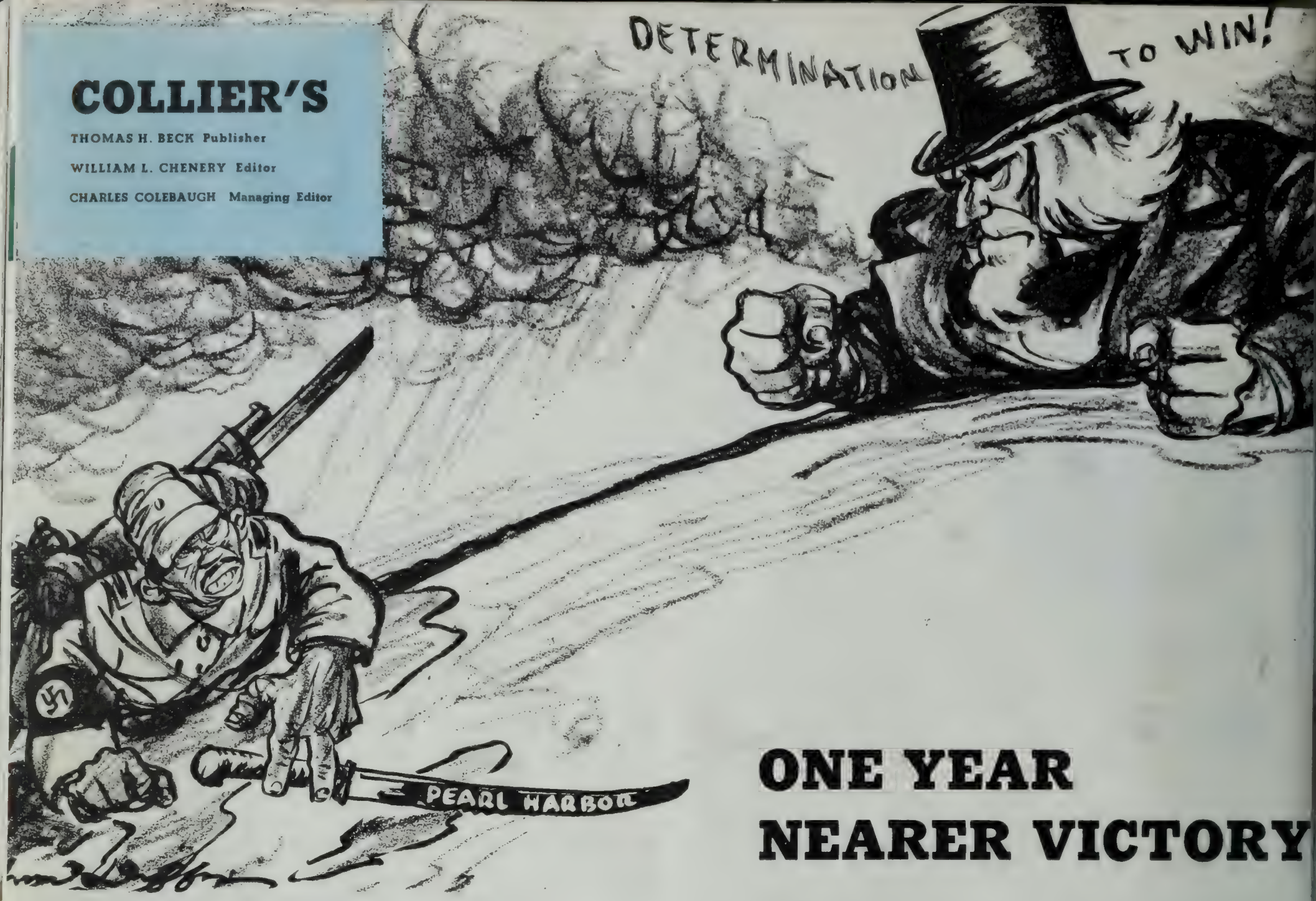
PUR-O-MATIC BIT

COLLIER'S

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor



ONE YEAR NEARER VICTORY

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain . . .

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.
—*Arthur Hugh Clough*

IT WAS a year ago this December 7th that the warrior caste of Japan, judging the time to be ripe, sneaked up and stabbed us in the back. Bombers of the Mikado came buzzing into the sky above Pearl Harbor and wrought immense havoc. We declared war the next day. Two days later we were at war with the entire Axis.

Just how ripe was the time for Japan? Where do we stand now?

If the map of the world, as revised by Germany and Japan in the last three years and three months, told the whole story, there would be cause for us to despair. Hitler has overrun Europe. Japan has the richest parts of Asia, excepting India and the South Seas.

It has been a bad year for us. Disaster began at Pearl Harbor. It dragged its grisly course through Bataan, Corregidor, the Java Sea. We won a tremendous victory at Midway; but even so, the Japanese grabbed the westernmost Aleutians while that victory was being won.

The map does not tell the whole story, however; nor does the list of our initial reverses. The rest of the story is being written inside this country and in due time will be published to the world.

Our greatest gains in our first year in World War II have been psychological.

For one of these gains: Few if any of us any longer underestimate our enemies. Especially have we revised our old-time conception of the Japanese as funny little bespectacled runts whom one good push from Uncle Sam could knock over. We know them now to be crafty, fanatical, ferocious fighters—but fighters whom our boys somehow seem to get the better of whenever they meet them on anywhere near equal terms.

For another of these gains: There is no real disunity that we can detect. There is no big pro-German element in this country this time, as there was in the other war; probably because the old-line American is showing more sense and tolerance this time than last, and because the Kaiser was a gentleman as compared with Hitler.

A lot of people see, or think they see, ways in which the Administration could fight a better war, and they are not hesitating to say so. That is disunity only to persons who distrust democracy and want this war to bring us some sort of totalitarian system. To believers in democracy, it is one of the healthiest possible signs of these times.

As regards production of war materials and training of men to fight with them, we are, to put it conservatively, doing magnificently. Our productive apparatus was raised in less than a year to such a furious tempo that we had to scale down some of our schedules because of shortages of raw materials.

We have more than 4,200,000 men in the Army at this writing, and more than 1,000,000 in the Navy, with the Marine Corps numbering around 200,000. Here, again, our main problem just now is to equip and train men as fast as we can draw them from our giant reservoir of A-1 manpower.

Figures on merchant-ship tonnage production are rather vague; but it is known that we are now turning out ships fast enough to overcome the submarine menace unless Hitler's submarines take to showing far more deadliness than they ever showed in the first three years of the war. Fighting-ship production is equally encouraging. A few weeks ago it was announced that we commissioned or will commission this year four new 35,000-ton battleships of the mighty South Dakota class.

Our Flying Fortresses, Avengers, Helldivers and other bomber and fighter planes are making themselves feared on every Allied fighting front by land and sea. Their performances have been particularly notable in France, in the Southwest Pacific, and on the North Africa-Mediterranean front.

There are defeats and setbacks ahead of us no doubt about that. We are a long way from victory—but we are a year nearer victory than we were when the bombs stopped falling at Pearl Harbor. We know now the nature of our enemies. Soon, all of us should know what scores of thousands of us have known for months, namely: Exactly what damage our sea and air forces sustained at Pearl Harbor. Elmer Davis' Office of War Information at this writing is reported planning to tell the whole story on December 7, 1942, first anniversary of Pearl Harbor. We know of no single official act that could do more at this time to steel American wills and hearts to the fierce struggle that lies ahead.

In the words of the best song yet to come out of this war—

Praise the Lord—we're on a mighty mission;
All aboard—we're not agoin' fishin';
Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition,
And we'll all stay free.

COPYRIGHT, 1942, FAMOUS MUSIC, PUBLISHERS TO PARAMOUNT PICTURES, INC.

Collier's

ECEMBER 12, 1942 TEN CENTS

OLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

DECEMBER 7, 1941

PUBLIC LIBR
BURLINGAME
CALIF
A
623
1/38
2JA43

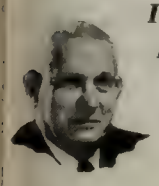
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Lost: the very thing we're fighting for!

THE AXIS will never take his family's security away if Bill can help it. He fought for it in the last war, and he's ready to fight again. But tonight that sleepy little tyke's security is no longer sure. No one took it away. Bill lost it.

It's all a bewildering nightmare to Bill now. He'd always been a good driver; it couldn't happen to him. Then that rainy night . . . the sickening skid. The driver of the other car wouldn't be able to work for months, maybe years. Bill remembered how quiet the courtroom was when the judgment was read . . . a judgment that would take years of sacrifice to pay.

Bill knows now it takes more than fighting spirit to preserve his family's security. Too late he knows it takes foresight at home, too. How easily this tragedy could have been avoided . . . if his car had been insured!



It's the Duty of Every Man to Protect His Family from Disasters Like This

explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile
Insurance Co.

"With the world at war, security at home is more important than ever. We of State Farm Mutual are glad we are able to help by offering auto insurance so reasonable in cost no driver need be without it.

"By cutting unnecessary costs, State Farm Mutual is able to offer more auto insurance for your money. For example, we save you money by *renewing* your State Farm Mutual policy every six months (so long as the risk remains the same), instead of *reissuing* it. You pay the acquisition cost of your policy not once a year, but once in a *lifetime*, and your premiums are easier to meet, too. Economies like these have saved State Farm policyholders over $50,000,000 in the cost of their insurance.

"By offering more insurance for your money, State Farm Mutual has become the world's largest automobile casualty insurance company. Policyholders receive prompt service, whether in their own driveways or thousands of miles from home, through more than 7,000 representatives strategically located throughout the United States and Canada. *State Farm offers similar advantages in life insurance, too.*

"Whether your car is now insured in another company or whether you carry no insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan.* Just mail the coupon."

Booklet also covers State Farm's popular 80% Collision Plan, Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Plan, Medical Payment Plan, Free Travel Service and 3-Way Savings in Car Financing.

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

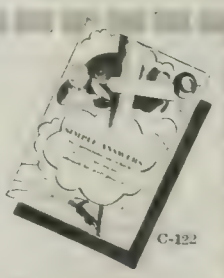
Bloomington *Illinois*

Pacific Coast Office
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Canadian Office
TORONTO, CANADA

Send this coupon today!

FREE to Drivers—
New Informative Booklet



Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois
Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

C-122

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!



Longines*

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Because of the war, only a very limited number of Longines Watches are available for civilians at Longines jewelers. If you want a Longines Watch for yourself, or as a gift, better make your selection soon from the watches now in your jeweler's stock. ¶ If you now own a Longines Watch, we urge you to take particular care of it for the duration. Have your Longines' jeweler clean it or adjust it regularly. ¶ A companion line to Longines—the Wittnauer Watch—famous for sturdy and dependable construction, is also for sale at Longines jewelers. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



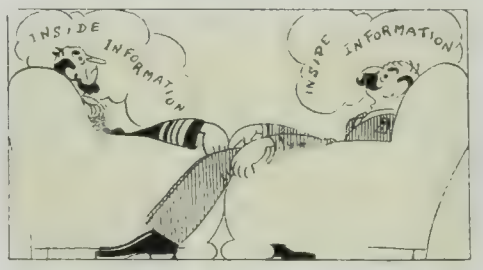
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing

ANY WEEK

WE SPEND a great deal of time wondering what things are coming to. One of our correspondents seems to think that the new income tax bill and the War Bond drive have collided, with damage to both. He thinks that three billion dollars in War Bonds will be turned back by holders to meet their taxes and he predicts that the Treasury may try to prevent this by denying bond purchasers the right to pay taxes with them. Thus many of the citizens would be unable to pay their taxes, and the courts would be asked to deny the government the right to sue in order that the tax delinquents might not be deprived of the money to buy more bonds with. Very complicated. Our mail discloses a discouraging growth of skepticism. Our correspondents are not taking kindly to the protests of the White House, the State Department, the Army and the Navy that one may not criticize the conduct of the war unless in possession of the inside information which only top-flight diplomatists, admirals, generals and department heads possess. We select a beef at random—from Mr. Alex Kreight of El Paso, Texas. "I don't doubt," says Mr. Kreight, "that the topside guys in Washington know a lot of things we will never hear of, but what's the use being informed if they don't do something profitable with the information?" And Mr. Ed Holmes Deergeist of Frederick, Maryland, doesn't doubt that our generals and admirals are packed with inside dope. "But," says he, "it's all after the fact as far as I can see. They all seem to know what has happened to us but don't seem to be so well informed about what is going to happen and they don't do anything to prevent it from happening. You can't run a business or even a family that way and I don't see how you can run a war."



ALL this may sound a bit bad-tempered. Our mail is very petulant this week. It's so bad that we've had to turn to Gene Talmadge's The Statesman again for a snatch of optimism. The latest issue of Gene's newspaper is suspiciously lacking in hate. Gene fails to take his weekly wallop at Negroes and, as far as we can see, things in Georgia are pretty sweet even if Gene isn't going to be governor much longer. If we were on the anti-Talmadge side in Georgia, we'd be worrying. Gene reports a visit to Georgia's Tatnall Prison. He says that all the prisoners, even Forrest Turner, love the warden, Mr. Raleigh Lawrence. Mr. Turner, says Gene, is doing a stretch of ninety-five years. "Forrest Turner," writes Gene, "told me that if he had a number of years he thought he could make, he'd quit trying to break prison and try to pay his debt to society." Gene also has a word to say about Stalingrad: "A battle has been raging in Stalingrad for the past three months between the Germans and the Russians. Thousands of soldiers on both sides have been killed. The outcome of this battle will be very important either to the Germans or to the Russians."

Attention Parlor Game Hunters

Many thanks for the thousands of ideas you submitted to the Game Hunting department since the search was opened in our issue of Oct. 10th. As of Dec. 5th at 5 P. M. the season is closed, and the best games will be published in Collier's for December 19th.

FROM another statesman who has the gift of setting down precisely what he thinks, with similar commendable clarity and terseness, we have a letter. He is Mr. Ed Crump, benevolent boss of Memphis, Tennessee, for forty years. Mr. Crump is pretty indignant about this magazine's recent article about the OPA's investigation into rationing in Tennessee. The article, writes Mr. Crump, was "a stab in the back." He says that "we perhaps have less graft in Memphis and Shelby County than in any place in America." Then: "The story was simply the work of a licentious, venal scribbler—selling an unfair, lying article for the money, and this isn't the first time." And that's certainly telling him, boss. We know the licentious, venal louse well. He used to be one of our best friends.

AND that's the kind of powerful, outloud writing we'd like to see issuing from Washington's propaganda offices. Gene and Ed are getting a little old but when Paul McNutt and General Hershey get the authority to draft the right men for the right jobs they ought to act swiftly. Then, perhaps, there wouldn't be such panics as upset one of the State Department's offices lately.

(Continued on page 64)

Vol. 110, No. 24. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board, Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President, A. H. Motley, Vice President, Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

DECEMBER 12,

SHORT STORIES

VEREEN BELL
The Newcomers. Night fishern... strange catch.

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Colonel's Choice. Crosby g... eral's stars, by proxy.

DOROTHY SPEARE
Purely Physical. The lieutenant ... a little.

LUCIAN CARY
The Telephone Rang All the Time ... is kept pretty busy explaining.

H. VERNOR DIXON
Built for a Pilot. The cowboy pr... just a grandstand player.

THE SHORT SHORT STOR
Personal Notes on an Infantryma... by Salinger.

SERIAL STORIES

MARY HASTINGS BRADL...
The Hunters. The second of ni...

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. The eighth of ni...

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Washington's "Now" Man. Ame... man, Bill Jeffers.

BILL WOLF
Look Out! Those Guns Are Loa... Here come the hunters!

LIEUTENANT COMMAND... JOHN S. THACH, U. S. N.
The Red Rain of Battle. How the ... at Midway.

DUNCAN UNDERHILL
Funny Money. One means the ... McCarey.

HANNIBAL COONS
Skin Game Michelangelos. Tatto... too.

HOWARD TAUBMAN
Fiddler's Luck. Joseph Szigeti, ... music.

DANIEL DE LUCE
Riot Time in India. Firsthand a... Calcutta riots.

ROARK BRADFORD
Black Bullets for Hitler. The Negr... to war.

KYLE CRICHTON
Lady with Zip. With Anne Baxte... acting.

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWN...
Britain's Burning Question. En... her fuel problem.

RICHARD ENGLISH
The Mormons Move Over. Peace ... anything now.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIAL.

COVER



His father didn't plan it that way

IT DIDN'T HURT Bill Henry to sell papers. But even now, twenty years later, certain memories still hurt . . . the memory of his mother's struggle to make ends meet . . . the memory of her valiantly making last year's dress do, so that a growing boy could have a Sunday suit . . . the memory of the brave smile that couldn't quite mask the pain in her eyes, as she watched him start out with his papers while other boys were going skating, or swimming, or playing ball on the corner sand lot.

* * *

TODAY BILL has a boy of his own — a son he is as proud of as his Dad was of him . . . a boy for whom he has wonderful plans. But Bill knows from experience what can happen to the most ambitious plans. He has pledged the security of *his* wife and *his* boy in the way open to every man with a job and a family. The way his father meant to take some day — but somehow didn't. The modern, practical way of life insurance.

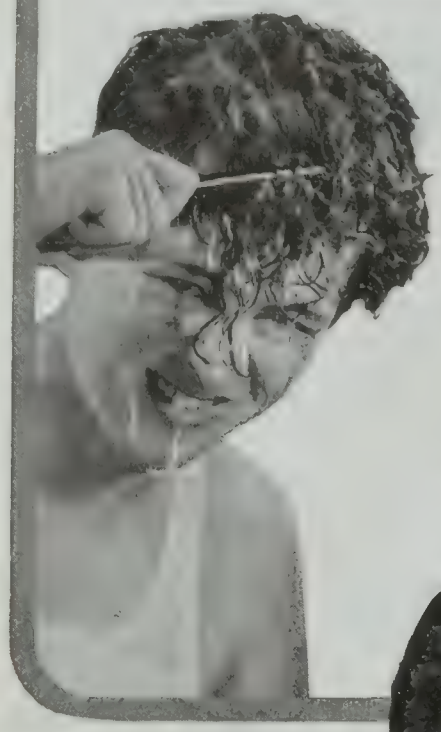
* * *

BILL HENRY'S life insurance plan fits his situation perfectly, yet it might not suit yours at all. The John Hancock agent who planned his protection took into consideration the fact that Mrs. Henry was married right out of school and has no business training — that there would be social security benefits for her and the boy if anything happens to Bill. . . . Like every John Hancock representative, he has been trained to consider these and many other factors. He knows, because of his company's experience with six million policyholders, that no two families are alike . . . that every client needs the specialized service which he is equipped to give . . .

When the John Hancock man calls on you, remember that he is prepared to give his complete and conscientious attention to your special problem. Take him into your confidence. It will place you under no obligation whatever.

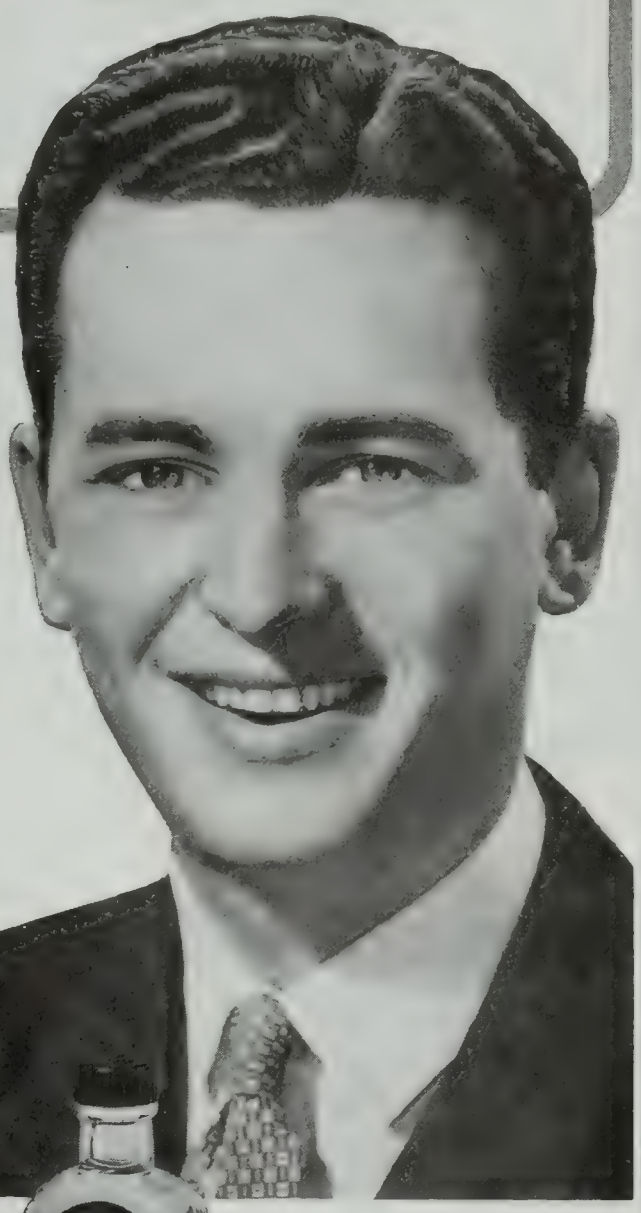
John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, *President*

"Everybody noticed the difference the moment I checked dry scalp!"



"Dousing got me nowhere!"

I learned you simply can't control dry hair by dousing... no matter what you douse it with. I'd sop my hair in the morning... and for a while it would stay in place as if it had been glued there. But when it dried, I'd look like a home-grown Zulu. But I gave up dousing when I discovered 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Now my hair looks naturally neat all the time.



"NOW LOOK!"

I put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb...then run it through my hair. That's all that's needed to keep my hair combed. But what's more, I found that I can check dry scalp and loose dandruff by rubbing a little on my scalp occasionally to supplement natural scalp oils.

A brisk massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before a hair wash and a little rubbed on my scalp afterwards...stops that itchy feeling and checks after-shampoo dryness. By taking care of both my scalp and hair, I've really made a very big improvement in my appearance. My hair looks good, and my scalp feels good. Better see what it'll do for you!



40¢ and 70¢

FOR DOUBLE CARE BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1942, CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Frankie and Johnnie was the most popular ballad ever composed in the United States. During the latter part of the 19th century, more than three hundred variations of it were sung from coast to coast.—*By Frances Wilson, Fresno, California.*

Demolition bombs weighing 4,000 and 8,000 pounds each are rarely used today in Europe because the 2,000 pounder has sufficient destructive power for almost any kind of job. Released from a plane flying at 300 miles an hour at an altitude of 20,000 feet, this bomb, upon explosion, produces enough force to lift one ton six miles in the air.

The renewed massing of soldiers and war equipment by the Japanese along their Manchurian border today recalls that, during the past eleven years, they have been involved in more than two thousand "incidents" with the Russians. These have ranged from pot shots at one another to a great battle at Nomonhan in 1939 in which the Japs were badly beaten, losing 18,000 of 60,000 men.

Mother Roper, head of a seamen's organization in New York, devotes most of her time today to searching for missing merchant seamen for their families, her work having been increased recently by the secrecy surrounding sinkings and shipping schedules. During the past few years, she has located nearly six thousand sailors.

Among the peoples who practice polygamy, especially the Mohammedans, women sometimes ask their husbands to marry a second wife when they are overburdened with housework and childbearing. If such a request is denied, the wife can take the matter to court and usually make her husband comply with the demand.—*By Margaret Boegehold, Mount Vernon, New York.*

Britain's latest weapon against dive bombers at sea is a new gu[n] whose rockets carry long steel wir[es] to great height, where they are supported by parachutes, while the lower ends are attached to the ship. When bombers approach, a barrage of these wires is sent up in front of them so they have to change their course to avoid entanglement. Later the wires and the chutes are retrieved and made ready for another attack.

Motorists traveling through the Liberty Tubes in Pittsburgh are able to hear, on their automobile radio receivers, the programs of a number of local and near-by stations over wires, strung through each of these mile-long tunnels, which serve as antennas. The wires re-radiate the radio waves after they have been picked up by outside antennas and passed through amplifiers.—*By Les Koons, Chicago, Illinois.*

No originality created the slogan "America First." Previously, an Australian Fascist organization used "Australia First" and the British Union of Fascists used "Britain First."

Fifteen minutes before the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, a Jap dairy truck entered Hickam Field to deliver milk. After it had reached a point in front of the barracks, the driver stopped and pretended to fix his engine. As our pilots rushed out to man their planes, the sides of the truck fell off and six Japs hiding in it with machine guns were able to kill eighty Americans before they themselves were shot.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



Pilot — Navigator — Bombardier — "The Three Musketeers" of the Army Air Forces! Each of the three is a member of a keen, hard-fighting team, relentless against America's enemies.

Here's an outstanding chance for every healthy young man in the country who is over 18 and under 27 — married or single. No school or college credits are required for bombardier, navigator or pilot training. All you need is good American sense and a desire to get the best aviation training the world offers. You can take the first step right now.

Read over the three alternative plans to become one of "The Three Musketeers of the Air" as shown at the right. Talk them over at home. The Aviation Cadet Board or the Army Recruiting and Induction Station will answer questions or take your application. Get in now, and get on this team!

THREE WAYS TO GET IN

1. As soon as you pass your Aviation Cadet examination, enlist in the Army (unassigned). You will begin Army training — at regular Army pay. You will be transferred to Aviation Cadet training as soon as there is an opening.

2. Join the Air Forces Enlisted Reserve. Continue your civilian activities until facilities become available for your Aviation Cadet training. When they do, you will be notified.

3. (If you are a college student.) Join the Air Forces Enlisted Reserve on a deferred basis. Continue your college course. You will be subject to call by the Secretary of War, in case of necessity.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

U.S.Army

RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

• Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Service Command nearest you:

First Service Command.....Boston, Mass.
Second Service Command, Governors Island, N.Y.
Third Service Command.....Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Service Command.....Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Service Command, Ft. Hayes, Columbus, O.
Sixth Service Command.....Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Service Command.....Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Service Command....Fort Sam Houston, Tex.
Ninth Service Command.....Fort Douglas, Utah

Or write to:
Procurement Branch, F-7, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.



Making America's fire-power "FAST ON ITS FEET!"

WAR takes more than man-power and fire-power today. *It takes horse-power, by the billion!* All *kinds* of horse-power! Some for lightning speed—some for sheer irresistible "oomph"—some for steady, hour-in-and-hour-out pulling at full load.

In every type of fighting engine, Sealed Power Piston Rings are saving fuel and oil that become precious beyond price, after being carried perhaps halfway 'round the world! In army trucks, tractors, tanks, jeeps, motorcycles; in submarines, torpedo boats, destroyers; in bombers and fighters; wherever our fighting forces are using engines—gasoline or Diesel—Sealed Power is serving them.

It's a high honor, earned by Sealed Power performance in years of peacetime service to the car and truck owners of America. It's an added, reassuring reason why you should have genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings installed in your car or truck at the first sign of ring wear (increased oil consumption is the usual tell-tale).

Although Sealed Power plants are almost entirely devoted to war work these fine piston rings are still available in packaged sets, engineered especially for each particular make of engine. Insist on them! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves



© 1942 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK



The Waaafs help a U. S. Army Air Corps mechanic repair a Bell Airacobra. Left to right, Betty Philp, Pvt. E. Jenkins, Sybil Crouch

SOMEWHERE in Australia: Certain novelties of aviation in Australia greatly interest Yank fighting birdmen who roost down here between their walloping flights against the no-longer-so-cocky Jappies.

One of the first observations a Yank airman is likely to make at cocktail parties is that Aussie women are universally air-minded; perhaps more so than their menfolk. While at Aussie fields, probably the first unusual thing to catch his eye is the omnipresent Aussie version of Waafs. Here they add an "a" for aviation: meaning Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force. What the famous Australian accent does to the W—triple a-fs is beyond me to reproduce phonetically.

The Waaafs work right up in the advanced combat zones. They've had casualties. Their commander is Wing Officer Clare Stevenson, a charming 36-year-old feminist champion. Waaafs practically run the whole ground show—clerking, serving messes, cooking, driving cars and trucks, tailoring, folding chutes, administering, handling all telephone, cipher and radio communications, and even "manning" radio location detectors, and making engine and plane repairs. They live and mess exactly on the same basis as soldiers; are permitted but one concession to their sex—hairdressers. They wear Air Force Blue uniforms off duty; blue coveralls and berets on duty.

THE harshness and loneliness of Australia's frontier life is emphasized most to interested Yanks by a service that is unique to Australia—the renowned Australian Aerial Medical Service; popularly, the Flying Doctors. They have six bases in the more than two million square miles of bush, or outback, as it's variously called. Some 250 principal homesteads have radio sets for which power is generated by a contraption like a bicycle pedal. When a doctor is nee a messenger may ride horseback as m as 100 miles to a homestead with a ra From here, a call is sent to the nea Flying Doctor station, perhaps ano 600 miles away. Doc climbs into plane with his pilot—or flies himsel the pilot isn't handy—as matter-of-fa as our country doctors used to climb i their buggies and whip up their hor The planes are single-motor jobs, v a stretcher in the cabin. The doctor la as close as possible to the ailing one. is prepared to operate, deliver, or t on the scene, if necessary; or fly patient to civilization and a hosp Truly, the stork travels by air in A tralia. Last year, these little-sung m cal heroes flew nearly 150,000 m miles.

FOR their nightly bull session at fi outside Port Darwin, Townsville a dozen secret rookeries outb thoughtful young Americans find bou less subjects for discussion in the spe air-transportation chances that A tralia poses. The Big Dipper has s more of mankind's purposeful comi and goings than the Southern Cross. this island continent, sidetracked fi ancient, historic trade and expan routes of the Northern Hemisphere, loom in the postwar world as a challe to the potentialities of air transport. V fewer inhabitants now than the stat New York or the city of London, ir area as large as the whole United St Australia can be drawn closely by way netting into the international of good neighbors. Then watch grow! So imaginative Yank fliers rubbing their hands, planning spler tomorrows—and perceiving with awe the first time the true capacity of the plane as a gourmand of distances.

With peace, the Yank airmen see A tralia only two or three days from h

(Continued on page 29)

IT'S WAR ON WINGS!

SOMEWHERE on the other side of the submarine-infested Atlantic a giant flying freighter drops to harbor—with Navy guns and supplies that "*have to get through*" . . .

And far on the other side of the world lands another great Navy bird of war . . . to unload its cargo of ammunition in a remote Pacific harbor that's rimmed with shell fire.

This is a picture of war on wings—of "freight cars" winging across oceans at a 200-mile-an-hour clip right to the fighting line. Each plane so colossal in size that 20 Nash automobiles could park on its wings.

Building 'planes like these—giant Vought-Sikorskys—is an honored responsibility of Nash-Kelvinator.

And it's only a *part* of the work that's going on in the same buildings where yesterday cars and refrigerators were made.

Another Nash-Kelvinator responsibility is the building of 2,000 H.P. engines—most powerful supercharged engines ever put in our aircraft—for the *Corsair*, the Navy's highest-flying fighter plane.

And already from Nash-Kelvinator have come thousands of propellers now speeding big bombers to the battle fronts.

It's *war*—and war on *wings* . . . a war Nash-Kelvinator men are helping to fight. . .

At forges and lathes—day and night—these veterans pour their hate for Hitler through smoking steel, just as their sons are doing with gun and bayonet—and just as *all* Americans in every factory, home and farm are working and fighting today—and buying Bonds and saving scrap—to *win this war*.

Is this what you meant, Hitler, when you said Americans were too soft to fight?

. . .

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION



NASH KELVINATOR

PRATT & WHITNEY
HIGH-ALTITUDE
ENGINES

VOUGHT SIKORSKY
FLYING BOATS

HAMILTON
STANDARD
PROPELLERS

Push—*It Isn't a Wishing Stone!*



DRAWN FOR PHILCO
BY
DANIEL
BISHOP

Copyright 1942—Philco Corp.

As this is written, American arms have taken the offensive. In less than a year after Pearl Harbor, American industry has equipped our fighting forces to carry the war to the enemy. And Axis dictators begin to talk in plaintive tone of black horizons and impending doom!

To the men and women of Philco who have had a part in this vast program of preparation, these events are an incentive to new and still greater achievements. The road ahead, though long and hard, is full of hope and promise. Now, more than ever before, the war production pledge of Philco's soldiers of industry is "*More-Better-Sooner.*"

The electronic miracles developed in the Philco laboratories, the radio communications equipment, fuzes, shells and storage batteries produced by Philco workers are today fighting for freedom in the planes, tanks, ships and guns of many battlefields. When Victory is won, their heritage of amazing inventions will bring new comfort, convenience and entertainment to the homes of the nation.

This cartoon by Daniel Bishop is another in th series being drawn for Philco by America's leadin editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulleti boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the me and women of Philco of the purpose and signif cance of their work in the united effort for Victor

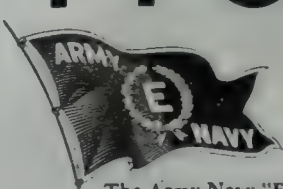
Free Limited Offer . . . While availa a full size reproduction of the origi drawing by Daniel Bishop will be nished gladly upon request. Simply add Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pen and ask for Cartoon Number 33C.

PHILCO CORPORATIO



America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the things you own. Trained service men everywhere are leaving civilian life to serve vital military needs. So be careful to maintain the condition and prolong the life of your Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER



The Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to Philco plants in Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton, N. J., and Sandusky, Ohio.

ollier's
NATIONAL WEEKLY
DECEMBER 12, 1942

Washington's "Now" Man

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX



iam Martin Jeffers, the rubber czar, has certain hington characters beat- their breasts fearfully. y can't understand a with so little regard for rules that he wants to things done right now

FFERS was sitting at his desk in the maha office of the Union Pacific ailroad when the phone rang. He d it up. "The President wants to to you," his secretary said.
he president of what?" Jeffers asked, lering if this was the president of First National Bank of Omaha, the dent of the Omaha Rotary Club or president of the Omaha Country

he President of the United States," secretary said, trying to keep her quite normal, as though this were veryday occurrence.
e President said that he wanted to Jeffers. The next day, if possible. Bill mind flying, he asked.
lo, I don't mind flying," the railroad dent said. "I'll be there."
was there. He walked into the e House, wondering what railroad lem it was the President wished to ss. There were plenty of railroad lems all right. Take the matter of cars used to transport oil and gaso- Hell, we didn't have half enough hem. So many tankers had been in the North Atlantic and off the rn coast that now this precious oil gas had to be transported up and n the coast by train. That was one lem and . . .

Orders from Headquarters

he President took time out to ask rs how his trip had been, and then out further preamble, pulled a thick phlet out of his top desk drawer.
was the Baruch report. Had Bill it, the President asked.
've read newspaper extracts from Jeffers hadn't the least idea where his was leading.
was a fine report, the President said ghtfully, full of constructive criti- n. It gave the whole story of our ber problem and suggested a lot of edies. Bill had better read it. He the new rubber director. The Presi- wasn't asking him to take the job. was telling him.
don't know a thing about rubber," rs protested feebly.
hat was all the better, the President , smiling. Could Bill start work to- row?
nd that is how William Martin Jef- , railroad man, became the biggest ber tycoon in the world. He is the ter of our automobiles, our baby iages, our children's rubber-tired fire

(Continued on page 89)

Politicians thought William Martin Jeffers was going to be easy prey for them—until he turned the tables

The Hunters

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

MICHAEL GARRICK and Bob McNare, neighboring planters in Uganda, and Michael's wife, "Tommy," are generally regarded as close friends. And friends they are. Unfortunately, Bob and Tommy—both fine, both honorable—fall in love.

Bob presently inherits a baronetcy, goes to England. When he returns as "Sir Robert McNare," he gives no sign that he had ever regarded Tommy as anything but a friend! Tommy—whose vanity is, quite naturally, wounded—soon learns what has happened to him. At a country-club dance, she observes him being markedly attentive to a young woman, who, accompanied by her uncle, had come out on the same boat with him.

The woman is Mrs. John Winston—Claire Winston—a widow. She is slim, gloriously shaped, beautiful. Watching her, with Bob, Tommy realizes that she is rapidly making Sir Robert McNare her slave. . . .

Sixteen years before the dance, Michael Garrick had been desperately in love with a fascinating girl, who had jilted him suddenly and cruelly so that she could marry a wealthy older man. After that, Michael—a splendid young fellow whom everyone had liked — became a drunkard; and his sprees, after he had married Tommy, had certainly *not* contributed to her happiness.

Now, at the dance, Bob introduces Michael to Claire Winston—the woman who had let him down! Michael, surprised and shocked by the meeting, gives no sign that he had ever before seen Mrs. Winston; and Mrs. Winston treats him as she would a stranger, just introduced.

Shortly before the party breaks up, the four —Michael, Bob, Tommy and Mrs. Winston— chat for a few minutes. Bob says that he wants Mrs. Winston to see something of what he calls "the real Africa;" he suggests that Michael (a veteran hunter) and Tommy take Claire and himself out on a hunt, a safari.

Michael is noncommital—he is certain that his wife is deeply interested in Bob; he is well aware that Claire Winston can, if she so wishes, be an unusually dangerous woman. But Bob insists. "We could do it in three weeks," he exclaims. "It wouldn't be difficult at all."

II

VERY quickly Bob began to talk arrangements, and Mrs. Winston listened, letting her eyes meet his now and then. Michael felt convulsed by that laughter within him. Bob was so boyishly eager, so simple-mindedly unconscious of the havoc about him! Unconscious, too, that the lovely creature he was shyly adoring had already marked him for her own.

Michael's lips twitched. Sir Robert and Lady McNare. That was what she wanted now. Why not? Winston had given her the money she had craved, and now she wanted a title. . . . Odd, she hadn't found a better one lying about at home. Devilish odd. With those looks. . . .

What had been her life, these fifteen years? There was secrecy in the fall of her white lids. Winston had been an old man for her. Had she found someone who would be "discreet" when her young lover refused to come back to heel? Probably. She was made for love. . . . Those lips . . . he remembered the desperate ardor of their own young love. She had been mad about him then but not mad enough to marry him.

He looked into the bubbles of the glass that the boy was refilling. He thought harshly, "I hope she hated Winston!" and then he warned, "Careful, Michael!" This was reopening the old wound.

But his heart was as emptied now as if all that bright young blood had spilled out on the earth. . . . He thought how startled Tommy would be if he were to say to her, quite casually, with a nod of his head toward Claire Winston, "There, my dear, is the reason you found yourself married to a man with an empty heart."

He was not proud of what he had done to Tommy. He had thought, with comforting cynicism, that Bob would make it up to her. But he had lived too long, and now it seemed too late for his dying to do Tommy any good.

Bob was talking now as if the safari was decided upon, and Tommy was talking about it, too, with a sudden eagerness that told of the panic within her. She must know what Mrs. Winston was up to. She must know that the glamorous Mrs. Winston wouldn't put in her time on such a trip unless she had a purpose. Tommy was in for heartache. But anything might happen on safari. Claire might not be up to it; she might not wear well.

There came a time, on such trips, when charm was washed out, and the honors went to character and go[od] mor. Claire had the thorough[bred] looks but Tommy had the tho[rough]bred's staying power.

Claire was saying, "I'm sure th[at] thing you plan, Sir Robert—"

Was it possible she was acc[epting] Would she risk Michael's pr[esence] Well, why not? Their silence had [been a] tacit agreement and even if he spo[ke] what harm could that do her?

Michael looked up and met he[r] She could not know all that he kn[ew] she had her own thoughts and the[y] quite enough for that flicker of d[ark] he surprised between her lashes, [that] touched off an answering spark [in] own glance.

His voice had laughter in it. "[And] what do you think of the trip, Mrs [Win]ston?"

Her lips curved. "It has—po[ssibili]ties."

Bob seized on the admission. "[We'll] plan it out. We'll make a go of it." [He] sounded jubilant and then, quite [sud]denly, his confidence subsided a[nd he] glanced at Tommy Garrick with h[is] air of deferring to her, of puttin[g her] before all else. "You do think it w[ill be] jolly, don't you?"

"Awf'ly jolly," said Tommy br[ightly] her gray eyes very gay.

"Jolly as hell!" thought Michae[l] donically.

McNare's face had lighted again[.]

(Continued on page 32)

Silently, his dark eyes glinting, Michael held out his glass and they all clinked glasses





The spectacle of thousands of deer hunters armed with rifles and out to shoot something, if only a red squirrel, is vaguely terrifying even to those taking part

LOOK OUT! THOSE GUNS ARE LOADED!

By Bill Wolf

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

What happens when half a million amateur Nimrods come barging into the woods with high-powered rifles and itching trigger fingers



get two hours of refreshing sleep. You're not even d when other hunters, walking across your bed get out of the room, awaken you in the morning



Another easy way to kill a hunter is to shoot at a deer with only the head visible. Some fool hunters carry dead deer on their shoulders when toting them out

N ONE of the more populous Eastern states, a retired businessman has a year-round home in the mountains where he lives a carefree life until the r-hunting season arrives. When that dread time nes he retreats into his house and refuses to budge m it until the last cartridge has been fired and quiet returned again to the hills.

His home is built with reassuringly thick walls, and windows are made of bulletproof glass. He hires ed guards to patrol the fenced-in areas of his prop- throughout the deer season, and they have orders chase from the vicinity anyone carrying a rifle.

No one knows what terrors seize him inside the tress he has constructed, but he probably winces at sound of every shot in the forests adjoining his d, and he must feel that he is sending his servants certain death whenever they venture out to get food his household.

His attitude toward deer hunters is a trifle extreme; eed, it is a phobia. Most hunters would rather ot a deer than a human being. It's much more rting, because a deer can run faster than a man, a rack of antlers on the wall makes a better trophy n a framed summons to appear in a manslaughter e.

However, the night sweats this poor devil un- ubtedly endures as he lies awake anticipating the ival of the deer-hunting hordes are not caused en- ly by imagination. The amazing spectacle of hun- ds of thousands of deer hunters pouring into the ods, determined to have a good time, armed with h-powered rifles and out to shoot at something, if y a red squirrel, is vaguely terrifying even to those o take part in it.

This American phenomenon of deer hunting is t observed in the number one big-game state of nation. The average person couldn't guess which te that is if he had three chances. He might pick Maine, Michigan, Wyoming or some such state, but he certainly wouldn't think of Pennsylvania, and yet the Keystone State leads all others in the numbers of big game within its boundaries.

The latest census by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service put Pennsylvania's population of big-game animals at 777,300 and, of this number, 775,000 were white-tailed deer. This ranked it first among big-game states, first in the number of white-tailed deer, and accredited to Pennsylvania nearly one fourth of the nation's total of 3,526,200 whitetails.

Forty years ago, deer were so scarce in Pennsylvania that the death of one at a hunter's hands was front-page news. Today, the size of the state's deer herd is the envy of other states and the despair of Pennsylvania's Game Commission, which often doesn't know what to do with so many blankety-blank deer. In 1940, most recent of the antlerless seasons when both adult bucks and does were legal, 186,575 deer were killed during the two-week season in Pennsylvania. This incredible number means that at least 500,000 hunters must have been in the woods, because one deer to every three hunters is a moderate estimate.

Illegal Hunting Methods

But all figures on the deer kill in a state such as Pennsylvania are false estimates of the number actually slain because of year-round poaching, and because many hunters will kill several and report one. Many natives in the mountain country consider it their birthright to kill deer whenever they want meat, in or out of season.

They do it in various ways. Sometimes they make an artificial salt lick by planting block salt in the ground or putting salt in a bucket with a perforated bottom and hanging it in a tree. Each rain makes the salt drip on the ground, and the deer gather around it. Or, they go jack-lighting, blinding the deer in the fields with a powerful flashlight. The deer will stand stock-still. Sometimes they snare the deer, or less frequently, dig a pit in a runway. The easiest way is to plant a field of buckwheat, which the deer love, or scatter apples or pomace from cider mills. But these methods are all illegal. Right now you are going along on a Pennsylvania deer hunt, with everything strictly according to law, to see at firsthand why that phobia-ridden ex-businessman bolts himself inside a bullet-proof house when the season opens.

You have planned this trip for a whole year, if a veteran at the game. You are going to take your two weeks of vacation during deer season as most hunters do (this year will be no exception despite the war; most deer camps had all available room reserved in early fall) and you know where you and your party are going.

Not all deer hunters make such careful provisions. Some of them decide to go, for the first time in their life, a day or two before the season opens. They borrow a rifle, ask a friend which end of the gun shoots the bullet and which end kicks the shoulder, and off they go without ever having fired the rifle in practice.

You, however, have sighted-in your rifle at a range and know exactly how it will act under all conditions. You take along warm clothing and rubber-bottomed hunting shoes in case snow or damp weather is encountered, you have a rope in one pocket for tying up the deer to dress it and to drag it out of the woods.

You go to a lodge a couple of days before opening morning. This gives you time to get settled, to look over the land, mark the trails back into the hills and watch for signs of deer. There aren't many persons there when you arrive, but the day before opening morning, the place starts to fill.

You start to bump into persons in the barroom and dining room of your lodge. *(Continued on page 98)*

THE NEWCOMERS

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FIKE



The waters Tucker knew were no longer the same. His old fight had been for a living. Now it was for life itself

HE MADE the bowline of his boat fast to the gull-whitened piling, and from one of the two net skiffs that floated behind the boat he fetched the pompano. For a moment he stood on the bank of the river, and looked at the cabin that was his and had been his father's and at the river that flowed to the gulf where he fished, and at the land that had been wild and was not even yet completely tame. Then he went on up the path to the cabin, where waited his four children—"a yard 'un, a porch 'un, a creeper and a crawler"—and Rebecca his wife.

"Hello, Tucker," she said. "You have any luck?"

"Some. Two hundred-odd pounds of blues and trout."

"I'm proud you caught us a pompano." Then she added, "What ails you, Tucker?"

For a long time he didn't answer, and they watched him. He was a tall, fleshless man with skin dark brown as a whip ray's hide. Finally he said, "They ain't to be no more outside fishing after dark."

Rebecca stared at him. "Who said it, Tucker? And how come?"

"The Coast Guard man said it."

"How we goan make out if you cain't do night fishing outside?"

His eyes flickered. "I aim to night-fish outside."

She did not protest, for she knew the uselessness of it. She simply said, "You heading for trouble, Tucker."

"We got to live."

SUNDAY afternoon Tucker and Eli, his fishing partner, went for kerosene. The village was quiet, and party boats lined the dock, idle because of gasoline rationing. The pine bar in the café was damp with beer for young Coast Guard seamen. Tucker regarded them with hostility, for they were newcomers.

One of the moody men at the dock said, "Well, Tucker, I guess you'll get a full night's sleep, for a change."

"I sleep in the daytime. At night I fish."

"You ain't read that notice?"

"I read it."

"You better not let that lieutenant know you going out."

A Greek with a walking stick came shuffling toward Tucker. He was a diver, and the bends had made his lower half almost useless on land, but on the sponge bottoms he was as good a man as any. Now he motioned to Tucker, and when they were away from the others he said, "I have found something."

"What you found?"

"A treasure on the bottom. A treasure of lead."

"Huh?"

"There was this ship, she carried lead, and she went down. Long time ago," John Dorais said. His face was large and deep red and could have been carved from the lime rock of the river bottom, and there was a salt-and-pepper color to the stubble of his beard. "Arno Ricker, from Tarpon, his grandfather he was on her, and last month Arno he find a range his grandfather had wrote, and we go to look for her. You know New Island? She is off New Island.

"We do not find her yet, for some of the range it is by trees and these trees some do not stand by this time. But she is there, and if she is there I can find her. But Arno Ricker is old man, and last

Suddenly, there was a flar light, and then a deep explo . . . and they could make o vast bulk two or three miles a

week he died, and me I am the last to know of this lead. Now you and we will take your boat and go find

Tucker shook his head. "I ain't time for no such as that."

John Dorais remonstrated, lea against the fish house to free his h for argument. He said, "Your fishi is no good now, you go with me."

Tucker paused, and then said, study it over in my mind."

He walked to the end of the d where his boat, the Lulubel was The Lulubel, which he had built h self, was a solid craft, double-plan and tight, braced with natural-bend But the motor was out of a burned a mobile and nearly eaten up by the As he was storing the food in the ca he felt the boat list, and Lieute Brinson stood in the cockpit, the a noon sun glinting off the silver upon his shirt collar.

(Continued on page 93)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

The Colonel's Choice

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Crosby never won his general's stars, but he had the satisfaction of setting a younger man on the right track

AT SUNDOWN Colonel Crosby camped his command on the bank of the creek, directly across from the wooden walls of Fort Tompkins. A detail pitched his tent, and an orderly set up his cot and portable desk and lighted a candle against the coming twilight. The day had been scorching hot and now, inside the tent, the heat strongly reflected and the canvas began to exude its own peculiar but not unpleasant smell. James Washburn, the colonel's adjutant, came in for instructions.

"No men to visit the fort," said the colonel. "I can't have half the outfit sick with the post trader's rotgut. I want double guards posted tonight, and a mounted patrol cutting a circle a mile out from camp. These Sioux might figure we were annexed, being so close to the fort, and plan a surprise attack. Ask Kildeen and Allen to step in."

The adjutant departed on his errand while the colonel rummaged his bedroll and brought out a quart of liquor and three small silver cups. He filled them and set them aside. Meanwhile he sat in a camp chair and let his tired muscles go loose, remembering he was sixty-two years old and had been in the saddle ten hours a day for the past sixteen days.

He had never been within the circle of the charmed, taking his soft tours of duty in the East. Thirty of his forty years of military life had been straight field service, the Mexican and Civil wars and Indian campaigns on the frontier, so that now he was a leather-skinned man with the smell of campfire and dust always about him, with a mouth pressed straight by obedience. His wife had recently died, made old by following him from one miserable, isolated post to another; his three children were grown and scattered through the East, strangers to him because of the years he had necessarily been away from them during their childhood. All this had left its iron in Colonel Crosby, making him a quiet man who long ago had known his career would be faithful rather than brilliant.

He stood up when Kildeen and Allen came in, bearing their slight intolerance with them. He said, "Oblige me, gentlemen," and offered them their whiskies and was glad to drink his own. The years of straight seniority put him over them, but they could not forget that during the Civil War they had both been brevet major generals commanding divisions whereas he had never been; dropped back to peacetime rank now, they served beneath him and silently nourished their resentments.

He said, "We'll continue north at daylight. There will be no visiting at the fort."

They expressed their thanks for his hospitality and they departed, none too well pleased. The colonel's orderly came in with coffee and a tin plate of supper, whereupon the colonel ate in lonely fashion, took a stogy from its tight-pressed bale and moved out of the tent's odored heat. The fires of the outfit burned small and yellow along the creek, the watering details were just finishing with the horses and here and there in the creek he saw the white blur of men's bodies swimming. The officer of the guard materialized out of the dusk and came to a stand, and about the same time the commander of Fort Tompkins rode over the water to pay his respects. The colonel shook hands with him, received his invitation to visit the fort and declined it. Then he turned to the officer of the guard, who was a young first lieutenant named Ormsby.

"Sioux always hang around a place like this," said the colonel. "They'll raid our flanks if they can. Keep your mounted patrols moving steadily, but have them turn about now and then and backtrack. Otherwise the Indians will observe the time intervals and slip through."

The young lieutenant said, "Yes, sir," saluted and walked away.

"You are right about Sioux skulking around here," said the fort commander. "The hills are full of them. They deserted the reservation as soon as the grass got green this spring and they have been raising hell." The fort commander permitted himself some open bitterness. "They will burn and steal and do some killing until the weather gets cold. Then they will all decide to be peaceful, return to the reservation and let the government feed them until spring, at which time they'll bolt again."

"Just so," said the colonel.

THE fort commander said, "What is the general idea of this campaign?"

"I left Camp Tevis sixteen days ago," said Crosby, "with four companies of infantry, four of cavalry and a wagon train. With instructions to push north. General MacGregor left Tevis a month before me and is now up there waiting for me to use this column as a pressure to drive the Sioux into his arms. I am to push, make contact, and to engage."

"Engage what?" said the fort commander. "They will move like shadows, like water, around you and just beyond you. You'll never make contact with them if they do not wish it, except for some kind of tactical diversion."

"My duty is really to push," said the colonel. "The tactical diversion is General MacGregor's province."

(Continued on page 60)

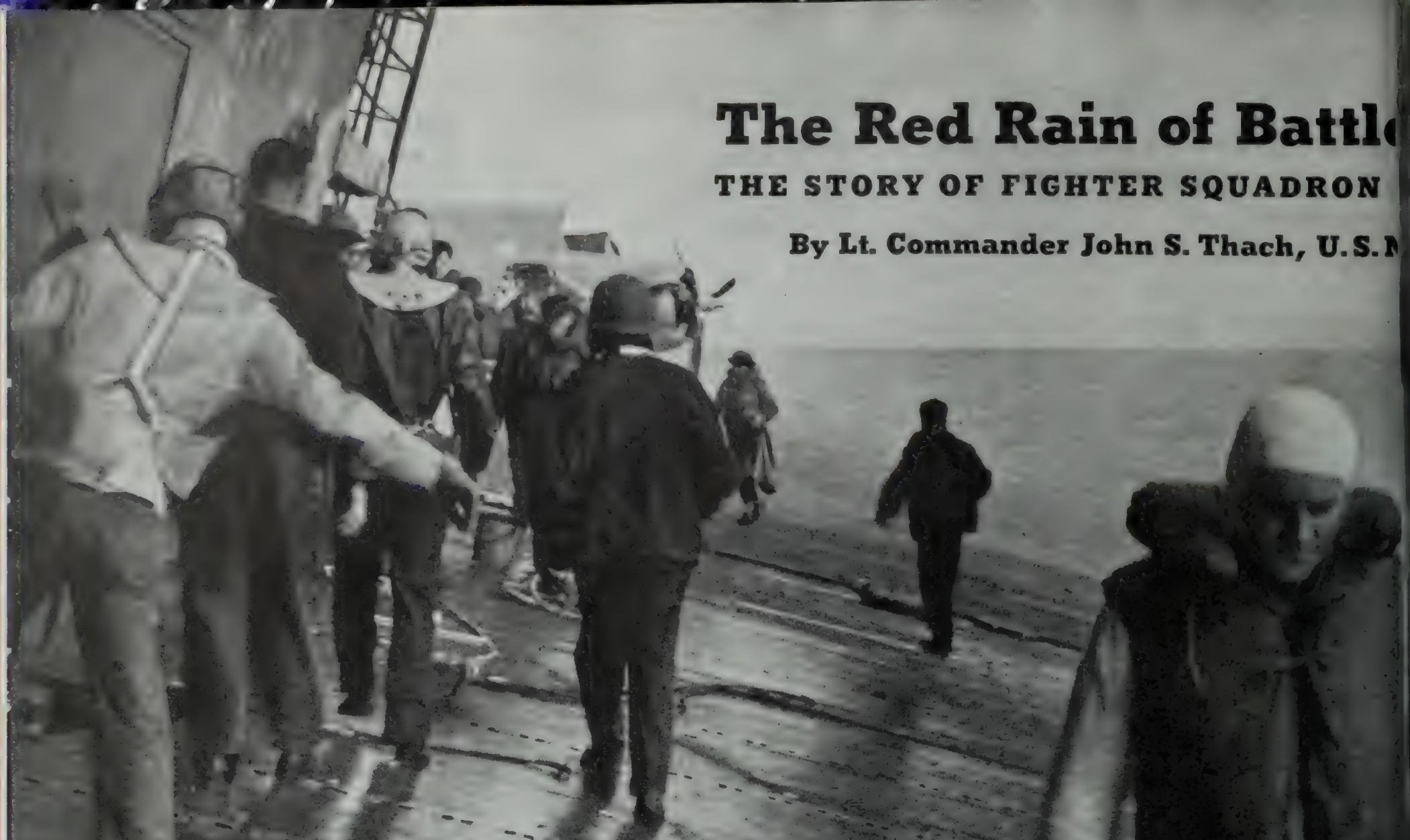
The colonel's command, coming at full charge, struck the Sioux this way. The colonel was at the head of the arrow



The Red Rain of Battl

THE STORY OF FIGHTER SQUADRON

By Lt. Commander John S. Thach, U.S.N



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRA

Walking cautiously over tl sloping deck of the doom U.S.S. Yorktown, hard-fightii fliers and crew members exar ine the damage done by Jap a raiders in the Battle of Midwa

In the second part of his article, the author tells you in dramatic detail just what happened to the Japanese fliers at Midway, and why it happened—a triumphant vindication of American air training

ON THE next trip out I loaned all my pilots to Paul Ramsey to go with the Lexington and I was ordered to remain in the Hawaiian area to give some advanced training to new fighter pilots who had just reported to the fleet. They were all eager to learn what we had experienced in the South Pacific and they were ideal students.

Shortly before the Midway battle, I had half a squadron of pilots who never had operated from a carrier, but I taught them how to shoot to hit, and a little bit about fighter tactics. With these new men, plus some of my old-timers, I took Fighter Squadron Three aboard the Yorktown and we headed out to sea. Then came the flash that our Navy patrol planes had spotted a huge Japanese invasion force 700 miles away, heading for Midway. There were carriers, cruisers, battleships, destroyers and transports—the same kind of transports the Japs used in their landings on Malaya.

All the major victories in the Pacific, on each side, have been won through the use of aircraft carriers. When the Japs had carriers and our side didn't, Oriental victories against land and sea forces were rapid and decisive. When the Japs so quickly took the Dutch East Indies, it was carrier-based Zero fighters, coming in from the sea, which took control of the air and paved the way for landings. These Zero fighters, though carrier-based, easily outperformed land-based fighters sent against them.

On our side, when we attacked ships and land bases in the Marshall and Gilbert islands, and at Salamaua and Lae, we completely destroyed our objectives. An aircraft carrier can strike with its air group, suddenly and without warning, and three hours later be 100 miles away from the point from which it launched its planes.

I mention these things because it was obvious that, unless we could knock out the carriers from the approaching Jap invasion force, Midway was gone. And Midway would be just a steppingstone for the capture of the rest of the Hawaiian group. If Hawaii fell, not only Alaska, Australia and the Panama Canal, but our own West Coast would be in great danger. So there we were, out in the Pacific, facing a Jap force greatly superior in numbers and fire power—and we *had* to win.

We would have been foolish to put our ships directly in the Jap path; so the carrier task force was maneuvered instead to hit the enemy from the side. It would be a knock-down and drag-out fight, we knew.

We had as much land-based Air Force at Midway as we could crowd onto the island. On June 3d, long-range horizontal bombers with huge loads went out to attack the invaders. They reported one hit on a cruiser and one on a transport. That night, four Navy patrol planes made a torpedo attack, got some hits at close range and sank one big ship. Next morning, horizontal bombers and Marine dive bombers went out from Midway and got six hits on eight enemy ships. Then six Navy and four Army planes went out with torpedoes. Zero fighters swarmed all over them and the results were doubtful. One Navy and two Army planes were lost.

At 6:35 A. M. Midway was attacked b the Jap carrier air group. Marine sir gle-seater fighters met them and a te rific air fight ensued. The Zeros wer the better ships, but the Marines did swell job. Our own carrier force was a sea by this time, getting into position fo attack. We knew we had to knock ou the Japs' carriers—or else! We figure they had at least 140 Zero fighters, prob ably one carrier jam-packed with them because they intended to capture Mid way and go on to Pearl Harbor.

The fighter plane is the best possibl weapon to cover a landing. It can strafe Its pilot can pick out any object on th ground and hit it. This can't be don with bombs, certainly not with horizon tal bombing. The Germans, later stopped horizontal bombing at Stalin grad because they were hitting their own forces as often as they were the Rus

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



Commander John S. Thach, U.S.N., whose Fighter Squadron Three shot
n at least 54 and probably 70 Japanese planes in two days of battle



High over a burning Japanese ship (right, center) Navy SBD Douglas dive bombers are shown during the attack on the Japanese fleet off Midway



spite of a protective screen of heavy antiaircraft fire, a Japanese
nber at Midway scores a direct hit on the aircraft carrier Yorktown



Guns still pointing skyward, the carrier Yorktown lists to port after aerial attack; was later sunk by Jap submarine. U. S. destroyer stands by

ans. After that, they used dive bomb-
rs, which are more accurate.

Anyway, at this time it was obvious
hat, with all our work, the Jap fleet had
ot been stopped or even seriously dam-
ged. The armada kept on coming. My
quadron was operating from the York-
own and we had a report on the posi-
on of the Japs' carrier force, but no
ope on its course and speed.

Around 11 A. M. we took off from the
orktown. I was leading a division of six
ighters. The torpedo planes and dive
ombers had gone on ahead. We were
upposed to overhaul them before their
rrival at the enemy fleet. We were
ruising along at low altitude when sud-
enly a huge explosion occurred in the
ater just ahead of my formation. About
our minutes later, there was another
last.

Knowing we were going in to attack
tough enemy, we were a bit jittery any-
ay, and these mysterious explosions in
he water didn't help matters any. I
ever found out what caused them. They
ust have been bombs, dropped acci-
entally from high-level Jap or Ameri-
an bombers. But we kept on and finally
aught up with Lieutenant Commander
Massey's Torpedo Squadron Three. We joined up and flew as escort, going through scattered clouds.

Just after noon, we sighted the Jap carriers. They were steaming at high speed and launching planes, operating apparently at full capacity. Obviously, they were undamaged. They were in close formation, not more than four miles apart, surrounded by heavy cruisers and destroyers. I took a good look at the carriers as we went on in. They were the huge Kaga and Akagi, and the medium-class Soryu, about the size of our own Enterprise. The Kaga and the Akagi seemed larger than our Saratoga and Lexington.

The destroyer and cruiser screen was from eight to ten miles from the carriers. As we came over, they opened up with antiaircraft fire, and a formation of twenty Zeros came down on my six fighters. Then, perfectly timed, eight more Zeros swung in from the side to attack our torpedo planes. It was beautiful coordination. One of my fighters was shot down at once, but we knocked down two Zeros.

We kept on, trying to protect the slower torpedo planes, but we could see that some of the torpedo planes never would get out again. However, they kept right on; not a pilot turned away.

Zeros kept coming at us. It was like being inside a beehive. I'm not certain how many we shot down. I saw six plunge flaming into the sea. One of these six was a head-on shot for me. I had been reading about the fanatical suicide complex of the Jap pilots, and that, I suppose, caused me to open fire too soon; but the Jap immediately pulled out of range. Another Jap pulled away likewise as soon as I opened fire, again ahead on. By this time I began to believe they weren't any more willing to die than we were.

Teamwork Wins Over Numbers

I had another head-on battle when my wing man, Ram Dibb, sang out over the radio, "Skipper, there's a Zero on my tail. Get him off!" This was his first action but he used his bean and swung in the right direction, leading the Zero around so I could shoot him. I was so mad at him I waited until he got fairly close and we both opened up together, almost colliding. In the nick of time he lifted his left wing and just slid over one side of my fuselage. I got a glance at the belly of his plane and it was smoking, with red flames coming out. He'd missed me.

By this time, two of my planes had been shot out of the formation but managed somehow to get back to the carrier badly shot up. We continued to fight and proved to ourselves that superior teamwork will win against great odds. Down below, the torpedo planes still were going in. As we drew nearer the carriers, the antiaircraft fire grew more intense and the Zeros' attacks more vicious.

I got a glimpse of our dive bombers, streaming down in long steep dives. I saw several torpedo hits on the great Kaga and on the Soryu. We were kept busy by the Zeros, but you couldn't help seeing the explosions below. It was the best dive bombing I have ever seen. There just seemed to be no misses.

Attacks by the Zeros began to slack off and we began to get encouraged. There had been a time when it seemed that none of us would get out alive, but I thought we should give them something to remember. Massey's torpedo planes weren't turning away for anything. I was talking to the boys all the time, keeping the team in action, and it began

(Continued on page 44)

Purely Physical

By Dorothy Speare

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VÁRADY

THE entrancingly pretty girl on the supply officer's steps was meditating so sternly that she did not see the small redheaded J.G. until he came to a breathless halt in front of her.

"Oh," she said then, "good evening, Trevor. Do you know a lieutenant at B.O.Q. named Magruder?"

It was hardly, Lieutenant Trevor reflected, a dynamic way to greet one's fiancé of three days' standing. His first role with Mary Thurston, the supply officer's daughter, had been that of adviser on how to rid herself of such characteristic flatfootedness, which was due to the fact that up until now in life she had spent more time with books than people. Rejoining the Navy after four earnest years at college, she had taken a job in the purchasing department at the Sandforth Naval Air Station where her father had been assigned; and when Trevor first met her, she had had the intention of studying evenings for a Ph.D.

Trevor had succeeded in changing those evening intentions. Since then he had been floating in that rosy haze where any further change in the beloved object seems not only unnecessary but intolerable. This was the first rift in the lute; but a fresh look at Mary's distracting face made him decide for the moment to pigeonhole it.

"Magruder, at Bachelor Officers' Quarters," he repeated politely. "Why, no, Mary, I don't believe I do. Why?"

"He doesn't know anybody," Mary said. "He's absolutely pathetic. He says that he and all the members of his support force think this is the coldest and most unfriendly place he's ever seen, the station and town both. Why, he even says his long-distance telephone bill this month will be from forty to fifty dollars, simply because he's actually been driven to calling friends in places like Norfolk and Jacksonville and San Diego; anywhere so he can say hello, and hear a friendly voice say hello back!"

"You mean you listened to this fellow free," Trevor inquired, "when he was even confessing how much he usually pays to talk?"

"You are getting that same Annapolis old-school-tie look," she cried, "that father got when I told him about it! As a reserve who never even saw Annapolis, you ought to be more broad minded!"

"I thought I had experienced all the drawbacks of being a reserve," Trevor said, "including a chat I just had with Commander Rogers. But—"

"Commander Rogers?" Mary said. "That's a coincidence. I was planning we'd drop in on the Rogerses. I want to tell Jenny Rogers about a plan I've thought of that takes care of the whole Magruder problem!"

Trevor regarded her in fresh dismay. Commander Rogers was in charge of station personnel. The captain had promised that Trevor was to be transferred from the thankless detail of matériel officer, but the personnel officer did the reassigning. Encountering [C]mander Rogers at the entrance to [o]ters, Trevor had taken the opport[u]of telling the commander his view[s] the subject.

"I understand you are the one [w]decided my new detail, sir," he [s]"Perhaps the captain has told you[r] specialty is radio and navigation."

"Yes, Trevor, the captain told [m]," Commander Rogers had snapped. [H]told me all about how you saved Sq[u]ron 65 up north by constructing a [m]rig to bring them in on the radio [b]when they were lost in the fog. [I]dramatic and all that, Trevor. But [t]grand gesture does not make you b[e]qualified for communications than [m]men we have there now with year[s] experience back of them!"

Recalling this interview Trevor's [f]ings about seeing the commande[r] soon again were mixed. Weakly [h]played for time with the remark th[at] had not known Mary and the comm[a]er's wife were friends.

"There are lots of things you a[re] don't know yet about each other," M[ary] remarked. "The trouble with us[,] Trevor, we have not known each o[ther] long enough for our affair to be [a]thing but physical."

"Affair!" Trevor said. "Physical!"

She met his shock with the inse[n]tive regard of innocence for which w[e] conjure up no pictures. "Do you rea[l]Trevor," she said, "we've only seen [e]other five times? We need to hav[e] greater knowledge of our true selves [b]fore we can judge this thing soberly."

Trevor gaped at her; the rift, [M]gruder, even Commander Rogers [w]gotten in the face of this new men[ace] "Tell me," he said hollowly, "do [y]still love me at all? Or is this a way [of] letting me down easy?"

"Of course I love you," she told [h]impatiently. "It's only that in times [l]these I feel we have no right to indu[lge] in purely selfish emotions. If we [c]prove our love is a constructive th[ing] that brings out our better natures [I] feel we're more entitled to it. That's [w]my idea about Magruder will be suc[h a] good thing for us to work out togeth[er]

She got up, teeming with purp[ose] "Come on! We want to catch the R[o]erses before dinner!"

SHE started off toward the married [o]ficers' quarters; Trevor followed [b]cause there was no other way she co[uld] hear his objections.

"Listen, Mary," he tried, "the co[m]mander's there now. I don't think it'[s a] very favorable moment!"

"Nonsense!" Mary snapped. "I [h]been meaning to take you over there [so] you can get to know him in a casu[al] social way. Now you can get him [on] your angle while he's off guard!"

But still Trevor could not help feeli[ng] as they neared the commander's hou[se] that this was not a favorable mome[nt] The commander was a big man with [a] red face and eyes the color of Atlan[tic] Patrol weather; he greeted Trevor a[nd] Mary without visible cordiality.

"Jenny's bringing highballs," he sa[id] "I need one. I've got five hundred AV[P] coming tomorrow and no place to p[ut] them."

"What are AVPs?" Mary inquir[ed] brightly. "Some new type of bomber"

"Hardly," the commander said in [a] suffering voice. "Though most of the[m] think they are. I'm surprised, Ma[ry] that there's something you don't know

(Continued on page 102)

Trevor went over and muttered in Mary's ear. "It's getting too riotous!"

fantastic career of Leo arey, whose pictures make s rich, whose purpose in to make the world brighter, who has more fun doing an anyone in Hollywood

Funny Money

By Duncan Underhill



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL CONNELL

Director McCarey quietly talks over with Ginger Rogers a scene of Once Upon a Honeymoon before shooting it

HE night was young and she was beautiful. The boy at the wheel of the flivver was seeking a lane the orange groves of Azusa, rnia, in which to initiate a little et necking.

ok!" cried the damsel, pointing to red mass of metal among the trees roadside. "There's a wreck."

pecting a tactical diversion, the ooted the idea. "Just a little old d tractor, honey," he told her out superior wisdom. "Snuggle up and your nerves."

half a mile farther on, she was iving him the needle. "I could forgive myself," she said, "if I out somebody was bruised and ng back there in the orange grove."

w right, staller," sighed the swain, ing the jaloppy in a crazy U, "you

s is a good place to pause and r the calamitous consequences if Miss Bright Eyes had lost that ver- ust on the turnpike. For the dim t she had spied by the roadside was verturned automobile of Leo Mc-, Hollywood's saltiest citizen. And uised and battered creature she had ned was McCarey himself, who was ged even as she spoke in spraying ountryside with his life-blood.

d Young Mooncalf gone chugging his rustic rendezvous, Hollywood d have been a duller place than , the California law courts would lost their most charming litigant there would be four fewer good es most years.

agged down by the young lovers, a of motorists assembled about the ing form of what had once been a ywood director who looked like Grant. All the worth-while bones e his waist had been broken and of his skin had been seared by a red feet of speed contact with good rnia arterial paving. He was, as l, giving directions.

et my passenger out from under car," he suggested. "He may be ."

Always the Director

illing hands heaved and gradually e Fowler, a writer of no mean abil- came into view, in considerably se-than-new condition. A boy's-size ulance with sufficient storage space one sufferer champed up. Forty utes would be required for the round to the hospital.

ake Fowler," McCarey ordered. r he ascribed this act of abnegation head injury. "I'll ride in the second ion."

realist in the crowd was heard to mur, "By the time the ambulance back, that member will need a se."

Okay on the hearse," McCarey said. ve 'em bring it around."

o his 175 pounds of proud flesh was ne to the hospital in funereal pomp. doctors decided that Leo had picked right conveyance and that unloading from it was so much waste motion. nonth later their patient, a symphony plaster and gauze, was supervising m a ringside ambulance the making of an elegant movie called My Favorite Wife.

This McCarey can be distinguished from other McCareys by the fact that he breaks easily, a circumstance that has had a great part in shaping his career. Other built-in characteristics are a willingness to give advice (one of his chief beneficiaries in this department are the St. Louis Browns and look where they are) and an uncanny ability to make money for other people (but look where he is).

Between fractures this brittle Native Son has improved the actinic hours. He won an Academy Award for direction. The picture was The Awful Truth, starring Cary Grant, who looks as if he might be Leo's brother, Cary McCarey. Leo amalgamated two comedians who weren't going anywhere into the team of Laurel and Hardy. He wrote some of the best comedy ever imprisoned on deathless celluloid and some of the worst song lyrics ever set to music by Bud DeSylva. He introduced Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis and Paulette Goddard to movie audiences. To win his freedom from Howard Hughes he sued for $175,000. Hughes, no piker, sued him for $300,000. And in his spare time he has more fun than anybody in Hollywood since Wilson Mizner checked out.

From the outset the guy's career has been pure comedy, high and low. High, because his screen humor invariably has a purpose, is done with discretion and good taste; and low, because his own experiences and understanding are earthy and human. He was the one kid in a million who liked to practice on the piano: one season he spent six hours a day doing finger exercises. Perhaps he should have confined himself to exercising at the keyboard. At any rate, when he went out for football at college he came up with water on the knee. When he went out for track he got spiked. When he tried pole-vaulting he landed outside the pit and broke his leg.

While still in the University of Southern California Law School he won a case that netted him $5,000. An elevator fell and broke his legs and he collected from the college. The sum was set aside to buy his law library.

The Sporting Life

Working as a summer reporter on the Los Angeles Times, he covered the historic boxing matches organized by his father, the late beloved "Uncle Tom" McCarey, premier fight promoter of southern California and a famous figure in the annals of the game. In a single season the senior McCarey offered his clients championship fights in all weight divisions.

Completing the three-year law course in an all-out four, Leo received his father's best wishes for a successful tussle with the world. "It's fortunate you have that $5,000 from the elevator accident to get started on . . ." the old gentleman began.

"Oh, that," Leo interrupted. "I bought some copper stock with that. It was going to go up, a fellow said."

"I can stand that," sighed the long-suffering parent. "The next thing I know you'll be telling me you're married."

Leo told him that had been taken care of too. Stella Martin was the lucky girl—lucky because she had a roof of her own over her head.

The boy barrister's professional career began as a mucker in the Utah copper mine that had swallowed his mad money. His father went down to the railroad station to see him off. Just before the train pulled out, the old gentleman began twisting his mustachios self-consciously. "My boy," he said, "I can't let you set out without a penny. By the way, how did you raise the fare?"

"Remember that old bourbon you had in the cellar?" Leo asked as the locomotive began to chuff. "Don't count too heavily on that."

Ten bucks a week was his retainer in the copper mine. But the mine turned out to be the correct spot to start a law career. One of the attorneys for the mining company, a titan of corporation law, visited the diggings and they gave him a party. Leo was the only gun in camp that could sing and play the piano. Result: he was offered a job in the firm's San Francisco office.

To round out the slim pickings, the boy bridegroom used to arrive at the

office before the office boys, so he could knock off the subpoena-serving chores at ten cents a mile. Some of his best unpublished songs came to him while riding the ferry to Oakland to slap a plaster on some unsuspecting citizen.

Starvation was well advanced when the firm sent him to Los Angeles to try a case. "I lost in fifteen minutes," he brags. "The local lawyers were amazed at the short time it took me to present my case and get my pasting. Somebody suggested that I could clear the Los Angeles calendar in no time if I stayed around. The San Francisco firm had the same idea and wired that I needn't come back. That's San Francisco for you."

He hung out a shingle in the home town and spent most of his time watching it get weather-beaten. One day a client walked in, looking for a cheap lawyer. His wife was suing for a divorce, which was all right with him but he wanted to duck alimony. He painted such a vivid picture of a female fiend that Leo's heart went out to him and he accepted the case for cigarette money.

Came the day in court that was the climax and the finale of the McCarey law practice. "In walked a pitiful wisp of a woman," he recalls. "Both her eyes were blackened and she was followed by a brood of children that hadn't been fed since they were weaned. The tale she told would have gone great with a Hearts and Flowers obbligato. I asked the judge for a recess. He wanted to know on what grounds. 'To give this rat time to get another lawyer,' I said."

As he stepped out of the courtroom, the counselor was seized with an impulse to run. Perhaps the fact that his client was running after him had something to do with it.

Sprinting down North Broadway to First Street he felt hot breath on his neck all the way. As he passed the Times Building several fellows he used to work with were coming out. They spied him tearing along and cried out in bewilderment, "Hey, Leo! What are you doing?"

"Practicing law," Leo yelled back without breaking his stride.

When he returned panting to his office, having lost his pursuer in a saloon, there was a letter from a music publisher accepting a song he had written. (It was a war song published the day the Armistice was signed.) At that exact moment he abandoned the law so completely that nowadays he never steps into a courtroom except to battle Howard Hughes.

The movies let him get his foot in the door and he wound up with a job labeled "third assistant director" at Universal. Months later he discovered that the colloquial translation of this title was "script girl."

Songwriter by Night

Now began a golden phase of his forward march. All day he sopped up lore and legends from Tod Browning and other masters of the art and mystery of the motion picture. All night he wrote songs. A ditty on which he collaborated with Bud DeSylva, titled Sitting on Your Patio, crept into the repertory of the Duncan Sisters.

Another of his nifties was sold for a quick $10 to a real-estate subdivider. The lyrics, on the level, went like this:

Come and live in Lankershim,
An up-and-coming town.
You can buy a little home
For just five hundred down.
It doesn't take you long to reach
Seventh and Broadway or the Beach,
So come and live in the land of the peach,
In Lan—ker—shim.

Fifteen years later, making a guest appearance on Bing Crosby's radio show, the proud author-composer accepted Bing's kidding invitation to give out with some music by singing and playing the petite realty paean. The audience was loving it.



Between takes of the McCarey picture, Leo (at back) plays two-piano duets with Cary Grant, and they compose songs together

Challenged to do an encore, he let fly with an unpublished number written seventeen years earlier by his pal DeSylva, a little conceit called Wishing, which Leo had dug up and incorporated into one of his movies, Love Affair, starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Wishing turned up almost at once as No. 1 on the Hit Parade, a circumstance McCarey doggedly attributes to his plugging.

A five-year term at Universal gave the renegade lawyer all the groundwork he needed to be a director—everything but a job as a director. Years later at a testimonial dinner given for Uncle Carl Laemmle he acknowledged in a speech that Laemmle had "made" him. "That's true, gentlemen," he repeated. "He made me—he made me so mad I went to work for Hal Roach."

At Roach's, Kid McCarey went to work as a comedy constructor, pulling an oar in the gagman's galley beside Frank Capra, who also achieved Academy Award stature later. One of his adroitest coups at the comedy factory was parlaying Stan Laurel ($100 a week some weeks) and Babe Hardy ($10 a day once in a while) into a million-dollar comedy team. Here also he got his first real taste of a megaphone mouthpiece and turned out two-reelers at such a clip that a few years later he was vice-president of the joint.

Life had become a pleasant rut two reels long and thirty-five millimeters wide the day Leo went swimming with the boss. Surveying Roach, the strongest and healthiest adult he'd ever seen, he decided on the spot that his chance of promotion from vice-president was as remote as world peace. He bade a cheery farewell to his employer, scooped up his towel and trunks and walked into the sunset.

By this time he knew all there was to know about making two-reelers. Feature pictures, as any child could deduce, were four two-reelers spliced together. One of his earliest tries at the full-length photodrama, at Paramount, was a gamble called Let's Go Native, which served to introduce Jeanette MacDonald.

"It almost finished Jeanette," McCarey admits. "When we got the thing pasted together there was a slight story discrepancy: the hero married his sister. The end result looked as if Olsen and Johnson had been let loose on the premises. When I went to the preview I took the precaution of having Winnie Sheehan of Fox right beside me and a Fox contract in my pocket."

The refugee from two-reelers had a test of his mettle at Pathé, where Joseph P. Kennedy was having a brief reign as a movie mahatma. An actors' strike was on and a decree had been issued that no players could be used by a studio except those already under contract. Pathé had been borrowing from the neighbors for years, consequently had no actors of its own to put into a little gem called Red Hot Rhythm that was scheduled for delivery to the theaters.

Loyal to the song-writing clan, McCarey put a Tin Pan Alleyite named Walter O'Keefe into Red Hot Rhythm. The picture played every shelf in the country but was not an outright flop because of its low production cost.

Nowadays, when McCarey is talking money to a new employer he points out the money-making record of his past pictures. "Look," he's likely t "I've been at bat fifty-four tim made fifty-four hits."

"Yeah," agreed the last studi he gave the spiel to. "I admit y on base fifty-four times. But th Hot Rhythm was no hit. You gott that 'Hit by pitched ball.'"

Howard Hughes, the speedbo producer of Scarface and Hell's A was impressed by a McCarey mov bought his contract. The imm project in mind was a producti Queer People, a novel by Carro Garrett Graham that singed the hi Hollywood folk of the late 1920's five months Leo worked with Ben trying to dope out an acceptable The undertaking was knocked o head when the industry impressed Hughes its disinclination to throw in its own eye.

McCarey's contract term expire had drawn $58,000 and Hughes nothing to show for it except $5,00 he won back, on the golf course. contract between the two, signed een months ago, came to the same because the mismatched duo coul agree on a story called Hollywood end, which became same when RK ecutives succeeded in convincing H that a bird like McCarey making a ger Rogers-Cary Grant picture for was worth two in the nonprodu Hughes bushes. Leo doubts that th an RKO executive who can take hi anything on the golf course, alth there is a case on record when he trimmed of his entire salary on a n picture.

This was when he was directing a of semipro gamblers named the Brothers. When the last dollar du his contract had vanished into the n Marxes' many pockets Leo swor gambling against their uncanny judgment and foresight.

He swore off, that is, until one they offered him a sucker bet, a hundred dollars on the pronunciatio "acumen."

Fleeced by the Marxes

McCarey laid down his money agreed to abide by the decision of studio research department, which mediately sent around an expert had served as English tutor to the Pr of Wales. Leo lost and paid like a tle soldier. The Marxes had left t before he discovered the tutor wa plant.

McCarey's best movie, he thinks, Make Way for Tomorrow. When won the Academy Award for The Av Truth, produced the same season, frankly informed the voters they picked the right guy but the wrong ture. Later his production of My Fa rite Wife was up for an award.

"It's just as well we didn't get screen-play Oscar on that one," he c fessed. "The credit would have had be split among Sam and Bella Spew and me and Enoch Arden and Rip V Winkle—all lovely people but with ferent agents."

Leo's two severest friends are G Fowler, who used to go motoring w him until the incident of the Az orange grove, and his daughter M McCarey, aged fifteen, a pupil at a c vent school.

Typical statements of these admire (By Mr. Fowler, from his bed pain): "Leo could win the war sing handed by becoming Hitler's chauffeu

(By Miss McCarey, when Leo was recting Mae West): "Daddy is betwe pictures just now."

THE END

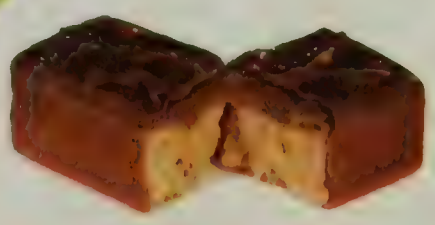


MMM...BOY! I'M STRONG FOR MILKY WAYS



Yes, Milky Way candy bars are his weakness and his strength!

He's always had a weakness for their delicious taste and he's strong for the quick nourishing refreshment he gets from them. With each delightful bite he thrills to the taste blend of the thick chocolate coating, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and the luscious center of chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk. Wherever he is, when he craves good candy he asks for a Milky Way!



The Telephone Rang All the Time

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



It was Miss Bentley's good fortune that the men in her life were all gentlemen. Otherwise they would have murdered her

JANE BENTLEY wasn't used to admitting she was in the wrong. But after a week she knew she'd made a mistake—a silly, stupid, shameful mistake. It wasn't the only one. She'd done a lot of foolish things since she'd had that fight with Jim Renshaw a year ago. Getting herself engaged to Alan Howland was merely the worst.

It was nearly midnight. Everybody had gone to bed except her father. She went downstairs and looked in the library door. Her father was sitting at the table with a pad and pencil making sketches and throwing them in the wastebasket. Her father was one of the owners of a machine-tool company that had doubled and redoubled its capacity since the war began. When he wasn't at the plant he was busy with some problem and he did his thinking with a pencil.

Jane walked into the room. Her father raised his head. He was a big gray man in clothes that always looked as if they'd never been pressed and now his hair was in a tangle.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," she said.

She hated to go on. She was bound to reform. She was going to prove that she was a responsible person. But the first step was hard. Jim Renshaw was her father's favorite engineer. Her father had never said much about it, but she knew he blamed her for quarreling so violently with Jim that he never came to the house again.

"Well?" her father said.

"I've been wanting to ask you about Jim Renshaw."

Her father had an attitude toward her that Jane resented. He treated her with fond disapproval, as if he liked her in spite of himself. It was bad enough when other people took that line. She knew what people said about her, as everybody does, and how unjust they were. They said she got away with murder.

"What about Jim?" her father asked.

Jane braced herself. There was no use trying to be indirect. "Why d you ever ask him out for a week e more?"

Her father stared at her. "You why," he said.

"I think it would be nice to s again."

"You do, do you?"

Jane raised her eyes to his and him a limpid innocent look. "Yes said.

Her father ignored the look. last time I asked Jim out here for a end he said he wished I wouldn didn't ask him why. I knew he want to come because of you."

"That was a long time ago."

"Why do you think he'd feel an ferent now?"

"You could tell him I thought i a good idea."

"I don't imagine he cares much you think."

"You could tell him that I'm a ferent person now," Jane said.. could say I'm a reformed characte

"I haven't noticed any change in her father said. "When did yo form?"

"It's been coming on for a long But it really happened tonight."

HER father looked at her as if he puzzled. "Are you serious a asking Jim for a week end?"

Jane met his eyes. "Yes," she sai

"He's overworked down there on Island. He puts in close to sixteen h a day getting those gun turrets as bled. He should take one day off a w But he doesn't. I'd like to get him here and give him a chance to relax."

"Why don't you?"

"I want to talk to him about going to Ohio. They're going to redesign turret, and unless some man who kn machine operations the way Jim c sits in, they'll come out with somet nobody can make and there'll be other six months' delay."

"I'm sure you can persuade Jim come here, Father."

"Can I count on you?"

"I'll be good," Jane promised.

Jane went to bed pleased with her If Jim gave her the chance, she was g to forgive him, and having him aro over the week end would make it sim to let Alan Howland down easily.

She waited the next day, which Friday, hoping to hear from her fat about Jim. But her father didn't call and she knew better than to bother h at the plant. She didn't have a cha to see him alone when he came home dinner. It was only when they were h ing dessert that he spoke.

"Jim Renshaw is coming out for week end," he said.

They all looked at Jane—her fat and her mother and Phyllis and Al

"What'll you do, Jane?" Phyllis ask "Leave home?"

Jane stared at Phyllis defiantly.

"Jane is meeting Jim," her father sa "He'll be on the 11:42 tomorrow mo ing."

Jane's mother smiled at her. "W all be glad to see Jim again," she sa in a way that closed the subject.

Jane felt grateful to her mother. knew her mother wasn't as surprised her sisters were. Her father had t doubtedly told her mother all he kn and she had guessed the rest. She w that kind of person.

(Continued on page 52)



This is no time to be FRAIL!

The dainty days are done for the duration—likewise the dainty diets.

So as America goes to war, it also goes for more and more bread. Recent surveys show bread sales increasing steadily ever since war was declared.

The reason is that bread is one of our best sources of food-energy. No other food can be eaten with such regularity and still not tire your taste.

And today you can buy the new enriched white bread—with all its extra measure of Vitamin B_1, niacin, and iron—and be much more certain your diet is up to full war standards.

Just remember—whether you're a nurse or a housewife, an office worker or a riveter—this is no time to go easy on such basic food as bread. See that your family has an *extra* loaf every day or two.





GOOD AUTHORITIES AGREE: when you work harder, you need more energy-foods such as bread. Bread is "standard equipment" in the lunch boxes of war-busy American workers.

IF YOU ATE NOTHING ELSE, you'd get enough energy to do an hour's housework from 3 slices of bread; to sew for an hour from 1½ slices of bread; to chop wood for a half-hour from 4 slices of bread.

MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B_1.

Bread *is basic*

Skin Game Michelangelos

By Hannibal Coons

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

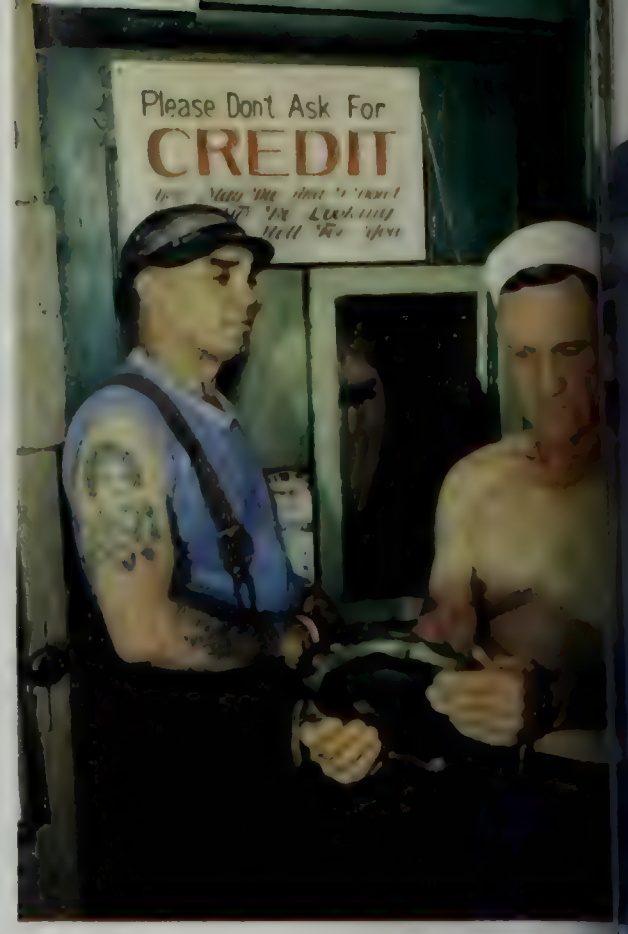
Getting jittery over the jig needle? Afraid that Johnnie will come marching home looking like the new wallpaper? If so, you have come to the right place

AFTER prolonged study among our Armed Forces, we are now ready to make book on this tattoo thing. The results will amaze you. In fact, from here on, the present narrative will probably consist of one startling fact after another, and you'd better sit down.

First let's get the odds posted.

If Johnnie enlists in the Navy, and stays in over ten minutes, it's even money that his epidermis will flaunt a painting; if he goes into the Marines, it's still even money, but only if he stays in a year or two; in the Army, the odds are ten to one against the man with the needle, unless Johnnie's outfit is holed up for a spell in a port. The Air Corps alone gives tattooing the collective blank stare, preferring to decorate its chest with the simple medal pinned on the outside of the tunic.

The ignorance of the average citizen on the subject of tattooing is absolutely profound. At least, ours was. Did you know that tattooing needles are nothing but regular sewing needles? Size 12, the smallest size made; eyes and everything. The tattooer simply clamps four or five of Mother's needles into an overgrown mechanical pencil, fastens a square buzzer thing at the top like the one on your doorbell, connects the gadgets to batteries or a motor generator, and —presto!—he's the happy owner of a modern electric tattooing machine. The row of needles jabs in and out at about three thousand jabs a minute, the ink on the dipped needle points being literally pushed into your skin. The thing feels like a bee that's mistak you for the honeysuckle.





Is it art? Seaman Glore seems a bit uncertain as tries (above) to catch a glimpse of the eagle wh tattooer Jack Julian has affixed to his back. L Julian puts the finishing touches to the masterpi

The average design takes from ten minutes to h an hour to put on, and costs you anywhere from quarter to five dollars. You take off the bandage a couple of hours, your arm will get sore and have scab on it for a few days, and that's all, mister, tha all. Something new has been added, which will pro ably stay added till they cart you off to the hillsi

You can't evaluate the present ink boom un you know a little about the thing. Tattooing is old than anything except people. The oldest piece of a tual tattooed human hide was dug out of an Egypti tomb dated 2000 B. C.

The tattooing trail takes you from Africa Alaska, and from Siberia to Samoa. Our Americ Indians tattooed themselves till the Pilgrims ma them stop. Japanese tattooing dates from approx mately the year 500 B. C. Certainly the best tatto ing has been done by them. Those Japs can real give you the needle.

A Two-Dollar Word From Polynesia

Nobody got around to naming the deal till the en of the 18th century, Captain Cook officiating. Th word is really "tattau," a Polynesian term, properl pronounced in three syllables, with each vowel give the full two-dollar treatment. The dear captain n only spelled it "tattow," but persistently pronounced in two syllables as we do now, and there you have it, nice wrong word that's been adopted by every peopl in the world.

Tattooing among so-called civilized people shifte into high about sixty years or seventy years ago. Tat tooed clothes became so popular in Japan that b 1878 the Japanese government banned their use e cept for foreigners, whereupon visiting British no bility, from King George V down, brought back permanent picture postcards on their high-class hide and English society folk dutifully adopted the dis owned custom.

In America, our Navy took up the habit as visua proof of their Asiatic cruises, and in 1892, a distin guished man of science, Professor Sam O'Reilly o New York, invented the electric tattooing machine From then on, it was a breeze.

So many New York East Side school kids got tat tooed that in 1902 the Bowery tattooers got haule into court. Ward McAllister had already thunderec warnings to the Four Hundred against their growing adoption of this "most vulgar and barbarous habi . . . of the aristocratic Englishmen," and along the water fronts, a phrase had come into being: "A sailor without a tattoo is like a ship without a rudder—un seaworthy." Kaiser Wilhelm was tattooed. So were



AROUND THE WORLD TODAY wherever American forces fight on land, sea, or in the air, there Goodyear rubber fights also. It serves in many forms—assault boats and life rafts—barrage balloons and blimps—gas masks and bullet-puncture-sealing gasoline tanks—tires for giant bombers and combat tires immune to machine gun fire. From tiny bomb-release gaskets to giant tank-carrying pontons, all are built to the same quality standard that has made Goodyear tires the world's first choice for more than a quarter-century. And because America's reserve of natural rubber is so scant today, we are now building many of these military essentials with Chemigum—Goodyear's own synthetic rubber which will provide the public with tires of our customary excellence, when its production can be stepped up beyond war's need.

Chemigum—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

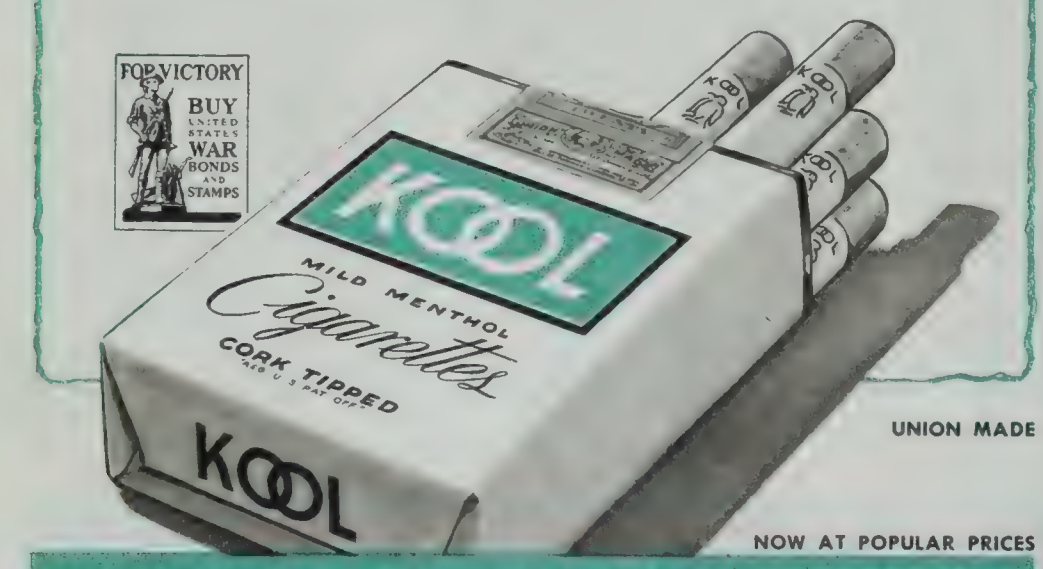




And one more good precaution . . .

SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

All the air-raid notices say, "Keep KOOL!" So why not try a pack today? You'll discover a blend of choice, ripe tobaccos with just a dash of mild menthol added to give a cooling, soothing sensation to your hot-and-harried throat. (And save those coupons for luxury premiums!)



UNION MADE

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

SAVE VALUABLE B & W COUPON ON THE BACK OF EACH PACK

Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these



U. S. War Savings Stamps—any denomination—by redeeming B & W coupons for cash value (¾¢ each). 133 coupons equal $1.00 Stamp.

Bridge Table. The de luxe model with top of genuine inlaid woods. Patented automatic steel leg locks. Strong and steady.

FREE! New Catalog #21. Color illustrations. Full descriptions. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

B & W COUPONS ARE ALSO PACKED IN POPULAR-PRICED RALEIGH CIGARETTES

King Oscar of Sweden, Czar Nicholas II of Russia, Queen Olga of Greece and some of our own very best people.

Stirring contributions were also made to the spread of the thing by Mr. P. T. Barnum and Mr. Lew-the-Jew Alberts. Barnum, knowing a hot thing almost before he saw it, imported from Vienna around 1873 a tattooed Greek named Georgius Constantine, one of the most genuine exhibits that Mr. Barnum ever had. Whether or not George had been tattooed by Burmese torturers (as he and P. T. solemnly vowed) it was an undeniable fact that George had an awful lot of somebody's ink under his exterior. People viewing Mr. Constantine for the first time often fell over in a dead faint. He had 388 separate designs upon his person, complete even to his eyelids and also between his fingers. There was hardly any place that George wasn't tattooed. And we mean *any place.*

Barnum paid him $1,000 a week (or so he said), people by the million flocked to see him, and in no time at all, a line of not overbright citizens were standing around outside our first tattoo parlors anxiously waiting to be tattooed "all over" so they could make a lot of money. Mr. P. T. Barnum thus started the living-picture-gallery racket and gave epidermal Rembrandts a terrific boost.

Mr. Lew-the-Jew Alberts was a former wallpaper designer who shipped out to the Philippines in '98. Before he left, he got tattooed himself, liked the idea immensely, and when he got back to New York, immediately went into the business. He couldn't, however, quite forget his old love—wallpaper. So at night he bemused himself by drawing thousands of new designs all over big sheets of nice white paper. Busy rivals scattered about our fair land bought up Lew's designs like furious, hung them outside their joints as their own creations, and that, Junior, is why so many of those sheets of tattoo designs look like wallpaper. They *are* wallpaper.

Most of our tattooers like to think of themselves as deathless artists, but the majority of them can draw just as many designs as they have good sturdy celluloid stencils for. Pressed, many of them will try a jeep for you, but it's liable to look an awful lot like a four-masted schooner under full sail. Most of them spent very little time at the institute, and the wiggly curves of the human s aren't a very efficient canvas for re complicated art work.

When our Armed Services, in 1 banned nude and otherwise rare and decent tattooing on its incoming enli men, the few real artists in the profes suffered a mortal blow. So did the bust senses of humor of our sailors Marines. Up to then, there'd been growing quota of totally undres dames tattooed on arm and chest m cles in such positions that they could made to do dances that would m Dorothy Lamour hang up her sarong is said that the reason our older sail have such tremendous muscles is not result of any hard work, but rather amount of idle time they spent mak their tattoos dance.

French Sense of Humor

One of the most unusual of tattoo gags, however, was a soldier in t French army back in 1880 who had a f general's uniform tattooed upon h complete with buttons and medals. A he had to do to enjoy a very stirring pi motion was to undress.

The French lads have always shown lot of personal imagination in their se coloring, particularly the French crin nals, the old apaches. One had a ne dotted line tattooed around his nec with the helpful inscription: "Exec tioner, when cutting, follow the dott line." A French murderer who had cor pletely killed several dozen of his fello citizens wore the happy slogan: "Quick tempered but good-natured."

Possibly your own Johnnie Doughbo is neither a French apache nor an A rican tribesman. Is the same old rack going to get him?

It very well may. Whenever there a war on, the tattooers open up the larg bottle of ink and build long, comfortabl benches for the waiting list. A lot c kids who have never smelled salt wate except when the potatoes were boilin suddenly hang up their hats on a boa and start thinking about Asia, and a lo of them will get tattooed before the get out of it—in this war, not over ha (a new low record) but that half stil adds up to several square miles of newl inked-up hide.

The fact remains that hardly any o



COLLIER'S "Mechanically-minded, you say?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"We're bears on gifts...we know the trends
This year it's Calvert's Happy Blends!"

Yes, we bear gifts galore each year;
We stuff the stockings with good cheer!
And lo! Our biggest gift success
Is CALVERT whiskey...nothing less!

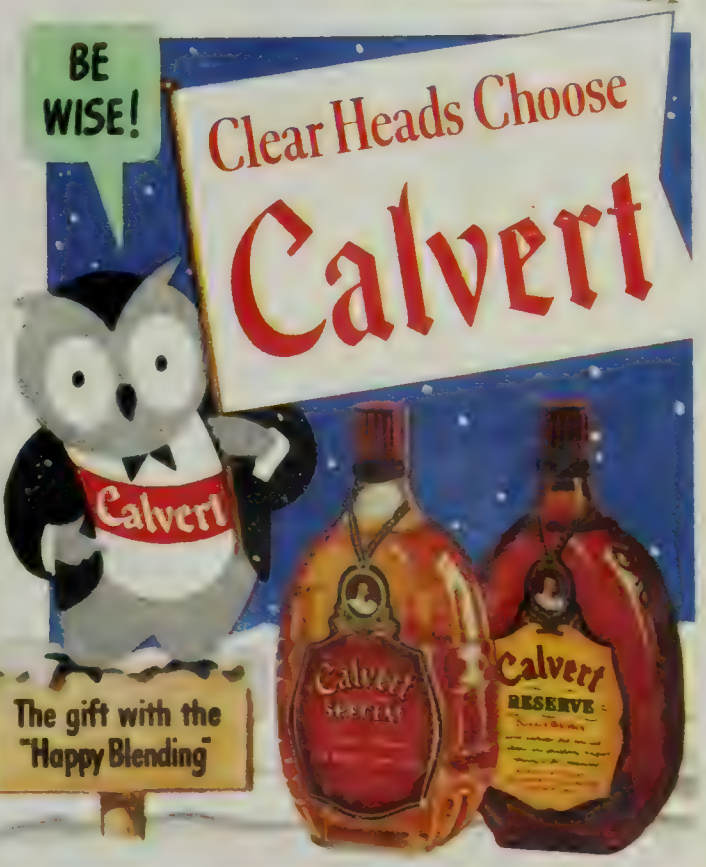
2. For CALVERT (if you'll hark a minute)
Has only traits that *blend* well in it—
In fact, it's such a Happy Blending,
It's tops for Yuletide elbow-bending!



The secret is—some whiskey traits
Are enemies, while some are mates.
So CALVERT ousts the fighters, *fast*—
Hence makes a blend that's unsurpassed!



4. If in your Yuletide shopping search you
Seek a gift with *every* virtue—
You'll tickle all your friends no end
By giving CALVERT'S Happy Blend!



Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits





COLLIER'S "What are you doing this morning, Babe?" MISCHA RICHTER

these same kids would ever get tattooed at all if they weren't in the war. At none of the induction centers are more than five per cent of the new recruits tattooed when they come in, and this includes all the well-meaning lads who have rushed down to a joint and got splattered on the way in an effort to look like hardened veterans.

At most of the camps, not over one or two per cent of the kids are tattooed when they enter. All this stuff about one in every ten men in America being tattooed is strictly malarkey. At the big Marine base at San Diego, we stood on the side lines watching several hundred recruits playing softball with nothing much on but their underpants, and you couldn't see a tattoo mark with a spyglass. When we asked one of the young gentlemen about it, he took us somewhat aback. "Tattooing," he said, "is just old hat."

But when you query the lads who've been in the Marines a year or two, you discover to your chagrin that tattooing is old hat only to the new Marine. About half of them eventually purchase a painting.

The Marines, however, are strangely circumspect about the matter. Most of the Marine art patrons get tattooed when sober, an unusual thing in itself, and most of them go for a single simple device such as the Marine Corps emblem or "Death Before Dishonor" on a dagger. Nothing fancy.

Of course, you can't get really fancy in your tattoo taste in any of the services any more. The tattooers have even reaped a mild harvest lately in "covering up" a lot of their former masterpieces. Many a lusty lad has gone down to enlist or re-enlist, only to be told that he would have to help his forearm Sally Rand get dressed if he wanted to get into Uncle Sam's Navy.

The Navy has more or less officially disapproved of tattooing since 1909 or 1910. One of the first things most of the new lads are now told in boot camp is: "There are two things you don't have to do to be a sailor. One is get drunk and the other one's get tattooed."

But the racket goes right ahead even at the new half speed. Naval officers will tell you in optimistic good faith that not over fifteen per cent of the men get tattooed, but the men themselves tell you that fifty per cent is a lot nearer right. And in the Navy, that fifty per cent does it right now, hardly being able to wait till they can make it to the nearest ink spot.

Both literally and figuratively, sailors like girls on their arms. They now h to be content with a head—most which should be referred to as a bu or a neatly clothed Betty Boop, bu least it's a girl. They also still favor other old standard numbers—the N anchor, and the very touching "In M ory of Mother," possibly with a h rose. We can imagine Mother's extre pleasure at being so beautifully and p manently remembered.

Most of our new crop of soldiers, we said, seem to realize that they're ing to be back at the bank some day. couple of them, interviewed rather h riedly on a street corner in San Die summed up the Army's majority op ion of tattooing with great neatness.

"Soldiers just don't go around th places," they said.

Oddly enough, the designs have been mechanized greatly in accorda with the new styles in warfare. By a large, the tattooers are still putting the same old wallpaper. Some of t kids come in looking for a nice snap tank or a PT boat, but usually the t tooer ends up by talking them into o of the slightly older models he's got th celluloid stencil for. Why kill hims puzzling over something new and volved when he can slap on "In Me ory of Mother" with his eyes shut a get the same two bucks for it?

Tattoo Prices Vary

Did you know that prices on the Ea Coast are a lot cheaper than on the We Coast? A tattoo that will cost you se enty-five cents in New York or Norfo will cost you two and a half in Los A geles or San Diego. When the Fle moved into the Pacific, the Eastern i boys never quite recovered from th shock.

At present, there are probably two three hundred tattooers operating in th United States, most of them very oc individuals and only slightly tough than a broiled boot. Of the whole lo not over a dozen are really proficie tattooers, with any full knowledge their trade or even some elementa knowledge of the necessary sanitary pr cautions.

Probably the four best tattooers in th country at the moment are Harry Lav son and Sailor Charlie in San Dieg Jack Julian in Los Angeles, and Col man in Norfolk, Virginia. The finest ta tooing ever to be done in America wa done by a fellow named Red Gibbon who has spent the last few years aroun Los Angeles. Then there's Mr. "Navy

e in Long Beach, Billy Torun in iego, Tony Pratas in Los Angeles, Grimm in St. Louis, Owen Jensen etroit, and Andy Sturtz and old e Wagner in New York.

t to opera singers and ballet dancs hard to find a group of workmen iate one another more than tattoo- lo one's any good except the fellow talking to; each one invented tatg, the tattooing machine, the best d of doing everything, and also t everyone else the business, none om are really any good. They're a ating group of men.

ones we've mentioned, however, ve certain personal standards about strange business. Most of them tattoo nudes even on civilians, hat the services have banned them. won't tattoo anybody who's too to hold still, they actually talk n people out of being tattooed, ularly on the hands or face, or in quaint ways which would prove a l handicap in later life, and they pt to use some sort of sanitation ir work.

obably the most amazing thing of all tattooing is the almost complete of any regulation of the business. better tattooers would themselves me sensible regulation. Harry on has tried to get the city councils ozen different communities (includn Diego where he is at present) to regulatory laws governing tattoond no one seemed interested.

ere are, of course, a few exceptions. as City, Missouri, discourages all ers with a $500 license and rugged and jail sentences for any tattoof minors; New York City and a few localities have an ordinance prong tattooers from the dangerous ice of attempting the removal of o marks.

herwise, most of the country is wide You can wash everybody's arms for a week in the same bucket of dirty water, you can try any experiment in cheap coloring matter that occurs to you, however poisonous, and no one is even faintly interested until so many people are infected from one shop that action is finally demanded and taken.

Got any old tattoo marks you're tired of? Have you considered having them removed?

Removing a tattoo is about as simple a matter as removing your head. The tattooers have always bought and sold every sort of crackpot recipe for a removing method that any of them could manage to think up.

The best modern ones are based on the injection into the skin of various acids, which set up such a violent pustular reaction that eventually a large hunk of your hide comes off—including the tattoo, it is hoped. If you don't pick the thick scab too much before it comes off, you may not have blood poison after all.

In the hands of an amateur at the racket, the average removal formula is about as safe as an ax. At best, you end up with a slick white scar over the area, as though you had suffered a bad burn. At worst, you lose your arm.

Albert Parry, one of the best of the American authorities on tattooing, tells of a Mr. James Scanlon, of Newark, New Jersey, who on the night of December 18, 1922, laid himself quietly down beside the railroad tracks. He extended his tattooed left arm across the rail and calmly waited for a train to come along and remove, once and for all, the tattooing he'd grown to hate to the point of mania. The train came along and obliged.

Of course, Mr. Scanlon could have had a good plastic surgeon remove his tattooing a little less violently—or he could just have not had it put on in the first place.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

ane, instead of nineteen, as by fastrewar steamers. Already the route been flown by our Generals Brett Arnold in thirty-odd hours.

DAY Australia is a five city naon—Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, aide and Perth, each in its way a lgic bit of England. Behind them he strange, wild continent—largely own, untamed, unrealized, unset- More than half the total population ban, making a lopsided economy society. Man has scarcely got be- the beaches of Australia; register- o more impression upon it than that e upon a polo field by half a dozen nies of ants in the grass on its border. and highway travel is still very itive; these, with her immigration , have held Australia back, her leaday.

om the village of Cairns on the heast coast to Perth on the south- (comparable: Portland, Maine, to Diego, California) takes eleven days onstant rail travel, almost as many ges of train. For reasons of politiand commercial jealousies in a past ration—isolationism within isolaism—that are difficult for Yanks or ent-day Aussies to understand, rail- gauges change at each state frontier, etimes even within states. Except for semistreamliner, The Spirit of Prog- that runs from Sydney to Albury on Victoria border, and that can't be mentioned with North American or European standards, Australian trains are something out of Fontaine Fox cartoons.

Not so in aviation. Herein, Australia long ago saw her salvation. She has a tradition of superb pilots—commercial and combat—led by the great Kingsford-Smith, and including Keith Truscott, and Harold Gatty who now does a splendid job for the American air command. Australia was the terminus of the famous London-to-Melbourne air race; a real milestone of aviation progress. Dutch and English airlines stitched her to Europe; although, unfortunately, when Pan American sought to extend its prewar lines there from the United States, politics kept her out, and we had to end in New Zealand, to be connected with Australia from there by Quantas, an English-Aussie firm.

DURING the great retreat from Singapore and the East Indies last winter, Australian civil pilots performed miracles of heroism in their unarmed, comparatively slow planes, evacuating the innocent to safety, chiefly over shark- and typhoon-pestered seas. For example, in one period of eight horror-racked days, 800 persons were flown from New Guinea to the mainland. One 14-passenger ship carried eighteen adults, thirty children, and a crew of five. The lone casualty in all these achievements was—a suitcase! . . . W. B. C.

AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE**

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking



SKY-PASSENGERS *on Pan American Clippers are served with America's FINEST Cigarette!*

And far more Americans are wisely smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS!

No claim is made of any curative power in PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose and throat—therefore better *for* you. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette



"That Guy in Lower 10 Sure told the boys off!"



QUIET, tired looking chap—bumped me as the porter swung my bag into Upper 9. Said he was sorry, politely as could be.

But man, did he let them have it in the smoker that night! When the man with the big cigar made that crack about doing plenty by paying his taxes, without buying War Bonds too.

Well, that was the quiet fellow's cue, and he picked it up quick.

"Gentlemen—if you'd seen what I have, you'd *starve* yourself to buy Bonds—just to save your own lives.

"I'm a newspaper man. I *saw* London bombed. I *saw* France die. I *saw* the tragedy of Warsaw. Night after horrible night of screaming hell. Men watching the work of a lifetime go up in flames. Mothers seeing children die before their eyes. Old folks trudging down empty roads to nowhere—crying hopeless tears.

"I just got out of Singapore with my life—and the memory of Jap devils laughing with glee as they used our wounded for bayonet practice. Practice for Bataan . . . and Java . . . and the Solomons.

"Stop kidding yourselves that this war is as good as won—that all we have to do is wait a little while and the toughest, most savage armies the world has seen in centuries will somehow get scared and give up.

"If you folks here at home can keep that war away from your own cities—if you can buy victory with the very last dollar you own—you can count the price cheap.

"And you talk about sacrifice when all you're asked to do is *loan* some of your dollars for a little while. To put the mo you'd ordinarily be spending on new and radios and other things no other nat has so plentifully—into Bonds that will those very things for you when war is d

"You can't stop their armies with a bullets. We must shoot them down man man. We must blast their planes and ta one by one. And the millions of bullets shells and bombs we'll need must be p for out of your pockets, one way or anoth

"Why not buy them now—willingly—w dollars you can spend again. So you hold up your heads like free men when boys who did your fighting for you co marching home?"

The joint Army-Navy Production Aw today's most coveted honor, has been ferred upon Stewart-Warner Corpora —and "E" emblems awarded employe for unusual performance in war product

★ ★ ★ ★

Your War Job Begins At Home

• Everything you own of rubber, metal or other v material is doubly precious now. Many of them can't replaced at any price until after the war ends. But w a little care, they'll see you thru.

• Keep your refrigerator oiled according to the mak directions. And keep it clean—the mechanism—the rub seal around the door—particularly the finned conden underneath. At any sign of trouble, call your dealer. may avoid big repairs by early attention.

• And guard the mileage in your car! Whether you p fer Alemite or other lubricants, get them regularly! T is no time to risk vital transportation to save penn

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

ALEMITE LUBRICATION • STEWART-WARNER INSTRUMENTS • STEWART DIE CASTINGS • BASSICK CASTERS • SOUTH WIND HEATERS • DUAL-TEMP REFRIGERATORS • MAGIC DIAL RADIOS • SCOTCH MAID ELECTRIC RANGES

ONE OF THE FIRST—AND PROUD OF IT. Stewart-Warner employees were among the first groups, of over 7500 workers, to allot more than 10% of their total payroll to War Bond purchases—thus surpassing the goal set by the U. S. Treasury Department.

1835 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FIDDLER'S LUCK

BY HOWARD TAUBMAN

an't keep a good man
. Joseph Szigeti has re-
dly proved this in his
career as one of the
l's greatest violinists

EPH SZIGETI figures he's one of luckiest men alive. Well, when it es to airplanes, he has a powerful ake the transcontinental flight he last January. Carrying his two s fiddles, he boarded the airliner uardia Airport, weary and baby- old. Before filling some concert n the West Coast he planned to is home in Palos Verdes near Los .

the plane seemed to drag, and d ached. He tried to keep his ff his troubles by writing letters, s his favorite pastime on planes ains. After midnight the plane l at Indianapolis and took on sev- ssengers. A strikingly handsome woman, blond, with finely chiseled s, took the seat in front of him. stole glances at her between He did not recognize her, but— habit of his—he tried to guess he did.

plane stopped at Albuquerque, e passenger agent asked for four ers to give up their seats. A of Army pilots had to be accom- d. Szigeti went into the wash- hoping someone else would make ion for him. When he emerged, gage was off the plane, with that e other passengers.

e Plane That Didn't Arrive

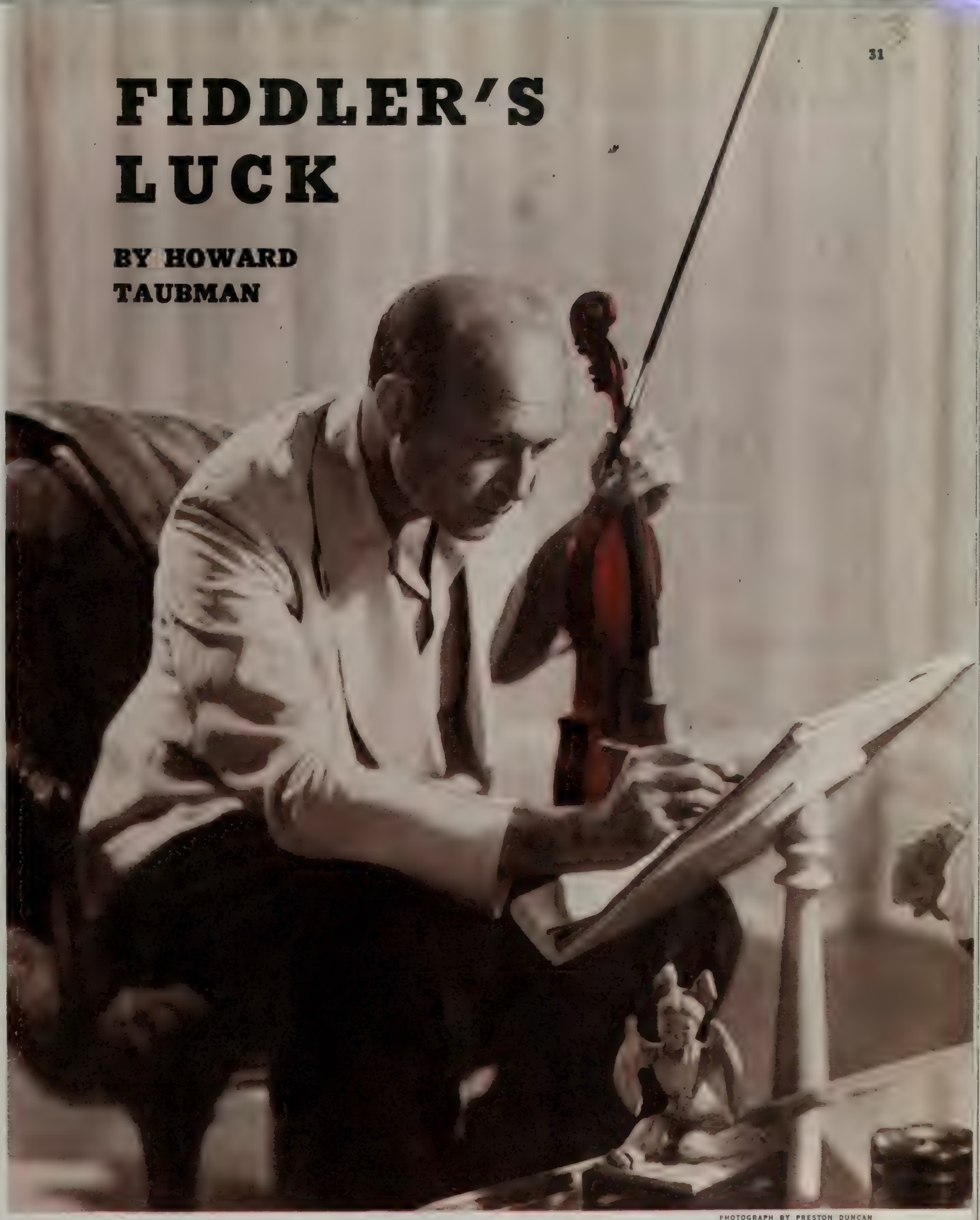
n the next plane headed west, the r had turned bad, and they made ergency landing miles from Bur- As a bus was being commandeered trip to Los Angeles, Szigeti heard broadcast. The plane from which been put off was missing. Here covered the name of the fascinat- ssenger—Carole Lombard.

ouple of years earlier Szigeti had d a plane booking at the last min- no other reason than that he had f letters to get off and would have ime if he traveled by train. That cracked up, killing its passengers, them Senator Ernest Lundeen.

hear him tell about it, his plane is typical of his luck. For exam- calls this luck: He was a flashy as a kid, but no one treated him rodigy. "I wasn't sheltered, I had gh it," he says, "and that was Here is another sample of his f luck: When he got his career as ernationally famous fiddler run- high, he came down fearfully sick nths. He had to learn to make st of his time, and that, he says, od.

sy success makes a fellow flabby," ns it up. "I had to fight, I had to working, I had to keep learning." aid off. He is one of the world's rats of the fiddle. The connois- will assure you that he's one of the greatest violinists in the world, the two being Fritz Kreisler and Jascha z. His playing has the magnificent ity that a musician has to earn by ng.

en you sit and chat with Szigeti, et no conception of his prodigious and energy. He is tall, lean, bald- His manner is relaxed and gracious; ice soft-spoken; his English fluent ecise. But he covers a tremendous lot of territory. He keeps up with the world, though music is his business and he spends months traveling. He finds time not only to write letters, but to read, visit museums, meet with friends constantly.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PRESTON DUNCAN

Joseph Szigeti ranks high among great violinists, likes to get in a few hot licks with his friend and fellow artist, Benny Goodman

Joseph Szigeti was born in Budapest in 1892. The name is common in Hungary, where it is pronounced to rhyme with "hot diggety." Here, everyone speaks it like the mate to spaghetti; he has decided to go along with us. Joska —as his folks called him—had music on his father's side. His mother died when he was three. His father, grandfather and uncle were string players. Like some of our best jazz artists, most of Joska's family could not read music. But they had that certain feeling for it.

Joska lived the first seven years of his life with his grandfather in a village in the Carpathian Mountains. His health was frail, and the poor quarters in which his struggling family lived were not the place for a delicate lad. In the mountains he was close to nature, and his health improved. His musical lessons began early. First he learned to play the cymbalo, a Hungarian instrument that belongs to the dulcimer family and is played like a xylophone.

It was taken for granted that every male Szigeti had to learn to play a fiddle, and at 6, Joska began taking lessons from Grandfather and an uncle. At first his lessons were entirely by ear. No one had a piano in the neighborhood, and the boy did not discover what it was like to play with piano until he was eight. Then he came home to Budapest and his father got him a teacher, an old gent who played in the opera orchestra, but who knew little more than routine. Little Joseph learned like a house on fire.

The old teacher soon realized that Joska knew more than he did, and he employed every guile to keep the brilliant pupil. But the boy's father wasn't taken in. When Joska was eleven, he led him to the Budapest Conservatory for an audition before Jeno Hubay, most famous fiddle teacher in Hungary. Papa Szigeti thought the lad might make the preparatory group and might land eventually in Hubay's class. Hubay listened a few minutes and said the Hungarian equivalent of, "This lad's my dish."

In those days a youngster did not have a formal debut, which Szigeti says was more good luck. He knocked around, playing wherever they let him and for whatever they paid him. After two years Hubay told the boy he was on his own. His father promptly took him to Berlin,

(Continued on page 75)

"Don't say Solo Flight to Me," sobs Sally



SALLY NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but she's making her first solo flight at 9.

"I'll wait till tonight," she tells her roommate. "If I don't pass the test, I don't get my pilot's license!"



HEAVY-HEADED, SUFFERING from symptoms of constipation, Sally makes a one-point landing, if that.

"No license for me this time, that's plain," she mourns, ready to cry.

"I'm Proud of My Ace," says Jane's Beau

JANE NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's making a solo test flight at 9, too.

But she takes speedy Sal Hepatica because she knows it usually acts within an hour.

JANE WINS her pilot's license easily. Her fiancé, also a pilot, watches the flight. "Bravo!" says he, with a hug!

Jane — beaming — is grateful for Sal Hepatica's prompt relief.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

YOU'VE JUST GOT to keep fit, these days. So don't wait till tonight to take the laxative you need this morning.

Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

This refreshing, sparkling saline acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort or griping. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity, as well; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed recently, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative! Remember, it's your duty to keep feeling your best!

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor will testify to the efficacy of this prescription.

"TIME TO SMILE"—Tune in Eddie Cantor Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E W T

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

The Hunters

Continued from page 12

was transparently grateful at this pleasantness. He would have been uncomfortable going off on any trip without the Garricks, for the three of them had always gone together, and to go without them would have seemed to let them down. Now, he assured himself, everything was open and friendly. He lifted his glass toward Mrs. Winston.

"To your lion! To Simba!"

"A big lion!" said Tommy gaily. "Simba mkubwa!"

Michael thought "Sir Simba!" but he did not say it; open irony would make Claire wary and he found himself suddenly savoring the notion of this amazing expedition. Silently, his dark eyes glinting, he held out his glass and they all clinked glasses.

Michael's wine spilled. He set down his glass quickly. Queer, that a touch . . . She was as lovely as Circe, smiling at them. Her eyes were shining, her hair a radiance. . . . No blame to Bob for being dazzled. . . . That lovely line of her cheek. . . . And her throat. . . . The man wasn't living who would not want to put his lips to that throat. . . .

Hang it all, he thought savagely, she *had* been too good for him! Why should he hate her because she'd had the sense to know her worth?

MRS. MICHAEL GARRICK was packing on the veranda of her bungalow. In white shirt and shorts, her bare feet in canvas sneakers, she squatted before the row of airtights and dunnage bags and chop boxes, ranged against the wall, swiftly stowing away the supplies stacked beside her. There was a worried line between her dark brows.

This business of taking a lovely lady from London to the wilds was very different from the accustomed, carefree threesome. Bob McNare did not realize what a woman like that expected, Tommy thought, straightening her back and brushing the brown hair from her warm face; he had said blithely, "Your camp stuff will be enough, with what I have, and you can let her have bedding and towels, can't you? She's renting a tent and cot. I had her buy a gun—a beauty."

It would be a beauty, Tommy thought, remembering Mrs. Winston's pearls and frocks. And her camp clothes would be smart; she would go to the best shops with that list of personal needs which Tommy had sent.

Her small brown hands fitted a tin of coffee between tins of tongue and butter; these provisions were more expensive than their usual lot and that was a worry, too. Mrs. Winston had offered to pay her share but Bob had insisted that she was his guest; he had offered to pay for all the food but Michael had resented that. Michael was very touchy about this expedition, very insistent that they do themselves well. They were doing Mrs. Winston well, Tommy thought with a sore heart; she was being given a safari, two white hunters *and* a chaperon.

It was four o'clock and the sun was striking in under the deep thatched roof; the houseboy, barefooted, in a long white robe, began setting out tea things on a table in the corner of the veranda where a great bougainvillea made a screen of shade. Tommy said quickly in Swahili, "Not ready. No tea yet."

Bob might come today. If only he would come before Michael got back. She had not seen Bob alone since he had come up from Kampala. He had avoided being alone with her— Oh, the hurt of that!—but the constraint would wear away when he saw how cheer unreminding she was. And then, by little . . .

Claire Winston had enchanted hi Claire Winston had no place in h life. Her loveliness and luxury wo incongruous on Bob's coffee farm Tommy refused passionately to b that Mrs. Winston could take him from his own place, from Africa.

If that happened—

She got up, as if she had to mee thought on her feet. It might ha she admitted steadily. If it did, she have to bear it. You could bear thing, if you had to.

She moved along the veranda, be the bougainvillea, looking out. The rick farm was high on a hill, too almost, for good coffee growing, a this side beyond the lesser hills and ing slopes was a glimpse of distant m tains, dark blue against the sun-dr sky. Their soft, shadowy folds mad think of the far moors in Devon, be her father's farm.

Grenville Farm. It had been Gre Farm for six generations, a piece of given to a younger son, and now was no future Thomas Grenville, quire—she had been named Thom because she was the youngest of daughters and her father's last hop a namesake.

Grenville Farm. The first sound i morning was the clatter of horses' h on the cobbled courtyard as the gro led them to water, then came the bla of the sheep, as old Truby, in his smock, shepherded them up the moo

Only the lower slopes of those m tains were like Devon, she thought; peaks brought other memories, the houette of the Apostle Range against bright sky above Table Bay at C Town.

SHE stood at the rail, waving to uncle and aunt on shore, as the moved out of the bay. Six weeks bef she had seen those mountains for the time, coming out on this visit, and she was going away, married that da Michael Garrick. Suddenly it all seer unreal to her, the urgent, romantic co ship and the wedding; even Michael, side her at the rail, was unreal, a stran with whom she felt shy. Yet it wa thrilling strangeness, an exciting shyn

Michael knew a good many people board; she thought his manner, when presented her, was a little ceremonic but perhaps that was his constraint saying "Mrs. Garrick" for the first ti She hoped, at dinner, that she lool smart enough to do him credit—Mich was so handsome and so proud.

He seemed a little restless, afterwa finally he told her he'd go into the sm ing room while she tucked herself She thought he was considerate to g her so much time. She thought that quite a while, lying in her bunk, warm salt air blowing in the portho making her hair damp and curly ab her face. Then she wondered what keeping him. She grew offended, th nervous; she calmed herself with hum She told herself that Michael might shy, too.

Then she grew worried. She thou of absurd things, of an accident—a ca less moment by the rail when the b pitched. It was pitching quite badly no Michael might have perched on the r

She thought of getting up and dressi but the notion of hunting her bri



We could have done this a year ago

The calendar says the United States has been at war one year this month.

But here at North American Aviation we've thrown the calendar away. Today we are building planes that are *years* ahead of the planes we were building in 1941.

Those late-1941 planes of ours were *good*. According to one theory of production we would have been justified in "freezing" the designs we had in production last December 7 and concentrating entirely on turning out those planes. But we don't work that way, nor do the Army and Navy work that way.

We know frozen weapons won't win the war, because the war itself can't be frozen. So we keep our production methods flexible, and whenever battle experience or engineering genius or mechanical skill suggests a change that will improve our planes, we make the change.

And we go on looking for other improvements. That's why "North American Sets the Pace"—why our planes are selected for such missions as the first raid on Tokyo (North American B-25 bombers) or to bear the brunt of low-altitude fighting over Nazi-held Europe (North American P-51 Mustangs).

We are making these better planes so much faster that we passed our 1942 production quota months ago. But today, as always, the main idea of every North American employee is to make every North American plane the best bomber, fighter or trainer that can possibly be produced *at the moment* it is completed.

You—the taxpayers and Bond-buyers of the nation—pay for the planes we build. Your sons, brothers, sweethearts and husbands fly them. In those two facts is all the reason we need to continue building the best planes that skilled hands and unfrozen brains can build. When you're through making changes, you're through!

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Plants in California, Kansas, and Texas

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.



BOMBERS FIGHTERS TRAINERS

BONDS BUY BOMBERS! The War Savings Bonds you buy put bombers in the air. Buy Bonds every payday.

Join the Army or Navy Air Force

NORTH AMERICAN *Sets the Pace!*

groom about the ship sent her scurrying down under the covers again. She thought of pretending she was ill, of ringing for the stewardess and sending for Michael, but that was ludicrous, too, and humiliating. Nothing, really, could have happened to Michael. He had probably fallen asleep in a steamer chair. Stranger things than that happened when you were tired. They would laugh about it later.

Michael was very drunk when he came in. He said, "Mrs. Garrick, I presume?" with elaborate humor, then went sprawling. For the first time Tommy learned what it was to put a drunken man to bed. Through her shock and dismay her heart made automatic excuses for him; it said he had not realized how much he was taking, that the other men had plied him unmercifully, but the excuses did not assuage her feelings.

AT LAST she slept, and woke to daylight and Michael's eyes on her from the opposite bunk, bright with a mocking light. He waited for her to speak and she had the sense to speak casually and with good humor: "What happened to you, Michael? Too many treats?"

He closed his eyes, but not before she had seen the mockery go out of them; he said slowly, "I'm a hell of a bridegroom," and his voice was so bitter that she wanted to comfort him, and then he began to grin to himself, his eyes closed, and that grin on his pale face was suddenly hateful to her.

But an instinct profounder than experience warned her not to betray her anger; she sensed that you might coax Michael but you must never shame him. The thing to do was to forget, to pretend that it had never happened.

It would never happen again, he said. And then he told her, "I drink too much, Tommy, and that's a fact. Not all the time—a beano every now and then. Only the beanos got too close together. That's why I need you so—to buck me up," and that made her at once anxious, and resolved. She promised herself to be very careful for him, not offensively careful, but watchfully on guard.

But how can you guard a man who stays away? Michael liked the company of other men, liked to drink with them and play cards. He was drunk again before the trip was over, not as drunk as before, but enough to mock himself to her, to tell her he'd been going to the dogs. It wasn't only drink, he said. It was women. "Anything for a lark." Marriage was the only thing that could steady him; he had known that, he said, and when he went to South Africa, for a boat trip to shake off fever, he had it in mind to pick up a wife there. "And then I saw you," he said. "I knew you were the best I'd ever find."

The belief in their great romance died there. She knew that he had not fallen headlong in love—though he might have been a little charmed by her naïveté, she thought bitterly. He had wanted her, as he wanted women, and he had needed her, as he needed salvation; but now that he had her he did not seem as happy as when he was courting her.

The people who met the Michael Garricks on their way upcountry from Mombasa thought the bride a quiet little thing, but very pleasant, and just the right balance for Michael Garrick.

The farm delighted her. The coffee was in bloom, wide fields of chalky whiteness and pungent scent, and there were orange trees and lemons and limes and mangoes and papayas and strawberries and pineapples that tasted as no pineapples had before.

She wrote many happy letters home; it was easy to write happy letters because she was full of hope and cheerful plans.

It was not till Michael told her that they could never have a child that she knew utter dismay. He was morose that night, and she had protested, "We'll make a go of it—we'll have a good life—we'll have a lovely family." She had said that before because she wanted him to share her hope and the first time she had said it he had not answered but this time he gave her a hard look and said, "Get that out of your head. We'll have no family."

There could be none. Not according to the doctors. No—he could have no children. He ought to have told her before he married her, he said defiantly, but he would not risk losing her; as a matter of fact, he said, he had not thought much about it. How was he to know she had her heart set—?

There were other things in the world besides children, Tommy gave back stoutly. If you had them, that was jolly, but if you hadn't, you did not think about them. And there were drawbacks to children, she pointed out. In Africa you had to send them home to school and it must be worse to part with them than not to have them.

To herself she was saying desperately that it was really very sporting of Michael to have told her the truth.

He had stared long at her, his eyes inscrutable. The sardonic mouth was the only thing expressive in his still face and something in it seemed mocking the effort she was making and something else in it was twisted with unhappiness.

He said, "I ought to tell you, I suppose, to go out and have one by some young squirt in uniform but I'm not going to! I'd put a bullet through him."

"Michael!" she had cried, horrified at the idea of infidelity.

SHE whirled; she knew the sound of that car. She ran down the veranda steps into the sunshine, her face lighted, her gray eyes eager. Bob McNare was getting out of the car, a short, stalwart figure in khaki shirt and shorts, his browned arms and legs darker than the faded khaki. He wore the planter's wide, double felt hat, and he called to her warningly, "Hi, where's your hat?"

"It's four-thirty—almost."

"Five o'clock is soon enough to take it off."

This was a familiar argument and the ring of it was heartening to her. She said gaily, "Anyway, it's time for a spot of tea," and called to the boy in the open-faced cookhouse behind the bungalow to make tea *pesi, pesi.*

"I've brought over a small contribution to the commissary," Bob said, and told the boy to fetch the box from his car and be careful with it. The boy came, balancing the box on his head, and put it down with deep grunts to show how careful he was being. Tommy lifted the lid, and said, "Oh—bottles!"

"Wine," said Bob, to the dismay in her tone. "A touch of swank," he said, with a diffident smile; when he smiled, his rather serious face took on a special charm. "She's used to it, you know, at dinner. And I couldn't explain—"

"Of course not. And it's quite all right. Wine doesn't touch Michael, not the little he drinks of it."

It was whisky that Michael liked.

Bob said worriedly, "Are you sure that Michael—?"

"Quite sure."

Michael had said he would take only one drink an evening. He had been stiffly resentful at her insistence; he had said, "Don't you think I know enough not to make an ass of myself?"



COLLIER'S "Watch out for his left" KIRK STILES

"He's absolutely sincere about it. He's proud, you know," she added, for conviction.

"Yes, he is. And with Mrs. Winston—well, he wouldn't want to let himself down before her, would he?"

"No." Tommy was crisp.

"She liked him, you know. She asked me no end about him."

"You didn't tell her—?"

"Lord, no!"

"Nor about his heart? Michael said he wouldn't go, if he was to be thought a crock."

"Not a word. He told me not to, himself, that night at Kampala. . . . You don't think this trip will be bad for him, do you?"

"It will be good for him. He needs a change."

They had tea at the table by the bougainvillea; they talked hurriedly, afraid of silences. It seemed to her the strangest thing in the world to sit there with Bob and feel him so far away from her, to feel him secretly ill at ease in this semblance of their old intimacy. That tea table had too many reminders. How many times . . .

She was actually glad to hear Michael's car coming. Michael came walking about the corner of the veranda, cocking his dark eyebrows quizzically at the pair at the table. She sang out, "Look at the new box! Bob brought some wine for the trip."

"The devil he did!" Michael stopped, lifted the cover, and drew a bottle from its straw sheath. He read the label and shot an amused glance at McNare ing her well, aren't you?"

"Doing us all well," said T quickly.

Bob's red-brown cheeks had gr trifle redder. "She's used to it know."

"Well, I wouldn't know her tast

It was the peculiar voice Micha sometimes, for Mrs. Winston. I called the boy to fetch hot water she saw that Michael was leanin ward, one hand against his side, a sprang up. "Heart, Michael?" He ded, speechlessly, and she ran fo medicine.

But Michael had straightened she got the medicine to him.

"It's nothing," he told them. reaction. I got too mad at tha Hindu trader."

"Trader—?"

"That fellow who's buying around here."

"You aren't selling any?"

That was a mistake. If Michae parting with cattle for this trip he not want Bob to know. He was un edly sensitive now about his financ she understood the stiffness of his talking prices." He sat down at ta the chair Bob placed for him and "Pour some whisky into that tea you, Tommy? That's better than cine."

Bob asked worriedly, "You're you're up to this trip, old man?"

"Yes!" Michael hated to be "old man." "A trip's no harder tha other day and I keep my end up, I?" Then Michael shut the sharpnes of his voice and spoke lightly: "It just that I got so stinking mad and to hold it in."

He was selling then, Tommy th acutely. Else he would never have his temper. Selling at a sacrifice.

THEY talked about the Congo. were going there because license less and because, in British territory presence of Mrs. Winston might official "brass hats" to their camp. neither man wanted that. They were doing this safari in white-hunter with askaris to put up tents and re tion gun boys. Tacitly they had ag that the Congo was the place to go over the border in Ruanda. Mrs. ston, Bob reported, was eager to see of the Congo, especially Lake Kivu.

"Kivu it shall be," said Mic "Scenery, then lions . . . I'd like to Kivu again—I saw it first in twenty-f Came up from the south where t are no mountains, only green hill looked like something in a jeweler's of green velvet. No roads to it then. no hotels, either. A government la went round it once a month and if missed that you waited or walke good hundred-mile walk to the o end. Now you motor. And stop at tels. A tourist trail."

He was talking quickly, to make t forget his near collapse, animated, by the irritation that changes in wilderness aroused in him. A pla Tommy reflected, always wanted provements in his own neighborhood revolted at seeing the wild country g tame.

Now she said cheerfully, "Well, hotels and motor roads will make it sible for Mrs. Winston. I don't lieve—" she was very careful to so detached and uncritical—"that Winston would enjoy slogging along foot or in a carrying chair and slee in tents or rest houses."

"Oh, she'll like the tents when we c to camp." Bob spoke with a cheery viction that drew both Tommy's and

The Holidays deserve the BEST!

TAYLOR'S

the Wines with CAPTURED FLAVOR

CAPTURED FLAVOR

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE SHERRY

Taylor's NEW YORK STATE SHERRY WINE

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE WHITE PORT WINE

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE PORT WINE

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Sherry Port

SWEET TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE VERMOUTH

DRY TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE VERMOUTH

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE MUSCATEL WINE

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE DRY SAUTERNES

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Rhine Wine

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Champagne

TAYLOR'S BURGUNDY

TAYLOR'S SWEET CATAWBA

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Claret WINE

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE White Tokay

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE HAUT SAUTERNES

Gifts of Good Cheer

Hold the glass high! . . . let light pour through . . . look long into the depths of liquid velvet . . . for there is reflected the very spirit of man's foremost desire—freedom to enjoy the gifts of the good green earth.

Look here—if you wet your finger on the rim of this man's glass, it will ring for a minute after. Now down the street—thick tumblers from the kitchen shelf do honor to a family's feast. And in them all—Good Wine—alive with ruddy fires . . . part and parcel of the very wonderful, very satisfying and beloved thing called CHRISTMAS!

Holiday feasts take an extra glow of warm satisfaction when wine is served. Especially if it's one of TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE WINES. And holiday Recipes, too, have more richness, more flavor when made with wine. Why not try some of Martha Washington's favorite wine recipes this Christmas? They're yours—for only 10c—in the 44-page booklet, "Leaves from the Table of George and Martha Washington!" FOR YOUR COPY, just send 10c to address below.

THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, Hammondsport, New York.



VISIT THE TAYLOR CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

You'll Like to GIVE and GET

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

Christmas Gifts



● Here are the gifts that are really appreciated...gifts that are useful... good looking...quality-made! They'll carry on the spirit of Christmas long after the holidays are over. The MEEKER-MADE label signifies fine quality and expert craftsmanship in leather goods of modern style and latest features.



BILLFOLD and KEY CASE SET

A gift of extra quality that will delight anyone! Genuine Seal, handsomely finished. Billfold modern to the minute. Exclusive "Selector" type Key Case. Set $9.00. Billfold $6.00. Key Case $3.00.

MEN'S FITTED DRESSING CASE

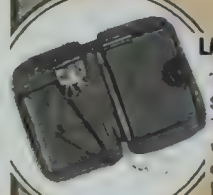
Genuine hand-colored steerhide with attractively embossed design. Talon zipper. Equipped with 12 toilet accessories, including good-quality hair brush. $10.00.



MEN'S MILITARY BRUSH SET

Pair of high-grade military brushes, comb and nail file, in genuine, rugged, grain pigskin case; moire lined. Talon zipper. An extra fine gift for service men. $3.50.





LADIES' 7-IN-1 HANDE PURSE

The best looking, handiest $1.00 purse you ever saw. 7-in-1 handy features. Genuine Morocco grain leather; choice of black, brown, blue, red, green.

If Your Dealer Doesn't Have—Write for FREE Booklet



THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

C

chael's eyes to him. "Where do you plan to camp, Michael?" he wanted to know. "Where's the best place for lion?"

"I know a place. Not my first choice—that would be the Ruindi, but that's a preserve now. Part of the Parc Albert."

"I thought that was only the gorilla mountains."

"Not now—it's all that plain south of Edward. Best game fields in the Congo. Good idea to have it a preserve, I dare say, but they ought to open the plains for lion, now and then. I hear the lion are so plentiful they're doing in the antelope."

"Well, since we can't go there?" said Bob patiently.

"I know a place," Michael repeated. "I used to hunt there. I met a chap, the other day, who told me it's still untouched. . . . Luck, not to have had it spotted."

"Hard to get to?"

"Not now. We can get through by car to a village and pick up porters. We'll take a carrying chair."

"You're sure there's lion?"

"She'll get her lion. Don't you worry about that, my lad."

THE two cars and small truck, loaded with equipment and with five black boys, stood before the Imperial Hotel in the morning sunshine. Quizzically Michael surveyed the outfit. All those camp chairs and folding tables and chop boxes for a short shoot! Usually the Garricks piled everything into one car, crowded themselves and Bob McNare into the front seat, and stuck a couple of boys on the loads or on the running boards. He thought, "We'll have the devil of a time at the Belgian customs!"

It still seemed to him incredible that Claire Winston would ride in those cars, sit in those chairs, eat at that table. He had the feeling of gazing at a mirage. In a moment the illusion would vanish.

But there was no illusion. Mrs. Winston was at the Imperial with her uncle as she had written she would be, and she came through the wide foyer, so Moorish-looking with its columns and high spaces, as she used to come through the foyer of a London hotel in the old days, walking lightly, with that same air of unconsciousness of the staring eyes. She looked exquisitely fair and fresh in a linen frock, dark blue and white, a white double-felt hat on her bright head.

Michael thought, "She's going through with it!"

Colonel Cunningham, her uncle, tall, thin, white mustached, with a peaked nose, had a cordial greeting for Sir Robert McNare, a sufficiently pleasant one for the little Mrs. Garrick whom he remembered meeting at the Murchinsons', and he acknowledged the introduction to Michael Garrick with a sharp glance. Had he ever heard of Michael Garrick long ago in England?—Michael wondered. Had his sister worried to him over that impossibly poor young man who so attracted Claire?

Very likely. But more likely he had forgotten that boy and girl affair, and his sharpness now was for the unknown man who would be with his niece. Michael felt him eying the old school tie.

They went out to the cars and stood about while Mrs. Winston's bags were stowed away, their fine leather looking incongruous beside the worn cases and battered airtights, and Cunningham transferred his gaze to the outfit.

"Quite a caravan," he commented. "Very arduous-looking. . . . Isn't the driving quite a strain?"

"Not at all," Bob told him. "We change about. I mean, I drive one car and Mr. Garrick the other, and Mrs. Garrick spells us."

"Then I take turns with each driver," said Mrs. Winston easily. She added, "I can drive, too, if you need me. I'm quite a good driver, really."

Not by the flicker of an eyelash did Michael remind her of the times her little car had taken them through the crowded arteries of London. There was a place on the river where they used to go. . . . He said formally, "That won't be necessary, I think. . . . You'll start off with Sir Robert?"

There were goodbys, a "Wish I were ten years younger," from Colonel Cunningham, and the admonition "No chances with that lion, Claire!" and then the cars were off, McNare in the lead. Michael looked back at Cunningham, standing stiff and soldierly in his fresh white, one hand raised in salute against a white topee, and his face grew bitter.

He said, "The swine! Do you know what he's thinking? 'They're doing it on the cheap!' "

"Nonsense! He must have driven plenty of battered cars in India," said Tommy sturdily. She was sympathetically aware of that old school tie on Michael; he had not worn those colors for years until today.

"His chauffeur drove him." Michael quoted, " 'Very arduous-looking. . . . Isn't the driving quite a strain?' "

"Well, we have a chauffeur to drive the truck." Tommy was humorous, then sharp: "And his niece came, didn't she? She didn't have to, if she didn't want to."

Yes, she had come. Three weeks of this ahead, he thought, and his mood changed, mercurially. He had not believed that it would happen, although he had sold cattle at a sacrifice to buy licenses and have money in his pockets.

It was going to be devilishly amusing. He was going to enjoy himself, looking on, seeing her make a play for Bob. Tommy wasn't going to enjoy herself, however. Michael would have felt extremely sorry for his young wife if he had not grown adept at not feeling sorry about anything.

Three weeks without a binge. *That* was not going to be amusing. But he would hold to it. It was bitter enough—or it would have been bitter if he were not mockingly indifferent — to have Claire see that he had not made anything of his life, was nothing but an everyday planter with an everyday wife, without having Claire know that he dran[k] boot. He wondered if she'd heard it fancied she'd not talked of him, e[x] to Bob.

He would be careful. When he tight he said too much. No, not much; some inhibitions went deep had never talked about Claire. To had never heard about a girl in Engl He had talked about the D.C.'s wife. Tommy was sure, he sensed ironic that he had cared greatly for Mrs. R in spite of his denials.

Cared? She'd been a stopgap. A them had. Something you snatched held against a wound to keep from bl ing to death. . . . Though there was n to it than that. They had been fun the beginning. . . . Lucky that R[o] hadn't divorced his wife but conte himself with packing her off to Engl and getting young Garrick chuc Plenty of other excuse for chucking

It had not mattered to him. Not had mattered, then, except having a old time and escaping thought of Cl That had taken quite a lot of do Those nights when moonlight turned earth to silver—! He was beauty's f Beauty was unbearable alone.

But he had got over Claire. He got over everything—even himself. N ing could touch him now. That one ment at the club, when their hands met, clinking glasses, that sensation sheer reflex, a ghostly twinge.

HE WONDERED if she'd felt it. wondered how he seemed to What had she said? "You've chang Michael. But you're still—good-lookin

His good looks! They'd been a cu They, and something else in him. could always "put the comether" o woman, he thought, smiling secret though he had not tried it these last yea not since he'd married Tommy. Go little Tommy. Stout fella.

He flicked a glance down at her, ing her absorbed in her own thoug Her profile always pleased him; th was something very young and can in it. Her chin was stubborn, thou God, she needed to be stubborn, to ca on!

He said lightly, "You've a nice fa Thomasina!"

(To be continued next week)

BUTCH By Pvt. Larry Reynolds



"Must you turn the thermostat down to 60° every place we go?"

COLLIER'S

RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U.S.A.!

WHEN Uncle Sam wants to move troops he calls on the railroads.

He is moving *a million men every month*—and our Army is getting bigger every day.

A million men fill a lot of passenger cars, so you can get some idea what "right of way for the U. S. A." really means.

It means that, with what's left over, we have to carry the people who travel on business—those who take trains to conserve the nation's rubber supply — and all the thousands of soldiers and sailors who each week travel by rail on furlough.

It means that we have to dig out all the passenger cars we can find, because war demands for critical materials prevent us from getting new ones —and some cars brought back into service lack the conveniences of those built in recent years.

So we know you can understand why reservations and seats are sometimes scarce—why cars aren't always as spick-and-span as we'd like to have them.

But we've got a war to win—and to win it, every piece of railroad equipment is doing double duty. There is nothing else to take its place today.

DON'T WASTE TRANSPORTATION

Plan early. Make reservations and buy tickets as far in advance as possible. ***Avoid week ends.*** Do your traveling in the middle of the week whenever possible. ***Travel light.*** Limit your hand baggage to actual requirements. Other baggage can be checked. ***Plans changed?*** Cancel your reservation promptly if your trip is deferred or called off. It will help the other fellow.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

How American it is... to want something better!



THERE ARE MANY AMERICANS yet living who once depended upon the Pony Express for mail service. But California today is only "overnight" from Maine.

On every side of us are signs of American progress, the results of our national habit of hunting out the better things—big or little.

IN THE FIELD of the moderate beverages the search for something better seems to have led a great number of us in one straight line to the ale you see pictured here. Its famous 3-ring "Purity," "Body," "Flavor" trade mark has become the symbol of something better to so many people that it is now—



PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale



To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

...n and Novell waited for
...ite to speak. "Well," he said,
...p ... that flutter point, she's
...e s...eetest thing I ever han-
...d. ...he Japs—" Wynn asked,
...t ...w about that flutter?"



...UILT FOR A PILOT

...l. Vernor Dixon
...ED BY GEORGE SHEPHERD

...eb Tracy knew that he was ...ght and there was only one ...ing he could do—prove it

...OM HANAGAN, chief test pilot for the Loring Aircraft Co., the world's leading manufacturer of ...motored bombers and pursuits, sat ...ted back in his swivel chair, his shrewd ...es fixed upon a fly buzzing about the ...iling of the office.

He rubbed a solid, square hand over ...e side of his face. "If you white-haired ...ds in Engineering could figure out ...hat that fly's got, we'd have something. ...ever see such maneuverability?"

The young man seated on the other ...de of the desk, Chief Stress Analyst ...eorge Novell of Loring's experimental ...ivision, cocked an inquiring eyebrow at ...e fly and then glanced at Hanagan. ...e selected an extra-long cigarette from ... gleaming gold and silver case, carefully ...queezed it into an extra-long ivory ...older and drawled, "I see what you mean. Old Cyrus probably thought the same way. But he's off on the wrong foot this time."

"Nuts."

"I mean it." Novell lit his cigarette and leaned across the desk. "Look," he said, "the XP-28 has been a failure and a headache from the start. Sure, it looked beautiful in the wind tunnel, it sounded good and it even looked good on paper. But in the air," he shrugged, "it's a washout. Every engineer in the company has gone out to the desert to have a crack at it and they all come back with the same report: faulty design. It's not our baby and I don't see why Loring should bother about it."

Hanagan's feet came down to the floor. "Son," he said, "there's a war going on. Have you heard? Any airplane that can benefit this country in any way, no matter who designs it or builds it, is very definitely our baby. Anyway, old Cyrus Wynn was once chief engineer of this outfit, and Loring has a soft spot in his heart for the old boy. Cy pulled out a number of years back, so's he could carry on his researches with a free hand, but it's Loring money behind him."

"Well, I had an idea—"

"Sure. That's why we send our engineers and pilots out to the desert to give Cy a hand. But, so far, you boys in Engineering have failed on the job. So now it's dumped into our laps." Hanagan chuckled. "Wouldn't it be funny if a dumb pilot solved the thing?"

NOVELL flushed and frowned at Hanagan. "I'm going along, you know. Engineering isn't exactly through with it yet. But whom are you sending as test pilot?"

Tom Hanagan leaned back in his chair, a light smile tugging at the corners of his lips. He almost whispered, "The Texan bush flier, Steb Tracy."

Novell stared at him in unbelief and then exploded, "That show-off! You can't be serious."

Hanagan's eyes narrowed and he nodded. "I am, though. Don't ever get the wrong idea about Tracy, just because of the way he dresses. That lad's the trickiest pilot I've ever run into. If anyone can feel out that XP-28 and find out what's wrong with it, his name will be Tracy." He shoved some papers around on his desk, abruptly putting an end to the interview. "You'll find him out on the field. B-12-C, designation 482. He's warming up now. Better get going. And," he grinned, "good luck to you."

Novell got to his feet with a groan. "Steb Tracy," he muttered. He walked out of the office, sadly shaking his head.

Steb Tracy sat at the controls of the Loring B-12-C, one of the newest of a long and proud series of bimotored bombers that had been guarding Britain's channel ports and smashing at the invasion coasts for almost two years.

Steb, too, had seen rugged service in the air: bush-flying in old trimotored crates out of the chicle fields of Central America, pipe-line flying through the oil fields of Texas, weather dodging through the mountain vastness of Alaska and, more recently, test-flying production B-12s and the hot little P-32s for Loring.

Born and raised a Texan, long and

rangy, with deceptive gray eyes, sandy hair and a mild manner that kept an explosive nature under control, he still dressed as if about to step into a saddle instead of a fighting cockpit.

A motorcycle screamed down to the end of the runway. Novell stepped out of the sidecar and hurried into the bomber. He slammed and locked the door, tied his luggage to one of the seats and then walked up to the "office." Steb nodded toward the flight engineer's seat to his right (there was no copilot on a B-12) and Novell strapped himself in. Steb took his orders from the control tower, locked the tail wheel, let off the brakes and eased open the throttles.

Burbank dropped behind, the lower ridges of the Coast Range Mountains slid under the wings, and dead on the nose was Kramer Junction, on the Mojave. Steb leveled off, switched the prop to high pitch, shoved the soft-rubber earphones to the back of his head and squirmed about to a more comfortable position in the seat. His eyes casually slid over to George Novell and he quickly appraised the engineer. Black hair, smooth skin, meticulously manicured nails, expensive tailored clothes and the general manner of a well-groomed sophisticate. Steb frowned and sucked at his teeth. For the next few weeks he would be working closely with Novell and already he was wondering how they would get along. But he reserved judgment.

THE Argus Range slid into sight and then, beyond, the Panamints. On the other side would be Death Valley. Steb pointed toward the Panamints, and Novell nodded. He said, "I've been over this before."

Steb looked surprised. "That so? Reckon it must be quite a place, that Death Valley. Never been there, myself. What's the setup down there? Do you know?"

Novell turned to look at him and flicked a spot of dust from his sleeve. "Not much," he said. "Wynn's got a hangar and a shop and a landing strip a few miles from Furnace Creek Inn, but that's about all. Secret stuff, so he picked a place easily guarded and almost inaccessible. Looks like a waste of time and effort, though."

Steb shrugged. "You couldn't tell by me, mister. I know nothin' about it. All I know's Hanagan told me to git over there for a test job and iron out some sort o' dangerous flutter."

Novell laughed. "Sure," he said. "You'll iron it out. Every engineer in the plant has given it up as hopeless, so you'll iron it out!"

Steb regarded him with no trace of expression in his gray eyes, then smiled and said, "I reckon you're one of those who think it's hopeless, too."

Novell impatiently mumbled, "Oh, hell! Look, Tracy, this whole thing's a wild-goose chase."

He picked up a magazine to put an end to further conversation. He was obviously not interested in whatever Steb Tracy had to say.

Steb throttled back over the Panamint Range and dropped the nose to start the long descent into Death Valley. After a time he picked up the green spot of Furnace Creek on the far side of the valley at the foot of the Funeral Range, banked over the hotel, and then settled for the floor of the valley. The Furnace Creek airport passed under them and then, a few miles beyond, was a tin hangar shining in the sun, and the smooth slash of another runway. Steb sighed and relaxed and came in for a neat landing better than 200 feet below sea level.

Cyrus Wynn, inventor, aerodynamic engineer and designer of some of the world's greatest airplanes, was a small, wiry man in his early sixties, with thin gray hair, merry blue eyes and the nervous manner of a man whose whole bodily structure was composed of coiled springs. He never stood still, he rarely completed a sentence and he chewed pencils to bits by the dozen.

He shook hands with the two men and stared at Novell. "Young pup," he said. "Youth. That's aviation. Heard about you . . . job of stress analysis you did on the P-32. Good stuff, and yet—" He turned to Steb and grinned. "Tracy, eh? Where's your horse, cowboy? Look, what the hell are we standing around here for? Let's take a look at the job. Damned thing has me going—well—come on."

They walked into the smothering, suffocating heat of the tin hangar and into the din of riveting machines. One XP-28 was in a corner, not yet completed; another squatted in the center of the hangar, dusty, oil-streaked and showing signs of the terrific pounding it had been taking in preliminary tests. In spite of the grime, though, there was something about the ship that was beautiful. Even George Novell sensed it.

The three men stood a little away from it, and Cyrus Wynn jerked his head. "There she is, damn it!" He sharply glanced at the pilot. Steb's eyes were shining and there was a smile twisting at the corners of his lips. The plane was, to him, like a beautiful dream, a pilot's dream of what a fighting ship should be like.

THE XP-28 looked almost conventional but was far from that. The fuselage was long and slim and tapered to a bullet point at the nose, achieved by an engine behind the pilot's cockpit and a shaft that ran under the seat and a good eight feet to the four-bladed prop on the nose. The pilot's enclosure, at the leading edge of the wing, was obviously designed for 360-degree visibility. The low wing was long, with a narrow cord that sharply fell away to forward-sweeping wing tips for control in a stall. The landing gear was the tricycle arrangement, retractable, with a nose wheel and the two main wheels far back under the wing. With the wheels up, it was easy to visualize the plane in the air, clean and sharp, the shape of a bullet.

Steb sighed and said, "Man, that's somethin'. This cookie was designed strictly for a pilot."

Wynn nodded his head furiously. "Strictly," he said. "She'll tear the guts out of anything the Axis can put in the air. Only," he sighed, "we can't get her over three hundred." He turned to Novell and snapped. "What do you think of it, Engineer?"

NOVELL licked his drying lips and slowly and deliberately walked around the plane. When he had rejoined them he shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Except for that wing, it looks good, very good, in fact. But that narrow wing—"

"Control," Wynn screamed. "Maneuverability, you ass. That's what she's designed for. You can't get it with a low-aspect ratio. But— Oh, let's have some beer. You young squirts are all alike."

The three men sat, that evening, in the cool borax-walled barroom of Furnace Creek Inn, drinking beer and poring over blueprints spread out on the table before them. Steb Tracy slumped deeply in his chair, completely out of the conversation. The talk was talk for engineers, not dumb pilots. Novell made him feel that at once, so Steb sat back and listened and watched.

Wynn was saying, "We don't know what the devil causes that flutter. In the wind tunnel she was perfect and—up to three hundred, she handles like a dream, but over that—this damned flutter sets in, somewhere. With that motor behind the cockpit, she's a keel job, you know. First one like it, I guess. That's where the vibration hits and spreads from there to the rest of the ship."

Novell said, "Possibly the engine—"

"Naw. Naw. Nothing wrong there." Wynn slammed down his pencil, adding, "You take over from here, youngster. I've tried everything and I'm licked. It's your baby now, you and this—this cowboy pilot. Heh, Tracy?"

Steb smiled sleepily and said, "Sure. You two wrastle it around and I'll do the flyin'. How about taking it up for a hop tomorrow?"

"Okay. Better turn in now."

Steb and Novell had adjoining rooms in the hotel, with a bathroom between. The engineer did not like the arrangement, but it had been made before their arrival. He put up with it with a complete lack of grace.



"If you hadn't rushed me so we wouldn't have such a long wait for the next one"

COLLIER'S G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Just before turning in, Steb step into Novell's room and said, "Look, you've taken quite a dislike to me. W working together, so I reckon you me some kind of explanation. Wh wrong?"

Novell turned over and sat up in bed. He stared for a long time at S then nodded his head and said, "' asked for it, cowboy. I don't like y type. Show-off. That getup you w Trying to crash the movies?"

A flat look came into Steb's eyes, there was no anger there. "I don't get he said. "I've worn these kind o' clot all my life. The way you dress—"

Novell snorted, "City chap, that's Don't give me that lack-of-understa ing business. You're a grandstand pla I know all about you, Tracy. The job you tooled for Loring was an em gency landing. Good stuff. Then wrapped the first production P-32 arou in an exhibition that's still being tall about. More and more good stuff."

"And you think I was playin' to grandstand?"

"Think it! I know it."

Steb crossed the room and stopped the side of Novell's bed. His eyes w no longer flat, but narrow and co "Y'know," he said, a hard, thin edge his voice, "we don't count, bub. Th ship, if she could do what she's suppos to do, means more to this country th a hundred little guys like you and n So we're gonna stick on the job until got it licked. Understand?"

Novell smiled thinly. "Are you thre ening me, Tracy?"

"I am. I'm a bigger man than yo bub, and I'd as soon slap you silly look at you, if you make one move aw from this job. When we get this thi licked I'll prob'ly do it anyway. Bear in mind and sleep on it. Good night

Novell watched his broad back goi through the doorway, then bent over the bed, doubled up with laughter. H had been light-heavyweight champion his university for two years. "This he thought, "is really amusing. What character!"

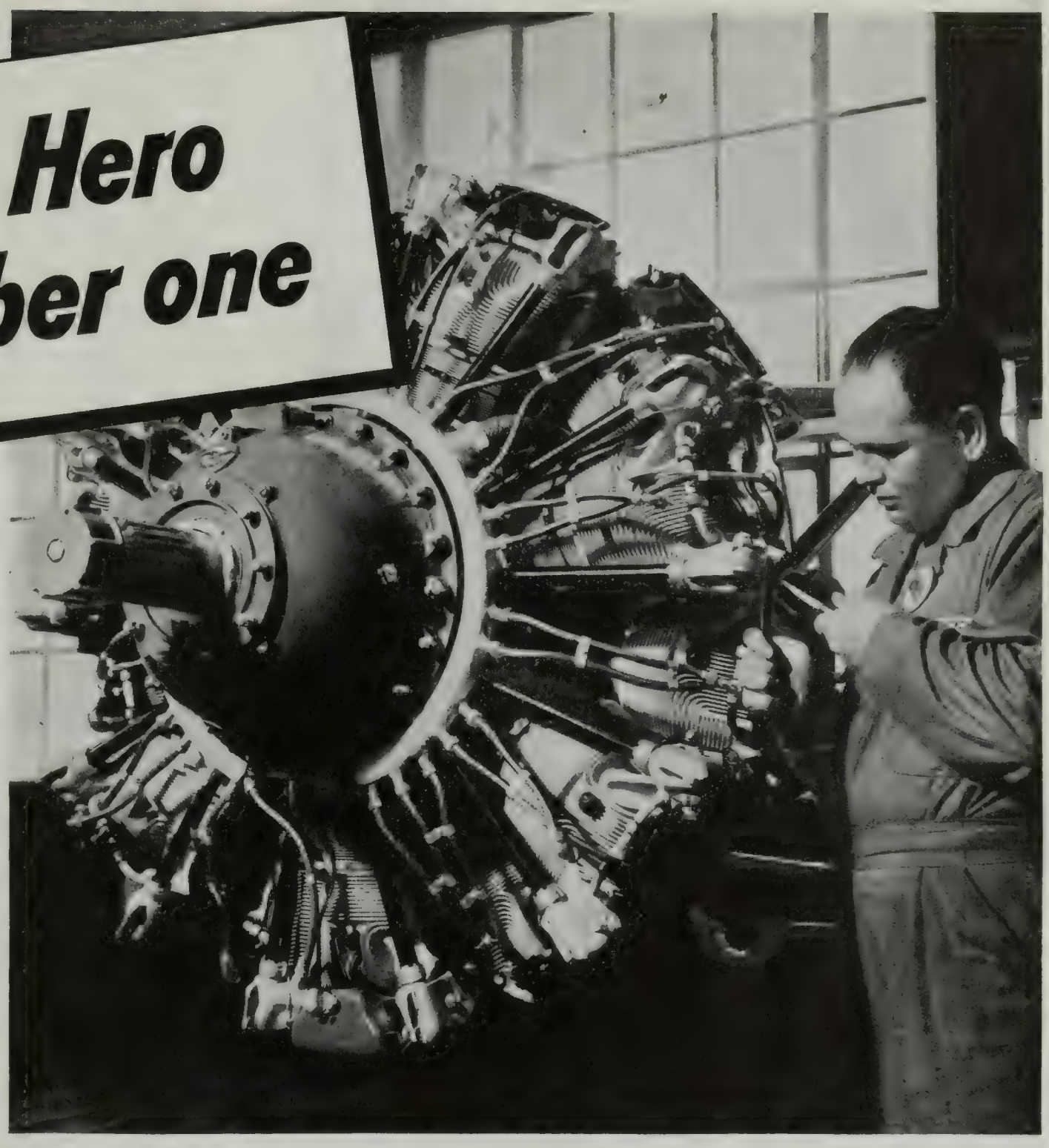
THE "character" climbed into the XP 28 in the cool light of dawn, strapped a notebook to his leg and carefully wen through every detail of preliminar checkoff. When he was well acquainte with the cramped cockpit of the pursui he went over his switches and starte the engine with the oil cooler closed an cowl flaps open. Then he studied th take-off report left by a former tes pilot and was finally ready. He close the transparent enclosure over his hea and twisted about to look back. Wynn Novell and all of the crew were gath ered in front of the hangar. Steb sa luted them with a brief wave of the hand released the parking brake and starte to roll forward.

At the end of the single runway h spun about, tested the brakes in two half circles and got the ground feel o the little plane. He squinted up at the sky, searching it for other aircraft, ther opened the throttle. The pursuit leaped forward at once, pounded through the loose gravel and fairly jumped into the air with a slight pull on the control column. Steb grinned and hit the landing-gear switch, and the wheels came up with a high-pitched whine. He eased the wheel back another fraction and reached for the skies with full throttle.

"Sweet," he murmured, smiling. "She's got it, all right."

At 10,000 feet he leveled off, and eased back to fifty per cent throttle. He tried slow turns and easy figure 8s until he had the feel of the ship, then he whipped into

Unsung Hero number one



CALL him that to his face and he'd say "Nuts!"

Just the same, this earnest fellow, armed with nothing more deadly than a kit of service tools, is doing a plenty good job of throwing monkey wrenches into enemy plans.

We ought to know, because one of Buick's many war jobs* is training soldiers to service Buick-built Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines.

Ever since May we've been watching these intent young Americans march into our special school for mechanics at the rate of 50 a week.

Ever since May, we've been steering them through a tough, eleven-week course that has been singled out for official commendation as the most outstanding school of its district by reason of its 94.3% efficiency rating.

We're turning them back to the Air Corps in a steady flow now—trained, keen and able mechanics who know how to keep engines turning up their peak power for any air-borne task that comes along.

These men-with-the-wrench are going to have a hand in a lot of air battles.

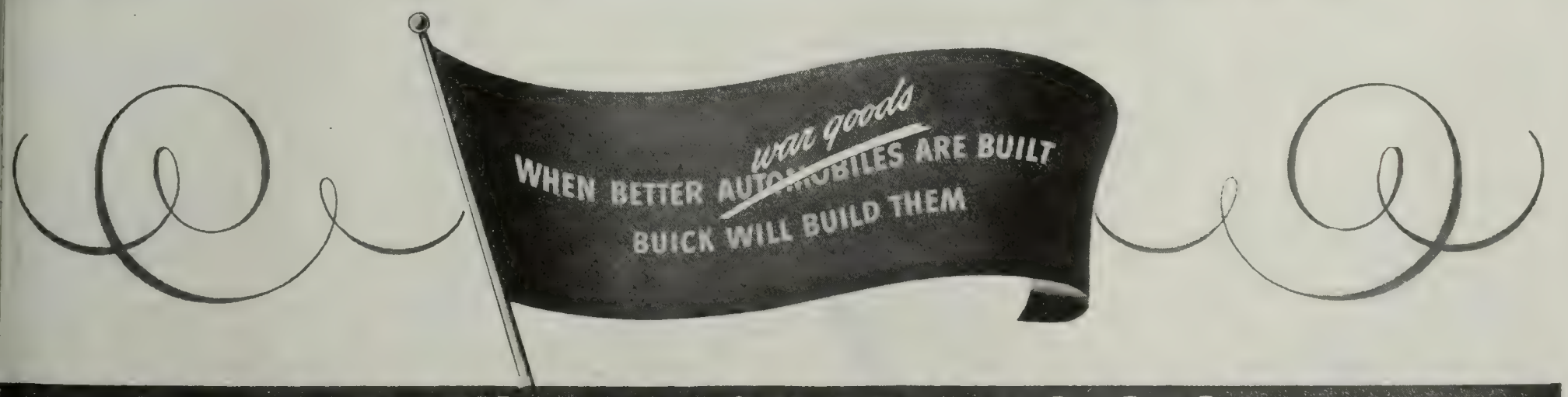
Their skill is going to help bring many a victory, get many an air mission to its target on schedule — and back.

You can well lift your hats to them, fellow citizens.

They're good, clean, earnest, intelligent American kids who are working like blazes at a job with little respite and less hope for glory.

We know. We've met a lot of them—and we're proud to have known every single one.

*PRODUCTION NOTE: *You'll be glad to know we are meeting schedules on every one of our war assignments: Pratt & Whitney engines for bombers, steel shell casings for our busy guns, vital parts for tanks, and so on and so on.*



★ ★ ★ BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS ★ ★ ★

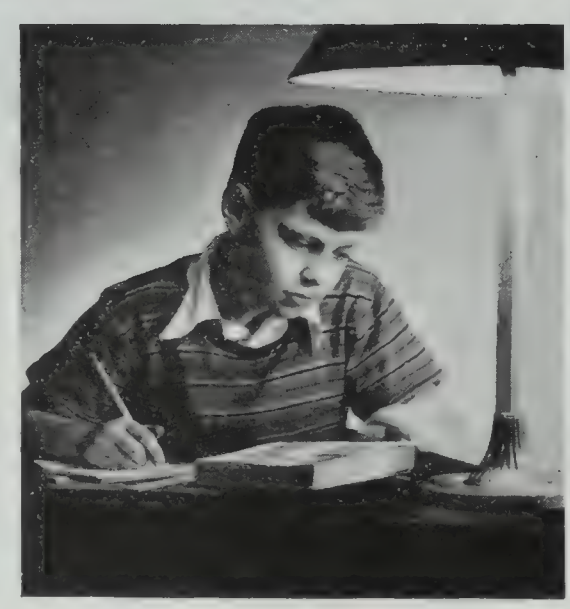
Their eyes should always twinkle



PROTECT THAT BRIGHT AND TWINKLING GLEAM you see in little people's eyes. Safeguard precious eyesight with three simple rules—1. Use *enough* light to see easily without squinting; 2. Avoid glare; and 3. Avoid harmful shadows. The two examples below will be helpful.



OVE THE LAMP close to where chil-en play or study. This closer, brighter ht allows their eyes to see more sharply th less effort. Furthermore, a lamp too r away actually wastes much of the light u're paying for.



PLACING LAMPS in the correct posi-tion on desk or table avoids unnecessary eye strain. For right-handed people, place the lamp at the left. This keeps the writ-ing surface free of irritating shadows from hand or pen.

BUY PROTECTION for eyes and purse with Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright, last long, and give utmost light for your money because they are designed and built to the highest standards of quality and performance.



Vestinghouse

MAZDA LAMPS

tight verticals, chandelles and snap rolls that left him gasping. Never in his life had he flown an airplane with such maneuverability, regardless of power or wing loadings. He could picture it in a dogfight, snarling across the arc of the other man's vertical, tearing and smashing him out of the skies before he could roll away. A pilot's dream, maneuverability at high speed. A dream come true. "It's here," he shouted.

Then he came back to reality, picked up a pencil and went to work. Instrument checks. Radio check. Fuel gauges and selector switches. Stalling point. Cylinder-head temperatures. Manifold pressures. Oil temperatures. Action of the flaps in every degree of their travel. Wheels down and wheels up and the precious seconds they used. All of the routine tests necessary to any new ship.

WHEN he was through he stuck the pencil in his boot, reached for the throttle and slowly eased it open, making a wide circle of Death Valley. At 250 m.p.h. she was perfect. "Sweet." At 300 he began to feel a slight vibration in the seat of his pants and quickly glanced out at the wing. No flutter yet. At 308 the nose began to oscillate and suddenly the whole ship went into a crazy dance with the wing dangerously fluttering and the motor trying to tear itself out of its frame. Steb yanked the throttle back before structural failure occurred, pulled the plane on its nose and killed the flutter with a slow roll as soon as speed dropped. Heavy beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Wow," he said. "That's as close as I care to come."

The XP-28 was rolled into the hangar and Steb sat in the tiny cubbyhole of an office with Cyrus Wynn and George Novell. He chewed at a wad of gum and they waited for him to speak.

"Well," Steb said, "up to that flutter point she's the sweetest thing I ever handled. The Japs—"

Wynn impatiently interrupted, "How about that flutter? Notice anything we could use?"

Steb shook his head. "Afraid not. It starts in that keel somewhere—"

Novell said, "It's in the wing. Aspect ratio may be too high according to the blueprints."

Steb slowly turned his head to look at him. "No," he said. "It starts in the keel. There's nothin' wrong with that wing."

Wynn nervously grabbed his arm. "Do you know what you're talking about, cowboy? Every engineer Loring sent out here, including this one, condemned that wing. And you think it's all right?"

"Yes, sir. That keel, now—that's a new one on me, a keel in an airplane."

Wynn snapped, "There's nothing wrong with that keel, either."

"Maybe not, mister. I don't know. I'm no engineer. But that's where I felt the vibration first. It might start at some other point—" He paused and his mouth fell open and again he turned to look at Novell. "You're a smart guy, bub. Tell you what. You work up one o' these test instruments you boys are so clever at and find the point on that keel where the vibration starts. I'll do the flyin'. We'll get it, all right, with," he added, "a little co-operation."

George Novell was stuck with the job. There was little he could do to get out of it, short of resigning. He called the Loring plant and talked with the engineering department for hours. Tom Hanagan flew out to have a look, gravely winked at Steb, and flew back. Instrument technicians were sent out from the factory, and the small hangar suddenly blossomed with life and activity. Georg Novell was in the thick of it, workin day and night, poring over blueprint sweating over them and cursing the da he had ever known Steb Tracy, whil Steb lounged about in the cool bar of th hotel, quaffing cold beer and living th life of Riley. There was nothing for hi to do until the instrument was com pleted and installed.

It was finally done. The instrumen really a series of instruments, somewha like miniature barographs, were installe at several points on the keel from nos to tail. The faintest tremor would b instantly recorded and, what was mor important, the time at which the record ing started, so that the point of origi could be found.

Steb took the experimental pursuit u at dawn the following morning. Mos of the Loring executives had flown in t witness the test: Hanagan, Lindstrom the co-ordinator, and even Loring him self. Wright Field, too, was interested and there was a scattering of gold braid and uniforms in front of the hangar. A lone representative of the Naval Bu reau of Aeronautics stood thoughtfully to one side of the crowd. Steb gave his usual brief wave, opened the throttle and roared off over their heads. They stared upward until he went out of sight.

He returned to the ground almost an hour later and crawled out of the cockpit perspiring at every pore. His only explanation was, "When she started to flutter this time she almost got the bit in her teeth."

The mechanics made a dive for the ship, took the instruments out and tenderly carried them into the hangar Everyone crowded in, surrounding the workbench. The silence could almost be felt as Novell opened the delicate test instruments and spread the charts on the bench. Each chart was numbered and timed and the blue line oscillations showed clearly on their surface. One of the Air Forces men commented, "Very ingenious." Novell started calling off the readings.

WHEN it was over, all eyes soberly turned to Steb. The readings had given no indication of flutter at any particular point of origin. When vibration had started, it had been throughout the length of the keel, or the length of the ship. There was a split-second difference in reading at the tail of the ship, but not enough to be important.

Steb turned to face the designer. Cyrus Wynn was broken and wilting before his eyes. Faulty design. The readings fairly screamed, "Faulty design!"

No man said a word, all waiting for Steb to speak. He turned and looked at his boss, Tom Hanagan, who was staring down at the ground and frowning.

Steb said, "Mister—"

Hanagan turned steady, furious eyes upon him. "Well?"

"This was supposed to be a pilot job in the first place, wasn't it? Let's put it back there. I know damned well that ship's all right. Just one little thing wrong. Somewhere."

"Aw, Tracy—"

"I mean it. I'm goin' up again. I'm gonna wring that ship out and tear it apart, wide open. One thing wrong. And the first thing that breaks will give us some idea where that flutter's comin' from."

Hanagan snorted, "Don't be an ass. There's only one way to bail out of that crate and that's to roll it over on its back. If you smash it up, how are you going to roll over and get out of it? My God, Tracy—"

Novell elbowed his way through the

and asked, "What is this, another
nstand play?"
's face turned white and his cold
lazed, but he held himself in check
alked out of the hangar. At the
f the building he ripped down a
sline, rolled it into a neat loop and
it on the floor of the XP-28. The
ollowed him out and an Air Forces
took his arm. "Don't try it, Bud.
never get out of it alive."
ou boys want a good pursuit plane,
you? Okay. This is it. There
be anything left of this one, but
s another in the hangar you can
the corrections on. See you later."
b climbed into the cockpit and No-
norted, "Let him go. Not that he's
anywhere. Show-off, that's all."

B started the engine, had a last look
out him, then rolled down to the
of the runway. He spun about,
ed the throttle and took off immedi-
. He wasted no time, but climbed as
ly as he dared, just off a stall, and
d it up on its nose until he had 12,-
eet under the wing. There he lev-
off and headed back over the valley.
ook the clothesline, thirty feet in
h, fastened one end to a structural
ber inside the cockpit and the other
to the ring of his parachute ripcord.
e muttered once, "I hope I know
I'm doin'," and then his hand stole
e throttle. He shoved it wide open,
a firm grip on the control column
fastened his eyes on the air-speed
cator. The needle started to jump at
and the plane shot ahead to pass
300 mark. Speed was increasing so
dly that it was almost up to 400 miles
our before the vibration started. But
n it did, it hit hard.
tremor ran through the ship, the
e bucked as if it had hit a sharp up-
ft, and then flutter took hold and the
y dance of death started. The plane
ged about in the air, an enormous
e of vibration swept through it and
it went into a dive. Steb furiously
nd the stabilizer all the way back
pulled the pursuit back to level flight
sheer strength.
He was being banged around in the
kpit, but he started to laugh and
ked up his pencil. On the scratch pad
pped to his thigh he wrote: "Posi-
n stabilizer—elevator too low. Sharp
stream from underpart wing pound-
tail surfaces. Plane tries dive 400."
e writing was like hen tracks, but it
s legible.
The ship was now vibrating so furi-
sly that it was impossible for him to
ite any longer. He stuck the pencil in
teeth and grabbed the control col-
n with both hands. He pulled it all
e way back and twisted about to look
the rear. There was a sharp crack
d a tearing sound and the whole tail
sembly dissolved before his eyes.
eces of it whipped off into space, and
ddenly the fluttering and vibration
d disappeared.
The plane immediately twisted into a
ightening spin, screaming in the vortex
its own passage. Steb braced him-
lf, snapped off all the switches and
unched over his right thigh. On the
d he wrote, with some effort: "Tail
ssembly gone. Raise elevators 6"."
ith a last flourish he wrote: "Good de-
gn," and scratched his initials.
Steb straightened in the cockpit, fight-
g against the nausea caused by the
in. He was satisfied. The flutter had
ways been in the tail, an easy thing to
rrect, but because of the keel design
the ship, it had transmitted the vibrat-
g impulses from tail to keel too quickly
reveal the point of origin. Now the
engineers could make the necessary corrections, and Uncle Sam would have a new and better fighter.

Steb's job was done. "Now," he thought, "I gotta git out o' this grandstand play o' mine."

He smashed back the enclosure over his head, released the safety strap and forced himself out of the seat until his arms were on the outside of the plane. The blast of wind almost tore his head from his shoulders and painfully ripped at his face. Fighting the vicious spin and the wind with every ounce of his strength, he managed to draw himself up out of the cockpit and fell away over the side of the ship. He knew what was going to happen and his arms instinctively went up to protect his head and face.

When he fell off into space, the tail end of the spinning airplane smashed into his body with a dull, sickening thud. He was limp and unconscious, but when his falling body reached the end of the clothesline, the ripcord was torn out, the clothesline snapped with his weight, and the white parachute suddenly bloomed high in the skies over Death Valley. The plane crashed with a roar and a burst of flame miles away.

Steb Tracy walked out of the Burbank hospital some weeks later, his left arm in a sling and wide bands of tape tightly wound about his chest. Tom Hanagan, chief test pilot, was at his side.

They started down the steps of the hospital and Hanagan said, "It's a sweet baby, Steb. Wynn changed the whole tail assembly, moving it up and back. I personally tested the job, myself, just three days ago. And, man, can she do tricks! We go into production as soon as Wright Field gives us the nod."

Steb asked, "No flutter?"

"Flutter! Say, she's as smooth as a baby buggy. You did a good job of work."

Steb grinned. "I reckon them Japs won't think so."

THEY reached the bottom of the steps and came face to face with George Novell, waiting for them Steb erased all expression from his face.

"Howdy," he said.

Novell was obviously ill at ease, but he held Steb's stare and nodded. "Hello, Tracy. How do you feel?"

"All right, I reckon. Ribs give me a little trouble breathing. But I'm afraid I can't oblige you today, with this wing o' mine."

Novell flushed deeply and blinked at Steb. "Look," he said, "they made me chief of production on that XP-28, when she starts coming off the line."

"So?"

Novell nervously shifted from one foot to the other. "Well, you know how it is on a new job. You get bugs here and bugs there, this thing needs to be changed and that—"

"I know how it is. All new ships got bugs."

"Yeah. Sure. But—" Novell suddenly grinned and held out his hand. "How about working with me on the job, Tracy? With you in the air and me on the ground—"

Steb swallowed and cleared his throat and a slow smile stole into his eyes. He shook hands and said, "Sure. Anything you say. I reckon you're a good engineer, bub. Let's—uh—let's go get a beer somewhere."

They hailed a taxi to the curb and climbed in. Tom Hanagan stepped in after them, chuckling to himself. George Novell, he noticed, was wearing a brand-new pair of Western boots.

THE END



Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

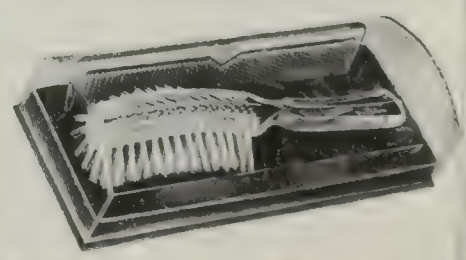
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00—at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Ware, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

The Red Rain of Battle

Continued from page 17

to look as if the Japs didn't like it. So we stuck around. Then suddenly the attacks ceased.

I looked around and could see a few Zeros above us and one directly below. But we didn't take the bait—for that's what it was. By this time, all three carriers were burning, the flames coming to high peaks. The Jap fliers seemed stunned—as they must have been—because unless they could get to another carrier they were doomed. There was another carrier around, the Hiryu, but we hadn't found her yet.

This attack on the enemy carriers by our combined carrier attack groups had been made practically simultaneously. Torpedo Squadron Eight, from one of the other carriers, had approached the enemy fleet without fighter protection from one side, while we were approaching from the opposite side. When we first saw the enemy, all was quiet and nothing happening. They were steaming at high speed, undamaged. At about the time they opened up on us with the AA fire, all hell broke loose, with torpedo planes, dive bombers and fighters of both sides suddenly tangled. The sky was filled with AA fire, and huge explosions were coming out of all three of the Jap carriers from our bombs and torpedoes. My little group of fighters stuck around for five minutes after the attack was over, hoping we could protect more of our planes in their getaway.

The fight had started at 12:20 and it was now only 12:40. We decided we'd better get out and get back if we were going to have enough fuel. I looked around at my other planes. Most of them had big jagged holes in the wings and tails and fuselages, but I got a "Thumbs up" signal from each one, indicating that he still was able to fight. About this time I felt something wet on my legs and thought I must have been hit, but it was just oil. When we got back to the Yorktown, my oil tank was dry but the engine was still running smoothly.

Too Little and Too Late

I made a quick report that three enemy carriers already were out of action and it looked as if the battle were going our way. I had just finished the report when the alarm went off and a large Jap formation was seen coming in toward us. Our fighters on the combat air patrol went tearing into this formation and broke up the Jap flight. It was almost a complete annihilation—and if we had just had two or four more fighters, with experienced pilots, I am sure the Yorktown would be afloat right now.

There were eighteen dive bombers, supported by eighteen Zero fighters. Fourteen of the bombers were shot down but four got through, and that was enough. A few more planes on our side would have got them. The four that got through dropped their bombs—with three hits out of four. One was very lucky; it went down the smokestack into the machinery spaces and stopped the ship. We were dead in the water.

Another bomb went through the stack and came out to explode on the flight deck, blowing a big hole right in the middle of it. The other bomb set a fire. A whole gun crew was killed and others on the flight deck were wounded.

It was amazing, the rapidity with which that deck and the machinery were repaired. The engine-room crew ran emergency steam lines around the wreckage, and we gradually got under way and built up speed again to fifteen knots. A few fighters were the only planes aboard at this time, and as soon as the deck had been repaired, we took off with eight planes in two divisions.

Suddenly, during this take-off a torpedo-plane attack developed out of some low clouds. The planes came, we learned later, from the fourth carrier—the Hiryu—and it taught us that an unfound carrier is a dangerous thing.

We had to make a sharp turn right off the bow of the Yorktown, into our own antiaircraft fire, which had opened up, because the enemy planes by this time were getting close. The last two or three fighters in my group didn't even have time to roll up their wheels. Every time a fighter made a pass at a Jap torpedo plane, a Zero would be right on his tail. It was every man for himself; we hadn't time to get into formations.

One young ensign, Tootle, fought the shortest air battle on record. He shot down a torpedo plane and was promptly shot down by a Zero, all within sixty seconds. He fell into the water and was picked up, safe.

While I was shooting down a Jap torpedo plane, a Zero got on my tail; the first I knew about it was the stream of tracer bullets which looked like red rain coming past both my ears. I rolled and pulled hard to the side and the Zero slipped past.

The Yorktown had been badly hit both by bombs and torpedoes; she was out of action and had begun to list. It looked as if she might go right on over and the crew was ordered to abandon ship. It was a very sad sight.

One of my pilots had been heavily hit, so I went over and flew alongside him but he pointed to the water and headed on down. Before the spray had dropped, he was in his rubber boat, and the plane had sunk. We signaled over a destroyer, and he was picked up. The Yorktown, meanwhile, had listed so badly that we couldn't land. Most of us, however, managed to land on other carriers.

Often, by sinking a carrier, you sink her planes too. It was this way when the Kaga, Akagi and Soryu went down. The pilots from these ships were doomed when their gas ran out and they knew it. It had a bad psychological effect on the Japanese pilots. We were luckier. In the Midway fight we didn't lose a single plane as a result of the Yorktown being put out of action.

Caught in the Act

During this fighting, one of our torpedo planes, coming back from the attack on the Jap carriers, was forced down. It floated about and its crew were sitting on the wing when a Jap plane came down and started to strafe them. It was a cruel act, but a young fighter pilot named Brassfield caught the Jap at it and shot him down in full view of the boys on the grandstand, on the wing. It must have done them a lot of good.

Anyway, we all managed to land on other carriers and then our side chased the beaten Jap fleet halfway across the Pacific. While the second attack—the torpedo-plane attack—was going on, our Yorktown scouts found the Hiryu, the fourth carrier. Our dive bombers hit her just as she was launching planes for a third attack. The attack never got started because the skipper's bomb, his first one, landed smack in the middle of the deck.

A Jap plane was rolling down the deck at the time, and the blast flipped him head over heels, over the stack and into the water. More and more bombs hit, and soon the Hiryu was blazing from stem to stern. She sank later that night, and that was the end of the Jap carriers.

By this time, the enemy's surface craft had turned toward home and were fleeing in small isolated groups. We started chasing them and sank the Mikuma and the Mogami, a couple of cruisers, a... several destroyers.

The air battles I've been in are ha... to tell about. In one of them I rememb... thinking how I used to ridicule the m... tion-picture idea of an air battle. I us... to say it was too fantastic, but actual... the movies didn't show half of the re... thing. I've seen seven planes falling ... one time. They leave long red streame... of flame and smoke. Some go straig... down, and others loop around in curv... and spirals. I have seen planes fly straig... through AA fire which literally filled t... air in steady streams as if it were bei... squirted from hundreds of bases.

As we chased the would-be invade... home, I kept recalling incidents. On... thing I'd learned, and that was that ant... aircraft fire has a long way to go befo... it can be effective against fighters an... dive bombers. I've done about half m... fighting in the middle of our own A... fire and the other half in the AA fire o... the Japs. None of my planes was sho... down by AA and I have never see... any other plane shot down by it. It ... usually easy to avoid if you know th... problems of the gunners below.

During the early fighting we wer... often shot at by our own gunners. Once... when one of my pilots was actually cir... cling above the carrier, getting ready t... land, a young machine gunner with ar... itchy finger opened up on him. The pi... lot, after he had landed, walked back t... this man and said quite calmly, "Youn... fellow, if you keep on shooting at me... every time I come aboard, I'll report you... to the gunnery officer."

Score: 54–7

I was proud of the record of Squadron Three. In two days of battle we had shot down at least fifty-four verified, and probably seventy Japs—with small loss. On one day we lost two planes and one pilot; on the other, five planes and two pilots. Normally you will lose many more planes than pilots because pilots often can bail out and be picked up.

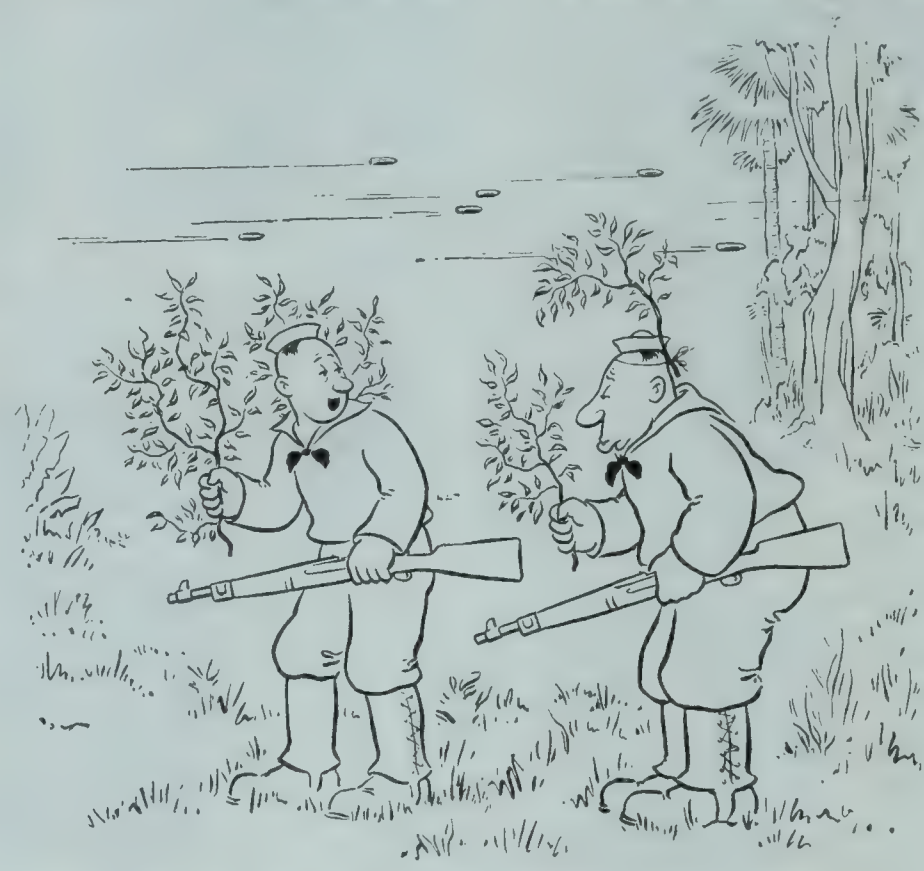
It got so that I could tell with some exactness which of the new men who came into the squadron from time to time would be the first to be shot down. I kept a little black book with their names in the order in which I expected them to be sent down by the Japs.

It was remarkable how often my estimate—made by sizing up the pilots as they arrived—would be correct. Sometimes, when I had crossed off the names of those at the head of the list—the downed ones—I would glance at the next name. After that, I didn't like to look at the pilot I'd chosen as most likely the next victim.

There is another little thing I keep recalling: In one action, one Jap had his engine shot out and started down. He knew he was finished but he kept coming in, steering as well as he could, trying to hit the deck. If he had succeeded and the deck had been full of planes, he might have done considerable harm.

The aircraft carrier battles fought in the Pacific have been fights between pilots who may be considered the best professionals in their line. Compared with European squadrons, ours and the Japs' are smaller, but in air experience, skill and teamwork, we and our foe are just about as completely professional as you can find. This is due mainly to the fact that our carrier expansion has been slow, and thus groups of pilots have been together for long periods and

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Well, that's the way it is with camouflage, Alfred—sometimes it fools them, and sometimes it doesn't fool them"

COLLIER'S



Land is 700 miles away—

BUT WHICH WAY?

WHEN you go overboard from a sinking plane or p, you've got to *know* where you are. A bad guess y be your last guess.

You've got to understand sun and stars and wind d drift—if you hope to endure long days of thirst d hunger—and fight off storms and sharks and dness—and steer a course to safety on white sand.

Practical, applied knowledge of the kind that ps men survive the sea can also be a national -saver on dry land.

Because America's manufacturers *know how*, our oming war production is the biggest in the world. cause America's electric industry *knows how*, our r plants have available far more electric power than all the Axis countries combined—*five times* as much as this country had in the last war.

And *seven-eighths* of all this vast supply of power is provided by the electric companies under business management. They've stepped power production *up* and *up* to meet all industrial demands. They've reduced rates to a point where the average American family gets *twice as much electricity for its money* as it did 10 to 15 years ago.

These are the accomplishments of experienced men and women who *know* their business because they learned it the American way—by growing up in it and advancing on ability. These are the results of business management under public regulation—the system that has made America strong. . . . *You've got to know how* to run a power-house—or a rubber boat. There's no room for inexperience in either!

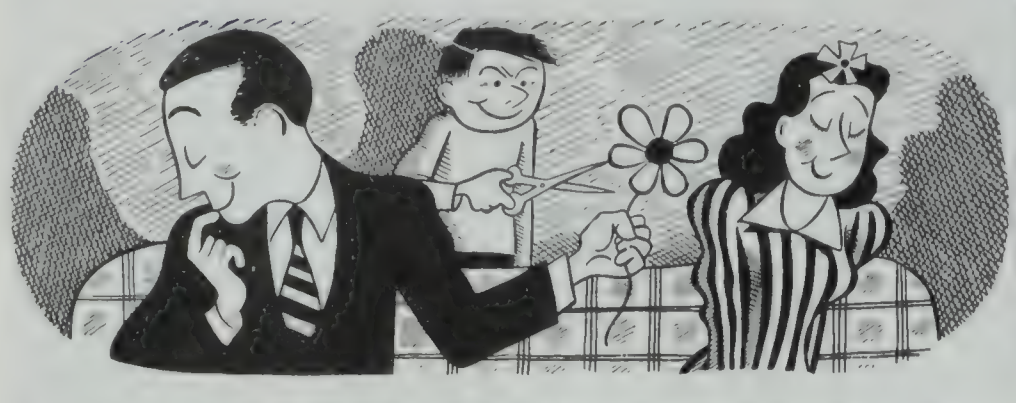
THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 98

ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

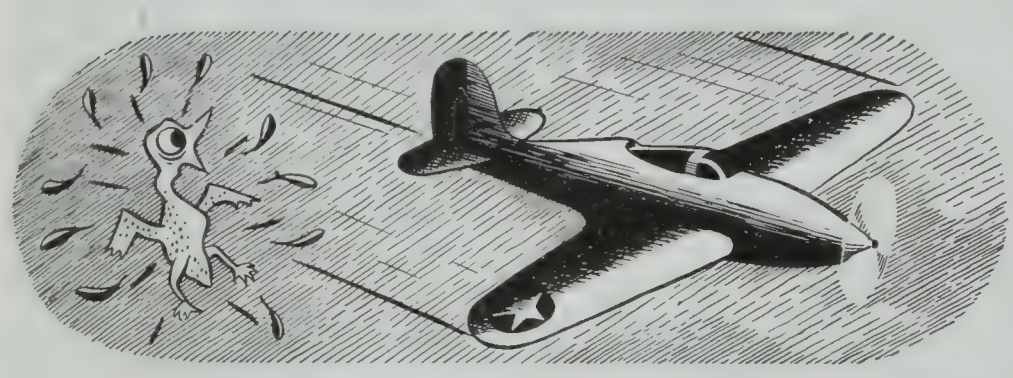
**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

Invest in America! Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

Why is an Arrow Shirt like...



a daisy? Because that's what it's fresh as. Its *non-wilt* collar (found on Arrow Hitt and Dale) keeps it *fresh-looking* all day long! And ALL Arrow Shirts are Sanforized-labeled. A new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit!



a fighter plane? Because it is similarly streamlined! It has the "Mitoga" figure-fit (that's the fuselage), tapered sleeves (they're the wings), sloping shoulders (the cockpit). There's no bunchy excess fabric, *anywhere.*



a tattoo mark? Because the buttons on Arrow Shirts are practically as *permanent!* They are lashed to their moorings with the patented Arrow Button Stay. And they are as perfect buttons as your eyes have ever beheld.



no other shirt? Because they're the *only* shirts with the one-and-only Arrow collar—which compliments your neck, be it long, or short. A fresh white Arrow is a *terrific* builder-upper! Get some—*today! Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.*

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



"Oh, he'll pour it right back. He just got lonesome for the bells"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

have been able to form unmatched teams.

The average pilots of both the U. S. Navy and the Jap navy have had much more experience than the British or Germans, who have been fighting on a much larger scale, using masses of planes to overwhelm the other side. Each British or German squadron will have possibly only a few experienced pilots; the others will all be youngsters and in reality amateurs. This is bound to be true.

I would like nothing better than to see an air battle between Japanese navy fighter pilots and a squadron of German fighter pilots. In my opinion, the Japs would make short work of the Germans, due to better experience and more intelligent tactics.

The British, when we have tried to teach them advanced tactics, have told us, "Our tactics must be simple. Our pilots can learn only one or two things; they haven't time to learn the fine points of the art." The Germans are up against the same thing because of their rapid expansion.

In our Navy up to now this hasn't been necessary. We have been able to keep teams together, to carry tactics further and further—tactics that, compared with the British and German, are highly intricate and require skilled and careful co-ordination. The Japs have done the same thing. But even today the Germans and British—and the Japs too—are learning things about air fighting that we knew ten years ago. They still haven't learned all the things we know.

I have often been asked why the American fighter plane is constantly reported as inferior to the Zero. Now the Japs were smarter than we were: They built a pure fighter and ignored everything else. We, with our economy program in prewar days, built a combination fighter and bomber. We sacrificed climb and maneuverability in order to build a plane that would withstand the strains of diving. We also insisted on peacetime safety standards.

Had we built, in peacetime, a fighter with high climb and maneuverability, at the sacrifice of strength, the American public would have screamed to high heaven every time a young student pilot heaved back in a dive and pulled his wings off. We would have been accused of murdering youngsters. On the other hand, as soon as our fledgling pilots learned not to abuse a plane, these accidents would have stopped.

Personally, I would rather hav fighter that would shed its wings w abused, if it would outperform a Z than a safer plane—that is, safer u it got into battle against a Zero.

Fighting is a combination of inst and brainwork. It is a combination doing what you have learned to do at matically, and at the same time mak adjustments for the various changes the situation as they come up. In a fi a pilot's mind always seems to him to brilliantly clear, and I think this is tru most pilots.

In a fighter plane, the pilot is re the directing mechanism of a battery flying guns. The only way to win is thinking faster and more accurately t your enemy; you will get him if you h equal performance and are a better p and marksman. I don't think it's p sible to win otherwise, except by a dent, and those accidents just d happen. You can't spray the air w machine-gun bullets on the theory t one bullet is going to hit something. just doesn't work.

Everybody talks about "control of air," but very few people know the me ing of the phrase, or how control obtained. Control is merely ability to erate your own planes at will, over spot, at a certain time, and at the sa time prevent enemy planes from comi into that locality to do damage.

Birth of the Fighter Plane

The fighting plane of today was bo in the last war, when we flew planes f reconnaissance purposes. When yo plane met an enemy plane, you nev thought of fighting; you just waved him, maybe, and went on photographi or sketching. Then somebody got t idea of putting a gun in a plane and p shooting the enemy.

At first this was a free gun, and th somebody invented the fixed gun firi through the propeller. This was bett than the free gun because it could be he more steadily on the target. So the wo of the plane slowly divided into scouti and fighting.

As the fighter progressed, it was four that it could shoot down any other ty of plane. But in the long peace peri came the idea of the large bomber bri tling with guns, and many people thoug the day of the fighter was over. As matter of fact, many people in the Nav

t the single-seater was on the way
d that a bomber with heavy free
would be able to keep fighters away.
W rather disproved this theory in
ry practice. We fighters would go
d have a mock battle against tor-
or dive-bomber squadrons and
invariably shoot them all down
ut getting touched ourselves, ac-
g to the rules, and as recorded by
a guns. They changed the rules
to make it harder but it made little
nce and we usually could get in
st thirty hits on a multiplace plane
e they scored one on us.
it became obvious that the day of
ne-man fighter wasn't over; it was
eginning. The Battle of Britain
on because the British had a better
r (the Spitfire) than the Germans.
were able to shoot down enough
ers to make it impossible for the
ans to continue daylight raids.
thout a sufficient number of fight-
ou can't get control of the air. To
at, you have to have superior speed,
uverability and climb, in order to
le to choose the time and place and
for attack. Against a large bomber,
fighter attacks at the wrong angle,
e the bomber can bring a lot of
gun power against him, he will be
down. But he has the choice of
, and if he is properly trained, the
ber hasn't a chance.

America's Best Heavy Bomber

e Flying Fortress is probably the
we have to date of heavy, free-gun
bers. They sacrifice a little bomb
and speed to get heavy fire power.
Germans use high speed for protec-
The British try to use high alti-
. We use heavy fire power, and the
specting fighter, if he doesn't know
t to do, will naturally get shot down
use he is up against more fire than
an handle; and that is the reason
the success of the Flying Fortress.
board a carrier, torpedo and bomber
ts treat fighter pilots with a great
l of consideration because they know
. time and again, their lives are going
epend on how good the fighter pilots
There never is any friction, of
rse, and there is mutual respect.
While a torpedo plane is deadly to a
face ship, it is much more vulnerable
h to antiaircraft fire and fighters. Our
tics in peacetime were based on what
thought antiaircraft fire would do
us. Now we pay little attention to it, and our tactics are based only on what fighters can do to our planes. A successful torpedoing from a plane often depends on how close the plane can get, and that brings it into a zone of intense fire. The Japs launch their torpedoes from as high as three hundred feet, going at two hundred knots.

Now, all our torpedo planes are equipped to do high-level, horizontal bombing in battles. The squadron commander usually has his choice—bombs or torpedoes. But if a commander chose to go in against an enemy from a high altitude and do horizontal bombing, his pilots wouldn't speak to him. That's a fact. They know that horizontal bombing against maneuvering ships is ineffective. More planes will come back from a horizontal bombing, because they can stay up where the enemy fighters are less likely to intercept them, but any pilot knows that in the tough fights we have with the Japs, it's get the enemy carrier or he'll get you—and you can't get him from 'way upstairs.

The Battle of Midway was my last action for a time. After it was over, I was detached from old Fighter Squadron Three and command was given to my engineering officer, Lieutenant Commander Edward H. O'Hare. I know of no one I'd rather see take my old command into new battles.

Many people seem to have the idea that a fighter pilot shouldn't be over twenty-five. They got this idea from the British, who had to take youngsters and had no older, experienced pilots. I am thirty-seven and I don't hold with the British theory. I'll tell you why:

I don't think a pilot should learn to be a fighter at thirty-seven, but if he has been in fighters and has grown up with the game, he ought to continue as long as he can do the job. So long as I can lick all these youngsters coming out of training bases, and at the same time eat an apple, I'm not too old to be a fighter pilot. I would rather have experience in the cockpits of my squadron than youth and untrained exuberance. I'd just as soon have both, but experience is really more important.

The matter of guts, of course, comes into fighting. If you are going to fight, you have to go in there and fight and face the enemy fire. You can't run away. In the fights I've been in, everybody had courage and determination. It was courage in the face of knowledge of the facts. The valor of ignorance is worth nothing.

THE END



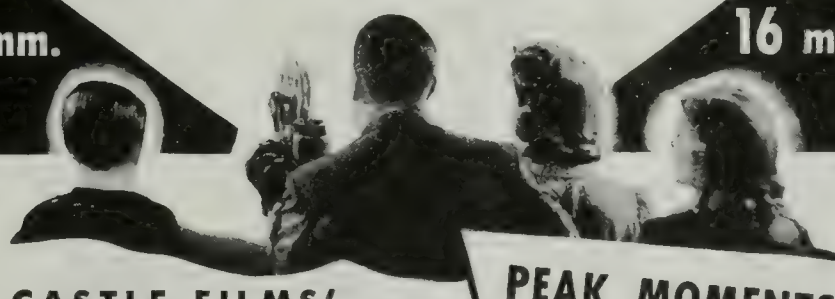
COLLIER'S "It's what you wanted, isn't it—a home and children?" BEN ROTH

NOW! Own the All-American FOOTBALL HOME MOVIE!



COSTS LESS THAN UNEXPOSED FILM!

8 mm. 16 mm.



CASTLE FILMS'

"FOOTBALL THRILLS OF 1942!"

Flashing runs! Smashing tackles! Lightning plays by famous players! Breathtakers from the year's greatest games! A thrill a second! A great sports masterpiece! The football epic every fan will want to own and show! Order now!

FREE! CHECK BELOW FOR CASTLE FILMS' 32 PAGE CATALOGUE

PEAK MOMENTS FROM THESE GREAT GAMES!

ARMY-NAVY
YALE-HARVARD
INDIANA-PURDUE
BOSTON COLLEGE-FORDHAM
NORTHWESTERN-ILLINOIS
DUKE-NORTH CAROLINA
OHIO STATE-MICHIGAN
NOTRE DAME-WISCONSIN
DARTMOUTH-PRINCETON
MINNESOTA-IOWA
(Subject to change and addition)

ON SALE AT YOUR PHOTO DEALER—OR SEND HANDY ORDER FORM BELOW TO HIM TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO

ORDER FORM

Please send Castle Films' "FOOTBALL THRILLS OF 1942" in the size and length checked.

8 mm. 50 ft. . . . . $1.75 ☐
8 mm. 180 ft. . . . . $5.50 ☐
16 mm. 100 ft. . . . . $2.75 ☐
16 mm. 360 ft. . . . . $8.75 ☐
16 mm. Sound, 350 ft. . $17.50 ☐
Remittance enclosed ☐ Ship C.O.D. ☐
Send Castle Films' FREE Catalogue . . . ☐

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ C-12

Copr. 1942, Castle Films, Inc.



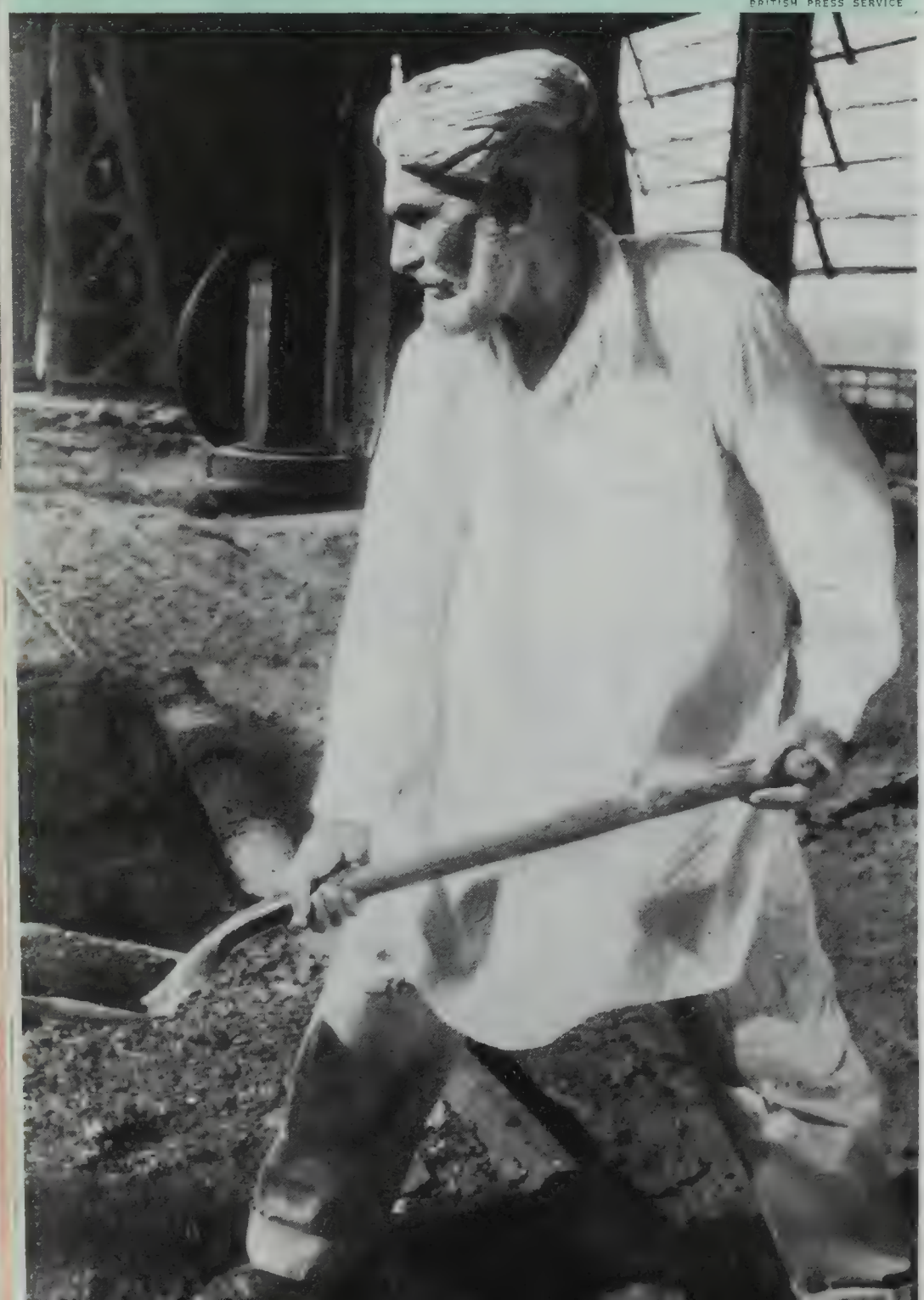
With the arrest of Gandhi and other leaders, extremists of Indian Nationalism took over Calcutta's main streets, cut down telephone and electric wires, set public buildings afire. Gurkhas, military police, rode out to restore order

Riot Time in India

By Daniel De Luce

ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

BRITISH PRESS SERVICE



A Moslem worker at the Tata Iron and Steel Works, which tied up India's war effort recently when its 42,000 employees quietly quit work

Revolt in India is far from the way you imagine it. Here's the firsthand account of a man who rode with the Gurkhas in the thick of the Calcutta riots

YOU could almost hear the Japs exchange hissing compliments in Burma 'cross the Bay. It was riot time in Calcutta, commercial jewel of the British Empire. It was civil war in the heart of the chief city of India.

The switchboard of the Lalbazar Police Station, a block off Wellesley Square, was busy. A sergeant with an English name but more than a dash of Indian blood in his veins took the calls, cool as a Singapore Sling when ice frosts the glass.

"Two trams burning on Tollygunge Bridge? Yes, sir, we'll send a patrol lorry there, but it may take some time, you know. Six persons injured by flying glass? Yes, please get the ARP to look after them."

The sergeant scribbled on his pad. Fifteen cases of tramway incendiarism in the last hour, not to mention other things like murder.

Upstairs, a crusty, white-haired Indian of wide girth, in starched khaki uniform with two rows of ribbons, and bearing the title of DSP (Deputy Superintendent of Police) held a council. He'd just been supplied with 500 Gurkhas—tough, shaven-headed mercenaries from the Himalayan State of Nepal, outfitted with rifles and bayonets and steel helmets. They were military police, not the ordinary unarmed constables who were thrown against mobs in *lathi* charges.

The *lathi*, that leaded bamboo pole so effective in bygone years on docile followers of Gandhi's *Satyagraha*, wasn't worth a copper pice now. The wild men of Indian Nationalism were on the loose. If your skin was as chocolate-brown as theirs, that didn't matter. If you rode the trams, you were the enemy. If you wore a vestige of Western dress, they stoned you. The wild men had taken over miles of Calcutta's main streets. They cut down telephone and electric wires. They set public buildings afire. They wrecked mailboxes and strewed the letters in gutter mud.

The Gurkhas formed up in trim lines with fixed bayonets in Lalbazar's compound. The paunchy DSP, rivulets of sweat running down his stern cheeks, adjusted the polished Sam Browne belt around his waist and gruffly announced his orders: Clean out Chattaranjan Avenue. Disperse all mobs encountered in the Central District. If necessary, shoot. The Gurkhas looked at the Indian with impassive Mongolian faces. The first detachment climbed on an open truck, and it moved out. You climbed aboard, too, if you had a steel helmet, a revolver and the DSP's permission. The Gurkhas would silently make room for you.

In a tenement street, canyoned by five-story squalid apartment buildings, in which Indian families live and breed with ten to twenty persons in a room, the Gurkhas went into action. Tiny doorway shops had become a sprawling chaos, their stocks of betel nut, cigarettes, chapatties, bananas and cotton cloth looted and scattered by yelling mobsters. Who owned these little stores? Not the Viceroy in New Delhi but h ble dark-skinned tradesmen nar Mukerjee, Rabindra or Nuwasami.

Brickbats, chunks of paving sto broken pottery, jagged slivers of g bottles began to fall on the squat n tary police. The barrage seemed to co from every window of every flat wit throwing distance. The Gurkhas leve their rifles at the nearest target—a s ond-floor veranda across the str where dark heads ducked down quick The barrage continued. Two Gurk fired.

At the next corner, hundreds screaming human beings with volu nous white cheesecloth around th loins collected in a writhing mass t filled the intersection. The police tachment commander shouted an u matum to disperse. His language w Bengali. The jeering, maddened cries the crowd sounded like a storm risi

The Gurkhas pointed their rifles do the street, all except one who was fu bling with a gash on his left should from which blood dripped down khaki shirt. Four of the twelve rif men fired. Crisp explosions and the zi of steel-jacketed bullets.

The mob faded like a mirage but, ev in panic, it carried off its dead a wounded, into doorways, down alle around corners. The stony-faced Gur has marched off on foot to find the ne clot of demonstrators. Behind the out of rifle shot, Nationalists stole ba to the street by twos and threes.

Marching with the Gurkhas, you wo dered if Americans had much of an id of what civil war was like in India. Yo yourself had imagined it as brown ma against white. But it wasn't. Both side were brown. This affair in Calcut might be likened to New York, if th Japs were waiting up in Canada, an native rebels on the island of Manhatta had seized and isolated Greenwich Vil lage and the Bowery, and Montana-bor cops were ordered to clean them up.

A Tragic Picture

But the little action you'd just wit nessed was only a microscopic brus stroke on the blood-red 1942 picture o India. Back at the Lalbazar station, th busy sergeant on the telephone switch board could tell you much better what' happening all over Calcutta. Even he can only guess about the rest of India

Ask him now, as he casually smokes an English cigarette during five minutes' relief. He says, "Judging from all reports, about one hundred and fifty persons have been shot today, but we're unable to tell the ratio of dead to wounded because few cases ever get to the hospital. About seventy-five were shot yesterday. Tomorrow, the mobs will probably taper off and we won't have much trouble for another week or two. Four sergeants and thirteen constables have been seriously hurt since morning. These aren't the worst riots in Calcutta's history. But we police are always on the spot, as you Americans say. If we don't preserve order, it's all our fault. If we use force and there's casualties, the politicians who blamed us for the disorders are the sods who try to sack us from our jobs."

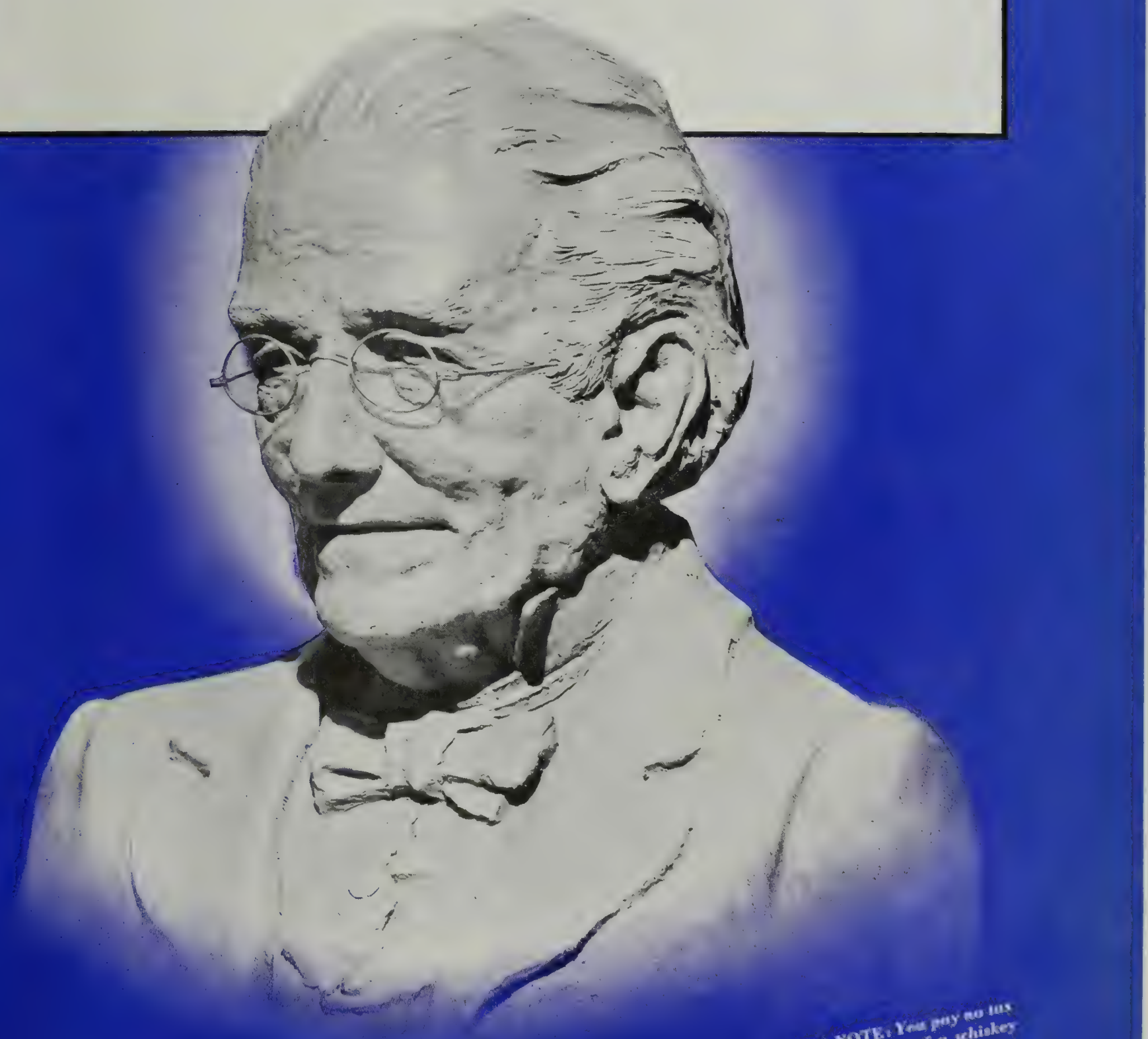
He heels out his cigarette on the stone floor. "When the mobs destroy private property, you should hear the wealthy lads swear at the police. Queer thing, isn't it? They're the moneybags for the 'big movement.' Another queer thing, too: The British don't really rule India. The Indians do the ruling for them. How many British do you see in the police or the railway system or the telegraph or the tax collector's office? The number

It's good to know there are some things which the pressures of war have not changed, and one of them is

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

It comes to you with the same high quality that made this fine whiskey Head of the Bourbon Family.



TAX NOTE: You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY . . . BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



A Picture We've Framed for 4,000,000 Mothers

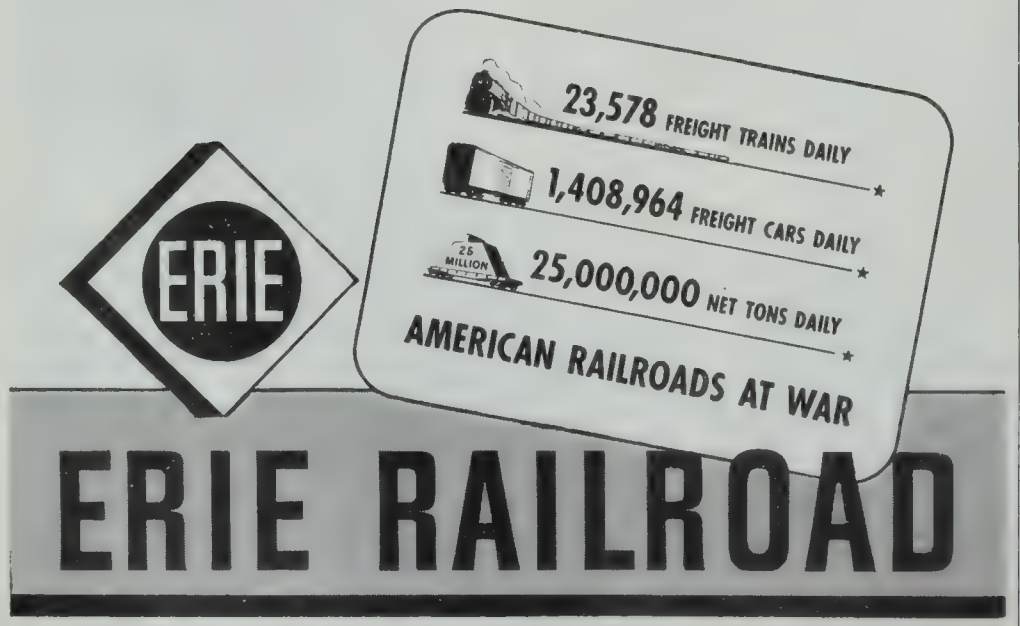
This is an American.

Last month he reached his twenty-first birthday—and now he's going to be a soldier!

The steps he is standing on are the steps to the train that will take him away to war. As he waves farewell, he makes a picture that will live forever in a mother's heart—a picture which has its counterpart in the hearts and memories of 4,000,000 mothers all over the nation.

Once he boards his train, there is nothing too good for this soldier-to-be; no accommodations too luxurious; no food too nourishing and appetizing; no reasonable favors too hard to grant. Compared to service men in other lands, he lives and rides like a king!

America's railroads are grateful for the leading role they have been able to play in this life drama. The knowledge that they are able to transport this boy, and millions like him, swiftly, safely, and most comfortably to military destinations, is ample compensation for years of planning and preparedness.





COLLIER'S "No bean soup? What kind of store is this? Why, I just got two dozen cans at the corner store!" JACK MARKOW

of foreign-born officials in India is so small it's laughable. They've got the best jobs and the highest salaries, naturally. But if the Indians all got together and just puffed their breath once, that would be enough to blow all the pukka sahibs out of the country. And then what a real civil war we'd have!"

Over at your hotel, the Great Eastern (where ex-AVG pilots, who now fly for the Chinese national airline, compare notes on dysentery and dengue fever), you read your evening paper. It's a Moslem newspaper and an organ for Mohammed Ali Jinnah's Moslem League, which claims that Moslems and Hindus are two different nations and that the former must have an independent state if, and when, the British retire from the subcontinent. Jinnah has asked his co-religionists and co-workers to abstain from the Hindu politicians' "big movement," but his newspaper gives as much prominence as the censor will allow to three columns of provincial communiqués reporting bloodshed and violence against the British Raj.

You read of scores shot to death in Orissa or Bombay or Bihar. The communiqué regarding Calcutta events of yesterday is brief and vague. It lists no fatalities. (The police sergeant, you remember, had estimated the previous day's toll at 75.) There are two unusual items: At an upcountry railway station, a British army officer and four men were seized by a mob, drenched with kerosene and burned alive. At another station in the same area, two Canadian airmen of the R.A.F. met a similar ghastly fate.

The editorial page of the Moslem newspaper is a complex of contradictions. A handout from the British Ministry of Information is printed verbatim. It concerns war factories in England. Another ho-hum release comes from the U. S. government's branch propaganda office in New Delhi. It tells of tank production in America up 300 per cent over an unstated base figure.

In a corner of the page is an advertisement prepared by a British expert in the Indian government and paid for by Indian taxpayers. It shows a repulsive, grinning Jap and warns the reader that if the Japs come to India, they will take jobs away from Indians.

Another advertisement in this series has warned the Indian public that if the Japs occupy the country, they w "change the beloved names." An a companying illustration shows the riv front at Benares and implies that might soon be called Tojo unless ever one gets into the United Front spor sored by the Viceroy.

But the editor slyly puts his own tw chips' worth in a column of persona opinion, so carefully worded as to anno the authorities without risking a shut down order. He recalls blandly tha Lord Chelmsford came to Salchi on visit less than a generation ago and ha it renamed Jamshedpur as a whim.

The Editor's Deft Needling

He mentions the wife of another Vice roy, who had a state railway coach ex pensively redecorated to match he favorite color scheme. He asks why th English are so sensitive of Indian feel ings that they refer to themselves a "Europeans" instead of white men. H casually brings up the Indian indigna tion over the "white road" and th "black road" over which refugees from Burma were segregated according t their complexions.

The editor does a skillful job of prick ing minor sore points of the ruling power. Had he done it in an Axis-oc cupied country, he would have been in jail pronto.

You can live at Calcutta's best hotel in Asiatic luxury and go swimming at the best club, where Indians are not admitted, and hardly know there's a civil war on. You might not even hear about such a big thing as the sudden strike in India's largest industrial plant, the Tata Iron and Steel Works. It's located a couple of hundred miles from Calcutta in Bihar Province where "Europeans" have been slain.

On August 19th, the Tata management gave 42,000 workers a bonus equivalent to three months' wages. Almost overnight, the 42,000 quietly quit work. Fifteen thousand workers in other plants which depended upon Tata for electric power likewise became idle. Labor leaders said the strike would last until a national government of Indians was installed at New Delhi.

Tata, to put it mildly, is more important to India's war effort than U. S. Steel is to America's. Were the management

nd labor in cahoots to hijack the Brit- h raj? If you expressed doubt that his was true, Indians smiled patroniz- ngly at you. The strike was still going n when Prime Minister Churchill, in a ubic utterance, indicated there was tt cause for alarm about India.

E luck, you get an inside account of ov the Japs are putting their finger in ne ndian pie. It's told you by a group f ndian journalists who typify the at e intelligentsia. They let their shirt- ta hang out over their loin cloths, their o hs are stained crimson from betel ut out they speak grammatical English.

f course, we listen to the Japanese i ess every night," says a middle- a Bengali, peering over steel-rimmed g acles at you. "We Indians may have n nferiority complex about the Eng- s but the Japanese soothe us and f r us. They promise us the moon o the stars. I, for one, do not believe i n. Why change masters? But o ger men of hotter blood are not so r nal as I.

A Hard Job for Detectives

ndia is an enormously large coun- The CID (Criminal Investigation artment) is a handful of overworked . All the thousands of Indian con- s made by Japanese in peacetime hard to sort out from millions of s of common or garden variety anti- ish sedition. But those contacts are king for Japan now. Important work."

ther Bengalis furnish details. They n that railway employees of high ority, at Japanese bidding, are re- nsible for continual sabotage on key s. Any vital message transmitted r government telegraphs is liable to h enemy hands within twenty-four rs. Jap-coached labor leaders sap industries by unexpected strikes. ret military information is scientifi- y collected for the Japanese across frontier in Burma.

he Bengalis say that if Indians gained isive control of the government, the ple would expect a separate peace with Japan. "Ninety per cent of the people who think are pro-Japanese."

They allege the Japanese are mustering an "Indian army" from Indian populations in the Far East and that it would fight for Japan under the illusion that it was fighting for India. Although Japanese propaganda describes plans for an army of two million, the Bengalis estimate it at two thousand.

All your informants are Hindus and Nationalists, except one who is a Nationalist and a baptized Christian. They emphasize that they consider Americans a race apart from the English, though they've heard of Jim Crow and Southern lynchings. Not all demonstrators, however, distinguish between American and English troops. Only the other day, two American Air Forces officers were stoned in their sedan while driving out of Calcutta. When the American Army dispatched a trainload of equipment across India recently, it sent along two officers and 40 enlisted men with tommy guns to make sure no native along the right of way had an uncontrollable impulse toward *Satyagraha*.

Returning to the Great Eastern and its ten-course dinner, from mulligatawny soup to goat's cheese, you team up with an American flier fresh out of a Wall Street law firm.

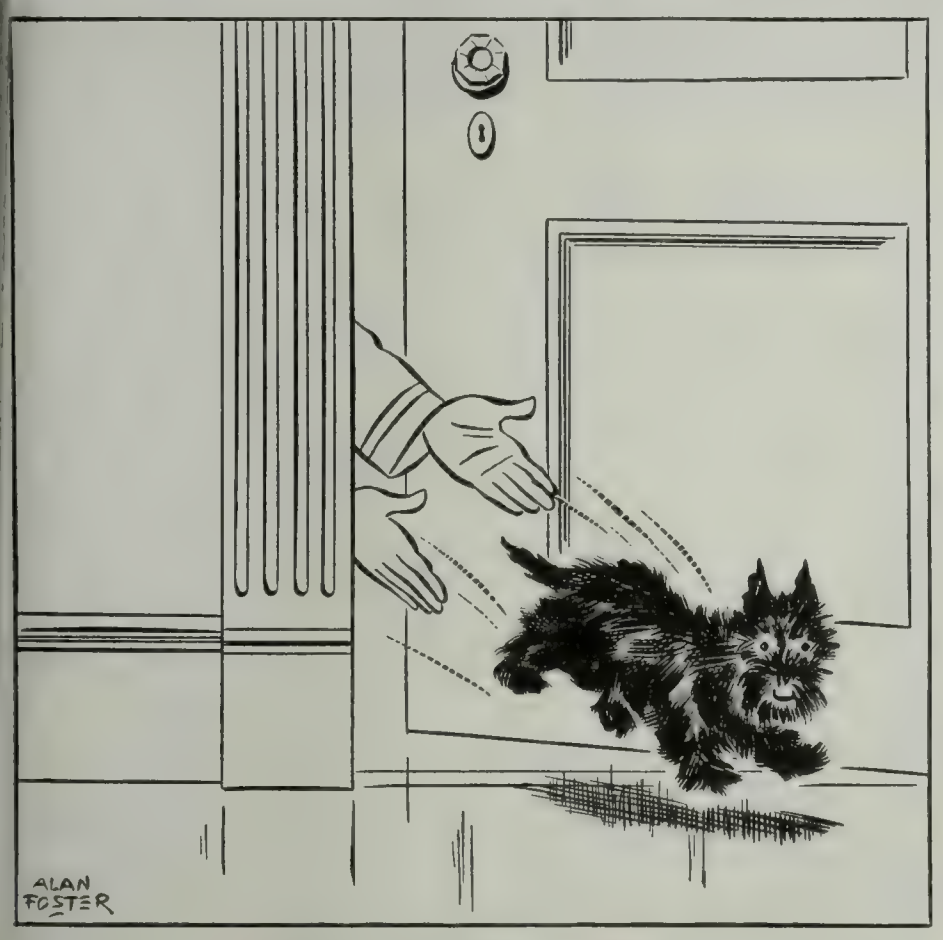
"I'm only a P-40 pilot on the way to China," he says, "and all I know about India is what the average college boy knows. Offhand, I'd favor giving India back to the Indians—if it were mine to give. But I've got a little personal bias in the matter. A P-40 uses a lot of gas, and most of the gas in China will have to come from India. I'd be pretty irritated if I couldn't get off the ground at Kweilin or Hengyang next week because my gas supply has been sabotaged here.

"Regardless of who's right and who's wrong in this civil war, I'm assigned to fight in another kind of war," the ex-pride of Harvard Law School declares. "When I'm sticking my neck out, all I ask from everybody is co-operation."

THE END

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"I rarely attend Cabinet meetings"

COLLIER'S



The Telephone Rang All the Time

Continued from page 22

Alice followed Jane upstairs to her room after dinner. Alice was three years younger and her curiosity was uninhibited. "What cooks?" she demanded.

"Nothing," Jane said. "It just seemed too bad that father couldn't ask Jim out here any more, so I told Father I didn't mind."

"There must be more to it than that," Alice said. "What about Alan?"

"Jim isn't coming to see me. He's coming to see Father."

Alice raised her eyebrows. "I know you," she said. "It's perfectly obvious what you're doing."

"What am I doing?"

"Trying to get Jim back," Alice said.

The telephone in the hall downstairs rang and for once Alice went to answer it. "It's Mrs. Dudley Walker," she shouted up the stair well. "You're to drive two officers to the South Norwalk station."

When Jane got home after delivering the two officers the family had scattered.

She went into the library, where there was a radio and a phonograph and a collection of records. She spent the rest of the evening playing tunes that she and Jim had danced to through that golden fall more than a year ago.

SHE came down to breakfast late the next morning and went into the kitchen to find coffee. She sat down at the kitchen table so she could talk to Bessie—the big, wise colored woman who had been in that kitchen ever since Jane could remember.

"Where is everybody?" Jane asked.

"Your father, he's gone to the factory. Your mother, she went to the Red Cross and your sister Phyllis go with her. I don't know where Alice is."

"Is father coming home for lunch?"

"Yes," Bessie said. "We're havin' pretty special lunch for Mr. Jim Renshaw."

Bessie moved about the kitchen in her slow, efficient fashion. "You goin' take up with him again?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not," Jane said. "I don't think he likes me any more."

"It ain't up to him," Bessie said. "If you want him to like you he goin' to. He cain't help himself."

Jane felt comforted. Bessie had her own kind of sophistication and she spoke as if she knew.

"I wasn't very nice to him," Jane said.

Bessie's face was bland as she spoke. "You tellin' me," she said. "Some day you goin' get what for."

Jane went upstairs and combed her hair and found a sweater and skirt. Her hair was a chestnut wave hanging almost to her shoulders. She thought her hair was her best feature but her eyes were pretty good and her legs were perfect. She put a shabby old trench coat over everything else and decided the effect was just right—slightly swanky in its carelessness.

It was snowing, so she had to use the windshield wiper as she drove to the station. She got out and stood on the platform knowing that the snowflakes were glistening in her hair when the train came in. She saw Jim walking toward her, looking a little tired, but as tall and lean and homely in a nice way as she'd remembered him. He was the only man she'd ever been truly in love with.

"Hello, Jane," he said.

Jane held out her hand and when he took it she raised her eyes to his and gave him that limpid look that had served her so well in the past.

"Hello—Jim," she said huskily.

It was his cue to take her in his arms. But he didn't. He picked up his bag in a matter-of-fact way and put it in the back of the station wagon.

Jane waited for him to begin as she drove toward the village.

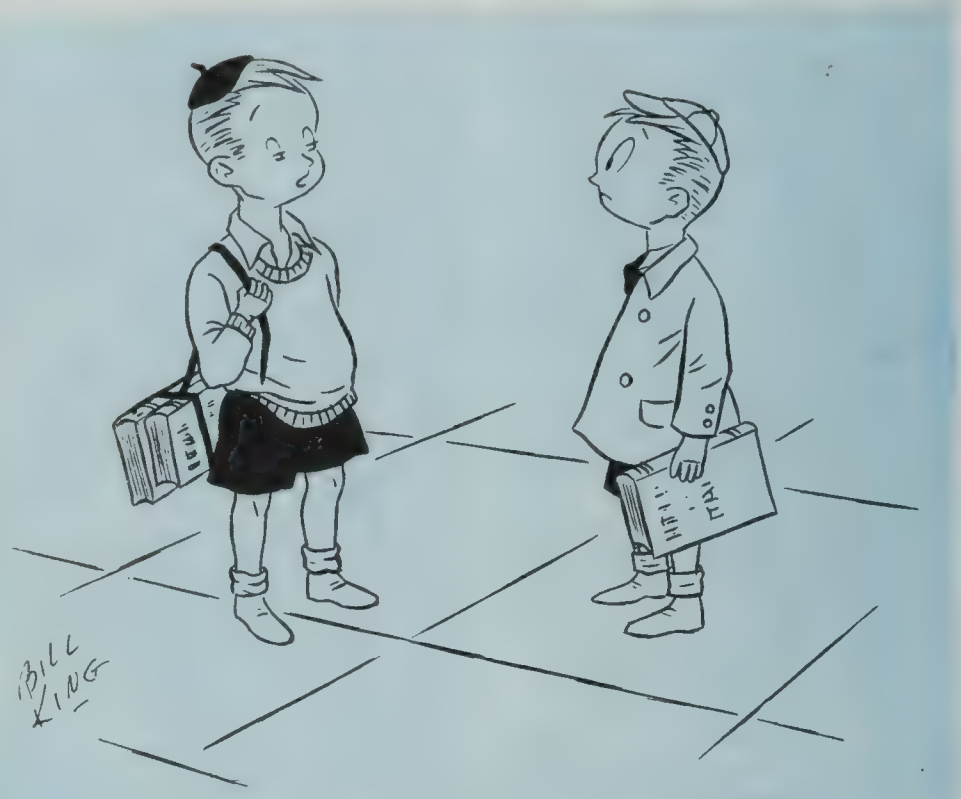
"How come?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "Father told me how much he missed seeing you. After all—just because we thought we were in love and quarreled when we found out we weren't is no reason why we should keep him from seeing you."

"There you go," Jim said.

"I don't know what you mean," Jane said.

"Yes you do. You know we didn't quarrel because we found out we weren't in love. That's just your fancy way of putting it—so it sounds true when it isn't."



"The old man's trying for a Navy commission. I've got to go home and help him bone up on his arithmetic" COLLIER'S BILL KING

"Why do you think we quarreled?" Jane asked.

"Let's not," Jim said.

"I certainly thought you didn't love me when you left and never came back. You threw me down."

"You haven't changed," Jim said. "You still twist the facts so they'll make you look better."

JANE kept her eyes straight ahead. "I'm not that kind of person," she said. "I never was. That's just your stupid male superiority."

"You know why we quarreled."

"We quarreled about everything before we got through."

Jim grinned. "Yes," he said. "But you know what the real trouble was. I told you I wished you'd quit trying to slide out of everything and occasionally honestly admit you were wrong instead of—"

"We quarreled because you tried to make me admit you were morally superior," Jane said. "You're the kind of man—" she went on and remembered. "In another minute we'll be saying unpleasant things to each other and I promised father I wouldn't. There's a dance tonight. Shall I get you a blind date?"

"No," Jim said. "I can imagine what kind of blind date you'd pick out for me. You go and play while I talk to your father."

"The only thing that would satisfy Father would be for us to go to the dance together."

"I'm here to please your father. I can take it."

JANE drove on home, wondering how she would explain to Alan. The telephone rang as she and Jim went into the hall. Jane answered it.

"Jane dear," Alan said, "I'm stuck here in New York till six o'clock or later but I'll catch the first train I can."

"Listen," she said, "I'm in a jam. An old friend of father's has turned up and I'm honor bound to make his week end as pleasant as I can. Father will expect me to take him to the dance."

Alan didn't answer immediately. Jane could picture him at his desk. He was a distinguished-looking man of forty, with cultivated manners. He had been an assistant professor of physics until the Navy had commandeered him for some hush-hush job.

"You understand, don't you?" Jane said.

"I'm afraid I don't," Alan said. "After all we had a date."

"But, Alan—I'll explain when I see you."

"I'm sure you will," Alan said. "I've never known anything you couldn't explain."

"Oh, Alan," she said. "That's so unfair. I'll see you at the dance, won't I?"

"Yes," Alan said, "you will."

Jane felt, as she hung up, that he might have added, "whether you want to or not," but Alan was too kind to say it. She saw Jim grinning at her in a perfectly maddening way.

"What's funny?" Jane asked.

"You," he said. "That conversation was so typically Jane."

"Did I say anything that wasn't true?"

"Possibly not," Jim said. "That's where you're clever. You use the facts to create a wholly false impression instead of telling the simple truth."

"What is the truth?"

"I don't know," Jim said. "But I'm beginning to have a hunch. I think you're in some kind of trouble a you've got me here to help you out it."

Jane was glad to hear her father co ing in.

Lunch was jolly and the family sca tered quickly afterward, so she was alo with Jim. She went into the library wi him. "What would you like to do th afternoon?" she asked.

He looked at the big sofa in front the fireplace. "Sleep," he said. "If you run along I'll shut the door."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Dudle Walker asked if she could meet four o ficers at the Bridgeport station and dri them to Danbury. Jane thought wouldn't be any worse than sittin around home waiting for Jim to wak up and besides it was her job. So sh said she'd go. It was nearly dinnertim when she got back. She opened the l brary door softly. Jim was asleep.

He woke up when her father cam home. The two of them talked gun tur rets all through dinner and went bac to the library afterward. Jane's mothe had a meeting. Phyllis went off with carful of people to a party in Wilton Alice disappeared. Jane sat and waite for Jim. It was ten o'clock when the started for the dance and Jim talked gu turrets all the way. He was pleased tha her father wanted him to go out to Ohio and help redesign the turret. He wa planning to leave in a few days.

JANE had the first dance with Jim They couldn't help dancing well to gether. But Jane knew he wasn't yield ing to her. She saw Alan on the edge of the dance floor. She had to introduce Jim and then she had to dance with Alan.

"Your Mr. Renshaw looks a bit young to be your father's old, old friend," Alan said as they danced.

"I didn't mean he was old," Jane said. "I meant he was an old friend. He used to work for father. Now he's on Long Island. But father's plant makes part of the gun turrets, and Jim is in charge of the assembly."

"How long is he going to be here?" Alan asked.

"He's going back to New York tomorrow night."

"Very well," Alan said. "I'll call you up tomorrow night. I want to have a serious talk with you."

Alan and Jim both disappeared for hours after that while Jane danced with men in uniform she had never seen before and never expected to see again. She was glad when the dance was over. She wanted to go home with Jim and sit in front of the library fire. She'd play Remember September on the phonograph and Jim would remember her. But Doris Walker insisted it was only one o'clock and everybody must go to her house. Jane looked at Jim. He nodded. She had to go to Doris'. Alan said he was going home. He said again he'd call her up Sunday night.

The party turned into what Jane would once have thought a beautiful brawl. It was three o'clock before she could suggest going home.

"I can see you're tired," Jim said.

"I'm not," Jane said. "I'm just bored."

Doris tried to keep them. She said they were going to have scrambled eggs and things. But Jane was firm.

"You drive," she said to Jim, when they got outdoors.

It was close to zero. The station wagon was icy inside and the heater was

(Continued on page 57)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY



CHANGE TO SPUDS

...And Enjoy their Soothing Coolness!

WHENEVER smoking begins to "tell" on your throat—when colds, sore throat or hoarseness warn you to "take it easy" that's when it's time to switch to Spud Imperials! Smokers everywhere are finding that Spuds give their throats a cool, refreshing change, at times when they could not enjoy ordinary cigarettes at all. For the new Spud Imperials offer this combination of advantages:

First, Spuds are made of fine selected vintage tobaccos—blended to perfection. Second, Spuds are 20% longer, to give you a cooler, cleaner smoke, with more of the harsh irritants filtered out. Third, Spuds contain a special moisture-retaining agent that does not produce acrolein—an irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke. And fourth, Spuds are a *mildly* mentholated cigarette—made by an exclusive process that distributes cooling menthol *evenly* throughout the cigarette.

So *try* Spuds . . . whenever your throat needs a rest or your taste wants a change. Spuds now come either cork tipped or plain, at the same price as other popular brands. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., "House of Tradition," Louisville, Ky.

NOW...YOUR CHOICE OF TIPS...NO EXTRA COST!

Plain ends in the silver pack—cork tips in the gold pack. Spuds cost you no more than other popular brands.

SPUD

Imperials

THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETTE



The Light no war will ever dim !

Christmas is a light.

. . . a candle burning in a window.

. . . the gleam of a star on a tree.

. . . the light in the eyes of a child on Christmas morning.

But Christmas is more than these. Christmas is a light within.

This light shines brightest in the face of a child — but it glows *deepest* in the hearts of a father and a mother who watch the child at play.

For the light that we know in our hearts at Christmas time does not belong to Christmas alone, or to children alone.

It glows in the heart of every man in the armed forces of the United States who stands ready to give the greatest of all gifts — himself.

It shines in the heart of the worker who — through the long day, the holiday pleasures given up — gives his skill, with industry's strength, for freedom's sake.

And, in the hearts of those who gather scrap, use less sugar and coffee and tea and meat, walk to save gasoline and tires, and keep on buying *one more* U. S. War Bond.

The things we give, and give up, today as Americans, are gifts of freedom and liberty and opportunity to all the world tomorrow.

though we have seen the lights go out, one by one, in many of the
ies of the world, this light still burns, inextinguishably, in the heart
every American.

nd while it burns, in true devotion to a cause, a faith, a loyalty,
may be sure that one day we shall see the lights come on again,
e by one, over all the world.

• • •

past years General Electric has manufactured many gifts for Santa's
ck – gifts that kept on giving *in terms of the comforts and conve-*
ences that modern electrical servants bring into a home. This year we
e manufacturing the tools that America is using to bring liberty and
edom to men of hope and good-will everywhere.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL AMERICA KNOWS BUDWEISER ...BUT FEW KNOW THI



...To Help a Child's Dream Come Tru

A candy castle... snowdrifts of marshmallow! What youngster hasn't seen them in his dream.

To the great candy industry of America, corn syrup is a necessary ingredient. Used other foods as well as candy, it contributes much to the energy and nutrition of th nation. Many millions of pounds of corn syrup are produced each year by Anheuse Busch for manufacturers of many essential products. Our Corn Products Division is a industry in itself.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the metho and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermento ogy and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the pla have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progres Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewin yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's biggest sources of natural B Complex vitamins for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Formerly America depended upon Norway and Japan for fish oils rich in Vitamin D. Today we produce from yeast enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—Anheuser-Busch is the biggest supplier of yeast vitamins to fortify animal feeds, thus improving the quality and propagation of cattle and poultry.

SYRUPS—(*for food—for medicine*)—In addition to fine table and confectionery syrups, Anheuser-Busch produces special syrups used as a basis for medicines.

STARCH—Thousands of food industries all over Ameri choose Anheuser-Busch pure food corn starch for th products—millions of pounds each year. We also supp starch to the textile, paper and many other industries.

FRESHER FOODS—Retailers of frozen foods and i cream the country over have equipment manufactur until recently by our Refrigeration Division. Today, ho ever, this division is working all out on glider wing a fuselage assemblies for our armed forces.

BREAD—Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest su pliers of baker's standard and enriched yeasts and ma syrup to make bread.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheus Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this re olutionary engine in America and thus started our gre Diesel industry on its way.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider assemblies, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of:

Baby Foods • Bakery Products Confections • Yeasted Peanut Butter Packaged Foods • Ice Cream • Soda Fountain Syrups • Hospital Diets Vitamin Preparations • Food Starches Tonics • Medicines • Animal Feeds Batteries • Rubber • Paper • Soap Machine Parts • Inks • Gums Glues • Textiles • Adhesives • Flashlights • Carpets • Twine

COPYRIGHT 1942

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
SAINT LOUIS

Budweiser

TRADE MARK
U. S. PAT. O

n help until the motor warmed up. But
e was alone with Jim at last. They'd
ve food together in the kitchen, the
y they always did after dances when
ey were in love. And he'd want to take
r in his arms.

They walked through the garage into
e kitchen. They stood with their backs
t the range getting warm.

"Do we eat?" Jim asked.

"There's cold steak," Jane said. "You
ed to like cold steak."

"Yes," Jim said, and covered a yawn.

Jane got the plate of steak and the
lk and the butter out of the icebox; she
ced bread and got madder and mad-
er.

"You didn't used to be a bore," she
d. "You were amusing."

"You mistook my interest in you for
t. And I'm still curious about you,
ne. How serious are you about the
w boy friend?"

"Alan and I are going to be married,"
ne said.

"What!" Jim said. He grinned at her.
o that's the trouble you're in. How
e your father and mother taking it?"

"They don't know about it yet—it only
ppened a week or so ago—in New
rk. It was quite sudden."

"I'll bet it was. However did you rope
a man like that?"

"Alan is the finest man I've ever
own," Jane said.

"I wouldn't wonder. He seemed like
nice guy to me. But I would have
ought he was old enough to know
tter."

"Alan is exactly seventeen years older
an I am," Jane said.

Jim finished his steak and helped her
t everything away.

Jane knew when she went to bed that
e'd never go to sleep. She'd never tried
interest a man before and failed. She
anted to cry. The next thing she knew
e sun was in her eyes. She blinked and
rned away from the light and saw Bes-
e's face in the doorway.

"You want coffee?"

"What time is it?"

"Most noon."

"Oh, please, Bessie," Jane said. "Bring
e coffee and take some to Mr. Ren-
aw."

"He's up. He's talkin' to your father."

Jim and her father talked all after-
on and came out of the library only
hen Sunday-night supper was served.
was half past eight when Jane's father
d mother went out to make a call.
hyllis left five minutes later. Jane went
to the library with Jim. She had about
rty minutes before she'd have to take
im to the train for New York. And he
as going to Ohio for the duration.
he would never see him again. And
lan might call up any minute. She
ould stall him but Jim would hear her
oing it.

HE PUT a stick of wood on the fire
and they sat on the sofa watching
e little flames appear along the edges
f the wood.

"Tell me how you got engaged to
lan," Jim said.

"How does anybody get engaged?"

"It's no problem to you. You're ever
o pretty and attractive and you're a
atural flirt. And when a man begins to
all for you, you know how to show
im the deeper side of your nature—
he strong sense of responsibility you
aven't got."

"You have a gift for insult," Jane said.
She wished she could kill him. She
vished he'd take her in his arms and tell
er he loved her.

"Why did you pick on a college pro-
essor?"

"I like things you don't understand,



"I always come into town on week ends—just for a change"

COLLIER'S CORP S. LANDI

Jim. Courtesy and kindness and good manners and—"

The telephone rang and she was terribly afraid it was Alan. It wasn't. The superintendent of her father's plant was on the wire. Jane promised to ask her father to call back when he came home. She couldn't bear to have Alan call while Jim was there. She put a book under the receiver so the telephone couldn't ring again, and went back to the sofa. She had less than half an hour by the clock on the mantel.

"I'm mystified," Jim said. "Aside from being so much older he isn't your type."

"No third person ever understands why two people fall in love," Jane said.

SHE heard Alice coming downstairs. Alice stuck her head in the door. "I'm sorry to intrude," she said. "But I need a pencil."

She got the pencil and started back. She stopped halfway down the hall and called out, "You left the receiver up."

"You fix it, darling," Jane said.

She heard Alice go on upstairs.

"But you aren't in love with the man," Jim said.

"No," Jane said, "I'm not."

That startled him. He sat up and looked at her. "I like that," he said. "It sounds like the girl you could be if you only wanted to. It's honest."

Jane had the panicky feeling that she was going to cry because he'd praised her. And then the telephone rang.

Mrs. Dudley Walker wanted to know if Jane could pick up two officers on the way to the 9:42. Jane said she couldn't. Mrs. Dudley Walker asked if Jane wasn't going to the 9:42. Jane said she was and hung up on Mrs. Walker. She didn't dare put the book under the receiver again. Alice was sure to find another excuse for running downstairs and she'd see it.

"Why did you do it?" Jim asked, when she went back to the sofa.

"I don't know why," Jane said.

"I can guess," Jim said. "There seems to come a time in the life of every girl who's found she's attractive when she wonders if she could catch an older man. You had to try. And now you don't want to be honest with him."

"I don't like telling him I can't marry him."

"So you hornswoggled your father into getting me out here. You thought you'd start something and when Alan complained about it you'd pick a quarrel with him and you'd never have to tell him—"

"Stop," Jane said. It was hard to keep the tears back and she had to keep them back or Jim would think she was using them to get his sympathy. "You're being just as mean and nasty as you were a year ago. You're cruel. I despise you. I don't care if Father never sees you again. I won't try to be friends with you. I hate you. I think you're—"

The telephone rang again. It would be Alan calling, Jane thought, and she couldn't bear it. She ran out into the hall and grabbed the phone and yanked the cord loose from the box and went back into the library, the cord trailing behind her.

Jim was standing up. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

Jane looked at him and knew that she had lost. He thought she wasn't on the square and she had no way to prove that she was.

"You'd better get your coat and things," she said. "We've just time to make the train."

The doorbell rang.

"That will be Alan," Jane said.

"Don't look so stricken," Jim said. "The guy wants to believe you, so he will."

Jane turned and started down the hall. She hated facing Alan. She couldn't bear to tell him the truth. It would be too awful.

"Jane," Alan said, when she opened the door. "Has he gone?"

"No," Jane said.

"It doesn't matter," Alan said. "I want to know what this means."

"I'm sorry, Alan," Jane said. "But you have a right to know. It means I'm a—a—something not very nice. I tried to make you fall for me. I don't know why. Maybe it was because you're an older man. And maybe it was because I was trying to forget—somebody else. But I haven't any excuse. I wasn't in love with you and I knew it and still I—I tried to make you think I was. I told you I was. I'm terribly ashamed, Alan, but that—that's the way it is."

"You're in love with Jim," he said.

"I'm sorry I told you that story about having to go to the dance with Jim because he was an old friend of Father's. I got him out here because I thought his being here would make it easier to break my engagement to you."

"I see," Alan said.

"But that isn't all of it," Jane went on. "The real reason I wanted Jim to come was—was that I'd been in love with him before and we quarreled—and I wanted him back."

ALAN looked at her. "You don't leave me much to say," he began. "I—I hope you'll be happy, Jane."

He turned and walked out of the door and Jane started back to the library.

She met Jim halfway. She saw that he had heard it all. She looked down and saw that she still had the telephone receiver in her right hand.

"I know I'm funny," she said. "Why don't you laugh?"

But he wasn't laughing. He was looking at her the way she'd wanted him to look at her. He put his arms around her.

Jane put her head on his shoulder.

"Will you forgive me for all those nasty cracks about your sliding out of things?" he asked. "Because after what you just said to Howland, they can't be true."

"They were, though," Jane said. "That's why they stung."

"I love you," Jim said, and all the hurt was gone.

THE END



"An order from OPA to reduce materials in costumes, and another warning from the censor!"

COLLIER'S D. ALAIN

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

The Story Thus Far:

SECRETLY in the pay of the Japanese, Gregory Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster, leaves his headquarters in Shanghai and goes to Manila. Before he sails, he employs a young American journalist—Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs—to carry on for him.

Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American agent; Harold Makita, his aide; and Ernst Sperling, a German Nazi, soon come to the conclusion that Nick (a truthful reporter) must be eliminated. . . . Nick and a charming girl—Betty Gaspard, whose father, a Frenchman, loathes the Vichyites—are in love. A short time before Pearl Harbor is attacked, Betty's father is kidnaped by some of the enemies, taken to Saigon and imprisoned there.

Learning that her father is to be court-martialed, Betty decides to go to Saigon; and when Nick (ordered by Cogswell to report to him in Manila) takes a boat bound for the Philippines and Saigon, she accompanies him. But the boat does not touch at Manila—it goes straight to Saigon.

In the French Indo-Chinese city, Yagi and Makita (who have flown down) keep a close eye on Nick. Nevertheless, a few days after his arrival, he, Betty and her father (who, cleverly directed by his daughter, has escaped from prison) are on a ship bound for Singapore.

While they are still at sea, Pearl Harbor is bombed, and America declares war on Japan. As they are discussing the news, their ship is machine gunned by a Japanese plane, and Dixon—an English friend—is killed.

More shocks await them. Before the ship docks, at Singapore, Nick is arrested by the English authorities! Nick demands to know the nature of the charges against him. He is informed that Gregory Cogswell has cabled to Singapore and accused him of being a spy, in the pay of the Japanese.

The young American is taken ashore. The ship docks. Betty takes her father to a hotel. After which, learning that one of Nick's friends—Madame Manis Vooren—is in the city, she calls on her.

Madame Vooren is in love—or supposed to be in love—with Cogswell. She appears to be surprised when Betty tells her of Nick's arrest. They discuss the strange incident. After a time, Betty says, "You know that Nick is innocent. So, that makes Cogswell guilty."

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



VIII

MADAME VOOREN'S face became rigid with pain. Now the shadows surrounding her eyes were more pronounced. "I do not ask you to understand my situation," she said at last.

"I'm thinking only of Nick."

"Necessarily." Madame Vooren picked up a cigarette and had difficulty lighting it. "I know this American vice-consul, the one to whom you spoke."

"Tell him the truth," said Betty. "Tell him what you know. You can tell him."

"I don't know the truth," Madame Vooren said slowly. "You would not want another innocent man accused."

"I am not afraid of that," Betty said. Then her voice softened. "Madame Vooren, I have wounded you, when I don't want to. All the same, you will help. I know you will."

Madame Vooren said, "This little vice-consul, he is of no consequence. We must see the consul general. He and I are not strangers. We have been together on many occasions. Yes," she said wretchedly, "he and I and Gregory."

She dressed hastily, reaching almost blindly for her clothes. In Shanghai she had lied successfully to Sperling, in order to extricate Nick. Now, to help both Nick and Gregory, she must formulate another lie. She had always shrunk from deliberate deceptions. She began to talk feverishly, as though to prevent herself from thinking and Betty from speaking.

"Was I not fortunate to be able to charter a plane out of Shanghai?" she said. "There was no time to think or to pack more than a bag. Yes, it was deadly to remember the ones left behind but after all, surely I can be of more use at home than trapped in Shanghai."

"Home?" said Betty.

"Java," said Madame Vooren. She paused. "All the years I shrank from thinking of Java as home were wiped out by the Japanese in less than a week."

Then she grew silent and they scarcely spoke until they were in the elevator at the Union Building, on their way to the consulate.

"If he isn't in yet?" Betty asked nervously.

"We'll wait," said Madame Vooren.

THE vice-consul whom Betty had seen earlier was visible at his desk. When he saw Madame Vooren, he jumped up to greet her.

"Is Mr. Cogswell with you?" he asked eagerly. Then he recognized Betty. He batted his eyes.

"In Mr. Cogswell's absence, I hope to speak for him," Madame Vooren said airily. "But to the consul general."

"He just got in," the young man said awkwardly.

The consul treated Madame Vooren like an old friend, a harassed one who had not slept for nights. He said anxiously: "What are you doing here, Manis? You've got to get out."

"I'm only on my way to Java," she said. "From Shanghai."

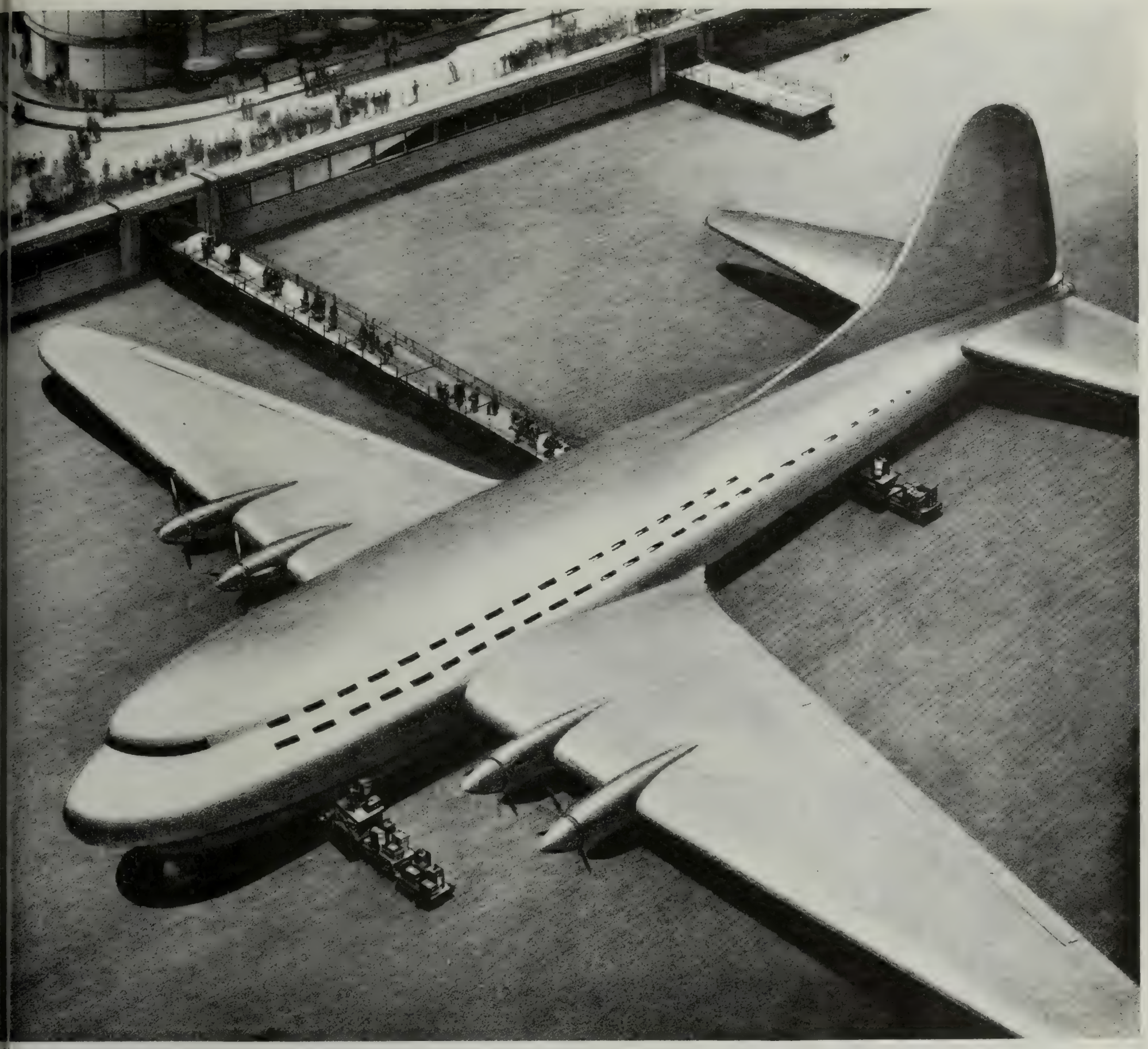
"Oh. I had an idea you were in Manila with Gregory."

"Forgive me," she said smoothly. "This is Miss Gaspard. Henri Gaspard's daughter. You know him, surely."

"And you should get out of here, too," he said to Betty. "Your father got out somehow, didn't he? I remember hearing about it." He added, in a bewildered voice, "Only a few days ago. It seems like a year."

(Continued on page 68)

Behind them in the ballroom, the dancers were still circling, the music was softer; more of the tables were occupied



Business with wings—in the *Age of Flight*

ere is really only one business today, and that is to win the war. But what is the kind of world which we are fighting? It is a world of freedom and opportunity for all. The airplane will help make it so . . . in tomorrow's Age of Flight.

The nation's airlines are a military arm. They flying officers, men and war cargoes to far ners of the continent. Giant United Mainers go on missions where a short time ago re was no radio, no weather data, and no ce to land.

But the nation's airlines are an important uit of our domestic transportation system, t. United Mainliners carry civilians from proction center to production center, and they ry important cargoes of mail and express.

What will this military and civilian power . . . *the most mobile form of transportation ever developed* . . . mean to business in the free tomorrow?

Greater opportunity than ever before!

In the Age of Flight, you will have customers not only on this continent, but in Brazil, Europe, and China as well, and you will fly to see them often. From them you will buy raw materials hitherto out of reach. To them you will sell goods at lower and lower cost.

Greater quantities of consumer goods will ride the air. Freight will be shipped more cheaply.

This is not a vision for a distant day. The war has advanced the progress of aviation 15 years. *You and your business belong to the first generation freed from the grip of earth.*

★ BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY ★

UNITED AIR LINES

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY



SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



The Colonel's Choice

Continued from page 15

The fort commander showed the trace of a grin, since he knew as well as Crosby the flamboyant nature of General MacGregor, who wore scarlet neckpieces with his uniform, loved surprise and could never forget he had been called the "American Marshal Ney." The two exchanged glances of understanding, whereupon the fort commander said, "Good luck, Crosby," and rode back across the creek to the fort.

The camp had turned quiet, the fires were burning dull. Crosby brought his camp chair outside, ignited a second cigar and thoughtfully reviewed his orders. They were broad orders, given to him by General MacGregor on the instructions of the department commander at St. Louis, but neither of those men expected him to engage the Sioux; he was just a reliable herd boy, pressing the Indians north against MacGregor who would perform the magic and receive due applause for his skill. At the end of the campaign MacGregor would mention in his dispatches that "Colonel Crosby performed his mission with zeal."

Lige Croxton, the civilian guide, came out of the dark and squatted on his heels—a little man worn thin by his adventures, turned black by weather, turned taciturn by the frequent narrow chances of his life.

"Gen'ral," he said, "yo're to shove these Injuns at MacGregor. Whar's MacGregor to be?"

"On the Powder."

"Then," said Lige Croxton, "the trap will be plumb empty when MacGregor springs it. These Injuns are veerin' east, away from the Powder. You got yore pushin' fur nothin'." Having said it he rose and moved soundlessly away.

The colonel performed an operation upon his poorly burning cigar. He knew exactly what was expected of him but nevertheless his instructions were wide enough for anything he cared to do. Croxton had said the Sioux would never get themselves into MacGregor's trap, and the colonel trusted Croxton implicitly. Therefore, the campaign was a failure at this stage, barring a tactical diversion.

All along the weary sixteen-day march he had speculated upon such a diversi but, being a wholly honest officer w never thirsted for personal glory, had stopped at speculation. Now w the campaign going bad, he reviewed t plan in his mind and considered t one officer he needed to carry it o He looked upon his two majors a found them unfitted; they were both m accustomed to large command and wou disobey him in little particulars. He co sidered his captains and rejected them f one reason or another—and came Ormsby.

ORMSBY was untried, but Orms was a patient officer, a largely sile officer who nursed no dreams of gre ness. This was as much as he knew abo Ormsby, and could not know more un the young man had been subjected to t terrible pressures of command. That w of course, the risk. The colonel sigh and spoke to his near-by adjutant. "Se Ormsby here," he said and went into h tent.

He was at his map when Ormsby a the adjutant arrived. He said to the adj tant, "Relieve Ormsby as guard offic He leaves at daylight with the wag train. Give him ten men each from K and L companies."

He ran his pencil along the map, dra ing young Ormsby's attention. "We a here at Fort Tompkins. In the morni the command heads north to Cha Buttes. It will then turn northeast, nor of the buttes, and cross the broken lan to the ford on Spotted Horse Creek, this point. The wagons are holding n back. You will take them and go straig across-country to Spotted Horse Cre while I march the main command roun about. You will meet me on the evenin of the third day."

Ormsby bent nearer the map, his fac solemn, sun-blistered and homely i thought. The adjutant was silent in th background.

"On the evening of the second day yo will camp here," said the colonel, his pe cil dotting the spot, "where Alkali Cree comes down the south slope of the butte Arrange the speed of your march so tha you will be there. And I want you t



"They're employers—waiting for someone to come in looking for work!"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



mp no other place on that evening." Ormsby scanned the map, silently calating his marches; the adjutant's face owed some wonder.

"The wagons will catch Sioux attenn at once," said the colonel. "The ought of food and ammunition will ine them to attack. You will stand ht if attacked and fight from shelter the wagons. Do not try to hurry on, d do not—unless your situation is exmely grave—turn back. That is all."

ORMSBY and the adjutant departed. The colonel sat before his map a nsiderable time, seeing all the country terms of marching time, in terms of lls and draws and obstacles. Presently went outside to smoke a new cigar. llen and Kildeen came up, both having arned the orders from the adjutant.

"I hear Ormsby's taking the wagons way on a short cut," said Kildeen. May I say he's both young and green r the responsibility?"

"I have found him steadfast in his dues," said the colonel.

"The wagon train," said Kildeen, would be a rich prize for the Sioux. ney will, of course, attack. Thirty men an insufficient force for Ormsby, and robs us of needed strength. The diverion seems unwise to us."

They were establishing their opinions r a purpose. If this venture failed and saster occurred, there would, of course, e a board of inquiry—at which they ould save their faces by pointing to eir protest. Crosby said gently, "My rders are to push, make contact and enage. The wagon train slows us down."

Kildeen had a dry rejoinder: "I think ur function is really to push. MacGregor will do the engaging. I cannot ee this command—"

The colonel said, "Good night, gentlehen," and watched the two majors deart. They disliked him and they had o trust in him. He let the faint edge of wind blow against him briefly, turned n and went to bed.

At noon Ormsby halted his command in the lee shade of a butte beside a creek whose water was only a wetness against bottom sands, and at one o'clock he went on. He had his flankers marching a half mile to either side of the column, sinking down into dry washes, scrambling up to sight again; he had two men half a mile to the rear and another three working ahead. Northward throughout the morning he saw the dust of the main column; by midafternoon the heat haze had begun to dim it, and when at six o'clock he gave the signal to pitch camp, all trace of the main command was gone.

The water detail went to the creek with the horses, and sundown arrived, and the world for half an hour was a whirling gray-blue, dying into darkness. Mess fires burned briefly, the guards went out, and from his blanket on the earth Ormsby listened to the sleepy grumbling of the men fall away; in the silence his own responsibility came hard upon him.

Thirty men was a small escort in a land swarming with Sioux and he would have doubted the wisdom of this detail except for the colonel's forty years of campaigning. The colonel was a quiet man whose whole life had been spent in action—and his reputation was one of reliability and wisdom.

Around two in the morning Ormsby slept a little, but was up before day. The Sioux liked to make their attacks at dawn.

None came and presently the column was in motion, moving toward the brassy blast of sunlight. Ormsby sent out a patrol under the senior sergeant; two hours later the sergeant came gravely back. "Country's full of tracks. They circled our camp last night. They smell honey." The dust smoke of the main command was no longer to be seen in the northwest, the blur of Fort Tompkins long since had faded; these wagons and thirty men were a lonely core of life on the broken yellow plain. The second night's camp spot—as indicated by the colonel—was not far away and therefore, the



Park *all* your gift problems with a nearby *INKOGRAPH* dealer!

SAVE TIME... WORRY... MONEY on your Christmas shopping. And this year particularly, you'll want to give everyone a *practical* present.

Nearby there's an Inkograph dealer where, as quickly as you can say "Merry Christmas", you can solve the whole gift problem without straining your purse.

Everyone—young and old—appreciates Inkograph . . . finds writing easy and pleasant with this *entirely different* writing implement. Its 14kt solid gold, non-spreading point glides over *any* paper with the smoothness of a pencil—takes the "cramp" out of writing. Even fountain pen owners welcome Inkograph—because it does so many things no other pen can do.

Inexpensive Inkograph has the good looks and fine workmanship of a high-priced pen. Fully guaranteed to give years of unfailing service. Try it at your dealer's.

$1 INK-O-GRAPH $2
14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

ONLY INKOGRAPH suits any hand or style of writing . . . writes smoothly on any quality paper . . . withstands roughest usage . . . makes clear carbon copies with original in ink . . . has a point that won't bend or spread . . . does lettering and ruling without smudge or blot.

Look for the name "Inkograph" on the barrel.
At leading dealers
INKOGRAPH CO., INC., NEW YORK CITY



"See, Kid! I am Santa Claus!"



HERE is that super-handy billfold every active man wants for Christmas! The Registrar—a veritable pocket secretary! Swing-O-Windows carry selective service and identification cards, snapshots, passes, etc.—shown at a finger-flip. The card case unsnaps, leaving a slim-thin billfold for evening wear. Roomy compartment for bills. Shown: Saddle Leather in Military Brown. Also Natural, Cordovan, Black. $5
Others little as $3.50.

Always the Perfect Gift

For Her:

PRINCESS GARDNER REGISTRAR
4 Swing-O-Windows for cards, identification. Bellowed coin 'n' key pocket. 6 lively colors. Little as . . . $2.50

MATCHING KEY KIT
Ingenious Push-Of-The-Thumb release action! Windows for driver's license, ownership card. Little as $1

PRINCE GARDNER
REGISTRAR
2-in-1 "Invisible Stitch" Billfold

At better stores everywhere. Or write direct mentioning dealer's name.
Prince Gardner • 2025 S. Vandeventer Ave. • St. Louis, Mo.
Creators of the "*Invisible Stitch*" Billfold

lieutenant gave his command a long noon rest, meanwhile wondering why his orders had been so specific on that subject.

The black broken shadow of hills lay northward as they moved forward. The lieutenant scanned those hills and had his increased worries, knowing if attack came it would spill from that direction. They had, meanwhile, begun to cut fresh Indian tracks on the loose soil and the flankers were traveling more cautiously through the broken gullies to either side. Ormsby moved forward with the sergeant upon the signal of the point man half a mile ahead. When he reached that spot he saw the broad, churned-up strip of tracks cutting across the trail.

"Big bunch," said the sergeant. "They're up in those hills now, watchin' us."

Ormsby returned to his horse and rode thoughtfully on. Everything pointed to an attack by heavy numbers, in which case he would be forced to throw his wagons into a square and stand fast. His orders were to push on to the rendezvous, not to turn back to Fort Tompkins except under gravest emergency. He thought of dispatching a messenger to the fort for help but realized it was too thin a chance for the messenger. The weight of responsibility was suddenly a bone-crushing burden and he got to wondering what the colonel would do in a like situation. . . .

The day slid downhill, and the heat and dust grew greater until thirst became a pain instead of a simple annoyance. They crossed more and more fresh Sioux trails, all sweeping out of the south to the northern hills; and when about four o'clock Ormsby reached the second night's camp spot ordered by the colonel —where Alkali Creek came down a long grade from the hills—he realized he was in for trouble.

He halted the command and had an immediate dislike for the spot as a camp site. To his right and front and rear was level ground; to his left was a series of eroded ravines and, beyond them, the mass of Chalk Buttes. The Sioux would slide into those ravines, under cover of darkness, and strike from them at daylight. There was, he noticed, a butte three hours' march ahead which would form a good wall on one side, reducing his command's total exposure; he considered it and he turned his orders over in his head again and carefully examined them. The most he could make out of them was the colonel's statement—*emphatic and unmistakable*—that he should camp here by the creek. . . .

AT FOUR o'clock of the first day out of Fort Tompkins, the colonel looked back to catch one final view of Ormsby's command as it dropped at last behind the haze; and with that disappearance, the colonel's mind felt a heavier concern. He camped the command at dusk, twenty miles north of his starting point at the eastern base of the Chalk Buttes, those same hills Ormsby now skirted in the south; he had his supper and his cigar and watched the mess fires bloom in the dark and later grow dim as the weary men settled soon to rest. The civilian guide came up with the adjutant, and Majors Allen and Kildeen joined the group.

"Gen'ral," said the guide—who called every officer a general from his own acid sense of equality—"we got sign enough around here fur a swarmin'. I guess I wouldn't like to be the young feller with the wagon train. He is goin' to get dusted."

"I'd say," stated Major Kildeen, "Ormsby is marching toward a very tragic sort of glory."

"Good night, gentlemen," said the colonel. He rolled into his blankets and adjusted the saddle to his head and lay back with a full view of heaven's bright stars bedded in their velvet black. The Sioux were tricky fighters—and they always suspected trickery in others. They would have watched these two columns march away from each other all during the day; but they would not hit Ormsby that night or the next dawn, for fear of the big column rolling back under darkness to trap them. They would watch all the second day; and on the third morning they would strike Ormsby. This was his judgment.

THE threat of it would be hard on Ormsby and it was possible he would crack and retreat to Tompkins; or perhaps refuse the camp spot marked out by his orders, or make a forced march by dark to leave the risk of the near-by hills behind him There was no telling what a young officer would do until he had been through the fire and ordeal of command. But Crosby looked back through his own years to his youth and remembered that at such a time he had clung to the simple letter of his instructions and thereby had begun the thing which had lasted him forty years—taking fidelity for his part and leaving audacity to others. That was why he had picked Ormsby.

"I trust I'm right," he said somewhat grimly to himself and fell asleep.

By morning the column swung out, gradually veering to the right until at noon they were traveling due east on the north side of the hill. Kildeen and Allen were perplexed, the adjutant bore his curiosity in silence. Somewhere around three o'clock the colonel would have gladly surrendered a grade of rank if he could have sent scouts over the hill to have a look at the plain beyond for sight of Ormsby in the south, but he forbore, knowing the Sioux would still be watching for a trick.

Around five o'clock he halted and watched the command settle for the night and at dusk he rolled himself in his blankets again like a weary man prepared for long rest, but lay wide awake, considering the Sioux and their cleverness. At the end of two days they would still be suspicious, but the greed for the wagons and the fat contents would have been eating in their hearts; they would hit Ormsby the coming dawn, no longer able to resist the prize. That is, he solemnly and irritably added, if they had not struck the young officer the morning before. There was that uncertainty in every plan, that corrosive worry which brought its age and its terrible moments. He searched for a cigar and he held it lightless in his mouth and at ten o'clock, hearing the guards change, he rose and softly summoned the adjutant.

"Night march," he said, and stood back while the command came out of its drugged slumber and moved slowly toward the dreary chore of assembly. There was suddenly a sense of haste in the colonel and a growing anxiety that strained on his temper. Kildeen stood idly by and suddenly Crosby let go at the major: "See to it your men shake up. And be quick about it!" Kildeen went off with his silent affront, and the colonel rose to his saddle and rode along the forming line. "Quiet there—not so much noise. Muffle the sound of those canteens slapping. Lige—where are you?"

The guide came up to the head of the column. The colonel grumbled, "Forward," and moved away, now saying to the guide, "Find a decent trail over this ridge, Lige. You know the country?"

"I could cross it asleep," said the guide.

They now were moving south upon the darkling shadow of the hills, rising with the bumpy grade. There was a vague shine of starlight upon the earth and no moon at all; and now and again looking behind, Crosby saw the column stretched out as a thin blur. The slope increased and the pace fell off; and when they reached first timber the colonel called for a halt. He said to the adjutant, "Bring up Captain Dare," and begrudged the time it took. When Dare arrived he said, "You will take the four infantry companies and make camp in the timber until I return or send for you. Watch sharp."

WITH the remaining four companies of cavalry he went on at a greater pace; the trail curled and pitched up and the horses were blowing behind him.

They came to the summit, which was a narrow meadow, around midnight.

"Dismount and rest," he said, and turned on the civilian guide. "How far to open country?"

"Eight, ten mile."

"Tell Kildeen and Allen I wish to se them," he said to the adjutant.

They were a considerable time in ar riving, and the colonel was ready fo them. "Gentlemen," said he, "the tail en of this column is a poor ragged affai I have never seen a worse confusion."

"See?" said Kildeen in suppressed in dignation. "How can you see?"

"It took ten minutes for you to ge here," pointed out the colonel. "We ar not operating in scattered battalions. will ask you to keep your men coming.

"May I say," said Kildeen, "the me are used up? This is a damned har march."

"Very regrettable," said the colonel i his dryest voice. "Take your places, an see that your men are where they belon We will mimic the retreat from Moscov some other time. Forward."

The grade tipped down and he felt new set of leg muscles grow tired. If h was right in his estimate, the Sioux woul have quit watching him this night; b now they would be assembling on th south side of the hill, on Ormsby's flank waiting for daylight.

Somewhere beyond two o'clock—th colonel had a good deal of vanity i his mental calculations of time—the reached the ragged toes of the hills an came upon a deep ravine. He dispatche his trumpeter for his majors and waite impatiently; there was some suggestio of light in the east and he thought he sav a butte lying athwart the plain, farthe south. Kildeen and Allen arrived.

"We will drop into this cut. You wil take the left, Kildeen, with B and F. Al len, the right is yours with the other tw troops. Softly, softly." He pulled a le over his horse with difficulty and steppe to the ground and felt a vague contac with the earth. He groaned quietly t himself and placed an unlighted cigar i his mouth, listening to his command shif front and drop into the ravine. The butt was a stain of black against lesser blac and as he strained his eyes to the west h thought he saw the shape of the wagon train; but he was not sure and the uncer tainty of it was a gravel gritting in hi belly.

"Lige," he said, "how old are you?"

"At this time of night, Gen'ral, n man's young."

"I wish," said the colonel, "I could g back fifty years and do it all over."

"Wouldn't want to go through my mis eries again," said Lige.

THE colonel stared west again and still was not sure; and he lowered his eyes and held them down, feeling light grow against him and around him. He looked up—and then he was certain of the wagon train. He was at the moment inexpressibly relieved; the moment afterward great disappointment hit him. The Indians had smelled the trap and had not attacked. A man who played one part forty years long, he concluded, could not expect to play another part. Dash and surprise were not for him.

The civilian guide said, in a louder but conversational voice: "Gen'ral — you filled yore flush." Hard upon the words the colonel heard sound run along the earth, heard the rush of horses and the first shout of the Sioux over the morning stillness, and the first brisk shot.

It had been dully dark and now the waves of day came in quick, rising succession, so that he saw the Sioux move in shifting waves up from the slashes of the earth to the floor of the plain and go on pell-mell toward the wagons. The trumpeter was beside him and he felt the tight straining of his command in the ravine; he heard a trooper briskly and cheerfully cursing. But he thought, "Where's that



COLLIER'S "It saves sugar—nobody ever eats down this far" REAMER KELLER

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

You'll find me down in the submarine
With that keen-eyed officer
Who, for hours, has been scanning
The Pacific sea lanes above
I help refresh him

You'll find me at midnight
With that alert Air Raid Warden
As he gets his signal
For a practice black-out
I help rest and refresh him

You'll find me with that proud Movie Star
When she reads how many War Bonds
Have been sold through her effort
I add a little more pleasure
To her happiness

Yes! You'll find me
With our men and women in uniform,
With factory workers, war workers . . .
For, I help rest and refresh them
And give them the pleasure
Of a fine, distinctive flavor.
Remember me?
I'm the famous yellow package
With the red oval.



On his vigilance depends the freedom of the seas.



Because we are supplying the men in the armed forces *first* you may at times find it difficult to buy Beech-Nut Gum.



He has a great responsibility.



Movie Stars have helped sell millions of dollars worth of War Bonds.

HALF THE METAL IN EVERY SHIP, TANK AND GUN IS SCRAP. THROW *YOUR* SCRAP INTO THE FIGHT

boy's defense, or is he asleep?" He had his answer a moment later when speckled points of gunfire danced along the edge of the wagons. The Sioux were crying and suddenly they turned and rushed slantwise around the train, scattering and reforming and wheeling back at a different angle.

"Gen'ral," said the guide, "that's a power of the devils."

The trumpeter shifted his instrument. He took a step forward so that the colonel could see him; he looked at the colonel, his young bloodshot eyes wide open. The colonel squatted and he watched the second wave of attack smother the wagons. More Sioux came up from the coulees, like a reserve brought into play. All this was near a mile off, and too long for open charge. He shook his head at the trumpeter, mounted and rode along the edge of the ravine until he had reached the right flank, held by Allen. He dropped into the ravine and motioned and rode along the slash at a trot, his hat peak just below the desert's level. His command came single file after him, lifting heavy dust and making considerable racket; the dust would not be seen in the gray dawn and the noise would be drowned by the Sioux, and meanwhile, the ravine carried him nearer the wagon train.

He had covered half the distance when a single Indian, coming alone out of the hills, rode headlong into the ravine and spotted the command. The colonel clapped a hand on his service revolver and got in a fair shot, tumbling the Sioux. The colonel came to a dead stop, turned and bellowed back: "Close up—Close up!" Eighteen days of heat had wrung the water from the very marrow of his bones and yet a good fresh sweat started under his hatbrim and he felt remarkably young. He said to Major Allen: "I believe this will do. We will now drive a wedge between that party and the hills. Trumpeter, sound away."

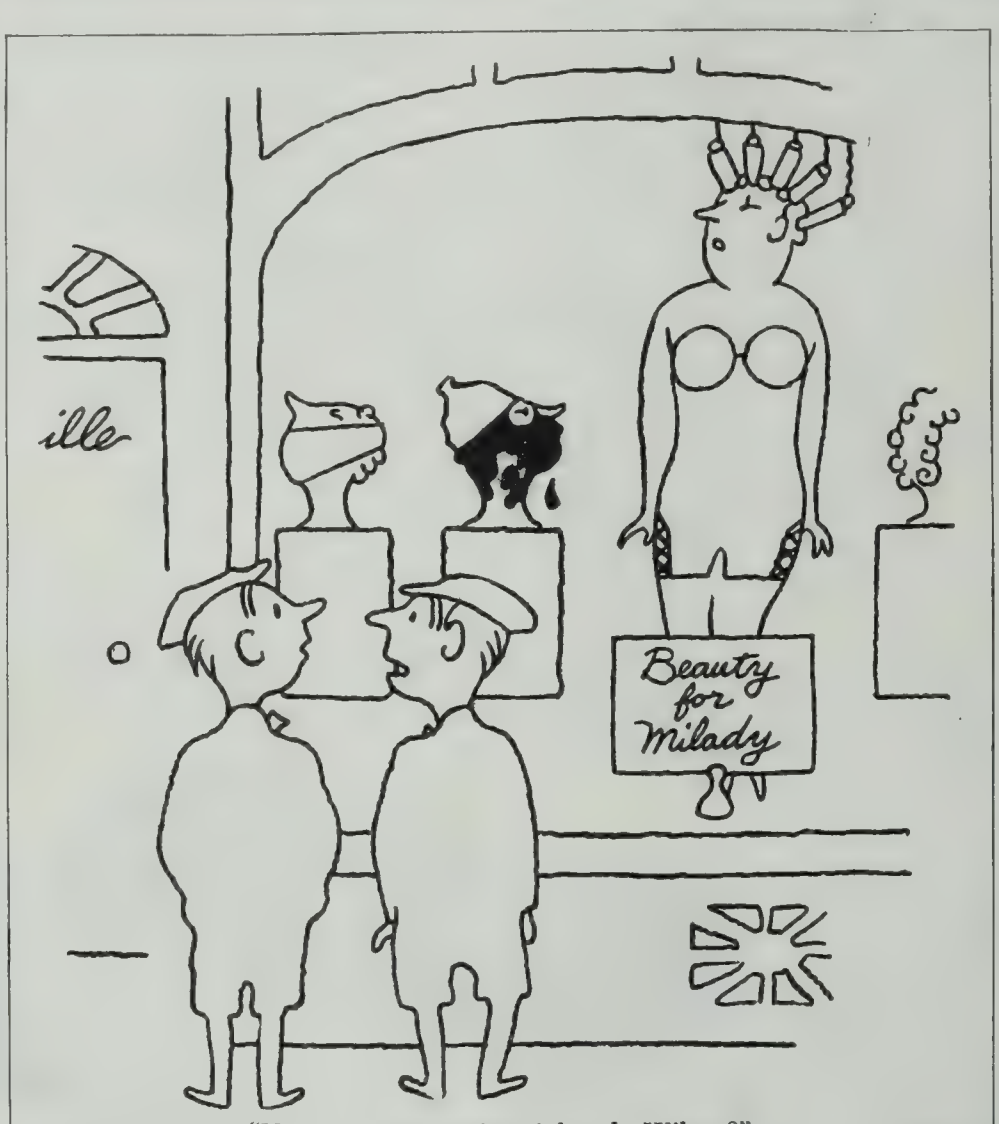
HE CAME out of the ravine with the quick tat-a-tat-a-tat of the bugle's call to charge, and looked behind to see the whole command erupt from the ravine to the flat plain. He was at the head of the thin, long column and he pushed his horse to a dead run. The column was like an arrow aimed between the wagons and the hills, with the large body of the Indians on the side of the wagons.

They saw him, and the momentum of their attack broke. He saw certain warriors wheel deliberately from the fight, come to a halt and stare; and after that they whirled and raced for the hills. The colonel's command, coming at full charge, struck them this way. The colonel was the head of the arrow, and he was presently in the thick of the melee, his command streaming up and rushing by. B troop, led by Kildeen, turned to the right, trapping a group of Sioux in the nearest ravine, the sound of their guns like corn popping. Allen, who had been through a hundred cavalry charges, pulled to the left, shouting for L and D troops to bear up; at the same time young Ormsby launched his thirty men out from the wagons, upon the heels of the Sioux.

The colonel had lost his hat, and his horse was shivering in every muscle beneath him as it answered to the pressure of the colonel's knees, cutting right, cutting left. Crosby found the trumpeter and F's guidon sergeant close by him; the trumpeter shot a Sioux fair out of the saddle directly under the colonel's nose, and the mix-up here grew warm and crowded, Indian and trooper curving round and round. There was a steady flatting of guns and the cracked, Irish-accented howling of the troopers; the powder smell filled the gray daylight, and dust was a fine silver fog. The confusion about the colonel thinned out and when he had a moment he lifted himself in his stirrups to have a look. Kildeen was across the ravine on a stern chase, and Allen was swinging his men to the left, smothering some last pocket of fighting beyond the wagons. Troopers knelt and carefully overtook fugitive Sioux with their fire; and as suddenly as that, the fight was done, Kildeen calling off his men as the rest of the Sioux melted into the hills.

"Recall," said the colonel to the trumpeter, and got down from his horse. The ground around him showed what had been done; there would be a wailing among countless Indian women somewhere back in the hills this day and he thought he knew enough about Sioux to guess that sometime during the following week there would be a peace delegation riding into General MacGregor's camp, expressing regret for the misunderstanding and a desire to return to the reservation. One blow like this was a powerful persuader. He looked about for his hat, had it handed to him by the adjutant, and turned to find young Ormsby at hand. The lieutenant had no great change on his face, but there was some wounded feeling in his voice:

"Sir, I did not know I was to serve as a decoy."



"Not a very reassuring sight, eh, Wilson?"

"Of course not," said the colonel. "Or you would have acted like a decoy."

"I did not understand yesterday why I was given so small an escort, and why I was told to camp in so poor a spot. The last consideration bothered me when I noticed better shelter over by that butte. But I saw no recourse from my orders."

The colonel said, "That is why I picked you," and saw the ruddy color of embarrassment come to the lieutenant's cheeks from the praise. The colonel turned away, dog-tired but extremely pleased. Ormsby had stood fast and Ormsby had survived the terrible pressure of command, justifying his, the colonel's, judgment. The colonel had a sudden thought for MacGregor waiting up north for the Sioux to be flushed into his arms, waiting for the spectacular coup which would now never come. MacGregor would applaud him in dispatches; but deep in his flamboyant soul, MacGregor would hate him. The colonel wryly grinned at the thought of it, and was happy; in all probability there would never be another campaign for him, since his service days now were closing; and this was a satisfactory thing to close upon.

There was, he thought, one still more satisfactory thing. In his own dispatches he would mention Ormsby particularly for gallantry, for duty well done—and that would go in Ormsby's service record, some day to help lift the young man above the ruck, some day, perhaps, to bring Ormsby a general's stars. That was the reason he had chosen Ormsby in the first place; for the lad was as he had been so long ago and, in one way of looking at it, Ormsby's stars, thirty years or more ahead, would be his, Crosby's, stars as well.

HE SAID to the adjutant: "We camp here until noon. I want patrols out against those hills." He went over to the wagons and crawled beneath one of them, gouging a hole for his hips and a hole for his shoulders. He had about composed himself when Allen and Kildeen came up, both dusty and flushed but both feeling extraordinarily good for the recent piece of action. Kildeen, always a starchy and positive man, showed some small trace of uncertainty as he spoke. "Allen and I," he said, "thought it a damned good maneuver. Our respects, sir."

The colonel showed them his easy and cheerful grin. "You will forgive my sharpness during the march, I trust. At midnight I begin to miss my sleep. Join me tonight for a drink."

"Happy to," said Allen and then the majors watched the colonel pull his hat over his face, lace his hands across his belly and fall promptly asleep on his back. He was snoring before they had quite retired beyond earshot.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Naturally we can't give you our informant's name. But a piece about Mexico was submitted to the State Department for censorship. For several days thereafter they hunted in mounting indignation for the diplomatist who had revealed the information contained in this patently dangerous manuscript—which, of course, couldn't be published. They found the "leak"—the Encyclopædia Britannica.

ADMITTEDLY we're a bit dizzy by now. We've just read a letter from Mr. James T. Cunningham, retired, of Pensacola, Florida. (If we survive this week's mail we're a tougher licentious, venal scribbler than we suspected.) Mr. Cunningham used to be a prohibition enforcement officer. He read our editorial, Bluenoses in Wartime—all about the Dry tricks to slip over another Noble Experiment. And now Mr. Cunningham is very upset. The paper on which this is written is no match for his wrath. Therefore, we can't give you his complete letter. But he discovers that this office (with particular reference to the writer of that editorial) is jam-packed with "liars" and "human skunks" and proof thereof is furnished in our statement that the Eighteenth Amendment was not enforced. Moreover, that editorial was manufactured and paid for by Berlin. That's the spirit we like to see. For a while we were pretty scared about you readers—thought you'd lost your punch.

BUT with customers like Mr. Crump and Mr. Cunningham swinging from their ankles and a rapid-fire billet doux we've just received from Mr. Norman LeClerc of Moscow, Idaho, we are pretty well pleased with ourselves. Going good, that's what you are. Of course, we haven't been accused lately of being the hirelings of Wall Street (R.I.P.) or of a bunch of widow-robbing, orphan-strangling international bankers (gone but not forgotten). But we just can't have everything. Apropos of something or other not mentioned in his rather brief letter, Mr. LeClerc says: "You say the F.B.I. is doing a good job. You're a liar. If it was, you and all rats like you would be in jail for the duration anyway." Keep swinging, boys.

AND Buy War Bonds. . . . W. D.

How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production

MR. DONALD NELSON, MEET MISS DOLAGHAN



Miss Gladys Dolaghan, like every patriotic American, thinks that her brains can be useful in increasing production and reducing waste in important war work.

At one of the RCA Radio Tube plants, Miss Dolaghan is one of many thousands of employees who have pledged to *beat the promise* on the production of vital radio equipment for the fighting fronts.

Miss Dolaghan knows how important it is that our Army and Navy not only have the best radio equipment that can be made, but that they get it *fast*.

So Miss Dolaghan decided to do her job faster and with less use of critical materials. She devised a tool to repair defects in a certain part right on the assembly line. Before that, nine-tenths of the work had to be scrapped if that one part was defective. Now, the whole assembly of ten parts can be saved. —Now, many more hundreds of vital radio tube assemblies are heading for front line equipment because she used her brains.

This war is a *people's war*—as we here at RCA Victor know. And that is why our "Beat the Promise" drive has as its object not only the bettering of production schedules, but of bettering War Bond buying, blood donations, and anti-waste campaigns. Miss Dolaghan, who has a brother in the Navy, has pledged a pint of blood to the Red Cross Bank and uses 10% of her earnings to buy War Bonds.

That is why, Mr. Nelson, we call to your attention Miss Gladys Dolaghan who typifies the spirit of all RCA Victor employees . . . the spirit which prompted us to announce over one year ago, "With RCA Victor, national defense comes first. By comparison we hold *nothing else important*."

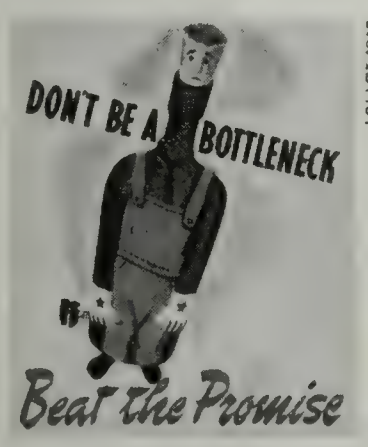
RCA VICTOR

A Service of the
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

LET THESE VICTORY POSTERS HELP SPEED WAR PRODUCTION IN YOUR PLANT



No. 1S5589



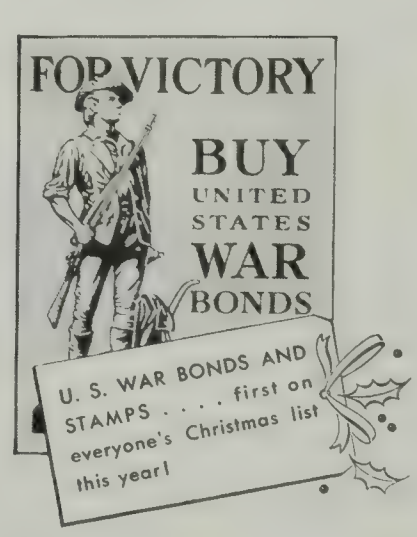
No. 1S4464



No. 1S5704



No. 1S4666



nployees of RCA Victor themselves inspired these color posters, used as part the "Beat the Promise" Campaign. To date, 154 other companies engaged war work are using this and related material to spur their own production and help the war effort. These posters are available singly or in quantities at cost. If yours is a war industry which can use any of the "Beat the Promise" material, write to Department BTP-1C, RCA Victor, Camden, New Jersey.

BLACK BULLETS FOR HITLER

BY ROARK BRADFORD

Out in the Arizona desert, Negroes from all over the country are learning the grim trade of war. They are a credit to their people and on their shoulders rests part of the future of the human race

YOU'LL hear a lot more about the Ninety-third Division before this man's war is over.

Just in case an enemy agent is listening, the Ninety-third is a full-strength fighting outfit of Negro troops gathered from all parts of the country. Equipped with the best tools of war, it is in process of training in up-to-the-minute science of combat. Its regiments include some of the oldest Negro units in the American Army—units that have a long tradition of effective gallantry in battle—and some brand-new units determined to out-tradition the old-timers.

Fort Huachuca, Arizona, is the training ground.

A place of beauty, Fort Huachuca is a mile above sea level and, like everything else in the great Southwest, it has lots of space around it. The fort was built originally in the '80's as a cavalry post to provide protection against warring Apaches. A lot of frontier history has been made in and about its reservation. But as far as the Ninety-third is concerned, the place offers a healthful climate, lots of room and some fast-disappearing headaches for the commanding officers.

Obviously, a training center in a mountain canyon seventy miles across desert to the nearest town has its drawbacks.

Isolation? There are probably not 50,000 civilians of all races within a hundred-mile radius of the fort.

Housing? A regimental post of 19th-century vintage had to be transformed into a modern divisional encampment.

Race problems? Thousands of Negro troops moved into a sparsely populated area peopled by whites, Indians and Mexicans.

Morale? That was dusted off for me by the public relations officer, shortly after I arrived at the fort. He was a young lieutenant, one of the few white junior officers at the post, who expected to be transferred as soon as his place could be taken by a Negro officer. "Morale?" he

(Continued on page 79)

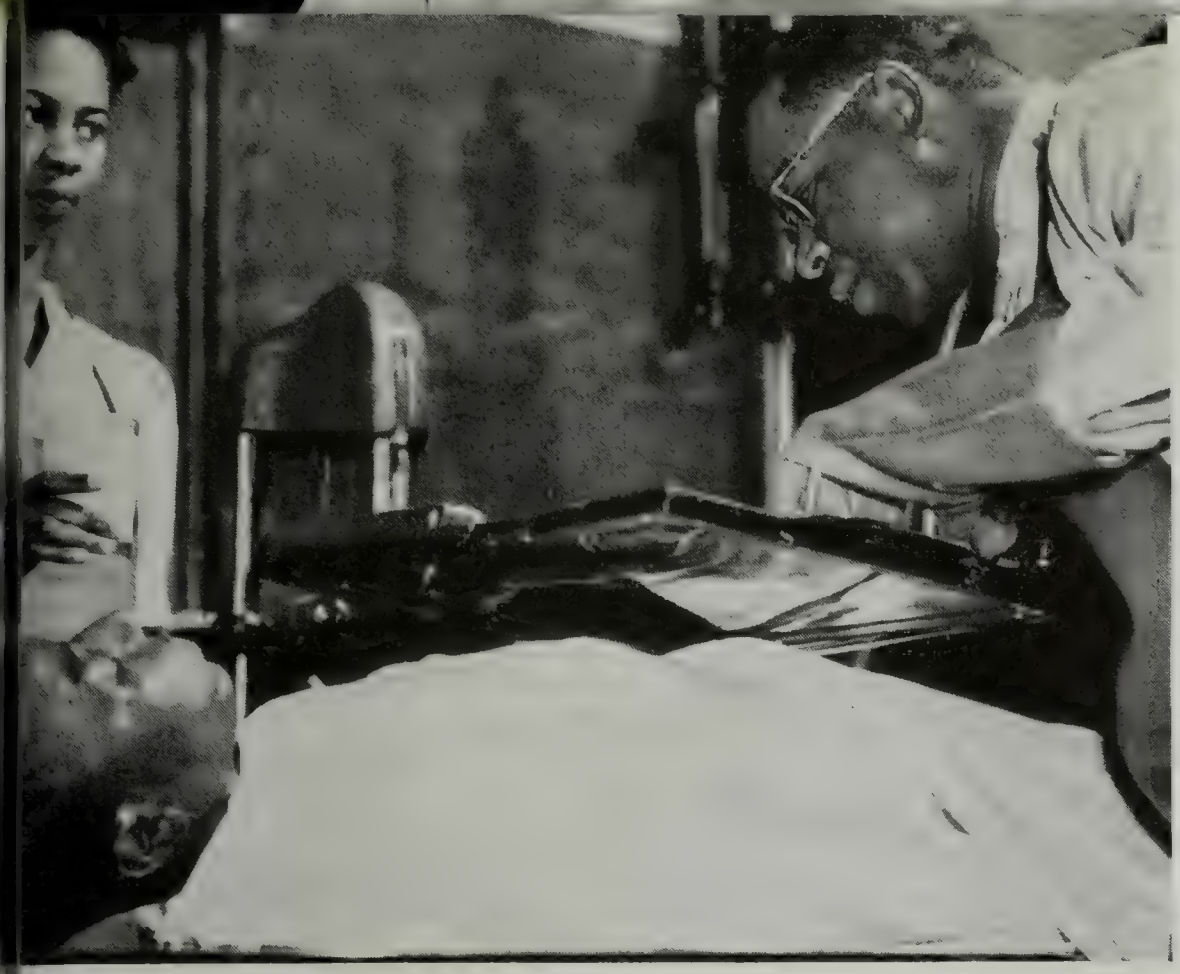


Recreation is what they plan for you. Fun is something you make for yourself, such as when you gather around to dance and sing the blues

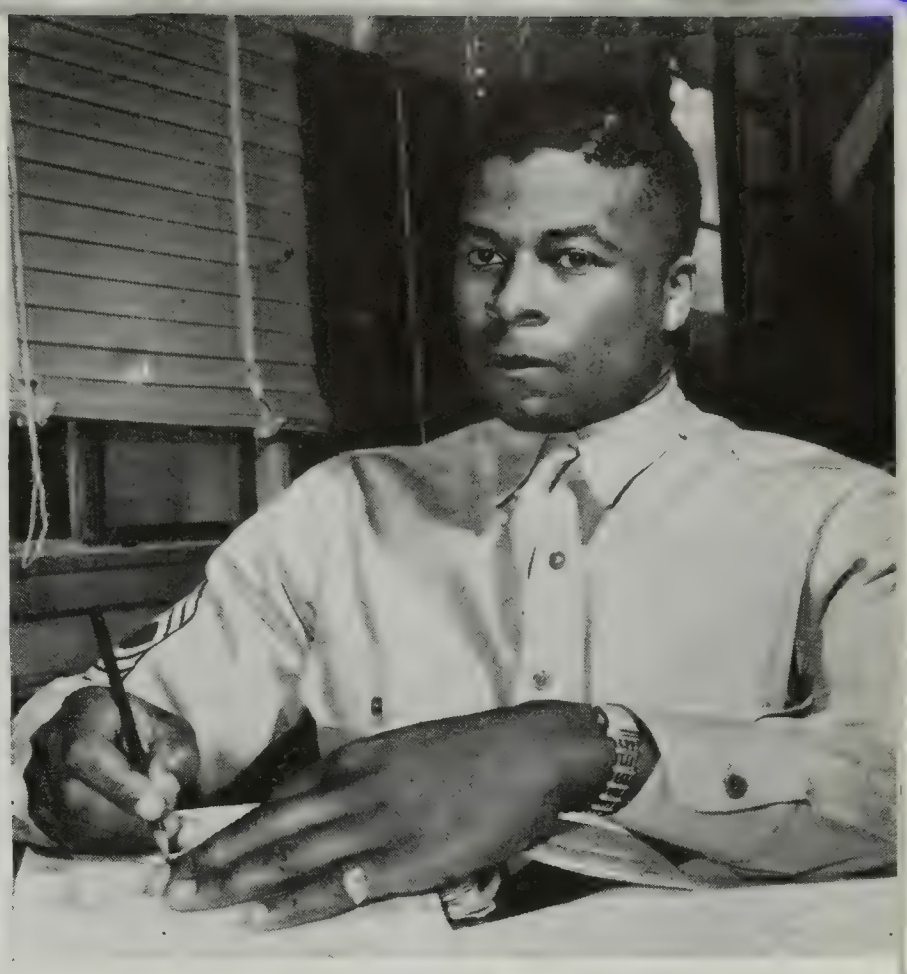
The dummy shells in that 81-mm. shoot so slow, you can watch t

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WALEY PENNINGTON



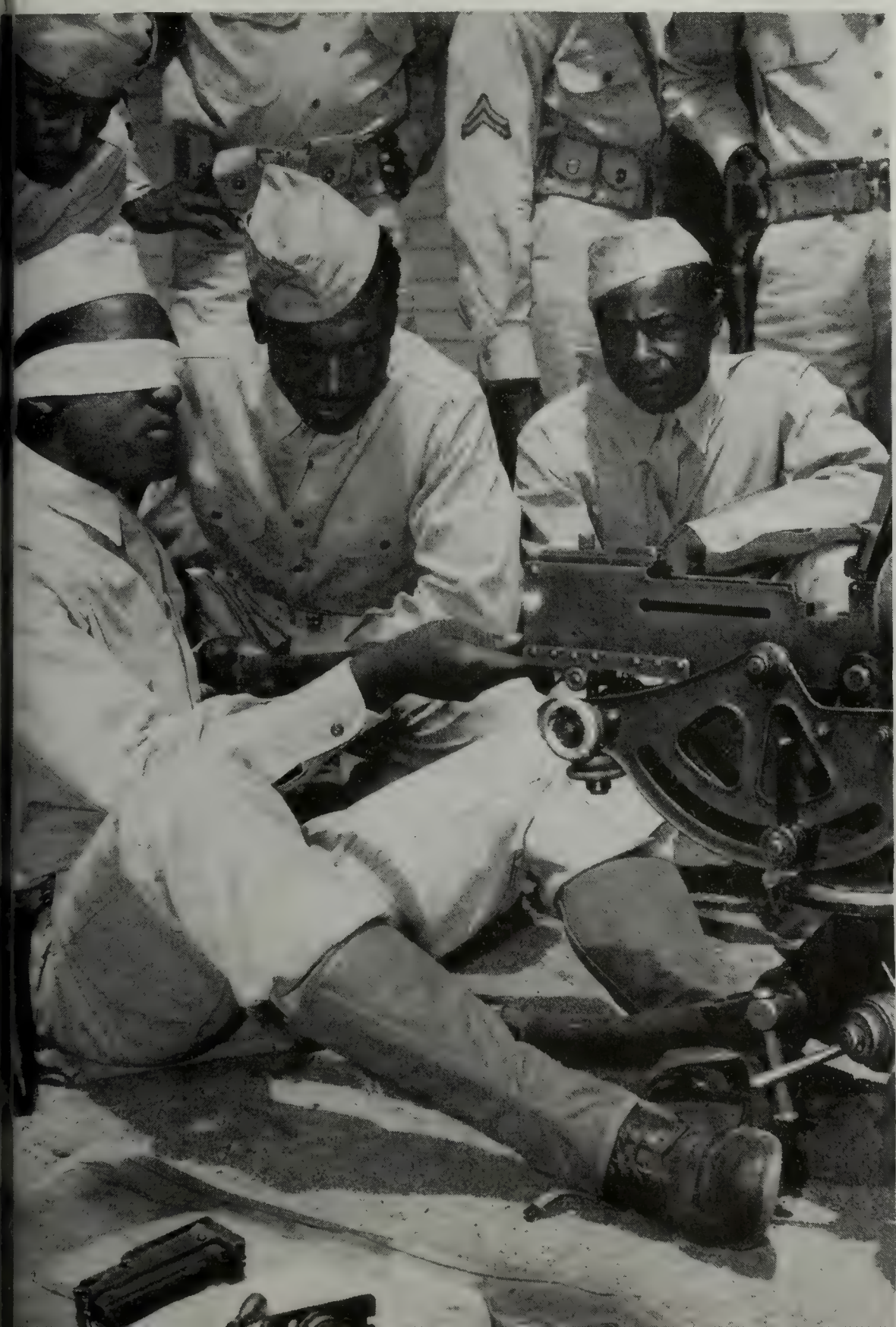


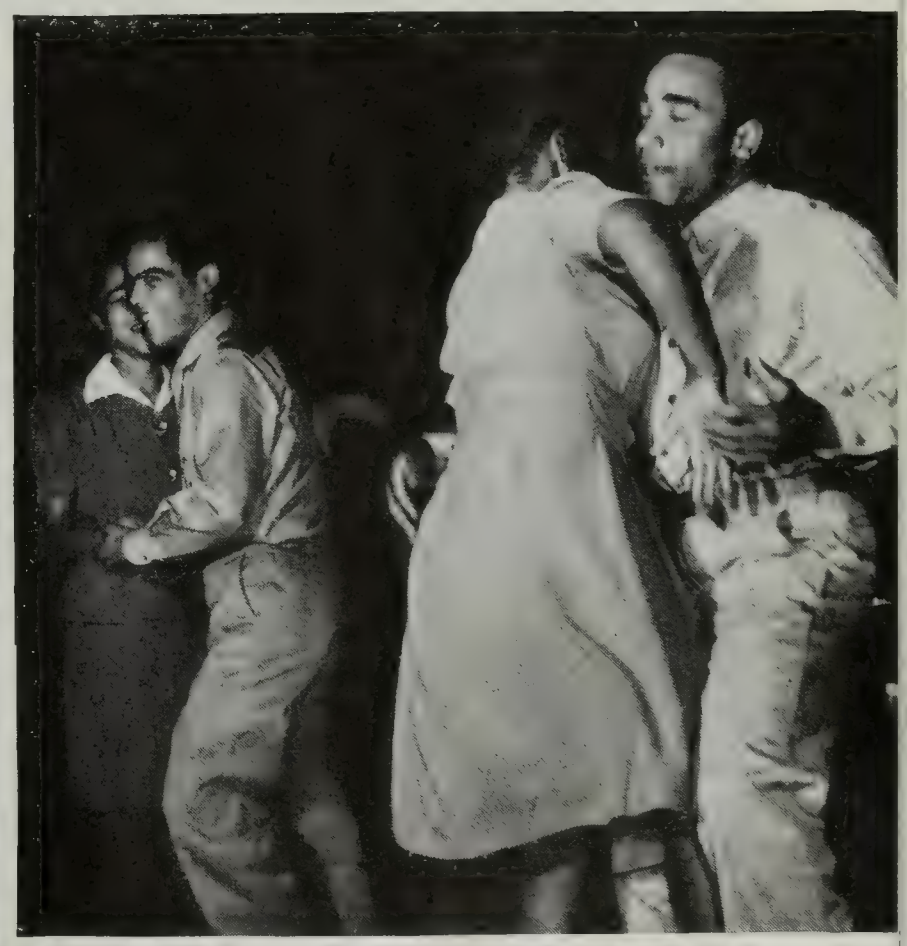
aptain Allen (above, looking through
re the pride and joy of this division



Master Sergeant Jackson Benjamin has a desk job. He's Sergeant Major of the 25th Infantry, from Longview, Tex.

"When de Japs start shootin', I'll jest blindfold my eyes, take de gun down and put her back agin"





"When de guit-tar playin' starts gittin' hot, you say to her, 'Le's I and you stomp dis fire out, baby!'"

Capt. John DeVeaux of the African Methodist Church is Senior Chaplain. Here he is with his three children



I've been thinking it over, Adolf



Nobody over here tells us what to do in our free hours. The kids go to the movies. Mother goes shopping. And I, along with twenty million other Americans, go fishin'.

The whole family likes to fish. It's the great American sport—a sport that perfectly expresses American freedom. Blue water—open skies—the opportunity to enjoy them. A good boat—a purring motor—built and sold in such a way that I can have as fine a model as the millionaire yachtsman. That's something, Adolf, when you think of it. *And no one is going to take it from me.*

There are one hundred and thirty million of us who think the same and we are all working today—to the limit of our ability—to jam that cockeyed conception of a "new order" down your throat.

•

The people who make Sea-Horse outboard motors are working as they never did before on items that have the old Sea-Horse DEPENDability—but items that our enemies won't like so well. And they are perfecting new tricks in precision—which probably will be incorporated in those Sea-Horses which will be built when the war is won.

JOHNSON MOTORS • WAUKEGAN, ILL.
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON SEA HORSES
FOR
Dependability

DO YOUR DUTY—BUY WAR BONDS

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 58

"He is here with me," said Betty. "But we—"

The consul interrupted her: "You're not Americans, so I suppose I shouldn't worry about your being here. Still, I worry about all of you."

"We want you to worry about one of your own nationals," said Madame Vooren. "We want you to get Nicholas Griggs out of British custody."

"Griggs?" The consul rapped his forehead with his knuckles. "Oh, of course. I didn't like that for a cent; still, Cogswell—" He stared at Madame Vooren. "See here, Manis, you understand that it was Gregory who precipitated all this."

Betty hid her clenched hands behind her.

Madame Vooren said, "I knew Mr. Griggs quite well all the time he was in Shanghai. His acts were all directed against the Japanese, yes, against the Axis."

The consul looked perplexed. "Still, Gregory must have had some vital information."

Madame Vooren said, without expression, "I scarcely need to tell you that I surely know Gregory better than anyone else does."

BETTY sucked in her upper lip and bit on it, hard. She looked straight ahead.

Madame Vooren said, "Gregory could never entertain the notion that Japan and America would go to war. I am afraid that this unexpected attack by the Japanese made him lose his wits. Temporarily."

"Lose his wits?" said the consul. "Good heavens! It's certainly insanity to make a charge like this, without foundation."

She said in a level voice, "He was unusually concerned about Mr. Griggs' safety in Shanghai. Simply, because Mr. Griggs was pursuing stories unfavorable to the Japanese. Perhaps Gregory was still worried about Mr. Griggs' daring. Perhaps the combination of the war and his responsibility for his assistant moved him to commit a stupidity more stupid and more serious than he realized."

The consul said, "You shock me. I was unable to do much about this case myself, I had so many other anxieties." His telephone rang and, as he reached for it, he said: "I won't have it. I won't permit any margin for error."

He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to the women, "British headquarters. I'll take this up right now."

Betty looked at Madame Vooren and smiled feebly. Madame Vooren looked away. Her lips were curved down, her shoulders hunched.

The consul was saying, "Mauran? Yes. And who were the others? I see. I was just getting additional information about Griggs myself."

Now Madame Vooren looked at Betty; her face was gentle.

The consul said, "Colonel, with no more than a personal cable from Cogswell, don't you think you've gone pretty far?"

Then he continued: "Yes. I see. Very well. You have been overzealous because of the war and I have been underconscientious because of the war. In the meantime, a young man is locked up and under serious charges."

They're going to let him go, Betty told herself. I'll see him before I leave. I'll see him any minute.

The consul said, "I'll tell you what I propose. That you cable our military immediately in Manila and let them question Cogswell's information. Good. Yes. Thank you."

He hung up the receiver, saying: "You heard me. There's not much more to tell, except that they're feeling uneasy with three men testifying to Mr. Griggs' integrity. And one of them Mauran."

Betty said, "When will he be out?"

"That depends on the text of the cable from Manila," he said. "In the meantime, I'll arrange to see him."

"Let me go along." Her face became rosy. "We're engaged, you see."

"I'm sorry, he's still a military prisoner."

"Will you take a note to him?" she asked.

"I'd rather not," he answered. "If it's been messed up, let's not add to it. But if I can see him, I'll tell him I saw you."

Returning to the Adelphi, she felt as though she had been lamed in some exhausting physical encounter, a free-for-all where there would never be a decision. Then she forgot her aching muscles, finding her father really spent and sleepless, on his bed.

She made him eat dinner in bed. She made him swallow a sedative and she took one herself, when she went to her own room. She could not endure lying awake, hoping for the telephone to ring.

IN SINGAPORE, so close to the equator, dawn is brief and soon after six o'clock—even in December—it becomes full daylight. Not much later, Betty was roused by trunks and suitcases thumping on the floor of the room above her. Waking, she thought at once of Nick. The clatter overhead unnerved her. She looked despairingly at her watch, that said six-thirty, and decided to rise. Maybe the cable from Manila had already come, she thought, and it would not reach the proper person until midmorning. Maybe it would take days for the authorities in Manila to give the inquiry their attention. Or maybe Cogswell would manipulate them as he had manipulated everyone else all his life. She told herself: Stop it. Go down and eat breakfast. Read the newspapers. Stop it.

When she stepped from her room, she found two Malays sitting outside her door. One of them said, "We are waiting for your bags. May we take them now?"

"I didn't call you," she said. "I am not leaving."

"All the ladies are going," the boys said. "All the ladies must go to the s... The hotel captain sent us for your ba...

She made no reply, hurrying dow... the hotel desk, unwilling even to ... for the creaky elevator. The lobby ... already crowded with women and ... dren and porters and luggage. The ... sistant manager was checking off na... on a long list. He looked up as B... approached him.

"Good," he said, making a check n... on his sheet. "I was just going to sen... your room again, Miss Gaspard."

SHE wet her lips. "What does ... mean?" she asked, already knov... the answer.

"The cars will leave for the ship ... few moments," the assistant man... said. "We do not know which gat... which dock. The police will show ... way. Your bags are ready?"

Betty said, "My bags are not read... didn't know anything about this."



COLLIER'S "Whatza matter—haven't you ever seen a jeep before?" ED GRAHAM

"Ah, but it has been known for ... days that all ladies must go," he s... "This morning we received the defi... order." He tapped a document on ... desk. "It is not I, Miss Gaspard. I ... the military. You must be ready. ... once."

I can't blame this man, Betty told h... self. It isn't his order. I knew this wo... happen and that I would never see N... again. All the same, I can't refuse. ... not the only woman who wants to s... Aloud she said:

"Listen. I haven't even packed. I m... tell my father. He's still asleep. I'll p... then you can send for the bags whi... say goodby to him."

Her father looked better but not ... enough. He ordered her out so that ... could rise to dress; and she threate... him.

"Don't," he said. "It wears me to ... gue."

She said, "It wears me to see you w... out." Then she added, "Please don't ... up. Please don't go with me, Fathe... can stand it much better this way."

When her bags were taken away ... she told Henri goodby for the last ti... her voice became small. "You'll let ... know about Nick?" she said.

"Yes, my dear. Immediately."

She controlled herself. She kissed h... as casually as if she were going away ... the week end and tried not to think ... him or of Nick while the procession ... taxicabs, under police escort, cros...

Singapore River and speeded along Collye Quay and Robinson Road to the doc.

Women with children were directed in one godown and women without children into another. It was barely eight o'clock when she reached the dock and from then until nearly noon she sat on one of her suitcases, faint from the heat, waiting for instructions to board ship. She wanted to hunt a telephone but when she saw other women disobeying instructions to stay within the warehouse and adding to the disorder, she resolutely determined to abide by every order.

Presently a ship's officer approached the women at her end of the godown. "The ship is full," he said. "All places have been taken by women with small children. You may return to your homes. It is hoped that there will be another ship to Batavia tomorrow."

She had difficulty in getting through a call to the Adelphi. It would probably be hours, she thought, with the city's wires dislocated. She hung up and managed to find a cab.

Her father was dressed but lying on the bed. When he saw her he looked incredulous, and when she told him, he looked radiant. This time, they embraced as though she had been absent a year. Then he smiled again.

"Isn't Nick with you?"

"Nick?"

"You did not see him at the dock? He is free."

She wheeled. "I'm going back to the dock," she said over her shoulder.

Henri halted her. "No. You will only miss him again. Truly, it will be better to wait here. He will come back when he finds out you are not on board."

"Of course. I'm a little zigzag right now," she said. "Tell me. What happened?"

"He was released about an hour ago," said Henri. "The Americans in Manila replied that Mr. Cogswell has left there. The American military have no knowledge of charges against Nick. It was a brief message. That was all. The British acted at once."

"For my money, they didn't act any too soon." Betty heard Nick's voice before she saw him.

SHE was almost too weak to rise from her chair. She did not say one word when he took her in his arms.

He said jubilantly, "We're getting pretty good at these reunions." Then he became serious. "Well, I can't quite forget there's a war on, and that I'm a reporter."

"But you can't report to Cogswell," Betty said soberly.

Nick said, "But I can cable UBC direct in New York. I guess they ought to be pretty glad to get a report from here."

"You haven't even given me time to tell you—" Betty began.

"I'll be right back," Nick said. "I'll cable them for a broadcast hookup."

Henri said, "Finally, you two must not forget Madame Vooren."

"Is she here?" Nick asked in surprise.

Betty said, "I started to tell you. She's at the Raffles. She escaped from Shanghai. She helped get you out. Oh, go on and cable. I'll telephone her and tell her about you while you're gone."

"Okay, Counselor. As soon as I get this message off to UBC, let's go see her. And ready to fill in gaps in the news the guards didn't give me."

The Raffles advertised itself as possessing the largest and coolest ballroom in the East. In front, on the ground floor, the hotel was all ballroom and the ballroom served as a daylong veranda café. Nick and Betty waited for Madame Vooren in the narrow strip of lobby that was no more than a corridor between the ballroom and the elevators.

The dance orchestra was playing The Last Time I Saw Paris and a few couples were languidly moving over the big dance floor. At the tables, drinking tea, drinking cocktails, drinking stengahs, the whisky and flat soda the Singapore British preferred, they saw high-caste Indian women in brilliant saris, Australians and Britons. The men in uniform were all officers: noncommissioned men and privates were not admitted to the largest and coolest ballroom in the East.

Betty said, "I think I like the Adelphi better."

Madame Vooren greeted them. They had been so intent on the scene in the café they had forgotten to watch for her. "The blackout prevents them from dancing after dark," she said. "You will see, within half an hour, how popular these tea dances are here." Then she smiled at Nick. "We said we would meet again."

He said, "Well, I didn't know I'd be in your debt again."

Madame Vooren's face became serious. "Please, let's not discuss it."

THEY moved into the café and sat at a table farthest from the bandstand.

Nick thought Betty was right: Madame Vooren looked older and careworn and, somehow, no less enchanting. For his money, she was all right, too, and he didn't care what she was to Cogswell. He listened to her now, addressing him:

"What do you plan to do, stay here?"

"Well, I cabled UBC," he said. "I hope they arrange a broadcast for me. Next, I'd like to go up in Malaya to the front. Of course, if Cogswell is in touch—" he stopped himself and looked apologetic.

Madame Vooren said, "Betty told you that I haven't heard from him, either?"

"I told him," Betty said.

"Wherever he is, I still am unable to wish him harm." Madame Vooren's face looked gray. "At this moment, queerly, I only wish that I may never see him again."

He tried to imagine what it was like for her. He tried to think of knowing and loving Betty for twenty times as long as he had already known and loved her and then finding out that she had done something like this, or suspecting she had. It would be God-awful. He looked sternly at Betty as though to warn her: Don't you ever do that to me. Betty looked nonplused. Then she made a face at him; and he laughed.

Madame Vooren said, "Did I ever tell you that Nick reminded me of my husband? He died when he was just about his age."

Nick did not remind her that she had told him. Betty said, "Oh, did they look alike?"

"Something in their expressions," said Madame Vooren. "Lately, I have thought often of my husband. If he were alive, although he was a Nationalist, I know he would be rallying all Indonesians to help fight the Japanese."

"That's what you meant, didn't you?" Betty said. "When you said the Japanese made you see Java as your home?"

"Yes," said Madame Vooren. "I can't take my husband's place, I am afraid. But, after all, I can take the place of one more defender." She smiled at herself. "I dread sounding so melodramatic, particularly in the midst of a tea dance."

Betty said, "It takes more sense than a tea dance. But tell me, when do you leave? They tried to ship me away this morning and now I don't know when, except that it's to be the next boat, I suppose."

"We shall probably travel together,





Which of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO WOMEN live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these women is seldom invited to go out.

The other woman is always the center of a group. Her calendar is full of engagements. She is sought after as a guest.

MAKE HER SECRET YOUR OWN

Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Make her secret your own. It is possible to secure all at once and at very small expense, the few great books that enable anyone to think clearly and talk well.

You will understand how this is possible when you have read this wonderfully interesting free book which tells you about the beautiful new Home Library Edition of The Harvard Classics. Here is a glorious setting of luxurious volumes. New and imposing bindings, new beautiful paper, new larger type, and new illustrations are features which make the Home Library Edition a set of infinite charm and rare excellence. Though worthy of the finest private library, these books are easily available to the most modest home budget.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

You need not decide now. Simply mail the coupon for the free booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.

OWN THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK—*FREE!*



Send for this Free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.

P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. HCS 796

Mr.
Name Mrs. .....
Miss

Address .....

my dear." Madame Vooren hesitated. "I had thought of continuing by plane. But it's impossible."

"Where shall you stay, in Batavia?" asked Betty. "You see, I might be there, too. I'm going to work with Madame Mauran and the Free French and I'll be, why, wherever they want me."

"I think so," said Madame Vooren. "After all, I still have a home there."

Nick said, "I hate like anything to interrupt your plans to establish a matriarchy in Java, only it makes me kind of nervous to stay away from the Adelphi. I don't know when I may hear from UBC."

"Are you free to go over with us?" Betty asked Madame Vooren. "My father should be up now and we could all be together."

"I should like to see Henri again," said Madame Vooren.

She stopped at the desk on the way out to acquaint the clerk with her destination. The clerk listened and looked blank. She repeated:

"I shall be at the Adelphi."

The clerk looked from her to Nick and Betty. Then he said in a gone voice: "I beg your pardon. Would you—" His voice broke. He said, on a high note: "They got our two biggest ships. The Prince of Wales and the Repulse have just been sunk."

They froze. Then Nick said fiercely: "How do you know? Where did you hear it? How do you know it isn't a rumor?"

The clerk said, "It's an official announcement."

NICK grabbed Betty's hand. "Come on, quick," he said. "I'll drop you two and see if my cable's there and then I'll get to work on this."

Hurrying with them to the cab, Madame Vooren said in a horrified voice, "Now I am afraid."

Behind them in the ballroom, the dancers were still circling, the music was softer; more of the tables were occupied.

Nick knew what she meant. He was afraid, too. Now it was conceivable that Malaya might fall. He was afraid for Singapore.

Henri met them at the entrance to the Adelphi. They could tell by his face that he knew.

"I couldn't sit still," he said. "It is unbelievably serious."

The clerk at the desk knew it, too. As he handed Nick the cable, he said. "How could they let it happen?"

Nick's hands trembled a little as he opened the envelope. He read the message and rejoined the others who had found seats in the lounge.

"New York's hot for a broadcast," he said, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice. "They want me to get on the air at six P. M. New York time tonight. That's six tomorrow morning here."

"You'll be up all night," Betty said.

"At any rate, I had a good rest in the jug," Nick said. "I guess I'd better be going. I'll have plenty to do, and remember I haven't seen enough of Singapore to know where the radio station is."

At the radio station, an agreeable young Englishman told him: "We'll do what we can to set you up, Mr. Griggs. Still, I'm afraid you're giving us rather short notice."

"It doesn't seem short to my home office," Nick said, just as pleasantly.

The Englishman smiled. "Suppose we promise to try to arrange your hookup in forty-eight hours."

Nick said, "You read my New York cable."

"New York doesn't seem to realize all the difficulties out here."

"Listen," said Nick. "You've certainly arranged hookups on short notice. And just think, we've got until six tomorrow morning, our time."

"Surely I needn't remind you that we're at war," the Englishman said amiably.

"So's the United States," said Nick. "That's why UBC wants news from here. Right away."

"I'm frightfully sorry. You know, I don't run the whole show. I'm just carrying out orders."

"All right. Who does run the show?" said Nick.

THE young man introduced him to his superior who was just as civil and just as obdurate. When two more broadcasting executives also assured Nick that it would be impossible to arrange the hookup by six in the morning, he left the station. Driving back toward the center of town, he tried to think of someone who might help him. It occurred to him that the only authorities he had yet met were military intelligence officers. He grinned, thinking: Well, why not try them? I guess they're under obligations to me, in a way.

The officers were friendly, they were willing. By midnight, the hookup was guaranteed. He expressed his gratitude and tried to conceal his astonishment.

Now I'll have five minutes on the air to tell a story that's worth five hours, he thought. It took an hour to write his script and three to get a censor to approve it. He caught an hour's sleep in an empty studio.

It was his first time on the air since his brief experience on the local station in Honolulu back in the days when he was on the Star-Bulletin. But he was not nervous. Only, when it was over, he knew he was too keyed up to go to bed.

I can't wake Betty yet, he thought regretfully as he returned to the Adelphi. Then he was startled to walk into a lobby packed with women and children. Betty and Henri and Madame Vooren were standing by the elevators.

Betty cried out, "Oh, Nick, I thought you'd never come. We have to go to the boat."

Nick said dejectedly, "Looks like they won't let us ever have a minute together again."

"We could be together in Java," Betty said.

"And have me run out on my assignment here?"

"Maybe UBC will have you report news from Batavia, too," said Madame Vooren.

"That's an idea," said Nick. "Only, right now this is where the news is."

The assistant manager interrupted them, urging them to get into the waiting cab and they followed him to the street. Just as the car started, the desk clerk ran out to hand Nick a cable: "Congratulations. Came through fine. More of same tomorrow. Ezra Norton." He could not hide his elation. "Norton's the news editor," he said. "That's better than a pat from the president."

Betty tried to look pleased, but without much success. "So you'll stay here, Nick."

"Writing to you every day," he said.

She swallowed. "I know."

He said, "Darling, I don't say reporting a war is the same as fighting, only it's doing something, isn't it?"

"Don't preach to me, Nick," she said dejectedly. "I feel awful. I feel as though we're all saying goodby forever."

Nick put his arms around Betty and tilted up her chin in the palm of his free hand. They looked at each other for a long moment without speaking.

Then Betty said: "I'm going to be all right." Now Nick's spirits began to flag. Norton's cable had drugged him a little, making him feel that he had at last accomplished something. But the car was approaching the docks, and Betty would be leaving and maybe they never would see each other again.



"Then you must know my sister. She was in New York for the World's Fair"

COLLIER S THURSTON GENTRY

"You'll write every day, won't you?" he said.

She nodded, too vigorously.

"Maybe after a while, Norton will send me to Java," he said without conviction.

"You oughtn't to start building on that," she said. Now she took his hand; her voice was stronger. Her face brightened. "Maybe they'll only take women with children again, today," she said.

But this time there was no reprieve. Betty and Madame Vooren were hurried to the ship. Nick and Henri were not permitted on board, and soon after they reached the pier, the dull gray liner weighed anchor.

NICK and Henri traveled back to the hotel, without exchanging a word. In the lobby they took leave of each other with exaggerated restraint as though each feared that a display of emotion might affect the other. Then Nick became conscious of fatigue. Back in his room, he fell into bed and slept through the tiffin hour. But by late afternoon, he had interviewed two survivors from the Prince of Wales and again compressed five hours' worth of news into five minutes.

When he presented himself at press headquarters he found a message: "Please report to the chief censor."

The chief censor was studying the script of Nick's first broadcast. He had underlined one paragraph.

"So you are Mr. Griggs?" said the official. "I do not approve of the spirit of your broadcast. I can't have the people of America getting the wrong impression of Singapore."

"Well, what's wrong?" Nick asked. "It was approved by the censor."

"By mistake," the official said. "The young man who passed it is no longer assigned to censorship." He now drew a ring around the underlined paragraph. "You broadcast that people were attending a tea dance at the Raffles when news came of the sinking of the Wales and the Repulse. I regard that as a clear case of objectionable bias."

"Only, I was just describing where I was when—" Nick began.

The official interrupted him: "A colonial resident of thirty-odd years in Malaya telephoned me, understandably offended."

Nick said, "I wasn't trying to offend anyone. I was only trying to put in a little color."

"I myself have listened to a recording of your broadcast and I find I very much dislike your tone."

Nick said, "Oh, now, anybody can read anything he likes into somebody else's *tone.*"

The official held up his hand. "I have revoked your broadcasting privileges."

Nick tried to control his voice: "Because you don't like my voice and one other man doesn't like my mentioning an established fact!"

The official said: "You now have no standing here as a correspondent."

Nick forgot to control his voice. "I have heard of this sort of thing going on," he said furiously. "Only I never believed it until now."

"When you've had time to cool off—" the official began.

"I don't want to cool off," Nick said. "I want a fair deal."

"You people are all alike," the official said. "You forget this is war and we have no time for alibis and explanations."

"You're wrong again," Nick said. "I know very well this is war and that's why I insist on a hearing."

HE WALKED out, shaking with anger. At the nearest bar, a Chinese café, he tried to steady himself with a drink and only succeeded in fanning his rage. He formulated a cable for Ezra Norton and tried, without hope, to plan his campaign in Singapore.

Norton cabled back, "Stick around. We are going to bat for you."

Norton telegraphed protests to authorities in Singapore. Norton pleaded. A number of British and Australian officials were exasperated with the censor, they also were helpless.

The American consul was grieved. He told Nick: "He doesn't have a leg to stand on. The trouble is, he doesn't need to. You come up against one obstinate fellow in a position of authority and—at a time like this—you're licked."

He liked Nick. He said: "I'd like to straighten this out for you, but I don't feel free to meddle. All you can hope for is a change of personnel in the censorship."

The other correspondents for press associations and radio chains were indignant; and they went, one by one, to the front, north of Singapore.

The weeks passed in a haze of heat and idleness and futility. Norton was still protesting and still hopeful. Nick thought: In the movies, the passage of time was simpler. There was a calendar blowing away, page by page; or a series of shots indicating the changing seasons—leaves blowing from autumnal trees, snow, birds; look, look, it's summer again.

There were no seasons in Singapore.

COMMUNICATIONS

...directing arm of combat

This battle drawing was prepared with the aid of Army and Navy authorities.

IN modern battle, our fighting units may be many miles apart. Yet every unit, every movement, is closely knit into the whole scheme of combat—through communications.

Today much of this equipment is made by Western Electric, for 60 years manufacturer for the Bell System.

Here are some examples of communications in action.

1 Field H.Q. guides the action through field telephones, teletypewriters, switchboards, wire, cable, radio. Back of it is G. H. Q., directing the larger strategy . . . also through electrical communications. The Signal Corps supplies and maintains all of this equipment.

2 Air commander radios his squadron to bomb enemy beyond river.

3 On these transports, the command rings out over battle announcing system, "Away landing force!"

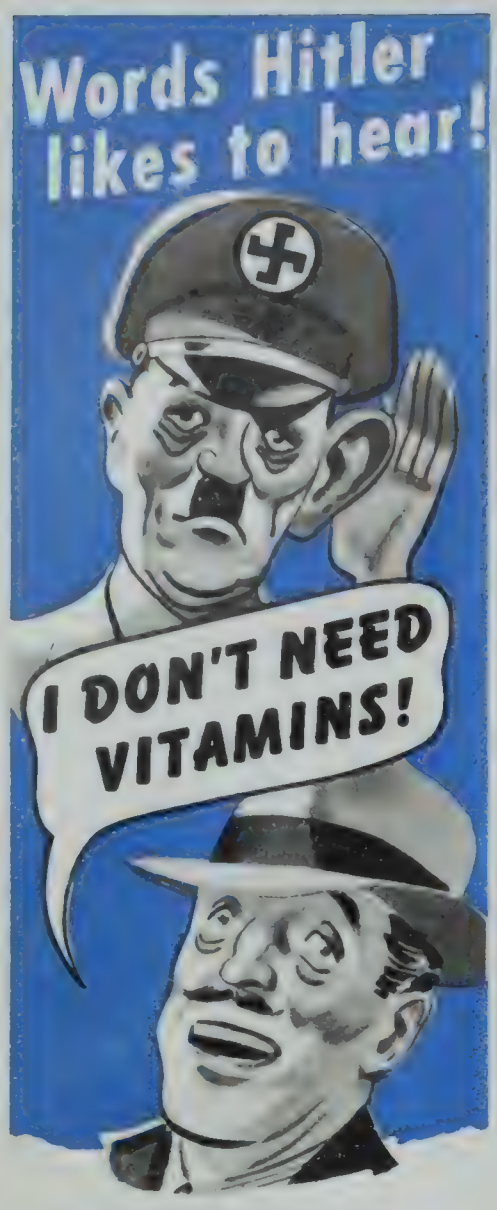
4 Swift PT boats get orders flashed by radio to torpedo enemy cruiser.

5 From observation post goes the telephone message to artillery, "Last of enemy tanks about to withdraw across bridge . . ."

6 Artillery officer telephones in reply, "Battery will lay a 5 minute concentration on bridge."

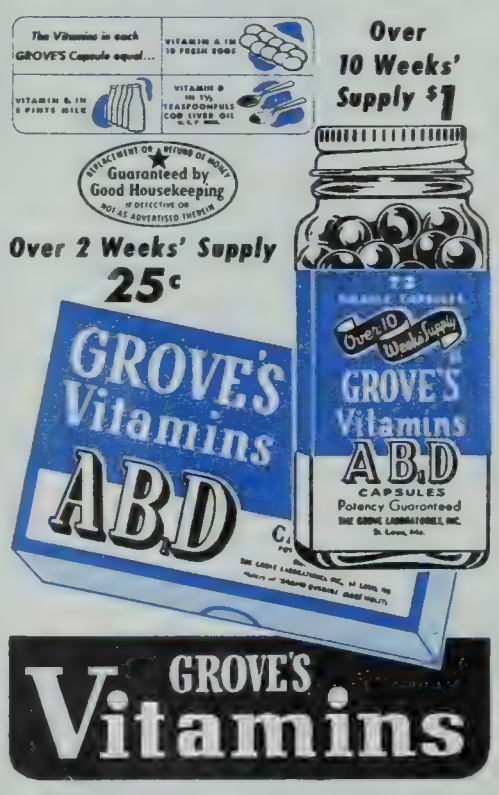
7 Tanks, followed by troops in personnel carriers, speed toward right on a wide end-run to flank the enemy. They get their orders and keep in contact—by radio.

Western Electric
ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS



ARE YOU MAKING THIS MISTAKE?

How do you know you don't need vitamins? U. S. Government report shows millions of people are actually starving for vitamins. Today, it's your duty to keep yourself at your physical and mental best to help lick the AXIS! No time to feel tired and listless with lowered vitality and body resistance, jittery nerves and a general run-down condition caused by vitamin deficiency. Maybe you're not a hospital case, but you want your *full share* of vigor and vitality. Play safe! Take one GROVE'S Vitamin AB_1D Capsule daily for your protective requirements of absolutely essential Vitamins A and D, *plus* all-important B_1 . . . vitamins frequently lacking in your food. Expensive? Not GROVE'S! They are less than 1½c a day when purchased in the large size. Don't gamble with your health for such a small cost. Be on the safe side. Today, start taking GROVE'S Vitamins AB_1D!



only two monsoons. The calendar was marked by catastrophes: Penang fell to the Japanese. Penang was less than four hundred miles away and he could not go near there or talk about it over the microphone that was barred to him.

One letter from Betty got through, an early one, when she was in Batavia. Mauran told Henri that his wife was in Bandoeng, the Indies military headquarters; Henri thought Betty might have gone with her. Then Henri left, with Mauran, for Syria. Hong Kong fell. Sumatra was bombed. In Malaya, Ipoh was seized by the Japanese. Nick tried to cancel out his frustration, writing daily to Betty: Here I am, where I've always wanted to be, where it's happening, and UBC won't give in, the censor won't give in and it's like being trussed and gagged while everything's happening. Write me back, darling, and tell me I'm being shockingly personal.

But he never knew if she got his letters.

Manila surrendered and UBC queried him on Cogswell's whereabouts. That's one for the book, he thought: Do I know where Cogswell is? I only know where I hope he is. No one mentioned Cogswell any more, not even the vice-consul who had been his friend. Nick was tempted to radio back that Cogswell was probably in Davao, helping the Japanese hemp growers to defeat America. Then he pictured Cogswell back in Shanghai, among his *objets d'art* in his Cathay Hotel suite. Sure. Cogswell was probably helping the Japs to identify Chungking sympathizers among the Americans. Cogswell would be doing all right.

Nick cabled Norton: "No knowledge Cogswell." And he told himself: When I've got the facts, I'll supply plenty of knowledge about Cogswell.

The day that Kuala Lumpur fell, Norton gave up and ordered him to the Netherlands East Indies. It was mid-January and he waited for transportation in an agony of impatience. It took another week to get deck space on a freighter and almost as long again to reach Batavia.

The ship made a series of stops. She did not dare to move in daylight and she lost several nights in ports, avoiding submarines.

When she finally docked in Batavia, Nick felt as though he had been lost at sea since he last saw Betty. But Betty was somewhere in Java and now he was there, too.

THE Dutch official who examined his papers at the pier looked up when he came to one item. "United Broadcasting Corporation?" he said knowingly. "Both of you coming here at the same time, then?"

Nick said, "Who else?"

"Mr. Cogswell," said the Dutchman. "You probably thought he was still lost. He said he was for over six weeks. He just got in last night."

In peacetime, Batavia was awake by five in the morning, before the scalding sun was high. At six, in wartime, Nick found the city alive with soldiers and civilians. He did not look for Cogswell in the streets; he would find him—when he was ready to find him—at the Hôtel des Indes. Most foreigners stayed there and Cogswell, with his foppish pretensions, would never stay elsewhere—unless he was a guest at Madame Vooren's Batavia home.

Nick considered and rejected this possibility, as he hastily ate breakfast in the dining room of the Hôtel des Indes. Madame Vooren, he thought, might continue to love Cogswell but she could not continue to believe in him. She would not shelter him. Cogswell was probably sleeping peacefully in one of the hotel rooms, perhaps near the chamber the clerk had just assigned to Nick.

At this moment, he did not want to prepare for his encounter with Cogswell; he did not want even to seek Madame Vooren. He wanted to find out where Betty was and to see her and then he would be ready for everyone else.

He hastened, first, to the Free French Committee where a young woman pronounced Betty's name as if she had never heard it. Nick's mouth felt dry as she repeated, with a rising inflection: "Mademoiselle Gaspard?" She riffled cards in a file, smiled and said: "How stupid of me! Madame Mauran herself brought her to us."

"Well, is she in Batavia?" Nick said anxiously.

"No," the woman said. "She is . . . well, she is with Madame Mauran. She may return here today, though. If not, then soon, certainly."

"All right. And if she doesn't come back, will you tell me where she is, so I can go to see her?"

"Have you a permit to travel in Java?"

"I haven't anything but my passport. I just got in here from Singapore. I'm a reporter."

"Oh, then you can get authorization from the Ministry of Information, the *Regeeringspublicietsdienst*," she said and, seeing him gulp, added: "The RPD, you know."

"That's where I was going next," he said.

"Good," she said. "Come back afterward, and I shall know more."

At the RPD offices, the chief welcomed Nick.

"You do not need to introduce yourself," he said and Nick thought at once: Cogswell has already been here.

The chief continued: "The British censor." He shrugged his shoulders. "We think he was foolish to bar you. Still, I am sorry to have you come to Batavia."

"Why?"

"Because we do not wish to offend you."

"Okay, you needn't," said Nick.

"And we dare not offend the Singapore censorship. They might take amiss if we permitted you to broa after they denied you."

"Good lord," said Nick. "Will I to go all the way to New York ju make a news report?"

"Maybe the Australians would being more lenient," the chief "Members of the same family can s times afford to be more blunt with another."

"Well, look, this can't be final," said.

"I didn't say it was just." The D man looked apologetic. "Natu we'll issue you a card so that you move freely about in Java."

"That won't do UBC much go Nick said cautiously. He did not to introduce Cogswell's name. Bu expected to hear it now.

"I'm sorry we are not free to a we would ordinarily," the chief said. I suggested, it might be easier for you for your home office in Sydney."

SO THEY don't know Cogswell is Nick thought. They don't—yet. said absently: "Thanks. I'll be b I'm going to try to wear you down."

Outside, he directed his cab drive the American consulate. The co general ought to be able to help me thought . . . if Cogswell hasn't alr got to him.

But as he walked up the porch s of the homey, cool-looking consu he heard a familiar gracious voice. halted. Through the broad wind opening onto the veranda, he could Cogswell, talking in his easy, confi fashion. Cogswell was describing hi cape from the Japanese in the Ph pines.

Now, what do I do? Nick asked h self. He's probably known the co since the Year One.

Before he could decide on a reti a young man came out and he had choice. He gave the clerk his card.

The young man disappeared and turned almost immediately. "You come in," he said.

(To be concluded next week)



Propellers Roll Before They Fly



Thanks to the Skilled, Synchronized Organization Back of Trucks— War Materials Travel with Speed No Other Freight Transport Can Match

u're standing on the loading dock of a war ant. Let's listen-in:

ATFORM SUPT.: Step on it, boys. There's 300 more props waitin' at the end of the assembly line.

ADER: O.K., Sir. We're on our last crate.

ATFORM SUPT.: Ready, Joe?

IVER: Sure. Don't worry, Chief. These props will be flyin' by six tonight.

ATFORM SUPT.: (on phone) That you, Mac? We need 10 more trucks—but quick! Our platform'll be choked by noon.

DISPATCHER: You'll have 'em in 12 minutes, Chief. They just reported through the city limits.

PLATFORM SUPT.: How about our 6 A.M. shipment?

DISPATCHER: Pullin' into the plane plant now.

PLATFORM SUPT.: Joe tells me No. 40 had a flat.

DISPATCHER: Didn't hold us up much, Chief. The company service car had 40 movin' before the air was out.

PLATFORM SUPT.: Nice work, Mac...What's that? . . . Can't hear you. Those incoming trucks are makin' too much noise.

* * *

Truckfreight is like a beam of light.

It responds with a flick of the switch—a twist of the telephone dial. You turn it north, south, east, or west—easy as *that!*

Because—trucks can load and roll—quick as you can pack a suitcase in your car. Each load's an individual unit. Completely independent. So—shipments *can't* bog down.

But more important still—is *timing*. Perfect organization. Training that's taken years to perfect.

With the nation's war plants so dependent on truckfreight flexibility . . . with war goods constituting 60% to 80% of all truck loads . . . America can't afford to let our marvelously organized system of motorfreight be disrupted now.

But it *will* break up—if we limit or cramp the normal, far-ranging motorfreight operation that's helping get America's Big Job done in time.

It's up to all of us to protect that system . . . to keep the crack organization behind it—as well as their trucks—carrying on at peak efficiency.



THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS — WASHINGTON, D. C.

Men return to work refreshed —in *better* spirits—after a tasty meal. So be sure their lunch-box sandwiches are substantial, nourishing and rich with the flavor of Heinz Prepared Mustard. It makes leftover ham, beef or meat loaf sandwiches doubly delicious! Prepared from choice stone-ground mustard seed, Heinz Vinegar and spices, Heinz Mustards (Brown and Yellow) have a pleasant tang that's *mighty* tempting!

MORE than a Seasoning!

Heinz Prepared Mustard is a racy condiment that gives lively lift and added interest to sandwiches, cold cuts and economy foods. Blended from fresh mustard seed, Heinz Vinegar and rare spices, it's the genuine old-fashioned stone-ground kind!



For that extra touch of distinction good cooks strive for and everybody appreciates, complement your plate of cold cuts with Heinz Prepared Mustard. It's a simple, thrifty way to make ordinary foods really tasty and appealing!



Try something new with those low-cost, one-dish meals you're serving often these days of *conservation.* Take plain, everyday *hash,* for instance. Combine 1 tbs. Heinz Prepared Brown Mustard with 5 eggs—add to 12-oz. tin of corned beef hash—and cook.



Unsurpassed for the superb, enticing taste they lend everything from choice steaks to leftovers and inexpensive cuts of meat, Heinz condiments occupy a more important place than ever in the American pantry! For they make thrift meals *exciting!* You'll want ever-popular Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Heinz Chili and Worcestershire Sauces handy—as well as zestful Heinz 57 Beefsteak Sauce and racy Horseradish. They cost little—pay big returns in *flavor!*



Genuine Stone-Ground

HEINZ

Prepared

Mustard

3 KINDS—BROWN and YELLOW

Fiddler's Luck

Continued from page 31

was then a great cultural and in-al center. A letter of introduc-t them an audience with Joseph n, famous old fiddler, who had e intimate friend of Brahms and immortals. Joachim listened to and predicted a great future.

e days before his Berlin concert sized prodigy named Mischa El-ored a tremendous hit, and young was an also-ran. Again he was rom being spoiled.

Szigeti, father and son, had to eat. ccepted an offer which a kind gent d for them, to appear in Frank-n-Main in a music hall. Joseph ed under a phony name, figuring igeti meant artistic standing. The s terrific, 500 marks a week, if he a week.

e Joe was so good he was held r a second week. Then he and his went to Würzburg in Bavaria to other music-hall spot. This one cheap joint, with tables set in the of the theater and customers ng beer.

some money saved up they set r London. Szigeti had some more luck. Elman again, stealing the ght. So young Szigeti roughed it more. He trekked all over the Brit-es as an added starter with famous —with Wilhelm Backhaus, the t, and with John McCormack, the Irish tenor. Later he toured with Melba, the Australian prima , and with Busoni, the world-fa-pianist. With McCormack he did ny as eight concerts a week.

eph was a prodigious worker. He d on tour, he appeared with or-as under all the famous conduc-He returned to the Continent and ed some more.

the next two years Szigeti came is own. He toured in every coun-Europe, and at last was giving con-by himself. There was even a nibble America. At this point he became rately ill—a blow that would have ed any artist but a chap like Szigeti. months he was laid up in a Swiss rium. But his will to play was over-ning. He badgered the doctor the latter granted him permission y the fiddle twenty minutes a day lunch.

Practice Makes Perfect

ose twenty minutes became the be-d end-all of life. All morning he d lay plans for the precious interval; ternoon he would review the work d done. He learned to concentrate midable amount of work into those y minutes. He learned how to re-e a piece of music in his head, king out the tough spots and solving in twenty minutes. Through those interminable days, he kept his tech-e intact.

hen Szigeti recovered his health, the World War had arrived. He took a s professor of master classes at the va Conservatory, where he re-ed until 1924. By now he was mar-

His only child, a daughter, looked the frail, blond-haired lad that he been. The Szigeti home became and later in Paris, a hangout for ent musicians, actors, painters, writ-economists, politicians. In Switzer-he met an American composer, pleton Strong, who was a student of and who wrote a piece for Szigeti. trong's home, Szigeti had a strong foretaste of America—he encountered chewing gum and 10- and 25-cent Western stories in paper bindings.

Szigeti made his first appearance in America in December, 1924. The United States liked him, and he loved this country. He has learned to know it better than most natives. He is curious about everything. When he plays in a new town, he does not hide away in a hotel room until concert time. He goes out and gets acquainted with it.

He likes best of all our democratic way of life, which he found reflected even in so small a thing as the towns where a musician gives concerts. As a famous virtuoso in Europe, he had to stay on the top-price circuit. That meant the big cities—Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, Vienna, Warsaw. He was fond of the Polish town of Cracow, which had a venerable culture, but Szigeti's manager refused to book him there because it was on a lower-priced circuit. He was astonished to find that in the United States even the smallest towns considered themselves worthy of hearing the same musicians as any metropolis, and what was more, could afford to pay for them. Nor was it below any musician's dignity to play in any small town.

Has Large Repertory

Szigeti's repertory is enormous and he has made more recordings than any other famous fiddler. He is the friend of living composers and is constantly learning and introducing new works. If he believes in a composition, he'll make sacrifices for it. He gave the New York Philharmonic an appearance gratis last winter because he wanted the work of his old friend Busoni played at a concert.

He is at the service of talented youngsters everywhere. He recently caught a plane right after a concert in Kansas City to serve on a jury in New York in a violin competition. When he appears with orchestras throughout the country, he finds time for young fiddlers who seek advice. He likes to discover good players in small orchestras, and recommend them for better jobs.

Szigeti's favorite exercises are walking and swimming. He spends nearly all his time doing both during his summer vacation, when he lays off the fiddle entirely for two or three weeks. At home his pride is a cocker spaniel called Frisco. In Szigeti's admittedly biased opinion, Frisco rates with My Own Brucie, blue ribbon winner extraordinary among cocker spaniels.

There seems to be a vast community of Szigeti fans. Fritz Kreisler sang his praises publicly years ago. An admirer in England named his country home Szigeti. Recently the violinist received a letter from a man in Evansville, Ind., who wrote to say that "there is quite a large group of local Szigeti worshipers who are particularly thrilled that you are finally coming to our city." The writer added proudly, "I claim to be the original local Szigeti fan. I have traveled several hundred miles to hear you play, twice to Chicago and once to Louisville. My friends say that I remained a bachelor until I found the girl (she's from Buffalo) who admires Szigeti as much as I do. Of course, she had the extra attractive quality of playing the violin in tune and she is pretty."

The admirer and his wife came backstage to salute Szigeti in Evansville. Oh, yes, she was pretty.

THE END

THERE'S A PATRIOT LOOSE IN YOUR HOME!

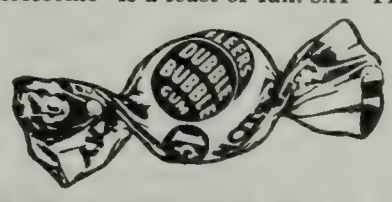


YOUR LAD is helping win the war, *and more*, as he toils to collect scrap (sometimes over-enthusiastically!). He's storing up good habits for the future...though he doesn't know or care.

Nor is he concerned with future benefits when he clamps his jaws happily over a big, bouncy chunk of Fleers Dubble Bubble Chewing Gum. Most any chewing gum's good. But this Fleers Gum has something extra. The huge size of it! The flavor. And that sporty, chewy toughness.

Now—with all this Fleers fun go important advantages—well-known to many a dentist. Fleers' massive bulk reaches the gums, massages them. Fleers stimulates the flow of saliva. Helps to clean. Meantime, those busy young jaws are storing up a beneficial habit for the future...the habit of proper, thorough chewing.

When you buy gum for yourself or youngsters, remember that Fleers is a fun gum *plus*. Remember, too, that any Fleers gum is pure—is wholesome—is a feast of fun. SAY "FLEERS"!



FLEERS
DUBBLE BUBBLE
CHEWING GUM



"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.



Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in *Oral Hygiene, Dental Survey*, and the *Journal of the American Dental Association*.

Please! Please be patient if your dealer is temporarily out of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum. We are making less these days because supplies are short—in fact, we pledge to suspend its manufacture altogether rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADY WITH ZI

By Kyle Cricht

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLI
BY GEORGE DE ZAY



Anne Baxter may be eccentric, but it all adds up to her being one of the best young actresses in Hollywood

Anne Baxter can be baffling, but don't be fooled. With her, it's strictly acting and she knows what she's doing

WHEN they were about to start a new picture at Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, they found Anne Baxter wandering around the sound stage as if she had lost something.

"If I can do anything . . ." said the assistant director.

"I'm looking for a place to set up my easel," said Anne.

In due course the easel arrived and between scenes the lady would sit on a stool and make dabs at the canvas, meantime looking off into a corner of the huge stage as if she were seeing pixies. When the movie scenes were over, close observation of the canvas proved that Miss Baxter was just getting started on her opus.

"No north light," she said finally, in explanation.

There was also the other matter of her Russian conversations with a gnarled-looking stagehand. Anne would belabor the man with strange sounds and he would nod in a frightened way and say nothing in reply.

"What's she saying to you?" they asked him.

"Damn' if I know," said the bewildered helot, "but it ain't Russian."

This would seem to suggest that Miss Baxter goes through life playing games with herself, which is true. Dressed up for an interview in her most sophisticated gown, she looks like a little girl playing house. She has all the mannerisms of Madame Récamier and will stoutly maintain that she *is* Madame Récamier unless sternly repressed.

This may all come from the fact that she is the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the famous and eccentric architect, or it may merely be the result of progressive education.

Starting in schools where she learned raffia work instead of mathematics, she gradually worked her way up to high school in Bronxville, New York, where she is remembered as the young lady who answered all questions as to historical dates by caroling:

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . ." which seems to be a quotation from Shakespeare.

By the time she was ten it became plain to the family that they had either a histrionic genius or a mental case on their hands. Since they declined to entertain the latter supposition, she was sent off to Theodora Ervine's School of Drama and later had three years with Madame Ouspenskaya, where she seems to have acquired the strange words which she confidentially employs as Russian.

Madame is Puzzled

She liked Ouspenskaya's training but on occasion chafed under a certain restraint. She felt that the American stage needed slightly more vigor than was often apparent in a Chekhov heroine.

"What we ought to have is a little zip," complained Anne.

The madame looked at her with a lifted brow.

"Wot's dot zeep?" she asked in pained bewilderment.

However, in improvisation classes, where students were urged to work out characterizations of their own, the little Baxter thing also confounded them. In one such impersonation Miss Baxter gave forth a feeling of such futility and anemia that Madame Ouspenskaya was worried.

"Vot's dot?" she asked with concern.

"Cleopatra in love with Anthony," e plained Anne.

"Tsk, tsk," murmured the madam "soch passion."

Her progress as an actress was rapid that at the age of thirteen she w on Broadway with Frankie Thomas Seen But Not Heard. She followed th with a part in There's Always a Bree and then went up to Dennis on Cape Co to play summer stock. When one e pressed surprise at one so young in suc fast company, Anne replied:

"I saw behind the veil."

In the fall of 1938 she appeared wit Eva Le Gallienne in Madam Capet, dolorous undertaking that should hav cured them all of the stage but didn't. was while she was back at Dennis agai next summer that the Hollywood tale scouts began bothering her. Then cam an astonishing development; it seeme that David Selznick wanted to test he for the leading role in Rebecca. Sh went out to Hollywood and faced the in quisitors. The camera people looked a her with some interest.

"The part calls for a young wife," the admitted, "but does it call for a chil bride of the Ozarks?"

At this juncture of her career Mis Baxter looked all of eleven years old an



TEEN-AGE GIRLS ARE LUCKY

THOUGHTS OF WAR are frightening. Your older sisters and brothers are now working and fighting for our country. And you're too young enlist as a WAVE or WAAC. You probably wish you were older so you could take more active part. But you too, have a great responsibility.

There are plenty of older girls and boys to run our factories and armies to win this war. But it is your privilege to help in civilian defense . . . But your schooling is your first patriotic duty . . . For tomorrow, when the war is over, the world will expect you to set a standard for better living. So be smart . . . plan for the future.

As a wise man has said, "It always has stopped raining" . . . likewise wars have always ended and scarcity always has been turned into abundance. By the time you grow up, normal happy living will have returned. The man you marry will not have to rush away to war. He will have wonderful new opportunities to prosper in business, and your dreams of a beautiful home may be realized.

Thank God, that you will be privileged to live a normal life. Go ahead and dream—dream about a wonderful home of your own. Think of all the beautiful things you will some day want in that charming home of tomorrow. And start now acquiring the precious, worth while, enduring, material as well as spiritual things you will treasure for a lifetime.

Sterling Silver in your HOPE chest will always be one of your most cherished possessions. Nothing, as the years go by, will give you greater joy and satisfaction. Your jeweler will help you. So, go with your mother and select the sterling pattern you like best. Start your sterling set with a single teaspoon, or a place setting, and experience the thrill of watching your set grow as friends and relatives give you presents of sterling, in the pattern of your choice, as the years go by.

Building your sterling service, a piece at a time, costs so little it will not preclude your purchases of War Stamps and Bonds. Also your small investments in sterling at this time will not hurt our war economy. Sterling is doubly precious as its production is limited for the duration. Just be sure to select a pattern that will be available in the future . . . a fine sterling pattern made by an old reliable silversmith.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Wallace Master Craftsmanship sterling patterns, featuring 3rd dimension beauty. Wallace Silversmiths of Wallingford, Connecticut, were established in 1835 . . . one hundred and eight years ago. Literature and booklets free upon request.

WALLACE
STERLING



Selznick watched her at work with the gaze of one who is seeing visions. It was plain that she could do the part but it was equally obvious that Laurence Olivier, as the husband, would have the appearance of one who had inadvertently married his granddaughter. In the diplomatic language of the films, it was subsequently announced that production plans were delayed, and prior commitments required Miss Baxter's return to Broadway.

However, the news of the Selznick episode managed to seep out, assisted by various press agents, columnists and public criers, and in time Darryl Zanuck saw tests of the infant and haled her forth peremptorily. She arrived in Hollywood accompanied by her mother; her father remained in New York to look after his affairs.

Her first role was opposite John Barrymore in The Great Profile and her big scene was one in a dressing room when she pleads with the great man to lay off the spirituous stuff. She throws out her arms to him beseechingly. When the scene was over, Barrymore had only one comment to make on her work.

"Will you ask the young one," he said to the director, "to kindly omit the Australian crawl movement?"

A Chance to Talk French

From this she went into Charley's Aunt with Jack Benny, which called for nothing but the ability to look like somebody out of another world, which she possessed in abundance. She was forthwith promoted to a role in Swamp Water, directed by Jean Renoir, the noted Frenchman. This was an experience for both of them because Anne immediately began discoursing with him in a foreign tongue.

"I don't know," admitted Renoir in bewilderment. "I don't think it was French and I'm pretty sure it wasn't German."

But if there was some doubt about the child linguistically, there was none about her as an actress. It was generally admitted that she had flair, personality and ability. Orson Welles saw Swamp Water and somehow managed to discern these qualities in a setting where nobody else could see anything but a bedraggled little girl wandering around in a bog. Welles invited her over to discuss a part in The Magnificent Ambersons but she got mixed up in the usual crowd in his waiting room and was ignored.

"I gave no indication that I was anybody of importance," says Miss Baxter.

Welles finally remembered her and came rushing out.

"Why, my dear Miss Baxter . . ." he began apologetically.

"It's nothing at all," she said, rising majestically like a princess who has been mistaken for the charwoman but is too cultured to complain.

She admired Mr. Welles both as an individual and as a director and particularly liked his manner of speaking in his natural voice in restaurants, which means that he can be heard anywhere within the county limits.

"Most people go through life whispering," says Miss Baxter philosophically.

She did well in The Magnificent Ambersons and came back to her own studio to do Pied Piper, in which she acted as a young lady of indeterminate age who herds various infants out of France at the behest of Monte Woolley.

"It was very difficult," sighs Miss Baxter. "Acting against children."

When she came east for the première of Pied Piper, she was prepared for the interviewers. She invariably wore a pair of long red gloves, her hat was tilted cariously on her head and she was given to sitting on the edge of a tal an attitude of camaraderie. The viewers found her charming and p out the game to the end. They too as an aged thespian and made her happy. They asked her weighty tions and hung on her answers. I sence, the interviewers found her t an engaging child desperately eag grow up. If she talked largely a Van Gogh and Debussy, it was bec she knew something about them didn't want people to ask her wha thought about Mickey Rooney, not she thought anything. Hollywood siders her a real actress and peopl generally very fond of her.

NOT WANTE for the Duratio



4-F LOTHARIO

Draft-deferred wolf who rushes soldiers' lonely gal friends

She is a little pudgy-looking l weighing 112 and standing five feet fo She loves to eat and collects rare reci which she gets somebody else to try c The studio puts a warning finger to lips at mention of her appetite and i known that she fights temptation w vigor—but she still likes to throw do the vittles.

"I walk it off," she says, in explanati —but it doesn't completely explain t apple-dumpling figure.

In truth, her manner of walking annoyed more than one director. S trips along in a stiff-legged style of h own, resembling somewhat a cowb who has been grounded. But neith that nor anything else keeps her from h profession. Right now she thinks t movies are fine, but if it wasn't the c ema, it would be something else.

"An individual should express hi self," she says sententiously.

Whether from age or intention, h name never appears in gossip colum connected with the usual Hollywo names. She takes her exercise out swimming and horseback riding a keeps away from night clubs.

"I saw through all that years ago she says with a weary air. This seems prove that she may be acting for ever body else but she isn't fooling herself.

THE END

Black Bullets for Hitler

Continued from page 66

ated. That's a big French word. e all Americans, out here, and so ve've found our own language big gh. Call it what you like, we've got it takes."

addition to the usual difficulties of sforming citizens, Major General les P. Hall, commander of the ty-third, and Colonel Edwin N. ly, commanding officer of the fort, the problem of handling thousands egroes in a thinly settled community ot too enthusiastic whites. These officers, Southerners by birth and t Pointers by training, know better anybody else that they are not going solve the race problem." But by common-sense application of diacy and pressure, they are making ssible for the largest Negro fighting in the world to train with dignity pride and with no more than the nor- amount of friction with the civil ulation.

The USO Lends a Hand

ousing projects have been built or being built for the families of officers noncommissioned officers. Tucson, desert metropolis, which had been ially reported as "being reluctant to quarters to Negro officers, permits roes to eat in restaurants or even to e purchases in the majority of the es," now has its own Negro USO; learned that its own Negro popula- can entertain Negro soldiers; and atching some of the shekels that fungry troops have to spend when on e.

was making good money in a de- e factory in Detroit," a Negro lieuant told me. "But after Pearl Harbor, ined the Army and now I'm a comsioned officer. Patriotism? Sure. It's country and my war. But I didn't myself and I'm not kidding you. I red it like this: Civilians same as liers are getting killed in this war. So ight as well have a gun and do some oting myself. And now I've got more n a gun. I've got a platoon of machine ners who can carve a '93' across the lies of any bunch of Japanese so-and- that get within five hundred yards them."

That appears to be the spirit of Fort achuca.

To begin at the beginning: You have et off the train at a town called Here- d, which has a depot, a filling station, tore and a house. You take a comation freight and passenger bus at reford and bounce for thirty-five es over low mountains and across dy mesas to Fort Huachuca.

On the bus with me were five Negro diers and two Mexican women. We mped along in silence for several miles ore our soldier spoke. It developed was from Evansville, Indiana. His ice had been hardened by an accumuion of alkali and sand on his larynx. 'Fellers," he announced, "I'm gor- g to marry that Tucson gir-rl. Evthin's lined up and we're gorring to t married as soon as I get permission."

"Shee-ah," drawled a corporal. He s dark and lanky and played sliphorn one of the regimental bands. He was native of Decatur, Alabama, and had en in the Regular Army for eight ars. "You go mo' sense den dat," he nt on. "Or else how come dey let you de Medical 'tachment? You s-posed have sense to git in de Medical 'tachent. Gittin' ingaged is all okay, in a push, but gittin' ma'ied? You got too much sense."

There followed a general debate on the advantages and disadvantages of marriage. A private first-class who had kept silent during the argument finally broke down and confessed he had already been married one time.

"I loved her, but she plagued me crazy," he explained. "De mo' I loved her, de mo' she plagued me and de mo' she plagued me, de mo' I loved her. To finally, I went off and joined de Army and lef' her be." He looked fondly at the photograph of a young dark-skinned girl with a broad smile and a devilish twinkle. "She look jest like dat," the soldier said, passing the picture around. "She look like she jest jumped out f'm behime a blackberry bush."

For the remainder of the bus ride we bounced in our seats and the topic never varied from women.

As we drew near the reservation boundary, I saw a shabby group of automobile trailers parked near the road. These trailers were occupied by civilian workmen who were working on the job of transforming Fort Huachuca from a regimental to a divisional post. There were no professional camp followers within miles of the fort, I was informed. Occasionally, someone tries to "bring in a few girls," but what with desert surroundings and the military and civil authorities against them, they are soon gone to where pickings are better and operating obstacles fewer.

At the reservation gate is the small community of Fry. There is a moving picture theater, a general store where drinks may be bought during specified hours, a small restaurant or two, a few miscellaneous shops and a very handsome USO building, well equipped, intelligently managed and heavily attended by the enlisted men of the camp. The USO, naturally, provides the bulk of offpost recreation.

At Fort Huachuca one learns quickly the difference between recreation and fun. Recreation is some form of amusement that is planned for you. Fun is something you make for yourself. When the USO, in co-operation with a small military unit, arranged for a dance by bringing out from Tucson sixty young Negro girls for dancing partners—that was recreation.

By the way, the girls had pillows to sleep on that night—that was fun. The Ninety-third is still laughing.

Just Leave It to the Sergeant

The arrangements were made in the usual manner. An approved list of girls from the prosperous Tucson Negro colony was made out and the girls were brought in busses to the fort. Due to the great distance involved, the USO prepared to keep the girls overnight. Cots and bedding were borrowed from the Army.

The girls were chic and jolly, the boys were trim and manly, the band was perfect and sixty young soldiers had a time.

At midnight dancing stopped and the ballroom became a dormitory for the girls. Each soldier put up a cot, unrolled a mattress and tucked in sheets and blankets in proper military manner.

"Don't soldiers ever use pillows?" demanded one of the Tucson belles.

No pillows! The supply officer had sent everything the USO had asked for but the USO had failed to include pillows. Handling emergencies, however,

Good News

FOR THE MAN WHO MUST CARRY A LOT OF KEYS!



New distinguished "Twin-Eight" Key-Tainer safeguards and organizes up to 25 keys—yet *it's unbelievably compact!*

This NEW Super-Tainer is the really safe way to carry up to 25 keys!

Take the *patented*, safety key loop. Notice, it's not a hook—it's an unbroken loop. When both ends are locked into your Key-Tainer—keys simply can not *fall, twist*, or *break* off!

These loops mean *convenience*, too! A flick of a latch lets you remove *any* or *all* keys instantly!

Thousands of lost Key-Tainers returned FREE!

Here's how: Two cards each *with same number* come with standard Key-Tainers. Jot your name and address on one. Send it to Buxton. Other card is *without your identity but with Buxton's address*. This stays in Key-Tainer and tells finder Buxton will reward him if he sends Key-Tainer to Buxton for return to you.

Read this Guarantee!

If any Snap-Button Key-Tainer gives out at any point before the leather itself wears out, it will be repaired or replaced free of charge.

Most good dealers stock Buxton Key-Tainers. Buy one today!

"TWIN-EIGHT" IS ORGANIZATION PLUS!

Eight loops in top row—eight more in bottom! Less frequently used keys on bottom row are held snugly out of way but ready for use when needed.



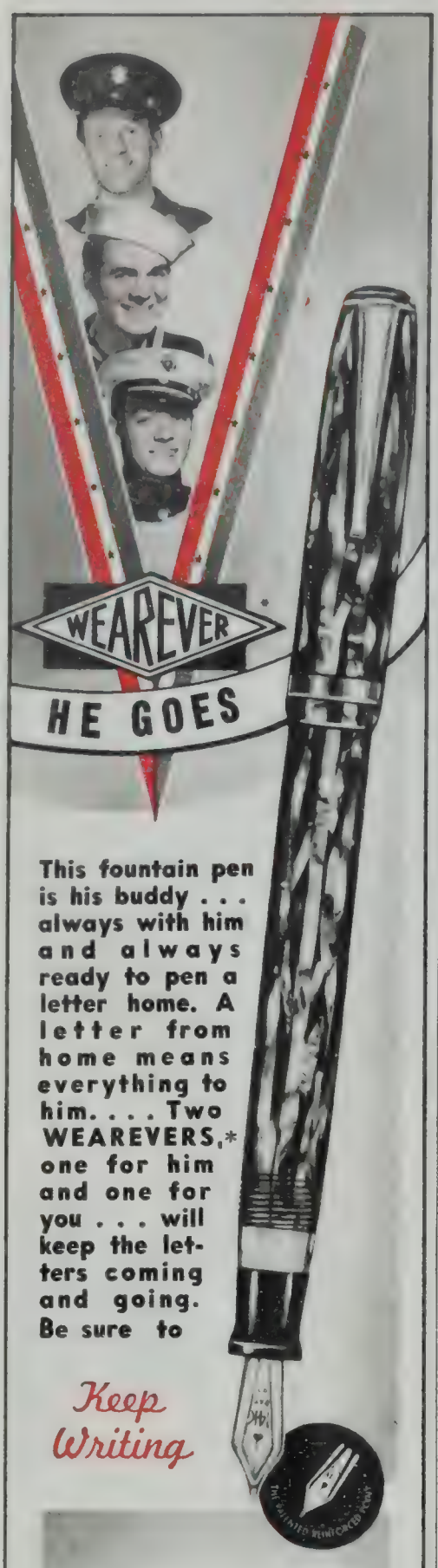
"TWIN-SIX" IN HAZEL PIG—ONLY $2.50

Key-Tainers come in 2, 4, 6 and 8 loop sizes. What colors and leather styles to choose from! Prices from 75¢ to $10.00.

FREE—GIFT SUGGESTION BOOK

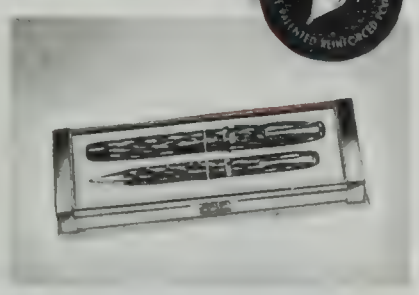
Remembrances from 75¢ to matched sets at $25. Instructions for gift wrapping. Information on leathers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4227 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. MJ, 47 West 34th St., N. Y. C.

BUXTON Key-Tainer



This fountain pen is his buddy . . . always with him and always ready to pen a letter home. A letter from home means everything to him. . . . Two WEAREVERS,* one for him and one for you . . . will keep the letters coming and going. Be sure to

Keep Writing



FOUNTAIN PENS
MECHANICAL PENCILS
REFILL LEADS
at Department Stores,
Stationery Stores,
Drug Stores and
Variety Chain Stores

WEAREVER*
De Luxe
FOUNTAIN PENS
Since 1896

is part of a sergeant's training. A snappy sergeant rose to the occasion.

"Get your automobile, Miss G.," the sergeant said.

Miss G. of the colored YWCA is on duty at Huachuca's USO. She and the sergeant drove past the M.P. at the gate and directly in front of one of the big old barracks buildings, deep up the canyon. Miss G. began to have qualms. "You don't mean to take the pillows from under the heads of those sleeping men, do you? They've been working all day and they're tired."

"As a matter of fact, they're going to hand me their pillows, gladly," the sergeant promised.

"That's just as bad," Miss G. said. "No private will argue with a sergeant."

"I'm not going to rush my rank on them, either. They won't even know I'm a sergeant."

The sergeant went into a squadron and woke up a soldier. "Be quiet, boy," he whispered. "I'm going to do you a big favor. If you say the word, I'll put a good-looking little brown-skin's head right on your pillow—tonight!"

The sleepy soldier wanted to know how come and the sergeant, removing the pillow, explained that the brown-skin's head would certainly rest on the pillow—at the USO building four miles away. The first victim thought the joke so good that he helped the sergeant collect sixty pillows by the same ruse.

There is a great deal more to the Ninety-third than fun, recreation and girls. A large percentage of the boys at Fort Huachuca are deeply religious and very studious. But that does not prevent them from getting a laugh out of their work. For instance—machine guns require a special knowledge. A quarter of a century ago gunners were required to become so familiar with their weapon that they could dismantle and reassemble it blindfolded. This requirement still exists in some units.

The Doctors Make a Hit

The pride and joy of the division, from a racial standpoint, is their medical staff. There are, of course, the usual facilities for caring for the health of the troops in training and in battle. The bulk of the doctors and nurses are Negroes. And a great many of the commissioned combat and administrative officers are Negroes, too, but medical officers appear to have the inside track in the pride of the soldiers at this stage of their training. They like their line officers and are proud of them, but in a discussion with an enlisted man about the officer situation, the talk veers to the medical staff. There is Dr. X, who had been a bone expert at Mayo's; Dr. Y made a name for himself at Johns Hopkins; Dr. Z gave up a big surgical practice in Detroit to become a first lieutenant in the Ninety-third.

I talked with an old sergeant about it. A veteran of nearly thirty years in the Regulars with several wars under his belt, this war is just one more for him.

"They're fine boys, all of them, sir," he told me. Naturally the doctors make a better showing to begin with. The doctors are already familiar with their tools and have got confidence in themselves.

"But you take a combat officer, now. He just came out of the classroom or maybe out of an office—a lawyer or something like that. He is put through a stiff course of schooling that teaches him how to do his work but the first few times he has to set up a machine gun defense, or discipline a rowdy soldier—well, he knows how it's done, all right, but he hasn't had the experience doing his work as the doctors have had in their business. But they'll get that experience right here, right now. It's a pleasure to see them come out."

A young lieutenant in a shiny new uniform passed. The old sergeant came to attention with dignity and ease and the lieutenant snapped a "figure four" back at the sergeant that might have disjointed a weaker elbow.

"See what I mean?" the sergeant said.

The officers are learning rapidly. Aside from their schooling and practice, which is a pretty strenuous schedule, they hold almost nightly bull sessions. Those who are married bring their wives to these meetings which are, in fact, intended to be relaxation from the day's work.

The wives are soon off in a corner alone and the young officers are attacking problems of war. Sometimes these are as local as the proper way to discipline an unruly soldier. Other problems embrace strategy of world-wide proportions. I attended one of these bull sessions which turned out to be a critique of the bombing of Japan by General Doolittle. A scrappy first lieutenant of infantry thought the emperor's palace should have been blown up. "They think Hirohito is God," he explained, "and if you kill a man's God, you've got that man whipped."

Immediately the arguments flew. Ethics, Army regulations, the Geneva Conventions and national psychology were used to demonstrate that bombing the emperor would not have been the right thing to do. "Maybe not," the lieutenant admitted, "but my business is killing Japs and Hirohito is not only a Jap but he's the head Jap. I'd have bombed him."

Southern Arizona is a spacious place and people are scarce. Tucson, seventy-five miles away, has about 35,000 people. Of this number, there is a small prosperous group of Negroes. Seventy-five miles to the south is the border town of Nogales, with a population of six thousand. Within a radius of fifty miles of the fort there are probably not a hundred civilians—men, women and children of any race. Tucson has a small colored unit of the USO, and in Nogales part of old Camp Little has been made into a recreation center which includes, of all things to find in the desert, a swimming pool. But Tucson's USO and the center in Nogales offer practically nothing but recreation. Fun is hard

One way or another, soldier races and nationalities have mar have fun. Their chief fun, no the days of Caesar's legions, is for girls.

Just across the border from Arizona, in Sonora, is Ciudad This is a thriving importing-ex metropolis of nearly thirty th people. It has, according to e of border officials, one of the b nicipal governments along the bo and is efficiently policed both in of conduct and health. More large number of Ciudad Noga zens form friendships on bases acter instead of color. A soldier convoyed from Fort Huachuca t Little and get plenty of recreatio after that, he can walk a mile an to Ciudad Nogales and have fu

Spanish in One Easy Lesso

A great number of the young and the more studious enlisted n attending classes in Spanish. A the less intellectual soldiers are l Spanish in the old-fashioned man

"I had me a buddy," a veter chuca soldier told me, "dat could de fool outn dat Spanish. Now never could hablar much, but I enough to gig along."

I asked for details.

"Well, hit's like dis, suh," h "You goes into a cantina and yo like risin' up a little hell. So yo over to de boy in charge er de players and you slips him a littl er change. Two-bits, four-bits, m you likes. Den you tell him like d say: *'Mas musica, mas baile, Le* Dat means, 'Git dem hombres whuppin' dem guit-tars.'

"Den, when de guit-tar playin' gittin' hot and you feels like you to step about a little, you walks a senorita and you say like dis: *con migo, Chiquita?*' Dat means I and you stomp dis fire out, baby

"And what does the senorita s that?" I asked.

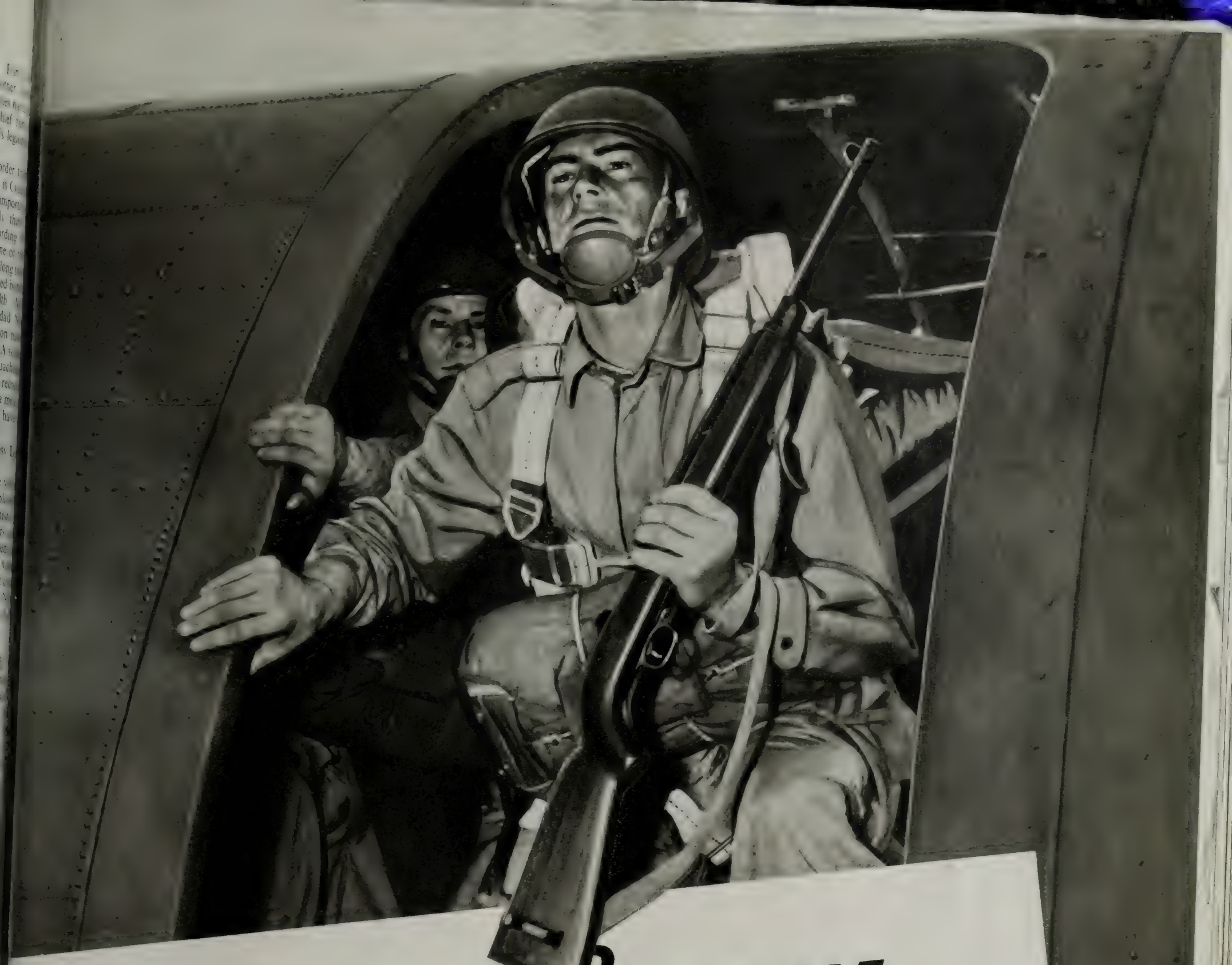
The soldier grinned. "She jes dem great big ole eyes at you an 'Ho-kay, keed!' "

THE END



"He's got his mind set on that particular hat, but it's too small"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PART



Note the CARBINE...





it's one of the items we're making now instead of Office Machines

"*After 35 years*, the Army goes from the pistol to the carbine. This will be the weapon for all officers up to the rank of captain, and for the supporting troops that carried pistols and relied on riflemen for defense. The new Winchester light, short-barreled carbine has range enough to be a weapon of offense, whereas the .45-caliber pistol is purely a defensive weapon. The Winchester carbine is rated high, and is judged to increase the fire power of the infantry regiment by 33 per cent." *As reported by a prominent news magazine.*

Underwood Elliott Fisher Company, One Park Ave., New York

TO OUR MILLIONS OF VALUED CUSTOMERS: No matter what the difficulties, our maintenance service will continue from coast to coast.

We shall continue to provide *spare parts*...as well as a complete line of *carbon paper and ribbons* unsurpassed in quality, for every make of office machine.

And we shall continue to devise and suggest methods for *conserving* your typewriters, adding and accounting machines and for *operating* these machines with greater efficiency.

★ *Enlist Your Dollars Buy More War Bonds To Shorten The Duration*

Carbines are now in mass production by

Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

Former and Future Makers of Typewriters, Adding and

No war front is too tough for these powerf heavy-duty Studebakers



Studebaker builds Wright Cyclone Engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress, military trucks for the United Nations and other war matériel

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS ★

THEY'RE operating all over the world in the fighting forces of the United Nations—tens of thousands of these big, rugged, powerful, multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks.

And tens of thousands more are time-tabled to join up with them as fast as possible. The great Studebaker factories are turning out millions of dollars worth of these war trucks every week.

From builder of commercial trucks in peacetime, to one of the largest makers of military trucks in wartime, is a logical transition for America's oldest manufacturer of highway transportation.

For the sixth time in a national emergency, Studebaker has answered the Government's call for the production of army transport on a large scale. And when decisive victory is achieved, finer, more economical Studebaker trucks than ever will b able for civilian use.

Today, the traditional Studebaker watch *always give more than you promise*—has ne greater significance.

Studebaker is proud of its assignments in th ing of our Nation and its Allies.

Studebaker's 90th Anniversary

1852 ★ 1942

FOR THE SIXTH TIME SINCE 1852, STUDEB SUPPLIES TRANSPORT FOR THE ARMED FO



Loyal British subjects paint a red Plimsoll line in their bathtubs at the 5½-inch water level—just as Buckingham Palace does

itain's urning uestion

Iollie er-Downes

GS BY CARL MUELLER

nd is having her fourth of fuel problems. Her ns are a lesson in what done when it has to be

urrent London revue there's an ing song hit called Eating, Shop- The Nine o'Clock News, which what were, until recently, the nain topics of conversation British firesides. Now, however, lish are not only talking about upons and the way the war is ut about the fireside itself. Fuel me the No. 1 burning question our. This winter, owing to the mands of war industry and ction of young miners into the forces, the richest coal-produc- ntry in Europe is, paradoxically, serious fuel famine.

ning was considered but, for the ng, abandoned mainly because normous and expensive adminis- achinery necessary for handling , and also because of the diffi- thinking up some way of ration- nonsolid fuels. At the moment, ernment has put the country on of voluntary rationing basis, each household is left to work wn salvation and decide whether omize most on hot baths, cook- n fires, or lights, or simply to whole thing up and go to bed winter. Lots of Britons, feeling nip in the air and mournfully he plentiful holly berries in the (which are said to preface a nter), wish to goodness that they dopt this last plan.

winter, coal was often scarce, and f the poorer folk suffered consid- ardship. This year all classes and are feeling the pinch. Not only e Colonel's Lady and Judy y sisters under their skins, but those skins are going to have the identical amount of goose flesh on them.

It is possible that owners of bigger houses are even coming off a good deal worse in the long run, since central heating is now out of the question for private householders. Though it's comparatively easy to think up ways of keeping a small home cozy, it's no joke to be faced with the problem of warming and lighting a stately home of England which has rooms like barracks, rambling staircases and fireplaces designed by men who obviously thought of kindling wood in terms of young trees.

The Fortunate Northerners

The size of rooms wasn't taken into account by the Fuel Ministry when fixing the fuel "target" that every household, according to its number of rooms and members, has been asked to stick to. The only discrimination which has been made is the different allowances fixed for people living in Scotland and northern England, the Midlands and the South, which all differ a good deal climatically. Northerners naturally get a higher percentage of fuel units credited to them than do householders in the Midlands, which Hilaire Belloc said were "soggy and unkind," but which nevertheless come off better again than the South, where disgruntled Britons imagine, from the slenderness of their allowance, that the Fuel Ministry visualizes them sitting around under their palm trees wreathed in hibiscus.

With these slight differences of allocation, Britain's target for tonight, and for all the other chilly nights until spring comes to thaw the chilblains is to the tune of fifteen personal fuel units a year, besides the house ration, which is based on the average of 80 units a year for a four-room house in the South of England. One fuel unit equals half a hundredweight of coal or coke, or 500 cubic feet of gas, or 50 units of electricity, or one gallon of kerosene. If you work this out, you'll see that, though England won't be as cold as other shivering European countries this winter, it will certainly be cold and unpleasant enough.

As usual, the main brunt of the new economy is being carried by the housewife, who has already tackled the job of feeding and clothing a family in wartime and must now dope out some way to keep them warm and cheerful too. Although fuel rationing is as yet only an ominous bogey in the offing, what is taking its place doesn't give backsliders very much room to dodge off the target line.

Every citizen has already completed and filed an official form giving details of his fuel habits for the last year. If information comes to the notice of the local fuel overseer that Mrs. Brown is not keeping within her allowance, there are enforcement officers who call around and find out what she's up to.

On the whole, however, the official handling of the situation has been tender in the extreme. It is a British trait to dig the toes well in and sit right back at a hint of compulsion from the authorities, but to co-operate magnificently if asked in the right way.

The officials at the fuel offices set up in every borough had the formidable job of wading through all these millions of forms, settling individual grievances, and seeing that every householder was registered with one particular coal dealer for supplies. The questionnaire had been carefully simplified to the minimum of factual information, but it wasn't simple enough for countless humble Britons to whom the filling up of an official buff form is about as alarming as an examination in Hindustani.

Often the fuel office wished that the public's letters could be simplified, such as this typical breathless missive, "I am sorry you ave been confused concerning fuel vouchers but there are 3 Mrs. Carters in this ouse—Mrs. E., Mrs. M., and Mrs. M.A.E. One is Senior Mrs. M.A.E. and Mrs. E. her daughter-in-law and Mrs. M. is Mrs. E.'s daughter-in-law and we ave only one card each oping it



HOT GINGERBREAD



IN NO TIME!..Tender! Tasty! Richly wholesome. Beats any home recipe. Yet costs no more . . . with

DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX!



Just Add Water. Needs No Sugar

You never tasted such gingerbread! Tender, flavory, wholesome—and so easy! Made from the private recipe of George Washington's mother. *Serve hot,* with whipped cream, ice cream, chocolate sauce or fruit. A *thrilling dessert!*

NEW! **CHOCOLATE STUDDED "GINGIES"**

Different! Delicious! 2 Minute Recipe!



Whole Pieces of Chocolate

in each delicious bite! Simply add water and bits of chocolate to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix, and bake 10 or 12 minutes (see package). *So easy!* Yet you couldn't *bake* a better cookie. Send some to the U. S. O. Men *love* them! Economical too. Package makes 60 cookies!

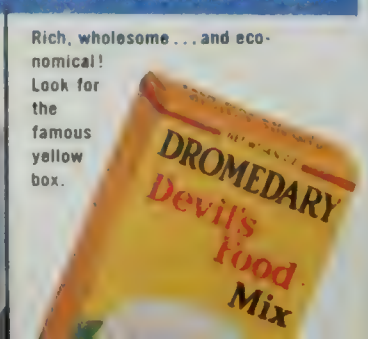


DROMEDARY
GINGERBREAD MIX

DROMEDARY DEVIL'S FOOD MIX makes the world's grandest dark, rich cake







solves the puzzle yours truly Mrs M. Carter."

Lots of Londoners, when asked to supply the number of rooms occupied by them personally in their house, went into long explanations which involved the fact that they were out of work, that auntie was living with them on account of being bombed out and her son in Libya, and that there was Mr. Smith lodging with them who was in the building business but might be gone by Christmas.

There were also individualists such as the lady who simply wrote the one word "Heat," opposite the query as to what type of fuel she used for her cooking; and the other seedy cockney who didn't have any difficulty answering the question "State exceptional domestic purposes for which fuel is used." He just wrote "Baths" and let it go at that.

Most of the bemused Britons who turned up in the fuel overseer's office were genuinely anxious to do their bit in economizing with the national fuel supply, but had been slightly panicked by the necessity of juggling with electrical units and cubic feet of gas. In an effort to show how easy it is to work out the family target, the Fuel Ministry has encouraged schoolteachers to set their pupils little posers, asking them to find the right target for, say, a family of five living in a six-room house in the Midlands. The teachers say that the children love it, and race home to show Mum and Dad, who may be less handy with figures and a bit of pencil than their better-educated offspring.

A good deal of education, one way and another, is needed to stop a nation overnight from its bad old habits of reaching for the light switch and the poker, and the fuel publicity campaign, under Commander Stephen King-Hall, put in plenty of work during the autumn months before the cold weather really set in. A ceaseless flood of hints and admonitions was poured into the public ear via the BBC and the press, which carried regular bulletins telling the housewife what to do in the "Battle for Fuel." In return, lots of housewives sat right down and wrote off to the Ministry, giving them fuel wrinkles which they had worked out for themselves.

Someone, for instance, suggested that when an oven is turned off, a pan of water should be popped in to w washing up and make use of the heat; that one went out on the away.

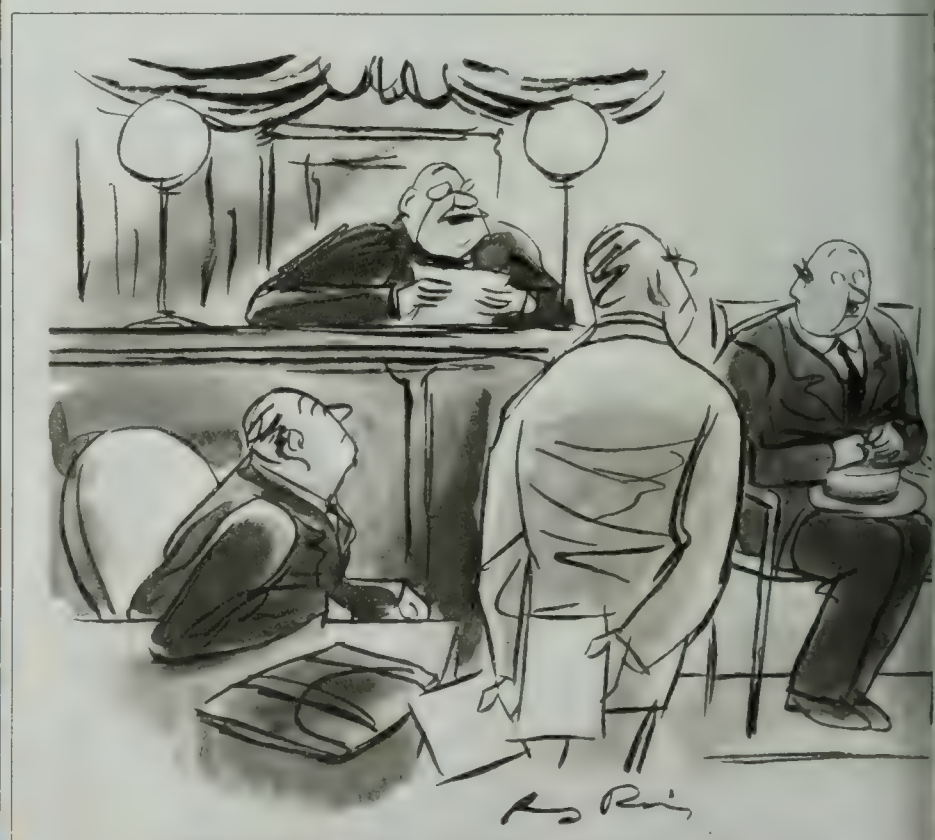
Organizations such as the E Association for Women have al busy trying to educate the pu new fuel-saving notions. The tion tells its members that it's not idea for women to prowl arou homes substituting low-wattage everywhere for the old bright one moving lights altogether on st and corridors. It's pointed out may seriously damage eyesight, e doesn't result in a crop of broken

Small but sensible reductions the line, which don't necessarily ganize a family's comfort or hea sult in savings which bulk stagg when totaled up. The British nice cup of tea at all hours of the the slightest provocation, but hou have learned to go slow on th since it was publicized by the Fu istry that if everyone took one tea less every day, enough fuel w saved in a month to make 75,0 pound armor-piercing shells.

Fuel-Saving Propaganda

Dripping taps are also fuel wast weren't noticed in thousands of until a dramatic poster came April showing a leaking tap, and "Are you guilty?" Up to Septemb 000 abashed Londoners had decid they were, and had called up the politan Water Board to come arou fit a new washer right away.

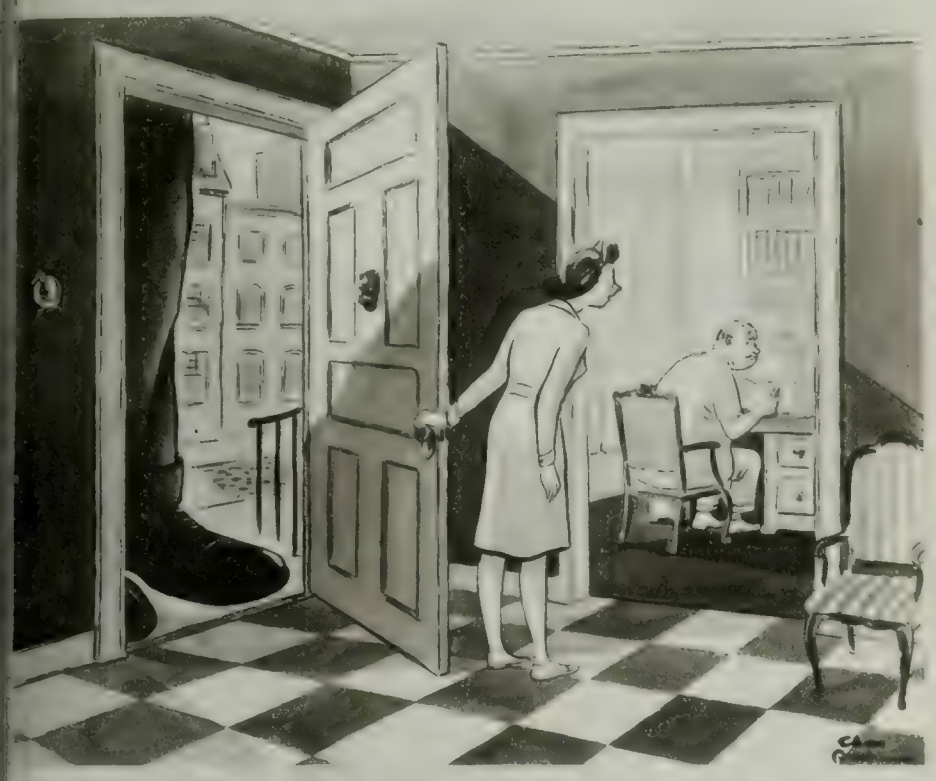
Heating rooms takes up the percentage of fuel from a family's and a rearrangement of living h resulting which may easily have social effects on Britain's re-lifte war face. Many owners of Chipp mahogany breakfast tables are no ding farewell to them for the du and taking their coffee and toast cloth in the kitchen with the c they are still lucky enough to hav Today, in her W.V.S. uniform, th of the house probably cooks the fast herself, but anyway sits dow fortably to eat it with her famil evacuees, the land girl, and any str of staff which Mr. Ernest Bevin, th ister of Labor, may have left her.



"What's this? The defendant is charged with lowering checks to escape the higher income-tax bracket!"

COLLIER'S

IRVING



"It's another one of those pituitary cases, Doctor"

COLLIER'S — CHAS. ADDAMS

Another fuel-saving idea which is cking what remains of the traditional glish reserve is the new habit of spend- alternate evenings with the people t door. Families are picking up their ning paper, mending and cat, and are ng in to share the neighbors' fire, nts and radio. The authorities who t sponsored this idea point out anx- sly that there's no need for hostesses produce sandwiches and drinks for guests, since this would create a situa- n which might be good for fuel but uld be hard on shipping.

The community idea isn't only con- ed to the social side of life, either. tish housewives have learned that it's necessary to have an oven going for a st when Mrs. Jones across the street also using her oven. It's simpler to slip oss the way, pop the meat in the Jones en, and call for it again at dinnertime. hole districts also make use of hos- able bakers' ovens that can take care a dozen families' baking days without owing the difference.

The Fuel Ministry has recommended at every household should vote in one its members for the unenviable job of el watcher—a sort of dictator of the ker, who must keep an eye on the elec- c meter, count the boiler nuts, see that e living-room fire is economically nked with tea leaves and sawdust, hide e vacuum cleaner, turn off the radio, d limit the family's bath nights.

The Saturday-night Problem

The official dictum that patriotic Brit- should now take only a small tub two three times a week created a good deal stir among the kind of well-scrubbed nglishmen who, according to classic rmula, always dress for dinner in the ngle, until the publicity department nningly released the news that all the uckingham Palace bathtubs were now inted with a thin red Plimsoll line in- cating the allowed five and a half in- es hot-water level. Faced with this ample, loyal subjects felt that there as nothing for them to do but buy a n of red enamel.

There are die-hard bathers however ho prefer to pool their ration into one orious eleven-inch wallow, rather than e it out in a couple of five-and-a-half- ch splashes.

Country folk in remote parts of England, far from gas and electric mains, possibly have the biggest headache since so many of them depend on kerosene for lighting, heating and cooking. Oil, being imported, has been given the high rating of a unit to a gallon, and cottage people, with old-fashioned lamps that burn nearly that amount in a week of long winter evenings, complain that this leaves them very few units for coal.

In country districts, however, people score by burning wood far more than townsfolk. Village "dumps" of logs are being organized, and parties of evacuee schoolchildren are roped in to collect baskets of twigs and pine cones, and to bundle up dried flower stalks, such as Michaelmas daisies, which have been found an excellent substitute in fire-lighting for the precious paper, which goes into cartridge cases and shell caps.

Though the new restrictions haven't yet been operating long enough for their full effect to be felt, and the worst patch of mean weather in England usually turns up around February, it's expected the national health will remain good.

For one thing, people are walking as they've never walked before, and the new power-saving cuts on elevator running in business offices and apartment houses are going to make more and more sedentary Britons conscious of the fact that their legs are strictly business arrangements. Tenants have been asked not to call the elevator for short distances and to walk downstairs when they can.

Recently, a lady visiting friends on the second floor was taken up by the elevator attendant who suddenly stopped the car just short of the right landing, and observed, "Sorry, madam, I forgot. We're not allowed to take anyone up to the first and second floors now." Then he firmly reversed back to the lobby and made the lady patriotically walk up.

The British housewife may grumble this winter when the thermometer drops, but, somehow, she will make do, just as she has grumbled and made do over the blackout, the food shortages, the nights in Anderson shelters with hell breaking loose overhead, and other hardships of three tough years of wartime civilian existence.

The British home fires are going to be kept burning only just so high in this critical winter of 1942.

THE END





THIS Christmas, give her a Lane that whispers of the happy home to come. Within its aroma-tight walls, those treasured things she now collects will be absolutely safe from moths until the day you move into your new home.

Lane is the only tested aroma-tight cedar chest in the world. Exclusive features guarantee moth protection—backed by free moth insurance policy written by one of world's largest insurance companies. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. S, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

To Men in Service: Write us if name of Lane dealer where chest is to be delivered is not known.



No. 44-1964. 18th Century drawer design in Honduras Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.



CONSERVE!
BUY WAR BONDS!
SAVE WOOLENS!



No. 48-2011. A colonial chest in antique Maple with the simple lines and chaste beauty found only in chests of authentic design. Has Lane Automatic Tray.



STYLES AND EXTERIORS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE

LANE Cedar HOPE CHEST
THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

The Mormons Move Over

By Richard English

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD HALDEMAN

War has crowded in on the Mormons—who rise to meet it with a Bible in one hand and brass knuckles in the other



THERE are harsh feelings and harsher words swirling across the desert these days. Mormon metals are becoming guns, planes and tanks. Shells for troops in North Africa and parachutes for fliers in Australia are pouring forth like milk and honey. But the Latter-day Saints still don't like the influx of Gentiles and the way the joints are jumping.

Cruising down Second South, in Salt Lake City, you will observe some of the reasons for the church's concern. Within two blocks of Temple Square, the foundation stone of the church, the boys and girls are jiving with juleps. There are chop-suey palaces, shabby hotels, patriotic hock shops such as Uncle Sam's Loan Office, and enough beer to fill the Great Salt Lake.

With war industries mushrooming on the desert, Salt Lake City has gone all-out on entertainment. War workers jam the streets, and all of them come equipped with their own liquor permits and the dusty desire to use them among the neon-lighted glories of Second South. Most of the suds spots don't go in for Hollywood production, settling for large BEER signs. Those wishing to meet at a designated spot fall back on the Silver Dollar, the Mint Café, or Tony Germano's La Conga Barbeque.

Tony admits that even Chicago was never like this. "Bigga boom," he says, rolling his eyes. But he can't sell hard liquor himself, only mixers and 3.2 beer, a beverage which the state has absent-mindedly ruled nonintoxicating. If you want whisky you have to deal with the state of Utah.

State-operated liquor stores sell you a fifty-cent individual liquor permit, which allows you to purchase some of the state's stock. Only the headaches are for free. Through it's Liquor Control Commission, the religious state of Utah is one of the world's largest saloonkeepers, its stores having shown a neat $1,700,000 profit last year alone.

But over in the church offices, they have bigger worries than who is drinking what. President Heber J. Grant is afraid that in winning the war the brethren may lose the precious freedom that Brigham Young wrested from ninety-five years ago. Some $414,000,000 invested in indust fense is transforming a desert the world's largest arsenal. five, President Grant has h church for twenty-four year gives the blunt answers of one answer only to Him.

"Because this is the Lord's shall win," he said, "but with Gentiles flooding our state, labor agitation everywhere, w future." He smiled faintly. the only church who call thos faiths Gentiles, regardless of t It is one of our ways and we ways.

Seated in the handsome par ces of the presidency, he look veined hands, resting in his lap

"The constitution," he said "is a divine instrument, and w to regard it as such. The ch always cared for its own, an not happy about these federal which tempt the weaker brothe

The church is particularly at defense-industry strikes an want it to happen there. "F they say, "is the essence of and that means freedom in al Both the C.I.O. and the A.F. o been bluntly informed that church is all for labor it is str posed to any version of the clo

Throughout Utah, the Saints very plain that those pious buried in that shade of the Mountains are not going to grave-turning while their de have any say. The Mormons and vigorously, and with a B spect for their good right arms. ing their Word of Wisdom, the from hot drinks, coffee, tea, s tobacco, and the excessive use

Right next door to the churc the carriage trade finds its floss tion on the Star Lite Roof of t Utah, one of the many chur prises. Along with The Deser L.D.S. Business College, Ut National Bank, Beneficial Li ance and Z.C.M.I., the city's la



When Salt Lake's mayor, the honorable Ab Jenkins, drives his Mormon Meteor, the pick-up is terrific. Witness some of his prettier voters

store, the hotel is wholly the church.
Lite Roof offers you a hand- where, with rumba music, aze on the snowcapped moun- e federal troops once hesitated, igham Young's wrath at their f the State of Deseret. Or you er the equally sweeping vista ce plants, mines and smelters hes off in the desert's purple bring your bottle and you choice.
ke City's mayor, the Honor- enkins, stands out amid all this hat Ab thinks, he says—loudly e. The world's champion rac- holder of more than 500 offi- ls, Mr. Jenkins is a large party ports suits and flashy ties and dislike for hush-hush routines. Flash Gordon, ice-cream-buy- f the school kids who engi- election, Ab is as open as the hich he made his famous runs ormon Meteor—and just as politicians who don't like that come" sign on his door.
ke City has not yet recovered shock of Ab's election. "The ed me," said Ab. "They kept pestering their folks to vote for Ab. They even used their school printing presses to get me in. I was running against Herbert Snow, a big businessman, and the kids passed around papers: 'We want Snow in the Wasatch Mountains but not in the city hall.' When the shouting was over, I eased in by some fifty votes."

Ab originally wasn't much interested in that mayor's job at $350 a month. He was winning as much as $38,000 a year by the simple means of risking life and limb on all kinds of tracks, and only a sucker would take such a cut. Then people began intimating that, while Ab Jenkins might be all right in a racing car,

(Continued on page 101)

At Salt Lake's Palladium, Beth Miller, former Hollywood night-spot dancer, stops traffic as she gives out when somebody feeds juke box





and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop oil pumping—

REPLACE WORN ENGINE BEARINGS!

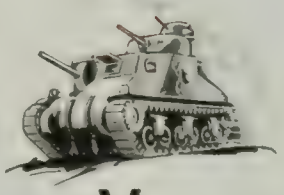


Smoky exhaust from your car means wasteful, motor-fouling oil pumping. Don't let oil pumping sabotage your efforts to get maximum mileage from every gallon of gas! Overhaul that engine *now*, for smooth, economical performance for the duration.

But do the job right. Remember that ordering replacement of piston rings is just HALF the job, won't stop oil pumping caused by worn connecting rod bearings. When worn bearings let too much oil flood the combustion chambers, it burns to carbon, coating the best of new rings, pistons, spark plugs and valves—and the oil pumping continues.

Tell your service man, when he has the engine opened up, to check the connecting rod bearings and, if worn, to replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings, to restore power, pep and economy *for the long run!*

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.



FOR VICTORY!

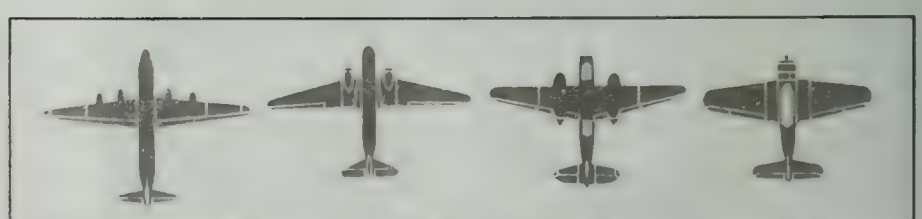
Tanks, tructractors, are equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts, as are planes, guns, boats. Federal-Mogul factories are on 24-hour production of bearings and precision parts not only for military equipment but to service the millions of automobiles carrying war workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!



JOHNNY SKYTROOPER, U.S.A.

LOOK OUT BELOW! Johnny Skytrooper is rough, tough and nasty. Striking behind enemy lines he hits hardest where it hurts the most. Douglas C-53 "Skytrooper" transports carry him swiftly on his mission of destruction; Douglas C-47 "Skytrains" and C-54 "Skymasters" follow through with his supplies. Setting the pace for war transport production, Douglas is proud to provide the equipment for Johnny Skytrooper to "win with wings." Douglas Aircraft Co. Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.



Left to right (1) C-54 "Skymaster" (2) C-47 "Skytrain," C-53 "Skytrooper" (3) A-20 "Boston," A-20 "Havoc" (4) SBD "Dauntless," TBD "Devastator," A-24 "Banshee"

DOUGLAS

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.

Washington's "Now" Man

Continued from page 11

ines and the erasers on the tops of pencils. He has what he calls "verti- powers. His department does not rlap any other department. He is the nplete boss, which means—to quote —that if he fails on the job, he and alone will take the rap. This is not ording to the best Washington tradi- where smart executives usually have ll guy in some other department at om they can point an executive finger say, "I got no co-operation. That was a bottleneck."

effers was on the job just twenty-four rs when a lovely little problem was ed on his desk. The problem was ught by an apologetic and unhappy resentative of the Russian embassy. had been brushed off so many times executives in other departments that shoulders of his blue serge suit were y. He began by saying that he hated give the new director a tough problem his second day in office but the need s urgent.

Mr. Harriman and his commission ch visited Moscow in 1941," the logetic Russian said, "under the terms Lend-Lease, promised to send a com- te tire factory to my country. For nths I have been trying to get some ion from other departments but so we haven't had any. I know it's diffi- t."

What's difficult about it? It's a com- ment, isn't it? We never back down commitments. I'll find out what the re is and let you know." Jeffers wed the apologetic Russian out and n went to look up the score.

A Promise is Kept

The Russian was right. We had prom- d the complete machinery (molds, s, etc.) needed to make tires for war hicles. This obligation was recorded in protocol. Jeff asked around to find t why nothing had been done.

"You don't quite understand," a suave eer man explained. "We are not evad- our obligation but, you see, our mili- y needs are urgent, and then we have r domestic situation to take care of. e must consider the Army, the Navy d then—"

"But we promised to deliver this tire tory as soon as possible," Jeff inter- pted.

"Oh, we will—in time," the Washing- n Warrior said, "but all of our own eds must be met first."

Jeffers looked at the man, a bit puz- d. As a businessman, he had a horror breaking commitments or of evading ligations. He knew that this sort of licy was, in any long-term view, sui- dal. The term "Washington bureauc- cy" had, until then, been only a phrase him. Now he was catching on. He smissed the Washington Warrior and nt a dozen wires out to the heads of mpanies which might have a spare tire ctory lying around. The first answer me by phone from Edsel Ford.

"We've got a model tire factory out re, which we aren't using," Ford said. t's absolutely complete, even equipped manufacture oversize tires. We have me plans for it but if you can use it—"

"I want to buy it and send it to Rus- a," Jeffers said.

"It's yours," Ford answered, and the xt day the apologetic Russian in the nbassy was amazed to get a note saying at the tire factory was being dismant- d and would be shipped as soon as it uld be rushed to a port.

"Nearly as I can figure out, that factory should be set up in Russia and actually producing tires in March," Jeffers says thoughtfully. "I don't know the rules down here, I've always cut across lots and I'll keep on doing it. If you deal directly with people like Ford or the man in the street who owns a ten-year-old automobile, you get the same results. Everyone is willing to co-operate, once you convince him that the country needs his co-operation. The quick action we got from Ford is typical of the co-operation I've been getting from what people once called Big Business. I'm getting the same co-operation from individual car owners all over the country too.

I made an appointment to see Jeffers on a Sunday afternoon. I knew that it was hard to grab a busy executive on a weekday when he was at his office. But I'd spend Sunday afternoon with him when he was maybe playing golf or sitting around relaxed after a hard week's work. Big shots let their hair down when they're relaxing. So I spent Sunday afternoon with Jeffers relaxing. If that Sunday afternoon was his idea of a relaxing day of rest, I don't want to follow him around on a busy day.

I stopped outside his hotel suite and heard loud voices raised in discussion. I brightened up at that. It sounded as though a poker game was on. But I was wrong. Jeffers was sitting around with several of his key men, and they were talking about rubber and alcohol and synthetic substitutes and things that had to be done tomorrow. He was sitting with Colonel Bradley Dewey and O. Kelley Anderson, a brilliant young specialist from the Harvard Business School, Consultant Bill Patterson and a couple of others.

So far, he's grabbed five important people from his own organization, but he chuckles and says, "Hell, the boys will run the railroad all right. They've been running it for years."

I sat down and listened in for a while, but the talk was too technical for me to follow. All I could make out of it was that Jeffers let his colleagues do most of the talking, tossing in only an occasional "Guess you're right," or "Why not try it this way?" But though his words and his voice were casual, you realized that this was how he did business.

Jeffers is what we in our profession call a "brain picker." He can listen to specialists and absorb everything they tell him and then fit his specialized knowledge into the picture as a whole. He had brought young Anderson down from Cambridge to work on "just this one small problem—it won't take very long."

When Anderson was leaving the room, he looked a bit suspiciously at Jeffers and said, "You know, Mr. Jeffers, you said you needed me just this once. I'll be through in a few days and I know you won't need me any more."

He left, and Jeffers looked at me and winked. My bet is that when Anderson finishes his one little job, somehow or other he'll find another one waiting for him and then, without knowing just how it happened, he will recall with a start that he hasn't been near Cambridge for a whole year.

"There's a picture on rubber conservation they want me to see," Jeffers said. "Let's take a look at it."

We went to a projection room to see a twenty-minute short made by Goodyear. It was a magnificent job. It showed an ordinary family and how fine they were in co-operating until it came to the family car.

They bought War Bonds and Stamps, they collected scrap metal, they had sent one son to the Navy, they were sparing in their use of sugar and coffee—but they still used the family bus. They used it because they just couldn't see how not using it helped to win the war. Then the picture explained graphically how important rubber was; it showed how tire length can be extended by thousands of miles.

"We are going to show this to all of our employees," the man in charge said, "and send it to other plants around the country."

"Not good enough," Jeffers snapped. "It's a great message. It's just what I've been trying to get across. It should be shown in every theater in the country. Show it as it is to factory workers and then, why not get together with your competitors and let them contribute something to the picture? Let it be the whole rubber industry which presents it. Come in and see me Tuesday. We'll work out the details."

"If you show it all over the country," the man in charge said, "the problem of distribution comes up."

"We'll straighten it out. The picture people are very co-operative. I know them. They'll help."

Jeffers, in the name of the country and the war effort, has no compunction about asking anyone to do anything. To date, he has drafted nearly three hundred men from industry. These are executives, specialists, economists, anyone whose experience or knowledge can be put to use. He drafts them the way the President drafted him.

"At first, they make excuses, just as I'd have done if the President had given me a chance," Jeffers chuckles. "But I say, 'Look. I wouldn't want you if I didn't need you. I'm in a spot and you gotta help.' Once they realize they can actually be of help, they get the next train down here. Don't tell me the American people aren't a hundred per cent co-operative."



COLLIER'S "Oh, it's not that I mind handing out the butts. I just hate having a lot of matches left over!" H. MIDDLECAMP

Something New in Washington

Men like to work for Jeffers. One of them explained to me, "Jeff never looks over your shoulder. He gives you a job to do and then he forgets about it until you bring it to him all done. He doesn't bother you at all. Of course the job had better be done well—or else."

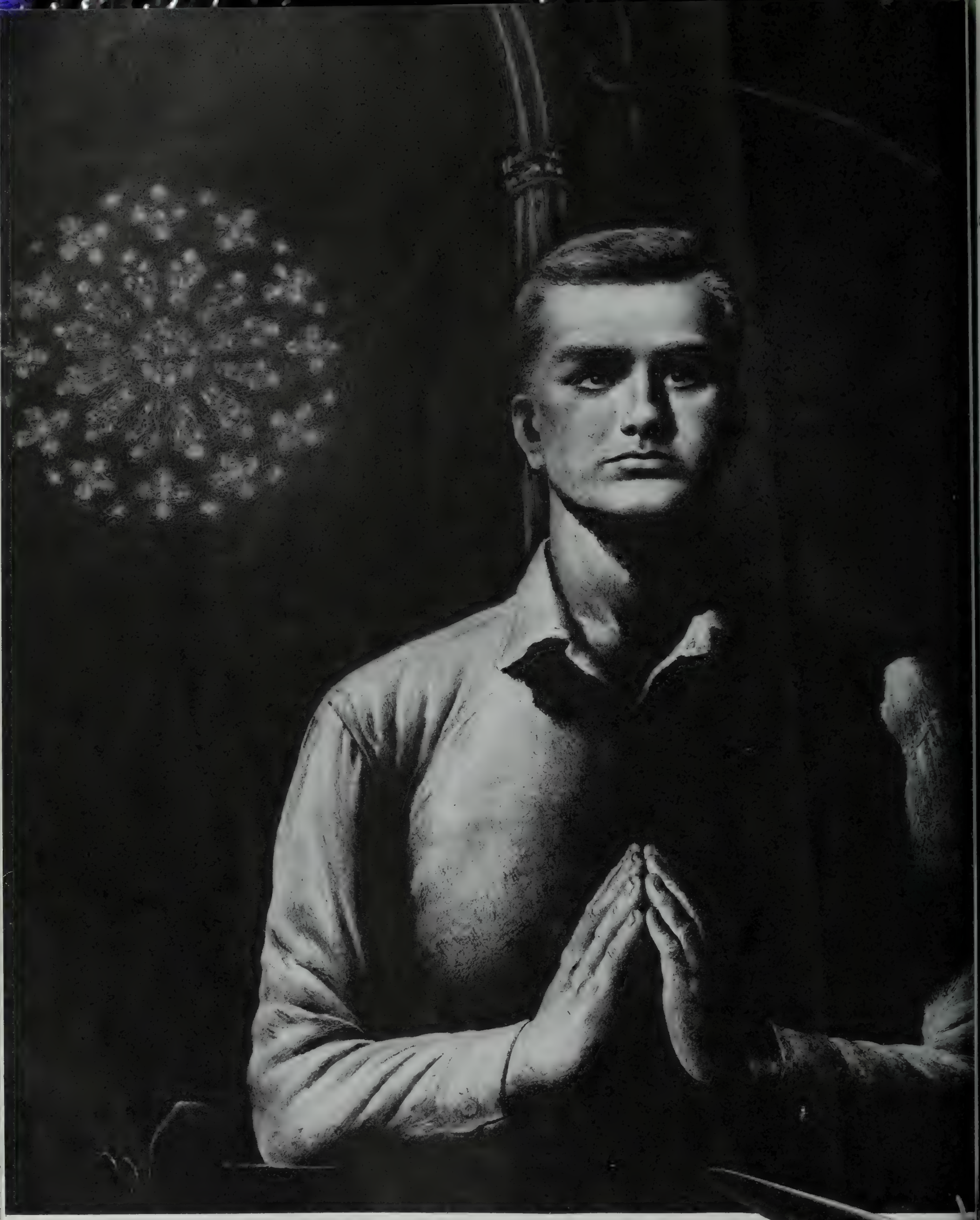
He is something brand-new in Washington. To begin with, he has an absolutely one-track mind. All he wants to do is to win the war. He doesn't care whose toe or ankle or face he steps on, if that form of mayhem can further the war effort. He doesn't like Washington as a place to live in, and politics bore him.

It was on October 13th last that a delighted citizenry got its first real slant on Mr. William Martin Jeffers. It was then that he was summoned by the Senate Agricultural Committee—a committee which is composed of a couple of statesmen and a lot of politicians. The politicians, of course, dominate the committee. And how they went to work on William Jeffers!

The word went out the day before. It hit the Press Club, and the Washington correspondents (who don't get many laughs anyhow) thought it would be a good idea to be there. There is no smarter or better informed group of men in the world than the Washington correspondents. They have their pipe lines into every government department, as good reporters will, and whispers in the Senate cloakroom are an hour later being shouted in the Press Club.

The senators were right in thinking that Jeffers looked like easy prey. He had never testified before a Senate committee before. Jeffers? He was a guy who dressed up in a Santa Claus uniform every Christmas at a Union Pacific party. They'd seen his picture in the paper dressed up like an Indian. That was when they made him a member of the Sioux tribe in 1939. Then they'd seen pictures of him dressed in satin knee breeches, leading the annual ball of Omaha's Ak-Sar-Ben Society.

And look at his upbringing and his record! He was nothing but a telegrapher who still carried his old union card with him and was prouder of that



Wings over the WORLD

"The FULL development of Individual Personality"

a 6 point post-war program by THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

What kind of a world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by America's great philosopher, Dr. John Dewey, and by Dr. Hu Shih, recently Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

Herewith we present a statement written for Americans and people throughout the world by the Most Reverend William Temple (Cantuar), Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE STRUCTURE OF LIFE as we knew it before the war has already been profoundly modified. How far do we want to restore it if we can?

The task of the Church in face of social problems is to make good Christian men and women. That is by far its most important contribution.

But it is also part of the duty of a Christian to judge how far particular evils are symptoms of a disease deeper than the evils themselves.

Thus, in the economic field, goods are produced so that men can satisfy their needs by consuming them. If a system comes into being in which production is regulated more by profit than by the needs of the consumer, that system is symptomatic of something wrong.

There is nothing wrong about profits as such. It has always been recognized that both the producer and the trader are entitled to a profit which they have earned by their service to the community. But it is possible, nonetheless, for these two to get in the wrong order. Then the consumer is treated only as a *means* to success . . . whereas he ought to be considered the *whole end* of the process.

If that is true, it is the duty of Christians to become aware of it and to demand a remedy. I offer these suggestions as a goal to aim at immediately:

(1) Every child should find itself a member of a family housed with decency and dignity, so that it may grow up as a member of that basic community in a happy fellowship unspoiled by underfeeding—or over-crowding, by dirty and drab surroundings or by mechanical monotony of environment.

(2) Every child should have the opportunity of an education till years of maturity, so planned as to allow for his peculiar aptitudes and make possible their full development. This education should be inspired by faith in God and find its focus in worship.

(3) Every citizen should be secure in possession of such income as will enable him to maintain a home and bring up children in such conditions as are described in paragraph 1 above.

(4) Every citizen should have a voice in the conduct of the business or industry which is carried on by means of his labour, and the satisfaction of knowing that his labour is directed to the well-being of the community.

(5) After the war, every citizen should have sufficient daily leisure, with two days of rest in seven, and, if an employee, an annual holiday with pay, to enable him to enjoy a full personal life with such interests and activities as his tasks and talents may direct.

(6) Every citizen should have assured liberty in the forms of freedom of worship, of speech, of assembly, and of association for special purposes.

Utopian? Only in the sense that we cannot have it all tomorrow. But we can set ourselves steadily to advance towards that six-fold objective. It can all be summed up in a phrase: *the aim of a Christian social order is the fullest possible development of individual personality in the widest and deepest possible fellowship.*

* * *

I should give a false impression of my own convictions if I did not here add that there is no hope of establishing a more Christian social order except through the labour and sacrifice of those in whom the Spirit of Christ is active.

† † † William Cantuar:

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Never before in the world's history has the "brotherhood of man" been so close to reality as it is today.

For, the instant we win this war, all *geographical* barriers will disappear. The "foreigner" who used to be strange and different because he lived across an ocean, will become as familiar to you as the man in the next town. London and Paris will be ten hours from New York—Chungking, China, twenty hours from San Francisco.

And this travel will not be just for the well-to-do. Pan American's knowledge of technological improvements (based on more than 120,000,000 miles of overseas flight) indicates that air travel costs will be brought down within reach of the average man and woman.

Today, of course, Pan American's every transport facility is working overtime to help make possible the Victory on which all our plans for a better world must be built.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM

PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

"DOUBLED UP" WITH SORE MUSCLES?



PROMPT RELIEF!

Help Nature drive out Fatigue Acids

● When your muscles ache and feel stiff after unusual exercise, it's probably because of an accumulation of fatigue acids in them! Absorbine Jr. can be of real help! Its fast, stimulating action steps up the circulation in many sore muscles so fresh blood can carry these acids away from this area.

Prompt Relief! Douse those sore muscles with Absorbine Jr. You'll notice how pain seems to drift away—how swelling subsides! It's great relief! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at your drug store. If free sample is desired, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201U Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

"Be of Good Cheer!"

Snake Eyes

NEW DICE & CARD GAME

Easy? You bet—just roll out the dice—turn down the cards—pick up the chips. A sure gloom chaser for friends or just the family. $1.00 edition for 2 to 6 players. $2.00 edition for 12. AT ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT.

SELCHOW & RIGHTER COMPANY

(Famous Game Makers for over 75 years)

200 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR GRAVY with GRAVY MASTER HE'LL LIKE IT

MAKES THE MOST OF MEAT

Look for this bottle

Reveille to VICTORY

"Good morning, 7 o'clock" awakens you from a pep-restoring sleep on an inner-spring mattress in noise-proofed, comfortable room at...

HOTEL Mayfair ST. LOUIS

Over 50% of all rooms $3.50 or less single

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

than he was of the sign "President" painted on his office door. He'd come up through the ranks, they knew. Oh, well, they'd take care of him.

When Jeff sat in the chair reserved for witnesses, his appearance only confirmed what they thought. Pink-cheeked, sparse-haired, rather heavy set, blinking a little at the unaccustomed glare of the sharp lights, he looked the perfect prototype of the small-town American businessman. Such men are duck soup for the Congressional Commandos.

The questioning started in the routine manner, and then the Congressional Commandos began shouting questions so fast that the reporters couldn't get them all down on paper—which was bad because these questions were all designed for home consumption by the Senatorial Snipers.

Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina, Senator Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi, Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, all of whom (by some strange coincidence) hail from cotton-growing states, shot question after question at Jeffers, and all their questions seemed designed to prove that he was employed by the rayon interests to kill the cotton business. This was after Jeffers said that he was having the Army heavy-duty tires made of rayon because the Army had discovered that tires made of rayon did not overheat as much as those made of cotton.

"Whose bread I eat, his song I sing," Cotton Ed quoted piously with reference to Jeffers, and if you can find any implication there other than the one that Jeffers is a crook, I will eat Blackstone's Commentaries and the various statutes enacted by all states to protect the civil rights of citizens and any other statutes that involve the law of libel and slander.

The Politicians Are Routed

The Senatorial Sappers who had blown up so many other witnesses were completely nonplused, mortified and thrown into confusion when Jeffers, still looking cherubic although the pink cheeks were now a bit white, said, "The trouble with this whole situation is that it has been a muddle of men who were afraid that some congressional committee or pressure group wouldn't like their decisions. I am going to make my own decisions and stand by them." Then he added sharply, "During a war I am assuming that America can trust Americans. If the Army says rayon is better, they'll get rayon. If cotton can be made as good as rayon, then cotton will have a place in the picture."

The country had some lovely reading matter with its October 13th breakfast. Jeff had completely routed the political patriots. I have read some hundred or so editorials on that Senate committee display of October 13th, and everyone of them lauded Jeffers and said in effect, "Thank God, we've got somebody in Washington who doesn't give a damn about politicians."

The attack by Cotton Ed and the others was a beautiful caricature of the Senate at its worst. No satirist could have written a more damning indictment of a group of men who so obviously were putting the financial interest of the boys back home ahead of the welfare and furtherance of the war effort.

Not at all startling was the response which came to Jeffers the next day in the mail and via wires. Within three days his small suite was cluttered up with 2,200 letters and wires, and not one of these was unfavorable. Forty per cent of these letters and wires were from the South, from cotton-growing states. I read dozens of them, and the ears of the



"How many times do I have to tell you, Kennesaw, when you're through playin' to put the shoes back in a neat pile like this?"

COLLIER 5 REAMER KELL

duly elected representatives from these cotton-growing states by then must have been burned to a crisp.

"My husband owns a cotton mill," one woman from the South wrote, "but we loved the way you got after those senators. Do anything you think best to win the war. We'll help you. My husband and I don't have to be reminded that this is our war, too. One look at the empty bed in our son's room tells us that every night."

There were other letters like it. Maybe Senators Smith & Co. are not yet acquainted with the fact that the people of the South care a lot more about winning the war than they do about any increase in the price or consumption of cotton. A glance at enlistment figures, a glance at the casualty lists from the Far East and from Britain, a glance at the Treasury Department's figures of bonds purchased should show the gentlemen that the South does not follow but leads in furthering the war effort.

"Maybe these fellows are a bit behind their constituents," Jeffers says mildly and a trifle puzzled. "Can't understand it. Hell, I phone anyone I want in the cotton industry, and all they say is, 'How can we help?' Then there's another thing: These fellows forget that rayon is composed of between 65 and 70 per cent cotton."

Jeffers, even in private, refuses to criticize the senators who tried to murder him with their favorite weapon—words. He still thinks they meant well but is puzzled because they tried to smear him and, in effect, brand him as a man who was just shilling for the rayon industry. In fact, he is quite puzzled, in a disinterested sort of way, by the whole game of politics and is amazed to find that it still has a place in the war program.

"You know, when this war is over," he said, "around seven million men are coming home. Well, now, these fellows have made real sacrifices. They are going to look around and say, 'What have you folks at home been doing while I was out there getting fifty bucks a month?' The rest of us will have to answer that question. If we haven't got the right answer, they're quite rightly g to say, 'Oh, yeah?' and roll up sleeves and raise hell with the rest o

"Now, my job," he added, "and job of any civilian who has been c on to help down here is, first of a see that the Armed Forces get e thing in the way of equipment they r With me, it's rubber. The only wa can give them all they need is to down civilian use to the bone. Onl sential driving should be permitted essential driving, I mean the trans tation of workers to plants and the livery of essential material. The pe are getting to realize this and th co-operating. They don't need any ders and regimentation.

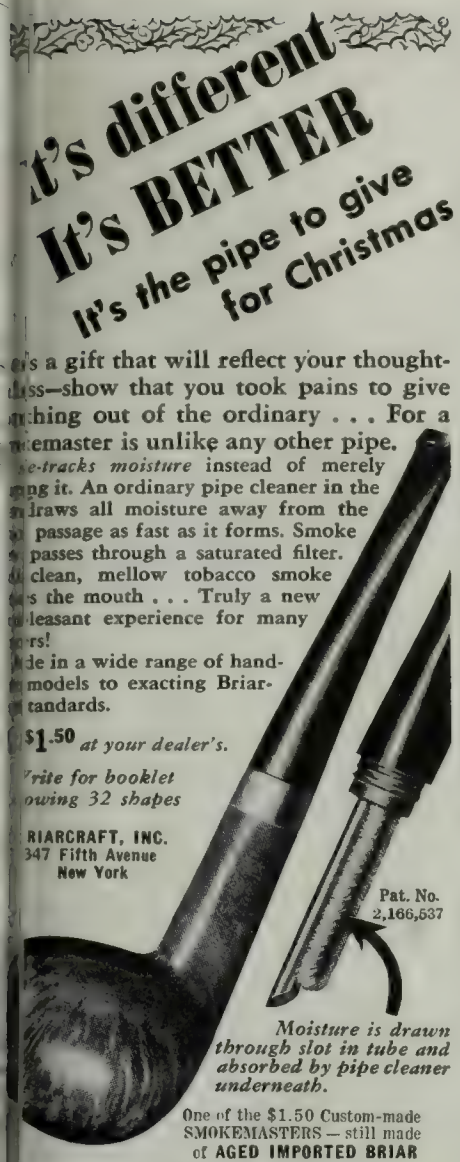
Helping the Little Man

"We've got another job too. Th to disrupt domestic economy as litt possible." He smiled. "That sounds the voice of Big Business speaking. V I don't quite know what Big Busine I know that we people have to pay the war. We can't pay for it if our b ness is all shot. The little man run the small bakery or hardware stor butcher shop is the one we have to care of. He's doing his part and, as as the use of rubber is concerned is vital to him, we've got to help h We're trying to do it by educating as to how the rubber he has now ca made to go further.

"If people co-operate (and so far, t have) we've got nothing really seriou worry about. A year from now, v have plenty of synthetic rubber—g Buna-S and Buna-N. That will ease situation as far as direct war needs concerned. No, there won't be m surplus for civilian use—but I d think any civilians will squawk. Ma of fact, there aren't any civilians more, are there? Anyone who isn't ing his part to win the war isn't a civil He's a rat."

Well, that's William Martin Jeff Take him or leave him. He's str medicine, but maybe that's just what doctor ordered.

THE END





The Newcomers

Continued from page 14

"What you after?" Tucker said.

"Hello, Wyatt. Just wanted to tell you to get those bow numbers repainted. They got to be eighteen inches high for this boat."

"How come they got to be so big?"

"Easier to see. Eighteen inches is what a forty-one-foot boat takes."

"How come all boats ain't got the same size numbers?" Tucker demanded.

The Coast Guard officer said, "I don't make the rules. I just enforce them. And I intend to do a good job of that." His eyes roved about the Lulubel. "Good sound boat. With her shallow draft, we could put in a new motor and have a fine craft for inshore patrolling."

"I been thinking the next move would be to start taking our boats," Tucker said, his eyes narrow.

"Nothing like that," the officer said, mildly, stepping to the dock. "I was just admiring the boat."

Tucker thought, *I ain't sure I even want him doing that. . . .*

The night was dark and the water was slick, which meant that the trout would be on the banks. Tucker had anchored inside the river mouth, according to regulations, until the last glow of light faded from the west, and the sky turned black, and then Eli had hoisted the anchor and without lights they ran on out into the bay.

Reaching the edge of South Bank, a vast sand shelf sometimes awash at low tide, they dropped the anchor. For a while they waited and listened.

The first strikes with their gill nets brought many trout and bluefish. Tucker had just thrown his net staff out again, and the net was paying off the stern, when Eli, a shadow in his skiff, hissed, "Listen!"

They listened, and drifting in slight overtones across the water was the sound of a slowly moving boat.

"That's them," Tucker said.

They hastily gathered the nets back in and turned the bows of the skiffs in the direction of the Lulubel. Rowing swiftly, they now could hear the boat plainly and knew that it was coming in their direction. The shadowed bulk of the Lulubel materialized ahead, and they quickly made the skiffs fast and got aboard.

"Get the anchor in, and don't let it hit the boat," Tucker said. Eli went forward, and there was a rattle of the anchor chain as he jerked the hook aboard. Then, suddenly, a burst of light illumined the water, and the beam stabbed here and there.

Tucker started the motor, and swung the boat to port, and when the light found them, it shone only on the stern. Eli groaned, but Tucker jabbed the throttle open.

"You cain't outrun that boat," Eli said. "And if you try to cut across the bank we'll go aground sure."

Tucker looked back. The boat with the searchlight was pursuing and coming fast. "Somebody's going aground, right enough, but it'll be newcomers, not us."

The Lulubel's keel bumped slightly on the hard sand, and ran free.

Tucker kept looking back, and presently he cut the motor and listened. The boat pursuing them had stopped—aground—and the sound of its futilely racing motor overtook them.

NEXT morning at the dock, Lieutenant Brinson saw Tucker and on this day there was no mildness in his eye. He said, "Wyatt, you sold some bluefish this morning."

"A few. Mostly trout."

"Bluefish don't hang around the shore much."

"Sometimes you can get a few." Tucker shrugged.

"You listen to me, Wyatt. Don't let me catch you outside after dark."

"I don't aim to."

But Tucker knew that the next time he tried to run he might be shot, and so when he saw John Dorais hobbling into the general store he remembered their conversation. He waited outside the store for the Greek.

"I recollect what you said about that lead boat," Tucker said.

"We go any time—today, tomorrow, any time," Dorais said.

"By day we can do the diving. At night I aim to fish off Talsee Shoal."

John Dorais shook his head. "You get us into much trouble."

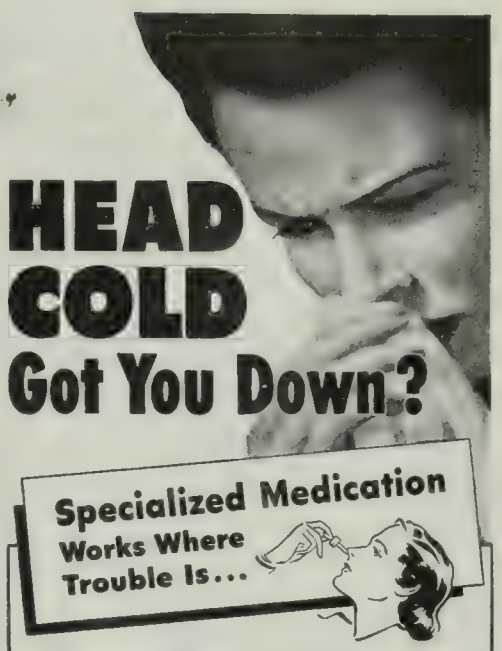
"New Island's forty miles from here. Ain't likely nobody'll be down there looking." . . .

Talsee Shoals, a treacherous area of lime rock and constantly changing sand,



"To settle who takes me out, why don't you boys flip a lot of coin?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER





lay on the edge of water that quickly dropped off to ten and twenty fathoms. At the point of the shoal a small island rose a few feet above the water, growing a tiny patch of juncus grass and three or four dwarfed salt-water bushes, and carrying the name of New Island.

Tucker anchored the Lulubel beyond the island. They spent their first day setting up the small motor and air pump, and fashioning a wire-net shield around the boat's propeller so that it wouldn't cut the air hose while following the underwater course of John Dorais.

That evening, Eli said, "Ain't you too tired to fish tonight, Tucker? How come we don't run on into shore like we're s'posed to?"

"I come to fish."

"I don't like it some little bit," the Greek complained. "We find this lead and then you don't need to fish."

"We ain't found the lead yet. Then'll be time enough to talk about quitting fishing."

"If they catch us out here, they liable to think we're hauling stuff to submarines," Eli said.

"I was born on this coast, and my daddy before me, and they ought to know I ain't got nothing on my mind but feeding my young'uns."

So by night they gill-netted, and by day John Dorais plodded back and forth across the bright-colored floor of the gulf. He had started diving just off New Island, and day by day he moved farther out. After the water deepened to over ten fathoms, he could not stay down for extended periods. During one of the rests, Tucker said:

"I don't see how come that fellow never used New Island for one of the range points, if she went down anywhere around here."

JOHN DORAIS smoked in silence. Far out on the horizon moved a freight ship; down the shore several miles the sails of two hooker sponge boats showed. "Ah, maybe she not here no more. I think she bust up on the shoals, then she suppose to slide off down to the bottom right close by. But she not there."

"Maybe there wasn't no boat at all. I don't remember nothing about no ship of lead."

"*Long* time ago," Dorais reminded.

Eli was quick to accept Tucker's conjecture. "Wasn't never no boat down here," he said. "We might as well go home."

"We got to go tomorrow, anyway," Tucker said, "the ice is getting down low."

"But we come back soon," Dorais insisted.

Since they were leaving early in the morning and the water was calm, they didn't bother to run back to the lee of New Island. They ate and were ready for their bunks by dark, in order to have no lights showing to the patrol planes that occasionally droned high overhead.

During the night the wind rose a little, and the Lulubel swung once into a trough, and the rocking woke Tucker. At the next moment, there was an explosion, somewhere, a dull upheaval close enough to jar the bones of them, and to shatter dishes, and to shudder the Lulubel to her very keel. Eli found himself on the floor, and John Dorais grunted in pain as he tried to ease himself out of the bunk.

"What was that?" Eli shouted in fright.

"It come from down around New Island," Tucker said.

They stood in the cockpit and stared across the water. A half-moon illumined the gulf.

Suddenly, this time from seaward, there was a flare of light, and then a deep explosion.

"Somebody's shooting at something!" Eli said.

An abrupt flame appeared, and with it they could make out a vast bulk two or three miles away.

"Look!" Dorais shouted. "They torpedo a freight boat! See her burn up!"

Tucker stared. Then he wheeled to Eli. "Get the anchor!" he ordered, and pushed the starter.

ELI hauled the anchor in and returned to the cockpit, and then he saw that the Lulubel's bow was not pointing shoreward.

"Where you going?" he asked suddenly.



"Couldn't you let me in and then stop me from coming out?"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

"There's men in need of help," Tucker said.

"Yeah, Tucker, but there's a *submarine* out yonder!"

Tucker opened the throttle of the boat and said nothing. His eyes stayed on the glowing bulk ahead. Dorais supported himself against the starboard rail, his rock-carved face expressionless; Eli stared with open mouth.

Tucker shouted, "Git out them ring buoys and life preservers, and fix up two or three lines with knots in the end."

The ship was listing heavily and the flames that had been at the stern were now also amidships and creeping still forward. There were no further flashes from the bow of the ship; once they thought they could see tiny figures dropping overside. The Lulubel's bow shoved into the spreading slick of oil.

"Look!" said Eli, and pointed to something that looked like a seal swimming in the water—only it was not a seal, but a man. Tucker reversed, and kicked the stern to starboard, and Eli and Dorais grabbed at the weakly swimming man. At first they seized his arm but it was greasy and he slid loose and went under. Eli started to go overside after him when he appeared again, and this time they got their fingers into his clothes and hauled him in. For a moment he lay on the floor, then stirred and said in a queer, adolescent voice, "T'anks, mytes . . ."

"English," Dorais said.

"Why, he ain't nothing but a child," Eli panted. "Fifteen or sixteen."

Tucker motioned to Dorais. "You take the wheel"—so that there would be two able-bodied men to pull in the next swimmer.

Two lifeboats, with men's faces showing in the red glare, moved about close to the ship, picking up men. The heat was like blasts from a converter. Ahead Tucker saw another form. When they hauled this second seaman in, he said, "Take a try for my bud, hey, myte? Stuck yonder forward—too damn' big a chap."

Dorais headed the boat in close, and the heat came in blowtorch waves. The great bulk of the sinking ship loomed, and one of the portholes was not glowing yellow, but was blacked out, and they saw that a human being was hung in it, halfway in and halfway out. The rescued seaman was saying, "I come through 'er all roight, bein' so bloody small, but Ludie yonder . . ." They could see the boy named Ludie struggling, while the fire in the room behind him grew. With the list of the ship, the porthole was only five or six feet above the water.

"Work her in close, and jam it right against the ship!" Tucker shouted to Dorais.

THE boy in the porthole, desperately writhing, had not seen them, and when he did he shouted, "Hey, how about a bit of a yank?"

Tucker and Eli seized his arms, and bracing their feet against the gunwales, they pulled, and the veins colored in the boy's sweating face. The fingers gripping Tucker's shoulder dug in like claws of steel. The second seaman squeezed in between them and got hold, his head against the contorted face of his friend, and they pulled, but the boy's hips were too big to come through. Tucker touched the steel of the ship and hot, and the roaring of the flame a constant rumble in their ears. He that the boy's legs must be almost ing.

Again they braced and pulled sweat of their hot arms and hand like grease. The boy in the porthol hardly able to make himself heard noise, "Aye, she's no bloody good! me be, or you'll cook your own se

"No, don't leave 'im!" the frien "Give another one—better to pu in two than leave 'im!"

Tucker said, "All right, brace feet and don't be easy with him!

They set their feet against th plates of the ship—even Dorais a sick seaman gave a hand—and pulled, and this time they felt th heave forward a little.

"He's out a bit!" the seaman and then Ludie's muscles went lax fainted.

Finally they pulled him throug Dorais drove the boat away, the what the fire had done to Ludie's and they saw how their pulling taken the flesh off Ludie's hips. that's no bother," said Ludie's f holding him, "he had too domn' one anyhow."

They got away from the ship Dorais put the Lulubel in a circ they watched for men in the water motor began to cough, although it running. The lifeboats were not in now; but Tucker knew they were n away, and presently he would find and tow them in.

Eli said suddenly, "Look! Yon is!"

The submarine was a blackness the moonlit water several hundred away, and they saw that it was mo submerging. Dorais cut off the m No one spoke. The two young se who were conscious stared at the u sea monster expressionlessly.

In a few seconds it was gone. T said, in soft and bitter anger, "The no right in here!"

ELI found Tucker at the ways, w the Lulubel stood, securely blo getting a coat of grayish-blue pain

"You know what I just found Tucker?" he asked excitedly. "Tha big noise we heard the other night one of them torpedoes. The sub m first time, and the torpedo kept on g until it busted against New Island damn' near blew it to nothing. And know what? Next day Jud Brown his fishermen was out there loo around and they seen an old piec mast, and it was that lead ship. done hired 'em a diver to help gi lead out. What happened was, the kept building up on that old wreck it was plumb covered up, and t what made New Island, and the re it wasn't used as no range point is c it wasn't there. Now ain't that a he a come-off?"

Tucker dipped his brush into the p and for a few moments let it drip the bucket as he digested this info tion. Then he said, "It shore is t and resumed his painting.

"And there—" Eli broke off. " that's Coast Guard paint you're a- ting on that boat."

"Me and the Lulubel," Tucker "are going to work for the Coast Gu Before long the lieutenant is goin slap a new motor in her, and the the pale eyes narrowed ominously aim to try to help make it hard on t newcomers we seen out yonder with black submarine boat."

THE END



EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD ★ ★ U.S. NEEDS US STRONG

Every day, eat this way

MILK & MILK PRODUCTS... at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT ... or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

Green or Yellow VEGETABLES ... one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT ... potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD & CEREAL ... whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH ... dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS ... at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER & OTHER SPREADS ... vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

Property of Federal Security Agency
may be reproduced by permission only

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES, PAUL V. McNUTT, DIRECTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOOD IS FUEL FOR VICTORY

To keep them strong, feed them well ... Follow Uncle Sam's Food Chart

THERE are 50 nutrients essential to life—all these are found in 5 basic food groups—proteins, fats, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins. Each of these performs many functions within the body—each belongs in the well-balanced diet every day.

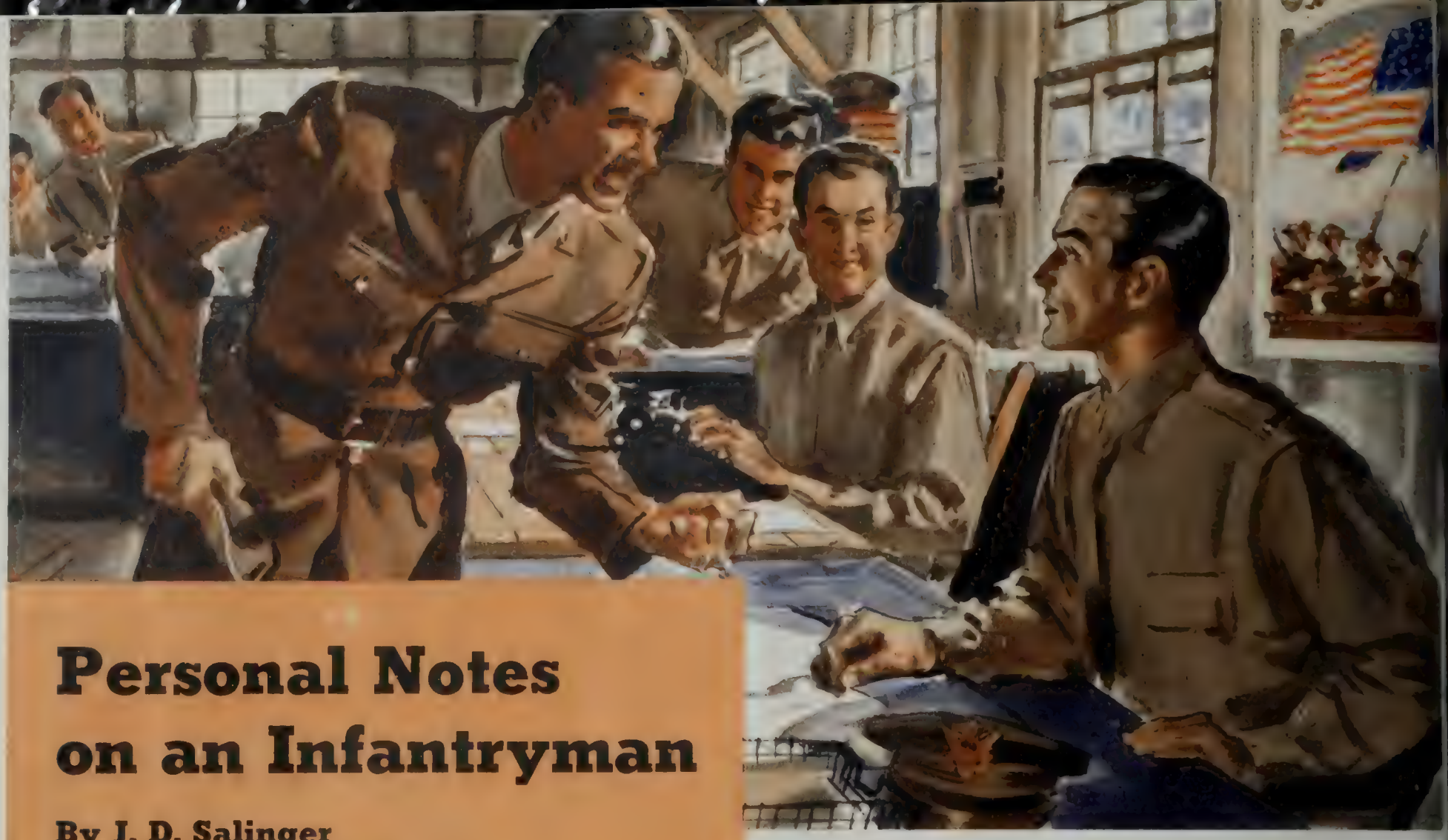
Use the Official U. S. Food Chart as your guide to nutritional meal-planning. Be sure to serve some foods from each group on the chart daily, along with any other foods you like.

This Advertisement Contributed in the Interest of the National Nutrition Program *by the*
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

Curtiss Candy Company believes in sound nutrition. That's why the *quality* and *goodness* of Baby Ruth is so carefully guarded. This fine, pure candy is an excellent supplemental food to any sensible diet. Rich in Dextrose, Baby Ruth provides food energy quickly. After meals, serve Baby Ruth. *It's fine candy for children—great for grown-ups, too.*



By the way...
have you ever made
cookies with Baby Ruth?
So delicious...so easy to make.
(Recipe on every wrapper)



Personal Notes on an Infantryman

By J. D. Salinger

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Lawlor said something that sent a terrific thrill up my back. He leanc across my desk. "I want action. Can't you understand that? I want actic

HE CAME into my Orderly Room wearing a gabardine suit. He was several years past the age—is it about forty?—when American men make living-room announcements to their wives that they're going to start going to gym twice a week—to which their wives reply: "That's nice, dear—will you *please* use the ash tray? That's what it's for." His coat was open and you could see a fine set of carefully trained beer muscles. His shirt collar was wringing wet. He was out of breath.

He came up to me with all his papers in his hand, and laid them down on my desk. "Will you look these over?" he said.

I told him I wasn't the recruiting officer. He said, "Oh," and started to pick up his papers, but I took them from him and looked them over.

"This isn't an Induction Station, you know," I said.

"I know. I understand enlistments are taken here now, though."

I nodded. "You realize that if you enlist at this post you'll probably take your basic training here. This is Infantry. We're a little out of fashion. We walk. How are your feet?"

"They're all right."

"You're out of breath," I said.

"But my feet are all right. I can get my wind back. I've quit smoking."

I turned the pages of his application papers. My first sergeant swung his chair around, the better to watch.

"You're a technical foreman in a key war industry," I pointed out to this man, Lawlor. "Have you stopped to consider that a man your age might be of greatest service to his country if he just stuck to his job?"

"I've found a bright young man with a 1-A mind and a 4-F body to take over my job," Lawlor said.

"I should think," I said, lighting a cigarette, "that the man taking your place would require years of training and experience."

"I used to think so myself," Lawlor said.

My first sergeant looked at me, raising one hoary eyebrow.

"You're married and have two sons," I said to Lawlor. "How does your wife feel about your going to war?"

"She's delighted. Didn't you know? All wives are anxious to see their husbands go to war," Lawlor said, smiling peculiarly. "Yes, I have two sons. One in the Army, one in the Navy—till he lost an arm at Pearl Harbor. Do you mind if I don't take up any more of your time? Sergeant, do you mind telling me where the recruiting officer is?"

Sergeant Olmstead didn't answer him. I flipped Lawlor's papers across the desk. He picked them up, and waited.

"Down the company street," I said. "Turn left. First building on the right."

"Thanks. Sorry to have bothered you," Lawlor said sarcastically. He left the Orderly Room, mopping the back of his neck with a handkerchief.

I don't think he was out of the Orderly Room five minutes before the phone rang. It was his wife. I explained to her that I was not the recruiting officer and that there was nothing I could do. If he wanted to join the Army and was mentally, physically, and morally fit—then there wasn't anything the recruiting officer could do either, except swear him in. I said there was always the possibility that he wouldn't pass the physical exam.

I talked to Mrs. Lawlor for quite a while, even though it wasn't a strictly G. I. phone call. She has the sweetest voice I know. She sounds as though she'd spent most of her life telling little boys where to find the cookies.

I wanted to tell her not to phone me any more. But I couldn't be unkind to that voice. I never could.

I had to hang up finally. My first sergeant was ready with a short lecture on the importance of getting tough with dames.

I kept an eye on Lawlor all through his basic training. There wasn't any one call-it-by-a-name phase of Army life that knocked him out or even down. He pulled K. P. for a solid week, too, and he was as good a sink admiral as the next one. Nor did he have trouble learning to march, or learning to make up his bunk properly, or learning to sweep out his barrack.

He was a darned good soldier, and I wanted to see him get on the ball.

AFTER his basic, Lawlor was transferred to "F" Company of the First Battalion, commanded by George Eddy, a darn' good man. That was late last spring. Early in summer Eddy's outfit got orders to go across. At the last minute, Eddy dropped Lawlor's name from the shipping list.

Lawlor came to see me about it. He was hurt and just a little bit insubordinate. Twice I had to cut him short.

"Why tell me about it?" I said. "I'm not your C. O."

"You probably had something to do with it. You didn't want me to join up in the first place."

"I had nothing to do with it," I said. And I hadn't. I had never said a word to George Eddy, either pro or con.

Then Lawlor said something to me that sent a terrific thrill up my back. He bent over slightly and leaned across my desk. "I want action," he said. "Can't you understand that? *I want action.*"

I had to avoid his eyes. I don't know quite why. He stood up straight again.

He asked me if his wife had telephoned me again.

I said she hadn't.

"She probably phoned Captain Eddy," Lawlor said bitterly.

"I don't think so," I said.

Lawlor nodded vaguely. Th saluted me, faced about, and le Orderly Room. I watched him. H beginning to wear his uniform. H dropped about fifteen pounds ar shoulders were back and his sto what was left of it, was sucked in didn't look bad. He didn't look l all.

Lawlor was transferred again, to pany "L" of the Second Battalion made corporal in August, got his sergeant stripes early in October. Ginnes was his C. O. and Bud said lor was the best man in his compa

Late in winter, just about the t was ordered to take over the basic ing school, the Second Battalior shipped across. I wasn't able to Mrs. Lawlor for several days after lor was shipped. Not until his outf officially landed abroad. Then I distanced her.

She didn't cry. Her voice got low, though, and I could hardly hea I wanted to say just the right thi her I wanted to bring her wonderful up to normal. I thought of alludi Lawlor as being one of our gallant now. But she knew he was gallant. body knew that. And he wasn't a And, in the first place, the allusior labored and phony. I thought of other phrases, but they were all o long-haired side, too.

Then I knew that I couldn't brin voice up to normal—at least nc such short order. But I could her happy. I knew that I could mak happy.

"I sent for Pete," I said. "And h able to go to the boat. Dad start salute us, but we kissed him goodby looked good. He really looked Ma."

Pete's my brother. He was an e in the Navy.



GIVE *Him* YOUR CHRISTMAS TRIP!

lp a fighting man enjoy his precious leave or furlough

'd hardly expect a lady to jump up and offer a seat to a healthy, husky young man—even a man niform. It would thoroughly embarrass any soldier, or or marine, you can be sure!

en we suggest that you "Give him your Christmas ," we mean simply this:

ossible, postpone your usual year-end trip by Grey-nd, so that there will be more seat-space for men niform—at a time when leaves or furloughs spent h friends and loved ones mean so much to them.

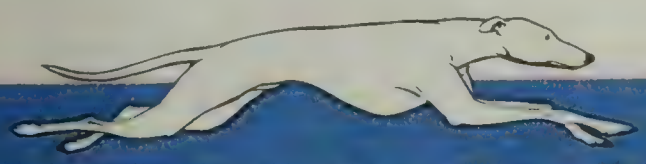
Around Christmas and New Year's every kind of public transportation will be crowded to capacity—because America, of all the fighting nations, can still travel with amazing freedom. So, let's go out of our way to assure travel-room for our men in uniform and for war workers *in the American way!* That means gladly, voluntarily—by planning necessary trips several days *before* or *after* the year-end holidays.

Greyhound hopes and expects to keep America's millions on the move—*first,* to serve essential war work and military requirements, *second,* to meet urgent civilian needs—and intends to do this gigantic job with all the comfort and efficiency that wartime restrictions will permit. But Greyhound—and all public transportation—needs your loyal, friendly cooperation.

Little things? They add up to big help for America-at-war!

If every American will follow these voluntary, patriotic rules, there should be no breakdown of wartime transportation:

1. Don't take unnecessary trips.
2. Avoid travel during all holidays and rush periods.
3. Take necessary trips on mid-week days, instead of on crowded week-ends.
4. Take as little baggage as possible.
5. Be at terminal or bus stop early.
6. Get trip information from your Greyhound agent well in advance.



REYHOUND



One way
TO CONSERVE GASOLINE



You will get *more driving* from every gallon of gasoline if you do these two things—faithfully:

1 **Have your spark plugs checked, cleaned, and adjusted every 4,000 miles.**

2 **Replace badly worn plugs promptly.**

Dirty and worn spark plugs waste as much gasoline as one gallon in every ten you buy.

GET PLUGS CLEANED
where you see this sign →





AC Produces for Victory—Machine guns, aircraft spark plugs, standard spark plugs, oil filters, and many other products are being supplied to our armed forces.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corp.*

Look Out! Those Guns Are Loaded!

Continued from page 13

There doesn't seem to be much room to move around, and when you go across to the big main room where a fire is roaring in the huge fireplace you start to stumble over hunters and mattresses. These hunters are the ones who couldn't get rooms. The proprietor just put mattresses on the floor and the hunters are trying to get some sleep. They can't, because of persons like you stumbling and falling over them, so they get up and join the general confusion around the bar.

This, remember, is the night before opening morning. You have to get up early, have breakfast and travel to where you are going to hunt, before daybreak—and you can't go to sleep. You decide, for the tenth year, to get a room with some quiet private family next season—and, of course, you won't because there is something exhilarating about all the excitement, and things quiet down enough so you can get two hours of sound, refreshing sleep. You aren't even tired when other hunters, walking across your bed to get out of the room, awaken you in the morning.

A hasty breakfast and your party is off into the dark that seems so black just before dawn. You are driving six miles to a spot where you are certain there will be deer. On the road you meet cars driving just as certainly from the spot where you are going to the spot you just left. It's one of the rules—never hunt right at your cabin.

Rifles are loaded in the dim light with a metallic clicking that sounds loud in the cold air. The leader of your group starts back into the woods and, since you are "going on stand," he posts you and your companions at vantage points along the way. There you are to stand until you see a deer, are shot or fall from exhaustion.

At last you are alone in the woods—alone, that is, except for half a hundred other hunters in shooting distance; but you don't see them because they, too, are crouching against some tree trunk as you are, chilled and miserable, trying to keep quiet. Your own companions are to the right and left of you. Occasionally one coughs or moves a bit and you look suspiciously toward the sound.

How to Get Mistaken for Deer

If you really wanted to shoot a hunter, it's awfully easy. All you do is fire first and make certain later. If you hear a rustling in the brush and spot a movement, take a shot at it. You might get an old buck with gray hair, spectacles and rheumatism who has been floundering in the brush. Or if you see a flash of white in the woods, fire at it. The white-tailed deer gets its name from the bobbing flag it carries on its rump, and the white flash you see might be a deer—or it might be a hunter using a white handkerchief. Another easy way to kill a hunter is to shoot at a deer when only the head is visible moving through the woods—some fool hunters carry dead deer on their shoulders when toting them out.

Finally someone really starts a deer. You know it's a deer because the firing opens far up the ridge and comes toward you as each man on stand takes a wild shot at the fleeting buck. The gunfire rolls down the valley—boom, boom, boom!—and someone shouts: "There he goes!" You don't get a sight of him, however; he's a ridge runner and he's taking the opposite ridge. The firing dies away in the distance. Experts to the contrary, it's hard to hit a deer running in front of such a barrage.

About noon you start to look t members of your party to have You pass two and agree to me after you have found the fellow end of the line. You meet strange ing in the woods. You see men over campfires. You hear them "George, you, George! Where ar

You stop one of them. "Did y fellow in a red and black woo with black engineer's boots, car Savage .300 rifle? He wore a re you describe your partner.

The stranger scratches his chi no; I didn't see him," he answe then asks a question of his own you notice a short, fat guy in a outfit with a red cape over his sh carrying a Winchester .30-30?"

No, you hadn't seen him. Yo but meet many others like him. Y the same question and they ask tions. Finally, you find your part lunch and finish out opening day morning you may hunt in a d way. There are two kinds of h stand-and-drive and still-hunting.

The Perils of Still-hunting

In driving, half your party g stand and the other half starts a distant point and drives toward the ers, shouting and yodeling if they

The theory is that the drivers ch deer toward the standers.

In still-hunting (the only inte way and also the most danger heavily hunted country) the hunte out by himself into the woods an to use his wits and woods skill i ing a deer by tracking it in snow searching out the buck in the s or other cover. It is dangerous b the still-hunter necessarily must quietly, concealing himself at all and another gunner is quite likely t a shot at him. Common proced such case is to fire back just as that you aren't a deer.

The matter of the right deer rif vides material for endless argume the mountainous states high-po rifles are the safest guns to use b trees and short ranges between th quickly stop the bullet. In flat state as New Jersey, where only sh loaded with buckshot are legal, some southern swamplands, high ered rifles are dangerous. More de probably killed with .30-30s thar any other gun, but this doesn't sarily mean that it is the best dee It only means that more persons u .30-30 lever action than any othe because it was one of the first magazine weapons to use the the smokeless powder. This Wincheste a similar Marlin model in carbin are the most pop deer guns in country. One expert picks, as th big game guns, the following rifles action—the Winchester Model 70 heavier calibers, the Springfield s model, and the Remington Model lever action—the Winchester Mod the Winchester Model 64, and the S Model 99-RS; slide action, the Re ton Model 141.

Excessive power doesn't always a good deer gun in brush countr heavy bullet, such as the old .38-5 .405 or the .45-70, moving at com tively low speed, will bull its way th brush better than a bullet from a powered cartridge. The latter is shatter on a twig or to be deflected

THE END



SOMEWHERE ON THIS PAGE IS A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY WHERE YOUR BOY MAY BE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

"Whoops!" from Ireland. "Just ...ived a cable from my son in ...and which ended: DARLINGS, ...T DIGEST. WHOOPS. This ...ought home to me again what ...e Reader's Digest means to these ...ls so far away from home, when ...e of them uses some of the pre... ...ous words in a limited cable to ...xpress his joy over getting it."
Mrs. T. A. G., *Ohio*

...map **"Solid Chunk of Real Knowledge."** ...ight now, while in a convoy ...und North, I am enjoying old ...ues of Reader's Digest. The aver... seaman will, if provided enough ...e, read anything from the best ...y to diaper the baby to how to ...ke vanilla snaps. From this you ...n imagine the pleasure we have ...en a good solid chunk of real ...owledge is thrown our way. Keep ... the good work."
3rd Asst. Engineer L. R. G.,
On convoy duty, North Atlantic

...p **Short Road to Promotion.** "My ...issue came okay and I put it in ...Orderly Desk in the Captain's ...ce. Later it was gone. I began ...rave like an Indian. About that ...e my Captain came in and asked ...at was the matter. When I told ...m, he smiled and pulled a Reader's ...igest out of his pocket, and said, ...Is this it?" Then he asked if he ...ould use it to read an article to ...he Company. P. S. I'm a sergeant ...ow."
Sergeant J. H., *Ohio*

4. See map **Marine at Guadalcanal.** "I have just received the new issue and as usual it is a rare treat. The paper I am writing on is captured Jap paper —just to let the world know that the Marines are doing their part here and doing it well."
Corporal L. A. H., *Guadalcanal*

5. See map **"Requirement for a Sailor."** "The Reader's Digest has become about the only unofficial requirement for a sailor's full bag of necessities. Our ship's store sells The Reader's Digest as though each copy had a dollar bill in it for a bookmark."
Machinist's Mate 1/c W. L. G.,
U. S. Navy

6. See map **Remember Pearl Harbor.** "We casualties here at Tripler General Hospital want to sing the praises of The Reader's Digest. This mighty little magazine has been wonderful for passing long days of convalescence. Our copies get well worn, soiled and dog-eared, as we hand them from bed to bed."
Corporal M. J. C.,
Territory of Hawaii

7. See map **"Next best to a Letter from Home"** "My parents and also some unknown friend subscribe for me. The extra copy is treasured here in Australia. Next to a letter from home, I enjoy receiving the Digest more than anything else."
Sergeant A. E. R., *Australia*

8. See map **"Worth its Weight in Gold."** "Your magazine is my only reading matter away out here in the Pacific. It's worth its weight in gold. It is getting so I must stand guard over it so I can read it myself."
Captain J. D. N., *Southwest Pacific*

9. See map **"A Comfort in Separation."** "My wife and I have been whole-hearted appreciators of The Reader's Digest for a number of years, and one of the comforts in our wartime separation is the knowledge that each still enjoys the fine material which we used to share together so often by reading aloud. It is a great boon on an isolated station."
Lieutenant W. H. P., *Newfoundland*

10. See map **Welcome in Iceland.** "Your cross section of American life is extremely welcome to us, the occupying forces in this rocky, little-known island."
Lieutenant W. B. U., *Iceland*

11. See map **Reading Under Fire in Libya.** "Diving into a trench beside their truck in Libya when waves of Stuka bombers roared over, my two sons lay for five and a half hours listening to the incessant whine of bullets and shell-splinters passing overhead. After the first half hour, the elder son pulled an issue of The Reader's Digest from his pocket and the two took turns reading the articles aloud. They say that The Reader's Digest saved them from the mental collapse that so frequently accompanies a blitz like this."
Mr. H. E. G., *Transvaal, Africa*

EVERY AMERICAN who is worth his salt has this determined thought—to give our boys the best of everything while they are away; and to have a better country waiting for them when they come home.

These boys hunger for knowledge of what we think and do, for insight into the issues involved in this world crusade, for glimpses of the kind of country we are trying to fashion for their return.

"While this army," says an officer, "is the readingest army the world has ever known, it suffers from an appalling shortage of good reading matter." This is confirmed by all who write from our many fighting fronts. The Reader's Digest selects the most vital and timely articles from leading periodicals and books, and condenses them for pleasant, profitable reading. Wherever your boy may be this Christmas, he's sure to appreciate the gift of this most widely enjoyed and personally helpful of magazines—The Reader's Digest.

ANNOUNCEMENTS have been sent to subscribers suggesting The Reader's Digest as an ideal gift for this wartime Christmas. In the December issue, now on all newsstands, is a form which readers may use to send the Digest to friends in this country at reduced Christmas rates; or—at half price—to any number of men in our armed forces anywhere in the world.

The Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, N. Y.

STOUT-HEARTED
shot to hell... but heading home

IT TAKES A STOUT HEART to aim your plane and torpedo into the close-up of hell that blazes from a Jap carrier...to take it on the chin and come back.

Yes, America's Invincible Crews are writing epics in the skies over the Pacific, over Europe over Egypt and all fighting points on the globe. And with them into combat rides ***The Invisible Crew*** . . . a Bendix crew of precision equipment. The stout heart of that crew is the "BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Aircraft Magneto. From its battle station behind the spinning propeller and roaring engine it generates constant electrical life.

Unfaltering, these magnetos deliver over 40,000 timed sparks a minute to each engine. Supercharged, they meet combat problems in the sub-stratosphere. Bendix engineered, they deliver a sparking power that exceeds the extreme operating demands of all modern aircraft in arid deserts, over steaming swamps, and ice-bound wastelands.

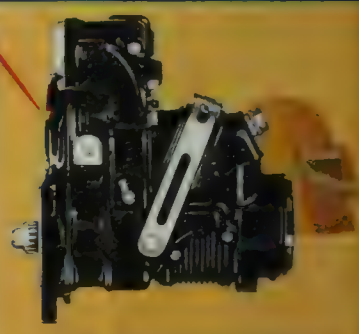
The "BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Aircraft Magneto is only one member of ***The Invisible Crew*** performing vital functions on land, sea and in the air. The Bendix engineering mind and tens of thousands of skilled Bendix workers have put precision tools for Victory into mass production to hasten our inevitable triumph.

SCINTILLA MAGNETO DIVISION

Join America's Invincible Crew! Fly to Victory with the U. S. Army, Navy or Marine Corps. If you are between 18 and 26 apply for pilot training to your nearest Recruiting Station.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants Are Speeding "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts



THE STOUT HEART O
"THE INVISIBLE CREW

The "BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Aircr
Magneto has solved many ign
tion problems of all-altitud
flight with new development

Supercharging to contr
sparks in the sub-stratospher
Exclusive cam and breaker poi
design to insure even firin
and maximum power. Coron
resistant with improved termin
and distributor point design. Th
"BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Ignitio
System incorporates a speci
cast-sealed ignition harness ar
unique high performance spa
plugs. Together, the magnet
harness and plugs create a un
form, balanced system.

COPYRIGHT 1942, BENDIX AVIATION CO

The Mormons Move Over

Continued from page 87

as hardly the man for the city hall. So I'm a sucker," said Ab. "I got to ayor then. I didn't go looking for job, but once I was started I wasn't g to have any lousy politicians say- I wasn't good enough."

e's been mayor three years now, and Lake City is still quite numbed by it His Honor has provided them with e excitement than a second coming righam Young.

nce a week, strictly ad lib, Ab takes he air on The Mayor Reports pro- n. Armed with honest indignation, king back and forth on his heels and wing gum, Ab tells all. Friends finally le him hire a rapid-fire stenographer ake down his speech just in case of a Ab has a little habit of calling his oks as he sees them giving their names, resses and phone numbers.

b's tenure has been one long series of ursions and alarms. He discovered the police and fire department equip- nt might well have crossed the plains he Mormon trek. This brought such raged bellows from one who had al- s designed his own streamlined cars t today the civic equipment is Salt e City's particular pride and joy.

Having torn the city's equipment rt, Ab next descended on the police sonnel. He didn't rest until Reed E. tterli, a local boy who had made good h the F.B.I, was installed as chief. . Vetterli shook and he shook, and a of strange apples immediately fell out the city.

"The one thing I don't go for," Ab s grimly, "is politicians. They always np the way the votes are, and you n't do that, mister. A lot of the time e public wants things that you know rned well can't work out. You got to t up on your hind legs then and tell em so. Maybe it don't get you re- cted but you sure sleep better."

Girls to Spare

Utah has one of the country's largest rth rates. There are still two girls to ery male in Utah, and the soldiers and fense workers are very happy about e whole thing. The "fishing spots" here boy meets girl range from a big llroom, Camp Coconut Grove on outh Main, to Camp Coke, a big chain ugstore farther up the street. There e three or four pretty girls in each ooth. Soldiers work their way down the ooths one by one, trying to squeeze in eside the girls, and when they can get way with it, the romance is on.

There are other spots, too, where the oys can have a big time for four bits. he Playdium features recording ma- hines, kiss-o-meters, clay pigeons, mar- le games, and the chance to operate lectrical machine guns that mow down ap planes and Nazi submarines. The oss, Miss Charlotte Nelson, divides her me between keeping things strictly un- er control and singing in the Taber- acle choir. The mistress of the juke ox, Miss Beth Miller, is another popular Playdium personality. Formerly a hula ancer in a Hollywood café, Beth still an't refrain from taking a few bumps or the boys. When Beth's on the floor, giving her all to She Was a Washout in Blackout, the arcade plays to standing oom only.

While much of the excitement centers n Salt Lake City, the whole state, ready or no, is undergoing a social revolution. Quiet Provo, until last year famed only for Brigham Young University and one of the nation's finest fruit valleys, is still thunderstruck at the $120,000,000 steel plant that has miraculously risen in its midst. And, with booming pay rolls, there are more and more backsliders in the church; those Mormons who slip up to Salt Lake City to whoop it up, far from the eyes of the local bishops.

Tooele County, boom spot of western Utah, a land of vast and sandy wastes, has seen its population triple this past year. Ogden, second city of the state, is more than blossoming on the strength of an ordnance depot. Wafer-thin hamburgers on Washington Street, worth a nickel in any town, cost twenty-five cents.

Down on the Weber River that runs through the city, a hundred defense workers' families are living in shacks and lean-tos that would frighten the wits out of a Boy Scout. Facilities are forgotten; cleanliness is impossible. With rents tilted over 60%, exorbitant prices are asked for any shelter. If you are lucky you can share a cozy basement room with four other people for a modest twenty-five dollars a month. And housing is almost as bad in Salt Lake City, where the priorities can't possibly meet the demand.

Only in the sugar-beet country is there no housing problem; there they are plagued with lack of field hands. From Hooper, Utah, to Preston, Idaho, those shorthanded faithful who have not been lured by defense salaries work sixteen hours a day raising their "freedom food"—tomatoes, dairy products, sugar beets, grain and potatoes. Nor is the lack of labor all that troubles them.

The good Mormon town of Logan, nestling in beautiful mountains, has seen the Utah State Agricultural College become a radio-training school for sailors and Marines. And while the Aggies are still in business, the folks can't get used to all those strange uniforms, and there are worried faces at the Cache Stake Tabernacle. They're still tending their farms and reading The Book, but there is a fretful acknowledgment of the war in their wagons.

Practical folk, they have decided the odds are against using their trucks much longer and so they build farm wagons on their chassis. "Way I figure," said one elderly brother, surveying his rubber-tired wagon with deep satisfaction, "we might as well ride the fields in comfort. On wagons, these tires are going to last a lot longer than Hitler."

One thing about the war struck him as mighty peculiar. A daughter took a job in an ordnance plant and during a recent illness her co-workers sent her flowers with the hearty message, "Get well soon —Bullet Department."

The "freedom food" that northern Utah so abundantly provides is also the backbone of the Church Welfare Plan. Harold B. Lee, youngest of the Twelve Apostles, last year spent $1,682,000 as managing director of a plan that is the envy and despair of other welfare groups.

Under the Mormon plan, the Western states are divided into regions, stakes and wards. A general committee appointed by the Apostles decides what surplus each region shall grow. The Provo region guarantees a fruit surplus; Idaho, a surplus of wheat and potatoes; California, a surplus of citrus fruits; Oregon and Washington agree to can more fish than they can use. The land used is either Mormon-owned or leased from Gentiles.

Knowing what surplus is expected of them, the regions assign a quota to each stake. That quota is in turn divided among the wards, which is where the faithful come in; each member volunteering so much labor as his church work. The late afternoon sun finds professional men and office workers going into the fields to join those brethren who have been working since dawn.

Those dependent upon church relief receive work receipts for their time in the fields. A record of each man's work then goes to his bishop that he may better judge the amount of relief to which that man's family is entitled. Simple bookkeeping, and effective, too.

Once the surpluses are achieved they are distributed in storehouses scattered throughout the 142 stakes and 1,100 wards. Regions exchange their surpluses, and the church, operating on cash secured from fast offerings, supervises canning, distribution and transportation. The Salt Lake City storehouse has the stock of a large wholesale grocer, not to mention its own butcher shop, grain elevator, cannery and root cellar. Upstairs, the ladies of the church are using power-driven sewing machines, turning out overalls, levis, dresses and slacks, all for free. The storehouse buys only shaving cream and tooth paste—and they are working on those items, too.

"Right now," says Mr. Lee, tightening his jaws, "we're preparing to aid our needy after the war. It is the church's place and duty to do so. If our people become dependent upon strangers' aid they slip away from the faith." (Not to mention the voting polls.)

Part of Utah's postwar worries is caused by the tough sledding confronting its mining industry. Until last year 47% of the state income was traceable to mining, but the bonanza days are long since over. Utah Copper's tremendous strip mine at Bingham still turns out its 700 tons of copper a day, but only at the cost of first bringing up almost 200,000 tons of ore and waste. With depletion of stocks, a state that once boasted an overwhelming abundance of copper, silver, zinc, lead and gold, is now using plastic sales-tax tokens. Lower-grade ores, lessened deposits and rising labor costs have already sent mining men scurrying to Washington.

You'll find one gentleman, though, who is staying right at home minding the Mormons' business. Orval Adams, fiscal adviser to the church, heads the Utah State National Bank. Ruddy and bluff as a small-town banker, he leans back, glasses in hand, arms cocked behind his head.

"What we fear most," he says, "is industrialized society. We have always had to be aloof. Our great danger is in losing the individualism on which Mormonism is built. Maybe our fears are partially those of all parents. Nowadays we are disturbed at our children mixing with Gentiles, being thrown into the temptations of smoking and drinking because the Joneses do. We will know more how things stand when our young men return from the war."

The Boys Are Safe, Now

Encouraged by the church, few Mormon young men wait to be drafted. There is a Mormon platoon of Marines recruited from Salt Lake City alone, following the tradition of that first Mormon battalion which answered the call in the Mexican War and, five hundred strong, made the longest recorded march of any foot company, from the plains of Council Bluffs to the sandy shores of San Diego.

The parents of boys in the Armed Forces are glad they are in service for more than one reason. With the days of "Mormon moonshine," nee fruit punch, so rapidly disappearing, they wouldn't want them exposed to those clambakes in the cafés out on the state highway. The after-hour spots, where you can get anything from a pickup to a broken skull, are going all the way on entertainment. Just be sure to bring your own muscles.

This admirable fiesta spirit is noticeable in state circles too. No love is lost between old-line Mormons and Governor Herbert B. Maw, who is a great believer in federal funds and subsidies. The governor was so unfortunate as to have been a professor of political economy prior to his election, and with such a New Deal background, there is much feuding in the Wasatch. State officials point out that despite all the talk of self-help, Utah has one of the highest old-age pension rates in the country. The brethren, they tell you, are very practical souls, who have no hesitancy about getting theirs from the government, using church relief only as supplemental help.

With so much confusion, about the only advice we could give a certain private from Brooklyn was to remember that even Abraham Lincoln had his troubles solving what went on with Utah. When asked what he intended to do about the Mormons, Mr. Lincoln sighed a great sigh. "I propose to let them alone," he said. "Utah is like a green hemlock on a frontier farm—too heavy to move, too knotty to split, too wet to burn—but it can be plowed around."

We hope the private from Flatbush will remember Mr. Lincoln's sage counsel. When we last saw him at the Playdium the private was with ulcers.

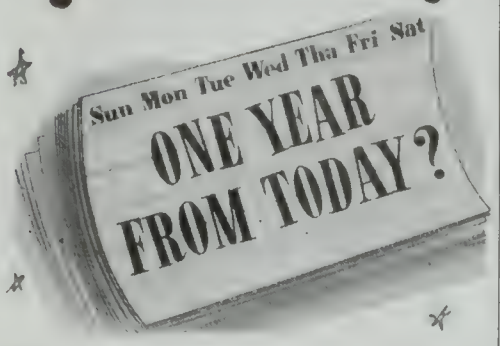
"Whatta country!" he moaned. "More pretty dolls than Coney Island even. But do they make with any sense? All the time they're calling me a Gentile yet!"

THE END

SURPRISE PACKAGES

IF YOU have a son with the A.E.F. and you get a Christmas gift from him marked R. H. Macy, New York, or Marshall Field, Chicago, don't let false hopes get the better of you. He hasn't been returned to the States; it's just the workings of the Army Exchange Service. The Service compiled a gigantic Christmas catalogue which it sent to all overseas outfits. Men in these organizations checked the gifts they wanted and paid the dough to their own exchange officers. These gents in turn sent it along to the Purchasing Division of the Army Exchange Service in New York City, which ordered the presents from various manufacturers. A lot of soldiers were partial to expensive orchids, so if you hear your secretary exclaim, the day after Christmas, "Look at the beautiful corsage I got from my boy friend in India!" you'll know she isn't nuts.

what will you be doing



SURE, victory in this war is uppermost in all our minds! And this nation's victory — like the individual's victory — depends upon training.

Listen. Some of the biggest men in this country were in your shoes once. But they knew one thing! They knew that it takes training — TRAINING — to win in this world! And they got that training through the I. C. S.!

There are 100,000 ambitious men enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools right now. They're getting sound, essential TRAINING by a method based on up-to-date textbooks, personal instruction, and sound vocational guidance. Here's the same I. C. S. coupon they mailed!

SPECIAL TUITION RATES FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 4098-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost to me, please send full particulars about the course marked X:

☐ Accounting	☐ Foremanship
☐ Advertising	☐ High School
☐ Airplane Drafting	☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Architecture	☐ Radio and Television
☐ Aviation	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Blue Print Reading	☐ Secretarial
☐ Business Management	☐ Sheet Metal ☐ Welding
☐ Chemistry ☐ Civil Engineering	☐ Traffic Management
☐ Commercial ☐ Diesel Engines	
☐ Electrical Engineering	

Name.....*Age*.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Present Position.....

Canadian residents send coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada. British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England.



QUICK, SLICK SHAVES

3 times as many

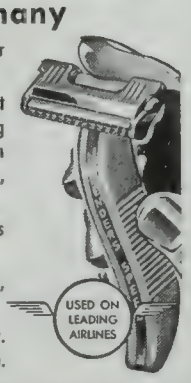
Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Kit:

1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade clicks in instantly, nothing to take apart. New type head gives clean shaves first time over. Prevents nicks, scrapes, razor burn.

2. Semi-automatic leather strop. Triples life of blades.

3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick, comb, serviceable compact case.

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.



ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

Purely Physical

Continued from page 18

"They're Aviation Volunteer Probationers," Trevor hastily told Mary. "A picked group of men slated for a sixty-day course of training to qualify for non-flying commissions like mine."

"Yes, like yours," the commander said grimly. "In two months they get stripes we work for all our lives. At least, Trevor, you reserves have *some* preliminary training."

"I often tell Father you regular Navy men will have to get over that old-school-tie attitude," Mary observed. "Of course I don't mean *you*, Commander. But to hear some of the *other* officers talk around here, you'd think they were fighting this war with their Annapolis numbers!"

AT THIS juncture Jenny Rogers fortunately appeared with the highball tray. The commander seized it from her and proceeded to make the drinks, with considerable slamming of ice and bottles. Jenny, a decorative blonde, took her glass to a corner and sat looking remote. Trevor took the one shoved at him and gulped down a stiff shot while Mary refused hers.

"I want to keep my brain clear," she explained tactfully. "I came over to tell you about a plan for Lieutenant Magruder. Has Jenny told you, Commander, about this poor Lieutenant Magruder we met this afternoon?"

"Where were you meeting lieutenants this afternoon?" the commander demanded of Jenny. "I thought I told you—"

"Oh, for gosh sake," Jenny said. "We went down to the Restricted Area to see those models of small advance bases, and Magruder was detailed as our officer escort. Want to make something of it?"

Mary got a firm hold here to tell all about poor Magruder and his fellow officers. Her plan, she said, was going to improve their morale. It was a question of establishing a liaison between B.O.Q. and the station, which in turn must have a liaison with the town.

"Jenny will represent the station," she hurled blithely against the commander's ominous silence. "There'll be a notice on the B.O.Q. bulletin board for everyone in search of congeniality to report to Mrs. Rogers; Jenny will register names, ages and social preferences, and turn them over to Edith Baker. Edith is a friend of mine from college who lives in the town and knows everybody. I have telephoned her already."

The commander put his glass down heavily. "Mary," he said, "it is a tradition of the Navy that we expect officers to look after their own damn' morale, and if they can't they're no damn' good."

"Tradition!" Mary cried. "England has had to get rid of her old-school-tie attitude and break with tradition! And so will we, if we want to win this war!"

"We will not win the war by pampering Magruders," the commander said. "I have no sympathy with this scheme, and neither has Jenny."

"Speak for yourself, dear," Jenny cooed. "Me, I'd *love* to be a liaison for lonely officers. We'll have to change that bulletin wording a little, though, Mary. A notice for all officers in search of congeniality to apply to Mrs. Rogers sounds a little—well, *bald*, don't you think?"

"Jenny," Mary said, in aghast discovery, "you aren't taking this seriously."

"The only thing I can take seriously right now is an important battle I'm having with my husband," Jenny said, zestfully renewing her glare at the commander. "Run along, child. . . . We'll talk this over tomorrow. . . ."

"I thought she was like the girls at college," Mary said when they were outside. "And she is just another female."

"You might think of my side of the matter," Trevor said. "Now every time Commander Rogers looks at me he will see the liaison between his wife and B.O.Q."

Through Trevor's gloom he had supposed the uniform on Mary's steps to be her father until they came near enough to see the whites of two coal-rimmed Irish blue eyes. Mary met his look with a suddenly stricken one.

"It's Magruder," she whispered. "I kept meaning to tell you I said he could come with us tonight if he paid for his own dinner, but somehow there never was a right moment!"

Not only was the fellow tall and handsome, if you liked that black Irish type, but he was also a Senior Grade. Mary went through the introductions and vanished into the house with the stammered intention of speaking to her mother before they left. Trevor sat down and took the cigarette Magruder offered because he could not trust his voice sufficiently to decline. But Magruder was obviously not a fellow to notice if nobody else talked.

"Lovely evening, isn't it, Lieutenant?" he opened. "I was wondering what we could do tonight after we dine at this Tulips Inn Miss Thurston mentioned. Dancing, movies, the dog races, anything's okay with Magruder. Bowling now, there's a nice little bowling alley in the town where I and a group of friends meet every week—"

"I thought you didn't have any friends around these parts," Trevor said.

"They're only empty acquaintances," Magruder said with hasty mournfulness, "to whom I give the courtesy term. You know how it is. You wouldn't say, 'There's a nice little bowling alley where I meet a group of empty acquaintances,' now would you?"

"Personally," Trevor said, "I meet my empty acquaintances in bars.

"WELL, anyway," Magruder said, "maybe we're not in the mood for bowling tonight. Right now the big noise for a moonlight night is to get out on the lawn and play stickknife. I was at a dinner party the other evening in one of those big Newport houses—"

"Newport, huh?" Trevor said. "Some more empty acquaintances?"

"Not empty," Magruder said judicially; "just hollow. That's all that Newport social crowd is to me, Lieutenant. Hollow. Well, maybe we're not in the mood for stickknife, either. But it's sweeping the country just like gin rummy did. The other night I was at the Friendly Tavern and I bet the girl with me I could get every bum in that bar to stop drinking and come out and play stickknife in the tavern back yard, and let me tell you it cut the bar take so heavy it was lucky I'm pretty well known there or they'd have thrown me out!"

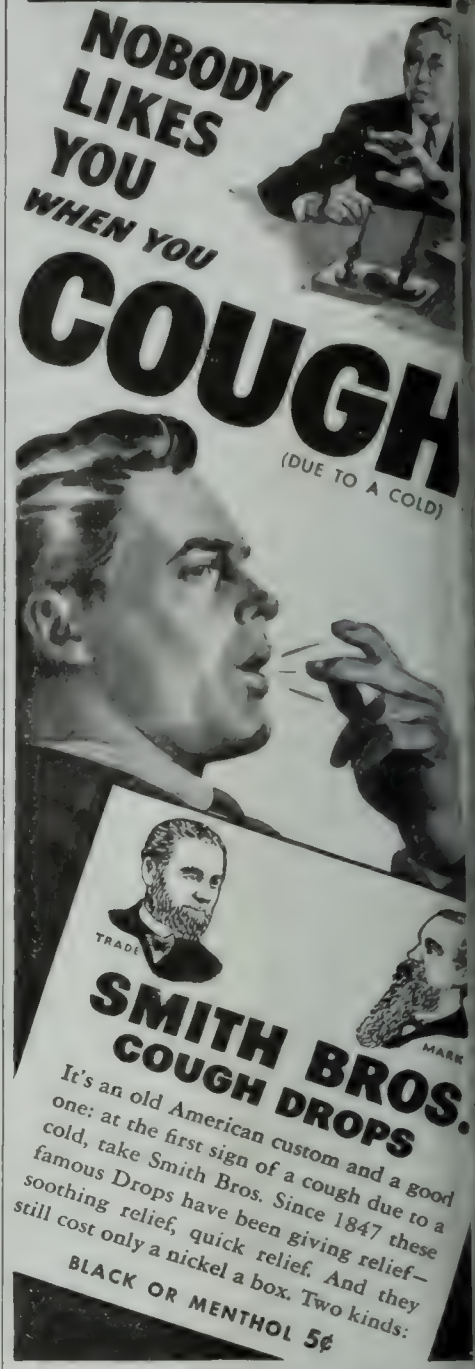
"The Friendly Tavern, huh?" Trevor said. "They certainly weren't empty or hollow there, were they?"

"No," Magruder said with a sigh, "just futile. That's all bar camaraderie has ever been for me, Lieutenant. Fu—"

"I'm sorry I took so long," Mary panted, reappearing. "If we hurry we can still catch the seven o'clock bus."

"It didn't seem long," Trevor assured her. "Lieutenant Magruder and I have been having a most interesting talk."

NOBODY LIKES YOU WHEN YOU COUGH (DUE TO A COLD)



SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

It's an old American custom and a good one: at the first sign of a cough due to a cold, take Smith Bros. Since 1847 these famous Drops have been giving relief—soothing relief, quick relief. And they still cost only a nickel a box. Two kinds: BLACK OR MENTHOL 5¢

FREE! Great New Tobacco Blend

Postcard brings you *absolutely Free* generous sample-package America's Newest Smoker's Treat—"Three Squires Pipe Mixture" Reg. price 15c. Address "Three Squires", Dept. A, 191 4th Ave., N.Y.C.



Room with Bath $2.50 up

HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

MAGAZINES
•
A NATIONAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM
•
A LOCAL SALES FORCE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢

e stared at him with dropped jaw. agruder said rather hastily that they'd r get under way and they started t a brisk clip.

"y delay was really on your ac-t," Mary told Magruder. "I've been nging for you to be properly enter-ed. You're already booked every ht for a week."

agruder smirked fatuously at her. u mean—places *you're* going to take

"Oh, no; you see, you've met *me*," y explained. "Mother cheered me p about my plan, Trevor. She said thought it would be better to have e reserve officer's wife who doesn't on the station to handle Jenny's So I called Diana Yates whose hus-d is in Assembly and Repair, and na and Edith are getting right to k on you, Lieutenant!"

SIGHT of the bus, Magruder, obvi-ously a fellow who lived in the pres-lost his look of having been bitten by bulous sea monster. When they were ted on the magic route to town he med his one-arm debate upon eve-possibilities.

"But naturally," he said, "it depends where we'll be. On what side of town is Tulips Inn?"

"If you don't mind, Magruder," Tre-said gently, "I'd rather we didn't go e tonight. You see, Mary and I had first date there and, uh, I'd sort of er we went somewhere else."

Again Mary stared at him with pped jaw. But Magruder was not a w to recognize his own rhythms. s all the same to me, old man," he ured Trevor soothingly. "Wherever say, that's okay with Magruder!"

"Thanks, old man," Trevor said grate-y. "I'd like to see this Friendly Tav-you mentioned. It's one of those nps so near the station you always s it by," he told Mary while Ma-der's mouth opened and closed with-sound. "I've been intending to stop metime and look it over. Oh, there s now right ahead, isn't it, Magru-?"

To hear Magruder's silence as they cended from the bus was like listen-ig to Niagara Falls after some wanton perer with great natural forces had ned it off. The front door of the endly Tavern opened into the bar. agruder led the way with the idea, evor figured, that he could travel ough more speedily. It gave Mary d Trevor a better view of the pretty l on a stool at the bar who seized agruder's sleeve as he attempted to ss.

"Darling," she cried, "I haven't seen u for so *long;* and we used to look so *ll* together!"

Mary walked rapidly through to the staurant and Trevor followed. They und a stall where Magruder joined em, looking rather hot. Mary regarded m in dignified question.

"You don't seem to have been very nely *here,*" she observed.

"One is most lonely in the midst of adding crowds," Magruder said. "And llow acquaintances."

"The Friendly Tavern word was utile,'" Trevor reminded him. "Re-ember, Magruder. Your Newport quaintances were the 'hollow' ones nd your weekly bowling group was mpty.'"

"Newport!" Mary said. "Bowling roup!"

Another pretty girl had appeared at e edge of their stall. "So this is that ation duty you broke our date for," e hurled at Magruder. "Too bad I appened to drop in and spoil it. You may rest assured, Lieutenant Magruder, I will never spoil it again!"

She flounced off. After a tense silence Magruder looked at Trevor. "Well, brother," he said, "I guess you make Tulips Inn tonight after all. . . ."

The next day Trevor had the duty, which was complicated by the arrival of Commander Rogers' AVPs. He was at the telephone when Mary walked into the duty office looking abnormally meek.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" he snapped. "—I beg your pardon, Commander. I wasn't talking to you. Yes, sir. . . . Yes, sir. . . !"

He hung up and looked crossly at her. "He's been bad all day and now he's worse. We certainly fixed things up with our social call about poor Magruder!"

Mary's lip trembled. "Oh, Trevor. I called Diana this morning to tell her not to put up that notice in B.O.Q. And can you imagine how awful? Her husband was going down to the station last night and took it along. She said she's had quite a few calls already and there was no reason to suppose everybody's like Magruder. When I told her, from what I saw last night, this town is already paying plenty of attention to officers she just wouldn't listen!"

"You are thinking about yourself, as usual," Trevor said. "All I am thinking about is that if there is any worse job around here than matériel, I'll get it."

"Oh, Trevor," she moaned. "I'm so sorry. I don't see how you can love anybody so egotistical and blind and self-willed. So—"

"Neither do I." Trevor brought himself back into the picture. "I suppose it's just physical, the way you said. So when you don't even let me kiss you good night it leaves me very little to go on."

Her lip trembled again. "I t-told you —I didn't think I *deserved* being kissed—after I'd been such a fool!"

"If I can only kiss you when you haven't been a fool," Trevor said, "for all the rest of our lives, it doesn't seem much of a prospect."

She stalked to the door. "I take it our engagement is broken?"

"It was just an affair," he reminded her. "You said so."

FOR two days the AVP invasion kept Trevor so busy that for minutes at a time he was able to refrain from thinking of how angry he was at Mary. However, Saturday morning found him making a trip to the Supply Building on an errand that could have been done by telephone.

"I came to deliver this memo to your father," he told Mary coldly before she could speak. "It's some supply detail they're trying to push off on me. Since I decided not to let you push me around any more I have become a lot more resolute character!"

She ignored the slip he laid on her desk as the ruse it was and looked at him dolefully.

"I always thought you *were* a resolute character," she said. "You see how right I was that we had no real knowledge of each other's true selves!"

"The trouble with you is that you are always right," he told her. "In theory. In a straight line. With none of the curves one has to take when dealing with human nature!"

"Yes," she said in a small voice. "I guess there was a lot left to do on me when you stopped being my adviser and became my fiancé. Now we have reverted to our original status, I'll need you to continue your advice, if only for the sake of the poor man who finally does get me!"

"I am not interested in being con-



Having trouble with CONSTIPATION?

LEMON AND WATER, when taken first thing on arising, has a natural laxative effect for most people. And it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!

Here's a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

Most people find that the juice of 1 lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising,* is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—*gently.*

Lemons Build Health!

And lemon and water is *good* for you. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of Vitamin P *(citrin)* and supply valuable amounts of B_1. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions take lemon and water just as a *health builder.*

Why not keep regular with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Drink the juice of 1 lemon in a glass of water *first thing on arising.* Try it 10 days—see if you don't benefit!

P. S.—LEMON & SODA • Some prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as foaming quiets.

California Fruit Growers Exchange: Sunkist Lemons

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

"Today at the Duncans'"—CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

Copyright, 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

Buy it from your druggist today

An Empty Purse?

DO YOU often think how well-dressed you could be—where you would go—if you only had enough money? Also how happy you would be if you could gather together enough War Stamps for an $18.75 War Bond which has a guaranteed maturity value of $25.00!

If so, wouldn't you like to know about the Pin Money Club which has for over 34 years helped girls and women to turn their spare moments into dollars and cents?

Then send for our free booklet today—it may help you to solve your money problems. Just send a card or letter today to

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly
Dept. 181, 250 Park Avenue
New York, New York

THE GLORY OF DEMOCRACY

The sacrifices that are needed in order to win the war are apparent to us all.

The Treasury's appeals to buy War Bonds, the Government's pleas to conserve gas and rubber, the economies required to avoid inflation, the necessity of rationing many essential commodities —all these have become vital in the minds of our people.

Necessity has awakened us, not only to the size of the task before us, but to the fact that our future as a nation is at stake; and in characteristic fashion we-*all* are responding.

Our hearts speak, our purses are open wide; and regardless of creed or color or political convictions, our honest differences of opinion are being dissipated before the issue that confronts us.

This is the glory of democracy; that a man may think as he will, speak as he will, vote as he will, and worship God in his own way: yet in the hour of peril to the State, that which is for the greatest good of all is not only his most compelling thought but the strongest prompting of his heart.

In that hour his thought is no longer of himself but of his country; and it is as though his soul were crying out those memorable words of Plato: "Man was not born for himself alone but for his country."

BUY WAR BONDS

Thos. J. Watson President

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

Magazines hold the approval of millions of readers with each new issue. Week after week, month after month, each "New Model" must be good.



"Wouldn't it be a lot simpler just to make him a mince pie with Borden's NONE SUCH—the eatingest, spiciest mince meat of them all?" ***Costs a few pennies more . . . and worth it!***

© Borden Co.

structive," Trevor said. "And no appeal to my better nature will help, either."

"From the point of view of sheer self-interest then," she said, "maybe you'd like to hear that Jenny called this morning. She feels very bad that she was too busy the other day to be casual and social. She invited us to dine with them tonight at the Officers' Club and said the commander was particularly anxious to have you."

"You shouldn't have thrown in that last bit," Trevor said. "I believed it till then."

"It was the only false touch," Mary admitted. "I guess he is not particularly anxious but he did say he could stand it if you could."

Trevor hesitated briefly. "All right," he said with, he hoped, a suitable reluctance. "What time?"

They met Jenny and the commander around seven at the Officers' Club bar. The commander was restrainedly polite and Jenny, cordial. The only cloud in the sky was the congestion of AVPs.

The difficulty with these AVPs lay in the fact that they were, as Trevor had told Mary, a picked group: men from twenty-eight to forty-two selected because of outstanding ability in whatever business or profession had been theirs before they volunteered for this branch of the service which was destined in ever greater numbers to relieve all possible pilot material from the various ground posts essential to Air Forces duty. With such successful backgrounds it would perhaps have been impossible for them to be as suitably retiring as the freshmen at school that they now virtually were. But it had to be admitted that they showed no signs of trying.

Among their outstanding qualities, most of them possessed an easy social charm that manifested itself on this, their first Saturday night in uniform, by graciously putting the Navy at ease. If an officer sat in a corner he was at once befriended by several of these egregious fellows who seemed anxious to give the Navy the benefit of their broader lives. When the commander's face started to go from red to beet, Trevor suggested they anticipate the dining-room rush. Mary surprised him by actually getting his idea and seconding it, and throughout dinner showed the same startling tendency toward human consideration, not mentioning the old school tie once, although the commander gave her several openings.

WHEN they came out into the lounge Trevor's spirits sank a little to see that the AVPs had not gone home to study as had been hoped. But Mary again pleasantly surprised him by proposing that they go downstairs where there was a new game room. It was only afterward that Trevor remembered she had spoken rather loudly, so that any of the masses of AVPs around them could have heard. In the game room there were a few station officers and wives who, as they, had crept for cover from the crowd. The commander challenged Trevor to a bowling match. Jenny became absorbed in a pinball machine, and Mary watched Trevor let the commander outscore him with appropriate squeals of admiration. And then the AVPs came down like the locusts in Egypt.

All at once everyone knew one another and they were all playing games together, because, of course, as Trevor heard Mary remarking to one of the AVPs, a game room was an introduction whereas a lounge and bar were not. The commander was stuck with his bowling match, discovering that he and Trevor had become captains of opposing teams which were obviously shock troop[s] tended to keep them deployed whil[e] attack closed around Jenny and M[ary]

Jenny found herself surrounde[d] enthusiastic backers for her pinball [game] while Mary in no time at all had [con]fided to several AVPs that she just l[oved] singing old college songs in parts. [Jenny] and the AVPs rushed to the up[right] piano at the end of the game room [and] began to harmonize to excellent [four]-hand improvisations that were rend[ered] by herself and one of the youngest [and] best-looking AVPs.

Mary had a clear soprano which, [Trev]or learned later, had been develo[ped] in her college glee club days; at [the] moment he did not care. The comm[an]der's face was purple, the other st[aff] officers registering varying degree[s] sourness as an array of reinforcem[ents] hearing the noise from above, presc[ribed] jammed the room; more AVPs can[e] co-operate, and more regular Nav[y] preside with quenching looks over [the] situation that was rapidly approac[hing] a carnival with Mary's buoyant har[mo]nizers as its focal point.

TREVOR finally walked over to [the] piano and managed to mutter [in] Mary's ear, "It's getting much too l[oud] ous! The commander!"

"All right," Mary cried; "then w[e'll] sing hymns! Hymns are the most [non]harmonizing of all!"

As one voice she and the AVPs mo[du]lated into Rock of Ages. It was all [the] commander needed to take steps. [It] was in any case the official terminato[r] Saturday night revelry at the Offic[ers'] Club. The captain had given him [the] unpopular job of seeing that every[one] was out and the club dark by midni[ght]. It was true that it was now only elev[en] thirty. But, as he pointed out in a l[ow] voice on the way home, when things [are] in a state like that, you needed so[me] time to calm them down.

"What sort of state do you mea[n]" Mary cried. "Did you ever hear R[ock] of Ages sung better?"

"That isn't the point," snapped [the] commander. "The point is you g[irls] were encouraging those fellows to c[on]duct unbecoming their rank! I m[ean] their lack of rank! I told four of th[em] pip-squeaks to report to me Mon[day] morning. They'll learn a little m[ore] about the behavior expected of th[em] then! This is your door, Mary. I'm so [sorry] I can't say it's been a pleasant evenin[g]"

"See you tomorrow, Mary," Jen[ny] said.

"We're going to have a talk ab[out] that," the commander said. "I th[ink] you girls do better when you're apar[t]"

For once in a stunned silence, Jen[ny] moved off with the commander. Ma[ry] sank down on her doorstep.

"There goes my last girl friend her[e]" she wept. "I'm not speaking to Ed[ith] and Diana because they won't st[ick] doing the Magruder plan. And n[ow] the commander won't let me speak [to] Jenny!"

"Never mind," Trevor said dreami[ly] "I'll fix him."

"Oh—Trevor," Mary wept afre[sh] "Here I am being egotistical aga[in] Thinking only about myself, and n[ot] how awful it is for you to be in wro[ng] again with the commander!"

"I guess I don't mind any more abo[ut] your being egotistical," Trevor said. "[It] was the way you laughed and switch[ed] to hymns when I said it was too riotou[s] It made me stop being sore. I guess [it] means I like you the way you are. Eg[o]tistical and all."

"Trevor—" she faltered. "The oth[er] night I wouldn't let you kiss me becau[se] I'd been a fool. Tonight I've been o[ut]

…er again, but—I don't really feel …ne way about it . . ."

"I…m not going to kiss you until to…w," Trevor said. "When I will …proved our love is a constructive …by fixing the commander about …and those AVPs. Will you go to … with me in the morning?"

"C…course," she cried; "but why? And …are you going to fix the com…er?"

"T…e bishop of the state is spending …y here tomorrow," Trevor said. …captain is very high church. . . . …night. I have to start fixing."

A…r church the next day Trevor took …to reach the door with Mary at …ne time Jenny and the commander …ached the bishop, who, flanked by …ptain, was greeting his flock. The …n held out his hand to Trevor with …colade-bestowing smile.

"E…cellent job, that choir, Trevor," he …and turned to the bishop. "This …lad responsible for the music we …his morning, sir."

T…s bishop's gentle old face beamed. "…s just telling the commander I have …n heard better singing by a pro…nal choir," he said. "It has been …an inspiration."

"…was rather an inspiration with …enant Trevor, I believe," the cap…aid. "As I understand it he heard … singing at a party last night and …to their quarters after the party …over and got the whole thing to…r there."

"…ay you have more of such parties," …the bishop. "And what magnifi…church attendance. It is easy to see …is no morale problem in this sta…On which you, Commander, as per…l officer, are to be felicitated!"

…hile the commander tried to smile …bitter recollection of those swarms …VPs who had no more reticence …going to church than going any…e else, the bishop continued with …tless good will:

"…nd speaking of morale, Captain, …me to congratulate you on this …system you have provided for your …rs to meet congenial families in …own. Already the response of your …Q. has made the town feel quite …ned not to have realized before, that …rs miss home and friends and com…ty life quite as much as girls and … times."

"…lary organized that," Trevor poured into a sudden void. "It's called the Magruder Plan. . . ."

"Two enterprising young people," the bishop glowed. "We must depend on our young people more and more, mustn't we, Commander?"

That line, together with the commander's utter inability to respond, was the immortal trifle that Mary and Trevor dwelt upon afterward as they took a brief constitutional around the quadrangle before reporting at Mary's for Sunday dinner.

"Everything has come out just like a story, hasn't it?" Mary said. "Although I may not see much of Jenny in the future, even if the commander does let me, because I have been thinking she really is rather flighty. No. From now on, outside office hours I shall be too busy with my morale work to have time for Jenny."

Sternly she glared across the quadrangle. "Do you see that house," she asked, "with all the front blinds down? A new officer moved in there last week whose wife used to be a movie star and nobody's met her yet. It has all the women wild. They've called when they know she's in and she just won't answer. It is creating a great deal of poor morale on the station, which if it keeps up will be bad for his Navy career. So I shall have to attend to that next."

FOR the first time Trevor saw sense in the assignment that had been handed him yesterday morning before he had gone to the supply department to see Mary. He had not spoken of it to her and she had, as usual, forgotten. But that, as he had told her, was something he no longer minded. For Trevor knew now, as he had not known in his first rosy haze, that he was irrevocably in love with Mary no matter how slowly she improved along those paths that he intended to continue to lay out for her.

Since this was so, and since he possessed more awareness than she, it was up to him to help her as much as possible when she made things too difficult for herself, which he was afraid was going to be rather often. So in contemplating the house of the caged movie star as Mary's next morale project he could perhaps be thankful, for the first time, that his new station assignment was officer of camouflage and chemical warfare.

THE END



"On time? We're satisfied if it just goes in the right direction!"

COLLIER'S GENE STANLEY

YESTERDAY...TODAY...TOMORROW

A Great Name

Gordon's Gin



100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

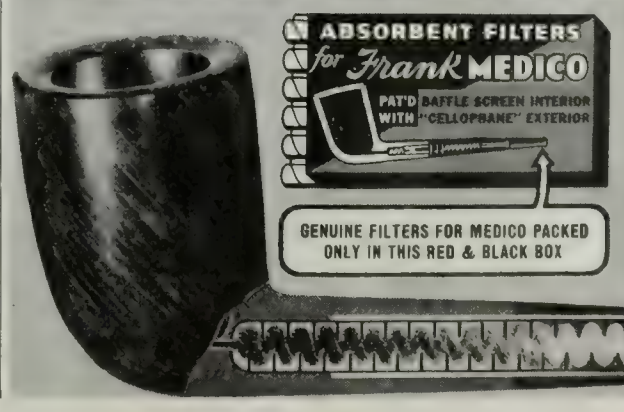
94.4 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

USE LAVORIS

Keep The Mouth And Throat Clean

The first great care when colds or epidemics threaten

Switch to Frank MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING



66 Baffle Filter Thrills Smokers

USED IN MEDICO PIPES, CIGAR, AND CIGARETTE HOLDERS

New York—The scientific, absorbent filter has contributed mightily to the smoking pleasure of millions of men and women who have switched to Medico Filtered Smoking. Actually, the smoke must travel through 66 "baffles" before reaching the mouth. Flakes and slugs are trapped; and the smoke is whirl-cooled as it winds its way through the filter.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COL
Managing E



MY SON HAS GONE TO WAR

YOUR son has gone too, no doubt. We have something in common. I never was entirely sure what my boy thought of his country. Was that the case with you? I might have found out had I asked him, but it never occurred to me. I'd as soon have thought of asking whether he preferred a different kind of air to breathe, or another brand of sunlight. But his generation knew the sore spots in our social and economic system, in our national education, in our use of resources and opportunities. His generation, I should add, are not merely critics; they are also hard workers, far more competent than some of us elders have supposed. When my boy went to war he interrupted a career well begun and turned his back on a newly established home.

What he has written and on an unforgettable visit said to me, since he became one of my defenders, makes me humble and proud. You and I should tell the world what kind of men our sons are. It will give no comfort to the enemy.

After a few weeks in his first camp he wrote about his outfit, the best crowd he has ever found himself in. If we look for brains and good humor and devotion to the job, he says, we may come to his training ground and take our pick of humdingers. He has sly jokes to tell on Army efficiency, such absurd incidents as we used to pass around in the other war; a soldier still believes the high command would profit by his advice. But my son's immediate officers, he assures me, are grand fellows, who need only a free hand to settle Hitler and Hirohito.

Neither officers nor men, he says, discuss the war, leaving that to us at home who, having leisure for worry, must exchange opinions to relieve our nerves. But he reports one universal eagerness in the Army, to finish the training and get at the real business. He has stories of boys coming down with a hard cold, or with something worse, who when their regiment leaves for the front, hide their condition with touching ingenuity, for fear their hospital will get them and they will be left behind. They are hell-bent for whatever place needs them—especially where the danger is.

Shame on us if ever we doubt the younger generation again!

If they waste no time discussing the war, if they agree that the Nazis and the Japs must be finished off without words, they have a fresh stock of ideas, freely exchanged, about the American destiny after peace is won. My boy and I used to talk by the hour about some kind of league to keep order, about our duty to other nations, about our closer fellowship with all the peoples of this h sphere whom we are fast coming to know admire. His interest in these subjects has slackened. But he and his fellows now talk ch about the reorganization of their various pr sions, for greater progress in our own l Brought together from many sections, they se future of the country as a whole. We were fa into ruts, they say; we must strike out on paths.

My son asked one comrade, whose thinkin particularly admires, whether there are not l opportunities for ability and ambition in S America. "Yes," was the answer, "the opport ties are there, and the money will be there, not, I hope, for us. We should look for our portunities in the United States, where we bel South America is perhaps for us what we wer Europe. The best brains and the sturdiest c acters have migrated here for the prizes to picked up. Europe was weakened by their parture. If they had stayed where they were b and where they were needed, Europe might have slumped so low."

God grant our sons victory and an early ho coming! In their hands, America will be saf

JOHN ERSKINE

Collier's

DECEMBER 19, 1942 TEN CENTS

P. F. COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



VERNON GRANT

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

WHAT THE ARMY DR

By Representative James W. W

623457 1/38

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBR CALIF

2JA43



—gargle LISTERINE *Quick!*

It May Spare You a Deep-seated Cold or a Nasty Sore Throat

Listerine Antiseptic immediately starts to kill the threatening germs which left the other fellow's nose and throat to set up housekeeping in yours.

The more of these germs Listerine Antiseptic destroys, the less chance there is of a "mass invasion" of the tissue, followed by the discomfort of a cold and sore throat.

In tests with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine gargle —up to 80% one hour after.

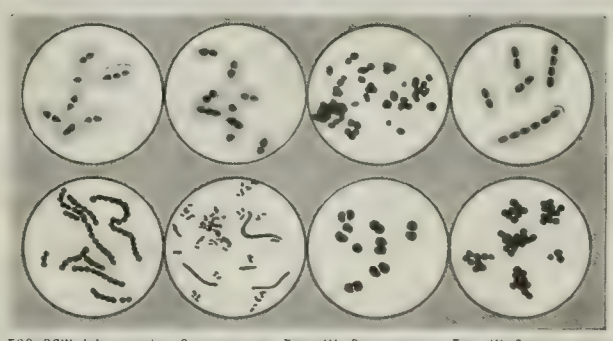
Fewer Colds, Tests Showed

We believe this explains Listerine's astonishing clinical test record in combatting colds. These tests, made over a period of 11 years, consistently showed:

Regular twice a day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not use it.

Don't you think, in view of these facts, that Listerine Antiseptic, used systematically, is a worthwhile precaution against colds as well as an emergency treatment when a cold is coming on?

If you've been in contact with those with colds—if you've been in a draft—if your feet have been wet and cold—and you feel under par with a cold coming on, never omit the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.



GIFTS will be chosen *this* year in terms of valuable service, and on that basis, a Motorola Radio for your Car climbs to the top of the list. Get together with your group riders! Ask them how they feel about improving those hours spent driving to and from work with important battlefront news and the fun and entertainment that helps you work better and faster. They'll say "Yes!" . . . Let's have a new Motorola installed now . . . today!

YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO

FIT and MATCH

YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

No matter what car you own, a nearby Motorola dealer can Custom-Fit your car . . . complete the installation in a few minutes. When his present stock of car radios is gone, there'll be no more for the duration . . . so don't delay

SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER

NOW—TODAY!

ARMY E NAVY

THE ARMY-NAVY "E"
Awarded for excellence in the production of Communication Equipment for America's Armed Forces.

Motorola Radio

AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

OF COURSE you all remember that Collier's for October 24th had a layout and information budget about ducks. Among the millions reading it was the Director of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior, Mr. Ira N. Gabrielson. The article said that this year's hunter might take a full daily bag limit of redheads, or ten ducks, as compared with three in 1941.



Mr. Gabrielson makes a correction—and he ought to know. He gets out the federal regulations and quotes therefrom as follows: "Ducks: Ten in the aggregate of all kinds including in such limit not more than one wood duck, or more than three singly or in the aggregate of redheads and buffleheads; and any person at any one time may possess not more than twenty ducks in the aggregate of all kinds but not more than one wood duck, or more than six of either or both of redheads or buffleheads."

ANYWAY, we could understand what the author of the article wrote. Or maybe we're a bufflehead. The government's ruling was written by a lawyer in duck or buffle talk. Lawyer talk invariably frustrates us and we're not the only one. We think that it was Major Fred Sullens of Jackson, Mississippi, who told us that Nim Clay had some trouble making head and tail of it. Mr. Clay, a colored man, was on trial for a remarkable complication of crimes and misdemeanors. He listened intently while his lawyer, a young man packed with solid ideals, made a masterful appeal for mercy. The lawyer laid Mr. Clay's crimes to race prejudice, said that the black boy's predicament was the white man's fault. "You educated, privileged white men are on trial, not Nim Clay. I, his lawyer, am on trial." And so on. When the counselor had finished and sat down beside his client, Mr. Clay leaned over and acidly inquired, "Suh, who done committed these here crimes—me or you?"

AND that editorial of ours, warning you to be very wary of the Dry tricks to revive prohibition and the mobsterism it bred, is still quite hot. We've just got a letter from the Reverend A. W. Sneesby of Amery, Wisconsin. "To argue," argues Mr. Sneesby, "that we had better not think of prohibition again because, last time, there followed it a period of crime and general lawlessness, is like saying that the boy of the house must never again be asked to split the kindling wood because the last time he did it, he cut off a toe." But that's just it. That kid's going to remember. He, the ax and that kindling wood are not going to get together again voluntarily, or his aim will be better.

ONLY us ancients will remember the passion for souvenirs which filled the hearts of the Yanks of the A.E.F. in 1917 and 1918. A number of letters from the heroes of that preliminary skirmish have reminded us of it. Apparently every one of the three or four million doughboys who got to France seemed to have promised some girl the Kaiser's earrings or something just as significant. A German prisoner was lucky to get off with his underwear, so intent were the lads in gathering things to remember him by. And a couple of the bigger-time collectors tried to collect Wilhelm Hohenzollern himself—and almost did. It was a very nice war, with plenty of pilfering to salt it. Then, as now, the populace were demanding to know "What are we fighting for?"



But the answers were always forthcoming and were quite easily understood by even the most limited intellects. We have a letter from one of our buddies in that valiant crusade, Sergeant Simoncini of Ligonier, Pennsylvania. The sergeant reminds us of the day when we heroes were addressed by a most important Army commander. Maybe it was General Hunter Liggett. We hope we're right. There were so many generals. Anyway, the general addressed us one day—a vast number of us. At the height of his speech he cried, "But we fighting men know what we're fighting for." And from what sounded to us to be thousands of hoarse voices, freighted of course with idealistic fervor, came the reply: "Sure. Souvenirs."

MOREOVER, we as a people are losing a lot of that cocksureness we used

(Continued on page 83)

Vol. 110, No. 25. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collie

THOMAS H. BECK Publishe
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Edit
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Ma

THIS W

DECEMBER 19

SHORT STORIES

FRANK M. PHILLIPS, Jr.
Something to Take Acre girl won't listen, it's tough.

DOROTHY SPEARE
Don't Mention Other M letters wreck a nice ro

W. G. HARDY
The Longest Way Rou brings a change of vie

ROARK BRADFORD
The Pirate-in-Law. Che little privateering for Guard.

JAMES STREET
All Out with Sherman and company make a l

THE SHORT SHORT ST
Mister Right, by Corey Alastair MacBain.

SERIAL STORIES

MARY HASTINGS BRA
The Hunters. The third o

CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. Conclusi

ARTICLES

GRANTLAND RICE
The All-America Footl Fifty-third edition of an classic.

JAMES W. WADSWORT
What the Army Drinks. P our soldiers are sensible

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
They Shoot for Keeps. A nery schools turn out A leys.

J. D. RATCLIFF
The Town Without a Hereford, Texas, may ho swer to your tooth trouble

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
Mountain Air for the Navy training station in the Ida ness.

ROBERT BELLAIRE
The Jap Pulls in His Bel lieves that privation mea

C. G. HAMBRO
The League Lives On. Th of Nations prepares for po vage.

KYLE CRICHTON
Riot from Rio. José Carioc ambassador to the world.

GAME HUNTING
Step right up, folks, and winners!

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIAL.

COVER VERNON



AMERICANS love to putter with things mechanical. They do now. They will in the future.

It's this restless, inquisitive trait in our national character that has set the pace for the world of the present . . . that will build the new America.

And what an America it will be! More wonderful than anything you've even dreamed about. How do we know?

Because we can already see it on the horizon. We can see it in the skill and ingenuity of the men now working night and day in the arsenals of democracy. These are the hearts and hands that will shape it.

These men, who are now making the world's best combat and training planes, will be making family planes for you and me and the folks who live next door. These men, now building bombing planes that are the envy of a warring world, will be making luxury transports and super-cargo carriers of the air.

How far off is the birthday of this new America? Not very . . . because our hearths and furnaces and production lines are already forging Victory.

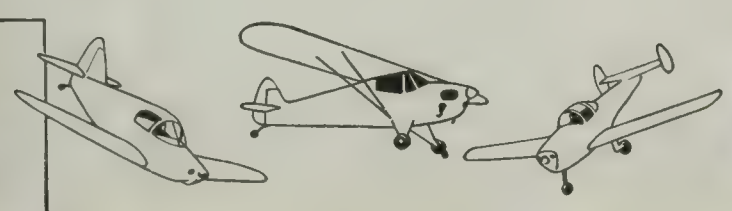
You'd feel as confident as we if you were in B. F. Goodrich plants now . . . if you had seen what our Aeronautical Division has developed in the short span of a single man's life. Giant tires that bring a Flying Fortress to rest as gently as a tiny sparrow. Brakes that halt a ship that flies faster than sound can travel. De-Icers that defy the elements.

Today, this B. F. Goodrich equipment goes to the air forces of the United Nations. It flies with planes that make history over Wake Island, Burma, Tokio, and the Sahara. But *tomorrow* it's going to help make a different kind of history. *It's going to help America create the new world!*

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Aeronautical Division, Akron, O.

ARMY E NAVY

HERE ARE SOME AMERICAN PLANES THAT ARE SUPPLIED WITH B. F. GOODRICH EQUIPMENT

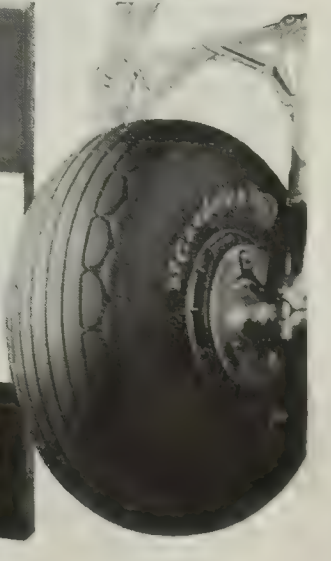


CULVER PIPER ERCOUPE

Skyway or Highway

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

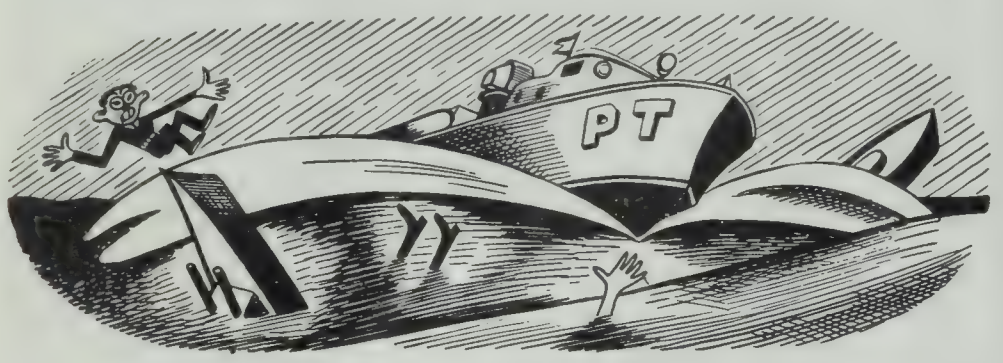


Why is an Arrow Shirt like...



a new girl?

Full of surprises—all delightful! Take Arrow Hitt ($2.25). Its handsome Arrow collar is *non-wilt*—always spruce... comfortable. Arrow Shirts are Sanforized for *permanent fit.* A new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit!



P-T boat?

Because it's *trim . . . sleek!* No waste material boards an Arrow Shirt—thanks to "Mitoga" figure-fit . . . curved to fit the body . . . sloping "natural" shoulders, tapered sleeves. Arrow Shirts have *whistle-clean* lines! See Dart ($2.50).



bulldog's grip?

The buttons have the same hang-on quality. (Missing buttons on Arrow Shirts are rare as black-haired Swedes.) Arrow buttons are *anchored* with patented Button Stay. (Bachelors and wives take note.) Try Arrow Dale ($2.75).



no other shirt?

Because they have the *one and only* Arrow collar! Tailored from pre-tested, long-wearing fabrics, Arrow White Shirts (like Trump, $2.25) are *always* right! Get Arrow White Shirts — they flatter you! *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Persons who collect autographs will sometimes knowingly purchase a forged copy of a famous signature merely for its "curiosity value." For example, the large number of autographs of George Washington, forged by one Robert Spring about eighty years ago, are still in circulation and sell for $5 apiece.

Art Goebel, American World War aviator, now owns two permits to fly over Tokyo. The first was given to him by the Nipponese government during a good-will flight to Japan in 1928 and the second was presented to him by the American government in the form of a diploma from the Midland Army Flying School in Midland, Texas, where he was graduated as a bombardier a few weeks ago.

In the first World War, Russian airmen often crippled an enemy plane by lowering a weighted cable into its propeller. Today the Soviet fliers frequently finish off a damaged German ship by coming up from behind and sawing off its tail with the blades of their propeller.

Reliable American observers in China have reported more than one thousand cases in which Japanese soldiers have attacked the Chinese with mustard and lewisite gas during the past five years. The heaviest assault was in the battle for Ichang in October, 1941, during which one third of the men in an entire Chinese division were gas casualties.

The Illinois state police now have America's first "crime bus," a combination of hospital, laboratory and fort on wheels for use at fires, riots, explosions and other disasters. Eleven feet high and thirty feet long, it contains beds, a chemical section, fingerprinting equipment, X-ray machine, pulmotor, oxygen tanks, asbestos suits, a speedboat and 1,200 other items. A turret on top has searchlights, cameras and machine guns.

Although antiaircraft gunn earnestly attempt to shoot ene planes out of the sky, the chief sult of their fire is to keep su planes so high that they cannot dr bombs with any accuracy. For stance, during the great dayli raids over London, the antiaircr gunners accounted for only five p cent of the German machines lo the other ninety-five per cent havi been shot down by British figh planes.

Among the high incomes in t ranks of American labor today m be cited those of the drivers wholesale milk trucks in Chicag Some of these men are earning much as $191 a week, which equivalent to the salaries of such i portant men as Sumner Welles, U dersecretary of State.

After a woman has christened a American naval vessel, she becom eligible for membership in the S ciety of Sponsors of the Unite States Navy, an organization estal lished in 1898 "to promote intere in the development and support" this branch of the service. She als receives a gift of jewelry, costin from $300 to $1,500, from the off cials of the shipyard.

Because many chemicals are to rare to be listed in the catalogues c chemical supply houses and ar often difficult to find in stock owin to the small demand, the Nationa Registry of Rare Chemicals in Chi cago has compiled a list of the quan tities available today in America o about three thousand of these sub stances. The total amount of som of them is exceedingly small, such a that of cozymase, which is only on tenth of one gram.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Fraser

means "hair-dresser"



Hope

means "trust in the future"



Isaac

means "laughter"



What's in a name?



Cadwallader

means "battle arranger"



Ethyl

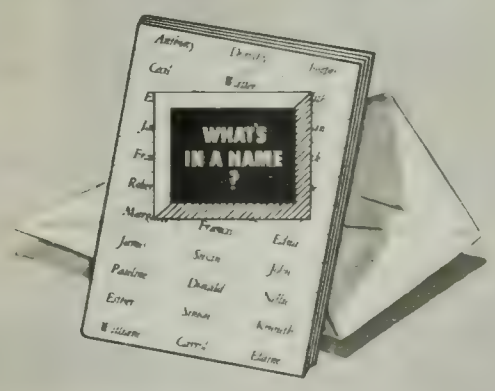
is a trade mark name

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free — no obligation — just mail coupon.



FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES

ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3507, Chrysler Building, New York City

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

RIGHT 1942, ETHYL CORPORATION



What does HE want for Christmas?

An independent survey reveals that shirts and ties are a man's overwhelming choice. Then come socks, gloves and pajamas.

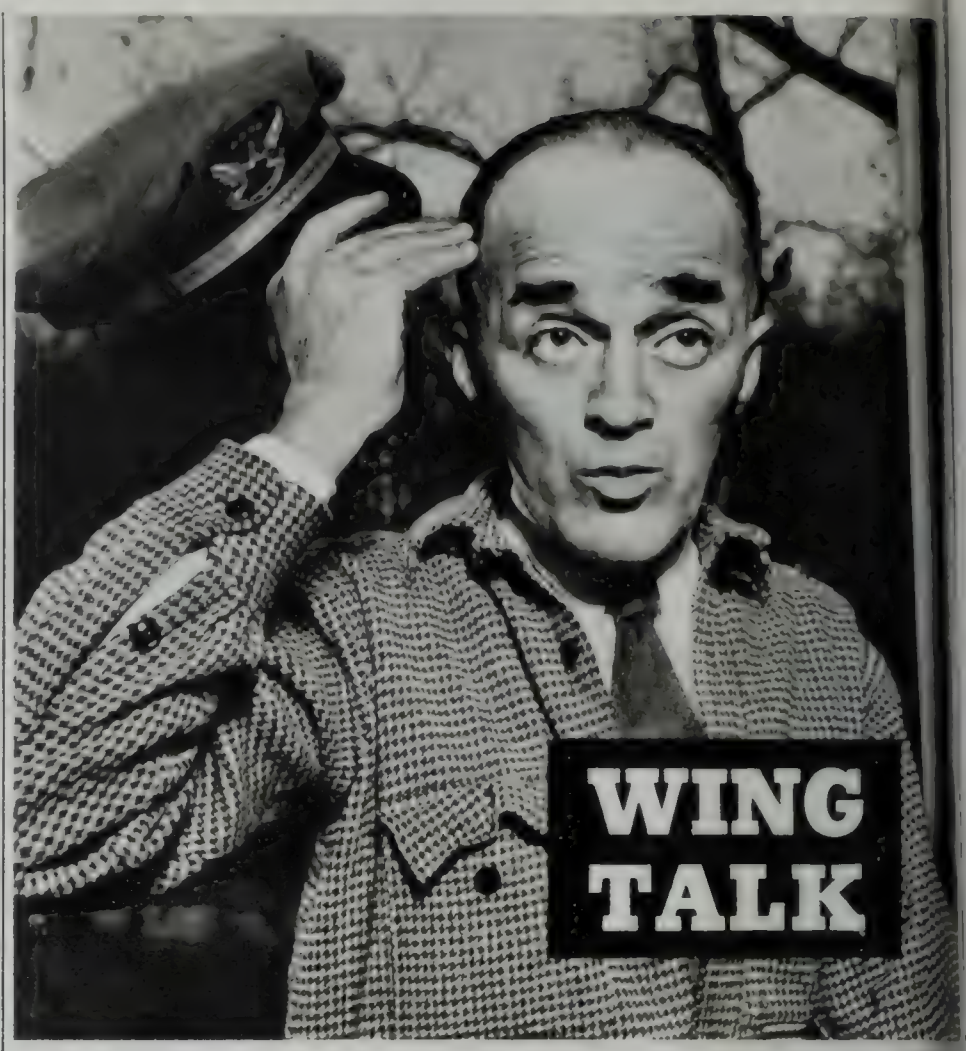
Gladden his heart this Christmas with the shirt that steals yours! Essley *Woman-Wise* Shirts will. The details of tailoring are more carefully done by Troy craftsmen. The styles (by America's leading men's fashion authority) are smarter. Yes, it's these *Woman-Wise* qualities that help make a man look his best! $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and up.

Originators of the *TRUBENIZED Collar**
ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York City

ESSLEY *Woman-Wise* SHIRTS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS MADE BY ESSLEY SHIRTMAKERS.
CUT FOR COMFORT...TAILORED FOR FIT.



Captain Jack Knight, recruiting director for C.A.A. pilot training program, is the veteran flier, having been in the air as a pilot 18,000 hours

HEROISM can be a nuisance, even in wartime. Recently two training planes, flying over a Western airfield, bumped into each other some 3,000 feet up. It wasn't a hard bump as such things go, but it snapped half of a wing off one of the trainers piloted by an advanced student, one of the field's star boys. With the courage of a wild man, the boy attempted to fly his crippled ship. He fought the thing too long, went completely out of control and ended his promising career in a crash.

A veteran would have jumped a split second after the collision. He would have realized it was no disgrace to lose a ship and save a pilot. That's what parachutes are for. But the boy knew that in the hangars, bailing out was considered vaguely shameful. He had heard the sneering laughs that surrounded the flier who got out too quickly, and left a manageable plane to get back down any way it could. And he had listened to the scornful stories about how one of the country's most famous pilots had such a weakness for bailing out that he let six perfectly good planes go loose in a few months, and was grounded.

Also, the young pilot had seen the admiration which engulfed the flier who brought his crippled ship down safely.

All this made it almost impossible for him to jump. It wasn't the thing to do. So instead of losing merely a plane, the country lost something far rarer, a good pilot.

It's going on all over. Nobody will admit it officially, but something must be done to persuade pilots to jump when their cause is hopeless. It must counteract previous campaigns designed to keep a pilot at the controls until his very last chance of saving his ship has gone. Not many men have stayed with their planes too long, but even half a dozen is too many.

A RUSH order came through to the Glenn Martin plant at Baltimore one day last summer for some tricky forgings to be put on Martin's famous and fast B-26, an assignment which normal takes months. A wire went out to an i dustrial expert at Cleveland, who scra bled frantically around the town a found several idle dies which could pr duce the forgings. He loaded them on special truck and sent them to Detro Meanwhile, 700 pounds of steel bar w put on a plane at the Martin field and a rived at Detroit just as the truck bearin the dies rolled into the city limits.

The forgings were made that day Detroit, flown to Baltimore for machi ing the following day, and three da after that, were attached to the B-2 which helped kick the Japs around at th Battle of Midway. It was all a matter o days, almost hours.

William A. M. Burden, assistant to th Secretary of Commerce for Air, tells th story as a sample of the sort of dizz speed we will be up against the rest o our lives.

CAPTAIN JACK KNIGHT is some thing more than a veteran flier. H is *the* veteran. He has been in the air a a pilot 18,000 hours, and has covere some two and a half million miles. Al of which are among his qualification for his present job of directing recruitment for the Civil Aeronautics Administration's pilot-training program.

He sometimes wonders, he says, how he ever got two and a half million miles and remained in one piece, all things considered. He remembers one cloudy fall day when he was flying leisurely cross-country, scooting under an extremely low ceiling. It came down so heavily on top of him that he finally dropped down to get on the "iron beam," which means, in hangar language, that he was following a railroad track. Everything was proceeding serenely, according to Knight, "until I suddenly remembered there was a tunnel on the line, beginning approximately where I was then."

Captain Knight got upstairs real fast and huddled into the clouds to smooth out his nervous system.... R. McC.

Holiday Greetings



FROM PHILIP MORRIS

And along with Johnny's best wishes to you and yours . . . a practical Christmas suggestion: *on your gift list, put lots of* PHILIP MORRIS *Cigarettes in gay Holiday packages* . . . fine to give, fine to get, America's FINEST Cigarette. The best—to those you like the best! CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!



"Look, Bob—an Elgin from the folks!"

In the islands of the Pacific . . . in England . . . on ships at sea . . . this will be a "box-from-home" Christmas for many a fighting Yank.

Call it tradition, if you wish. Call it sentiment. But if the gifts you have sent include an Elgin watch, then it's bound to be a real American Christmas!

Yes, for the member of your family doing a job on the fighting front or home front, an Elgin is the perfect remembrance.

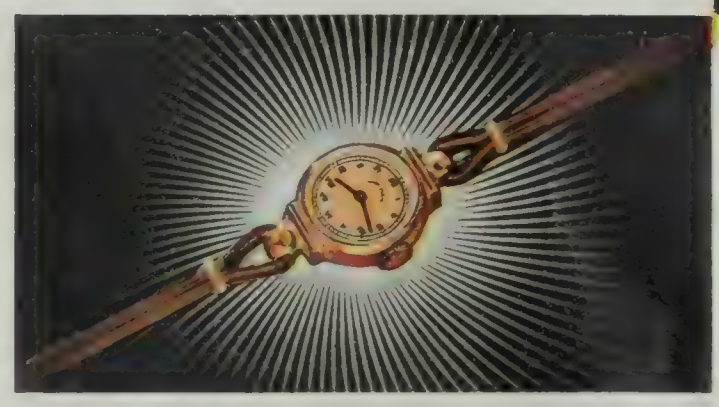
Of course, fewer of these watches are available this year, due to Elgin's war effort. Long before Pearl Harbor even, the government requested Elgin to produce special military devices and precision instruments. And these today are Elgin's first concern. Fighting planes, tanks and guns must be equipped.

However, each one of the Elgins your jeweler is offering is star-timed and true to the famous Elgin standard of dependability. Each is produced by Elgin's unique partnership of fourth-generation craftsmen and scientists.

You will also be interested in your jeweler's many other fine gifts of quality, including exquisite precious and semi-precious stones and silverware. *A gift means so much when it comes from your jeweler's.*



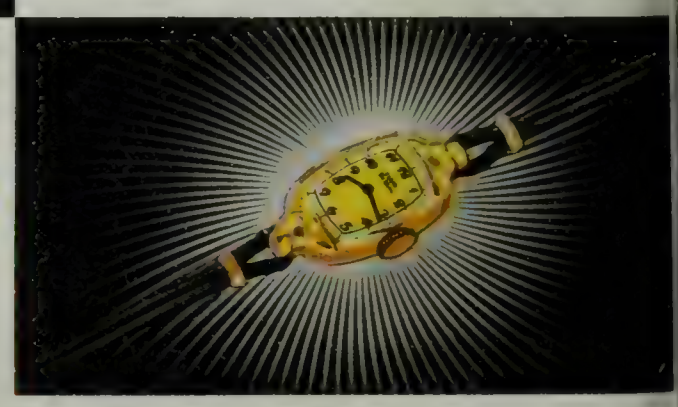
(Top) *Elgin Service Watch. Luminous dial. Sweep hand.*
(Bottom) *Thin Lord Elgin. 14K natural gold filled case.*



Brilliantly designed Lady Elgin. 14K rosé gold filled.

ELGIN

Since 1865 a great American gift tradition



Beautiful Elgin De Luxe. Star-timed for superb accuracy.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame Calif.



Frank Sinkwich, halfback, University of Georgia. Home, Youngstown, Ohio. Sinkwich has been the mainstay of good Georgia teams for the past three seasons

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

BY GRANTLAND RICE

TRACY O'NEAL

WITH the bulk of the entire nation mobilized for war, with the endless tramp of millions of men marching to war, football again proved its indestructible vitality through the season just closed.

This must be listed as one of football's most remarkable years. In spite of enlistments and the Selective Service draft the number of strong teams and star players in many sections was well above average. Few past seasons have seen any stronger teams than Boston College, Georgia, Georgia Tech, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Tulsa, Texas, Rice and U.C.L.A. proved to be, week after week.

While there was an expected drop in attendance, the season's record was amazing, considering transportation handicaps. The 70,000 mark was repeatedly passed in New York, Columbus and Philadelphia, where big stadiums could be reached easily. Other sellouts were in Minneapolis, Atlanta, Athens and South Bend, to mention only a few.

The season found the Midwest and the South leading both in material and all-around strength. These two sections kept more than a million servicemen in acrid argument as to which had the stronger teams. Ohio State, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Notre Dame, Indiana and Iowa were discussed, against Georgia Tech, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Auburn and other Dixie teams. But the general opinion was that the Midwest this time had the edge, although the margin was thin.

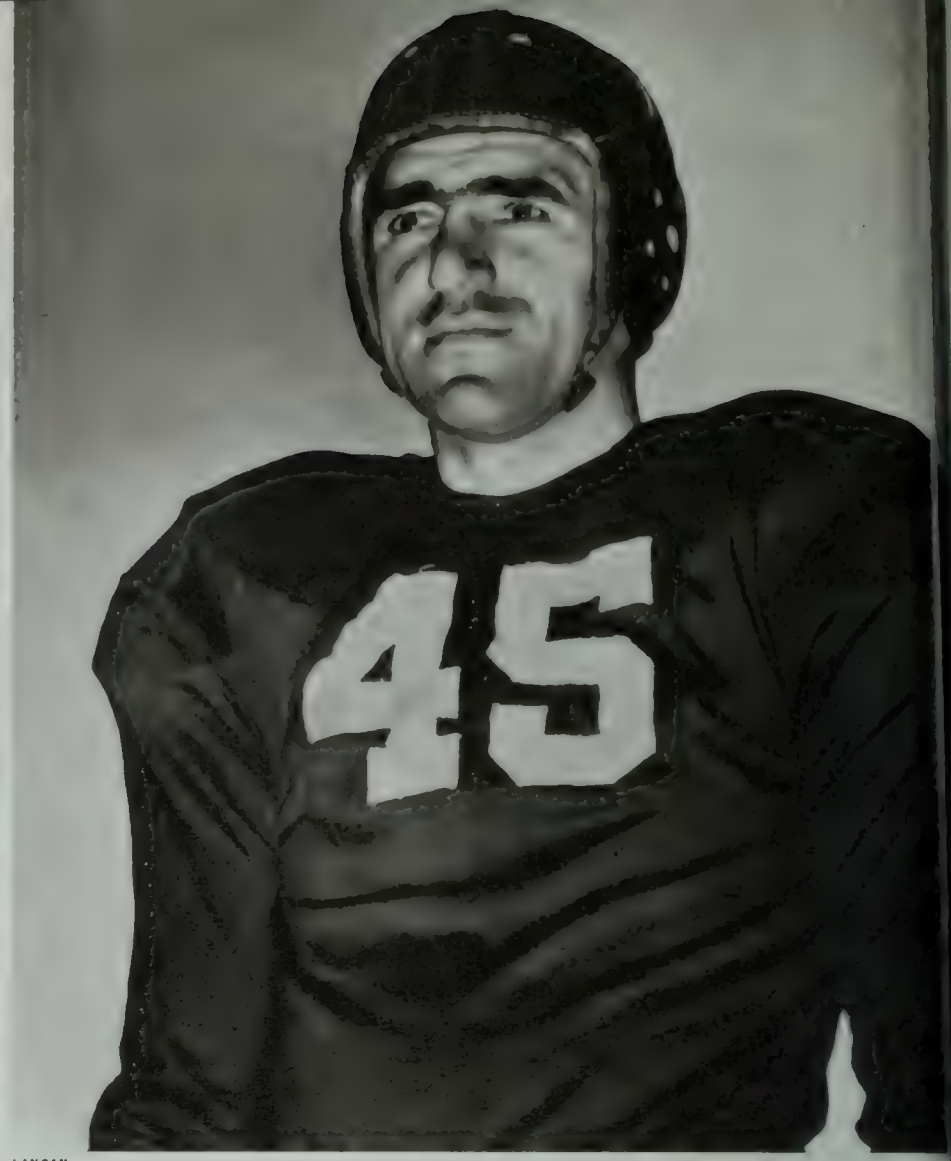
Certainly no other two teams kept up a higher standard of play than Ohio State and Wisconsin, who ran one-two for the Big Nine title. Both had to play killing schedules week after week. The season's biggest shock came in the South on that late November day when Auburn whipped a fine Georgia team led by the brilliant Sinkwich.

Florida had beaten Auburn 6 to 0 and Georgia had beaten Florida 75 to 0. Yet a revamped Auburn team came from far back, earlier in the year, to



KNOPF-PIX

Julius Franks, guard, University of Michigan. Home, Detroit, Michigan. Franks was in a close race all year with Taylor of Stanford for the All-America nomination



LANGAN

Joseph Domnanovich, center, University of Alabama. Home, South
diana. He was the mainstay of Alabama's powerful defense throughout

THE LINE-UP

JOSEPH DOMNANOVICH
CENTER—UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

LINDELL HOUSTON
GUARD—OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

JULIUS FRANKS
GUARD—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

RICHARD WILDUNG
TACKLE—UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ROBIN OLDS
TACKLE—ARMY

DONALD CURRIVAN
END—BOSTON COLLEGE

DAVID SCHREINER
END—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WILLIAM HILLENBRAND
QUARTERBACK—INDIANA UNIVERSITY

FRANK SINKWICH
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

PAUL GOVERNALI
HALFBACK—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

MICHAEL HOLOVAK
FULLBACK—BOSTON COLLEGE

beat Georgia, 27 to 13. Georgia and Georgia Tech both had three-star records. Georgia Tech especially had a brilliant year. Boston College dominated the East with a big, fast, powerful squad that had five or six All-America possibilities.

One of the leading Eastern features was the first-year work of Howard Odell, Yale's young coach, who carried the Blue to winning afternoons over Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth and Brown.

There was a drop in material and decisive team strength in the Far West and the Southwest, usually two of the strongest sectors. The Far West suffered heavily in intersectional games against such teams as Tulane, T.C.U., Ohio State and Notre Dame.

There was a well-matched quality of play from southern California to the north, where form reversals came in weekly order in the tangled battle for the Pacific Conference title. There were good teams in this section, but none with outstanding strength.

The same was true of the Southwest, where Texas, Rice, T.C.U. and others had their usual nip and tuck, up and down season. The one exception was Tulsa, one of the leading teams of the year, ably led by Glen Dobbs, one of the star backs of a season packed with backfield talent.

Missouri again took over the Big Six crown, but suffered a severe jolt in her Fordham renewal.

The great majority of all players in all sections had made preseason enlistments in some form of the Services: Army, Navy, Air Forces, Marines or Coast Guard, subject to call at the
son's end. In many cases entire sq
of 35 or 40 men were eligible for S
ice calls.

Both Army and Navy squads pla
under heavy handicaps. Their extra
ties, which in some cases included n
flying, took a heavy toll in football c
centration. Army had several of
leading stars flying after midnight
back on duty before daybreak. In
list were Olds at tackle and Mazu
back. It is easy to understand the e
pressure they faced.

How Selections Are Made

It might interest you to know just h
Collier's 1942 All-America was selec
to complete the 53d all-star group, wh

Donald Currivan, end, Boston College. Home, Mansfield, Massachusetts. Big, fast and alert, he topped all ends

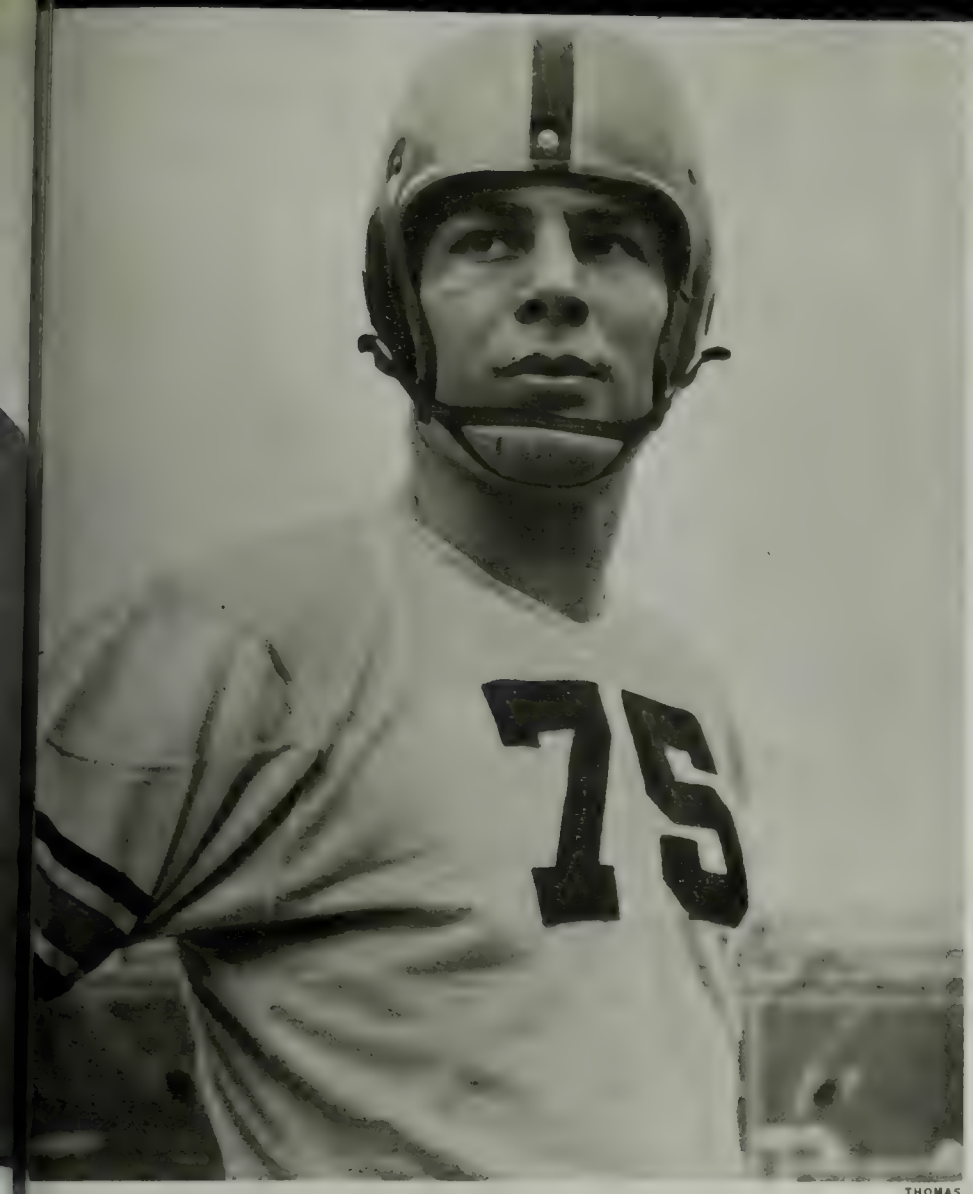
GRIFFIN



Paul Governali, halfback, Columbia University. New York, N. Y. Made himself a one-man footb

MONAHAN





THOMAS

ds, tackle, U. S. Military Academy. Home, Spokane, Washington. flying interfered with his football training but not with his playing



KNOPF-PIX

William Hillenbrand, quarterback, University of Indiana. Home, Evansville, Indiana. Sparked a fine Indiana team through an entire season

s back to Walter Camp's first nomions in 1889. The All-America squad h follows came from ten veteran ball writers who have earned the ect of coaches and fans in every sec of the country.

Week by week each member of the rd sent in his report as injuries or insistencies brought about their changes he standings of both players and ns. The idea was not to pick a team might beat some rival line-up but reward those who had contributed t; those who had shown the greater round ability.

back who can pass, kick, run and k was given consideration over a liant ball carrier or a star blocker. s only natural that in many cases the ding line was extremely thin. For example, for one end position there was practically a dead heat between Schreiner of Wisconsin and Dove of Notre Dame, both stars.

There was the closest sort of race between Franks of Michigan, Houston of Ohio State and Hardy of Georgia Tech at guard. The same was true of the tackle positions. There were Wildung of Minnesota, Olds of Army, Csuri of Ohio State, Mauldin of Texas and Wistert of Michigan to be considered. Such stars as Daley of Minnesota, Harder of Wisconsin, Kuzma of Michigan, Dark of L.S.U. and many others suffered early injuries through battering competition that killed off their excellent chances to make a place on the All-America team.

These are the nominations from Collier's All-America Advisory Board:

MIDDLE WEST

Barton

Ends: Schreiner, Wisconsin; Dove, Notre Dame. Guard: Houston, Ohio State. Center: Pregulman, Michigan. Tackles: Wildung, Minnesota; Csuri, Ohio State. Backs: Hillenbrand, Indiana; Fekete, Ohio State.

Salsinger

Ends: Dove, Notre Dame; Schreiner, Wisconsin. Guards: Houston, Ohio State; Franks, Michigan. Center, Pregulman, Michigan. Tackles: Wildung, Minnesota; Csuri, Ohio State. Backs: Hillenbrand, Indiana; Ceithaml, Michigan; Kuzma, Michigan; Fekete, Ohio State.

EAST

Woodward

End: Currivan, Boston College. Center: Naumetz, Boston Coll. Tackle: Olds, Army. Backs: Governali, Columbia; Holovak, Boston Coll.; Hayes, Williams.

SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST

Digby

End: Comer, Tulane. Guard: Hardy, Georgia Tech. Center: Domnanovich, Alabama. Back: Sinkwich, Georgia.

Russell

Guards: Hardy, Georgia Tech; Ramsey, William & Mary. Center: Dom-

(Continued on page 88)

David Schreiner, end, University of Wisconsin. Home, Lancaster, Wisconsin. Schreiner, No. 80 below, was a close call over Notre Dame's great Dove. In the picture below he is coming in to tackle Hirsch of Northwestern in the game Wisconsin won, 20-19



Something to Take Across

By Frank M. Phillips, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

When a man asks a girl to spend his last leave alone with him, she'd better give him a chance to say why

LIEUTENANT MIKE MALONEY bought his cigarettes and walked slowly toward the steps on the beach side of the hotel, slitting the cellophane wrapper cowboy-style with his left thumbnail while he rummaged for a match with his right. He stopped a few paces short of the steps and his solemn, mobile face cracked painfully into an angry frown as he saw a group of weekenders running up the steps, laughing and waving sunburned arms, their assorted voices blending in an intimate composition of small talk. There were four couples of them, ranging from tall to short and blond to brunet, and Brownie was one of them.

Maloney bent his head, lighting a cigarette and saying to himself in his cupped hands, "Why did this have to happen?" as all the old memories smothered him, making his blood run furiously and kicking up a soapy bath of feathers in his stomach. She was leading the group just as she always led everything, and her sweet laughter carried all the deep enchantment that had held him in the weeks gone by at Fort Benning. She was smiling at a skinny young man in a pair of uncomplimentary black swimming trunks, who trotted obediently at her heels, reminding Maloney of a bottle-fed, valuable, absolutely worthless lap dog. He heard her say, "Hubert, will you buy me a drink?" And then, one foot on the top step, she looked up and saw Maloney's face shadowed in the oval cup of his long brown hands, and her smile died miserably on her lips.

He watched her chew her lower lip and recapture one small side of her smile. She said, "Hello there, Mike," in the same tone she would use to say good morning to the girls in her office. Maloney noticed that she was wearing the yellow beach suit with the white trim, the outfit he had always wanted to eat with sugar and a spoon, and he wished she would burn it. And then, because he could not help but see it, he caught the flash of the large ring on her right third finger and knew she was still clinging perversely to the past, wearing that old engagement ring he hated so heartily. He thought of all the times he had asked her to throw it away and forget that she ever had been married to someone who had treated her so meanly; and not wear it as a token of her past mistake, the mistake that made her suspicious of all men, including Maloney. Controlling his voice, dropping his hands, he said tonelessly, "Hello, Brownie," and walked around her and down the whitewashed steps toward the end of the pier.

Depression settled on Maloney as he walked; it was a queer feeling of fate driving hatpins in his back. Working on the law of averages, they should not have met again after their quarrel of a ago, and it was wishful thinkin course, to believe that she would Her heart wasn't broken; not even

He thought about her friends for ment, deciding that they were the carbon copies of the real McCoy, n talk and drink with, but hollow when you wanted to set your tee anything serious. Brownie wanted men like that, easy to boss and eag please, with no ideas of their own t set her applecart, her sour cup of carried over from the past. But that where he had differed with her.

Hunger finally dulled his anger he went back to the dining room took a table beside the windows looking the gulf; it was one of those let-tinted late Florida afternoons an white beach below him was almost serted. Maloney was smoking his after-dinner cigarette when Brownie her friends came into the dining r

Brownie stood out among them the miniature Boss Tweed that she proud and pretty and always domin ing. The skinny young man sipped drink, one finger up, and laughe something she said, and it occurre Maloney that this was like a game; when he thought of Brownie's family their money, the laughter and fawn attention of the skinny young man all too clear in his mind. Brownie glan casually over his way, and his th tightened, it hurt that much to see with someone else. He ground his c rette in his plate and walked out, a l man with close-cropped hair and a lit tired face, and he heard the skinny yo man say, "Don't we know that big ch Brownie?"

MALONEY wanted to go back say, "Yes, she knows me. should. Didn't we meet two months in Columbus, Georgia? Didn't I fal love with her from that first mome Didn't I want to see her, to hear voice, to touch her, to put my a around her and never let her go—all this so bad that I saw her every night weeks? For what? For nothing, I gu because she thought I was fooling. Y you'll find my head among the collect on her mantel." But he couldn't do th He was supposed to be a gentleman Act of Congress, and gentlemen did embarrass ladies.

He took a turn down the boardw toward the sparkling lights of the lit resort town, caught in the gathering d that changed the gulf waters from li green to dark blue and brought out million stars in the unbelievably bl bowl of the north Florida sky above head; and he wondered how the war w coming and whether he would really allowed these last five days of precio leave before his address became A.P.O New York City. Yes, these last five da The days he had asked her to spend wi him, because he had to crowd a lifetim

(Continued on page 40)



Maloney looked at her flushed, an gry face, at the upward turn of he lips. "Thanks, Sherry," he said, and reached over and kissed her. He knew he shouldn't, but he felt good about it



All at once there were two men in German navy uniforms, pointing guns at us, plus requests that we start reaching for stars quickly

Don't Mention Other Men

y Dorothy Speare

LUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

liss Holiday demonstrates ow not to write our boys

New York City
August —, 1942

o Lt. Nathaniel Spencer, U. S. N.
atrol Wing—Patrol Squadron
omewhere in the Atlantic

earest Nat:

No letter for more than five weeks. eing engaged to somebody you never e, and then start in not hearing from im too, sometimes gets to be a funny eling. I have been reading a magazine iece called How to Write Our Boys that has not cheered me up any either. According to this piece I have been writing you all the wrong things.

For instance it says above all don't write him about other men. I am afraid I have done that from time to time as you always want to know what I am doing and it is pretty hard for a night-club singer to describe what she is doing without mentioning men in a general sort of way. From now on I will try not to mention them at all, not even to let you know I am not letting them get specific. I can get a good start in this letter telling you all about Lola, who is the reason for the change of address you will note above.

I wrote you I had volunteered to go out with USO Camp Shows my night off from Chez Lucy. My first call came last Sunday to go out to the Coast Guard Training Station at Manhattan Beach. They had a bus where we met at six-thirty P. M. There were a number of acts, including a little ventriloquist who lost no time pulling his Charlie out of his suitcase to show how much better he was than Bergen. That was all right for a while, but it was a long ride, and he was the only one who didn't get tired.

I had not noticed Lola, who is not the kind of girl you look at twice, being short and chunky, with brown hair she has never done anything about and wearing a suit with side pockets that did not help her figure any. But all at once from near where she had been sitting, there came this voice that was a ringer for the Charlie one the little fellow had been using.

It was a wow of an imitation quite apart from the angle being Charlie's request that his slave driver give him a rest. It got a big hand and the little fellow had to take the hint, so you can see why I liked Lola from the start. At the show she went over almost as big as I did, her act as you have probably guessed being imitations and these side pockets turning out to be where she parked her props, the best one being a red paper schnozzle she pulled out of one of them to walk off on a diller of Jimmie Durante. Afterward we were having hot dogs in the commissary when over comes this Eddie Cooley.

I have been trying not to mention he

(Continued on page 22)



WHAT THE ARMY DRINKS

The American soldier of today is proved by bullet-proof statistics to be far superior in sobriety, health and morals to both his civilian brothers and his predecessors of 1917. This one is Pvt. Raymond Forrest of Fort Dix, New Jersey

BY JAMES W. WADSWORTH

REPRESENTATIVE 39TH DISTRICT, NEW YORK

Despite what the drys would have you believe, American soldiers are not rum-soaked wrecks. On the contrary, they are the soberest and healthiest fighting men on earth. Here are the facts and figures to prove it in an article by one of the most respected men in Congress

IF THERE was the slightest chance of the Army being improved by military prohibition, even I would be for it. But it would not only bring no improvement, it would actually weaken—perhaps ruin—the healthiest, cleanest, best-behaved military organization the world has ever seen. These are not intangibles. They can be measured mathematically.

The conduct of American soldiers began improving with repeal and it has continued to improve in the nine so-called wet years since, until it is now three or four times better than in the holy years of prohibition. This is not coincidence. The figures are too substantial to be accidental. The speak-easy and the bootlegger were largely responsible for the misbehavior of the past, and repeal is responsible for the improvement. The mildest prohibition will bring the bootlegger back to power and will again degrade our Army.

Furthermore, our modern soldiers drink very little liquor, whatever lurid stories you may have heard to the contrary. They are healthier than they were in the last war—so much healthier that the figures seem fantastic; they have higher religious standards than civilians; they are well-educated, well-trained, and self-respecting.

I am convinced that the effort to impose prohibition on our troops is not an end in itself, but only another step toward making the whole country dry. It has been taken concurrently with the creeping paralysis of local-option elections that now have almost a fifth of the United States' population living in dry areas, and is nothing more than a part of the same program that culminated in 1918 in the destructive 18th Amendment.

Let's get down to figures. Tales of drunken soldiers are common in all towns in military areas and are used most convincingly in whispering campaigns organized by the drys. Few of them are true. But no one or dozen such instances is an accurate index to the behavior of the entire Army, and as a matter of fact, the figures show decisively that the occasional spree is not typical, and that there is less soldier rowdyism than during the frightful days of prohibition. The only key to the Army's manners are the courts-martial rate. Three different types of courts-martial are used—summary, special and general. Summary court deals with trivial offenses, as in a civilian police court; special court with more serious offenders, and general court with the gravest crimes.

The number of cases tried has declined steadily since repeal, with one or two minor breaks. In 1932, the last full year of prohibition, the Army had 103 summary courts-martial for every 1,000 enlisted men; in 1941, with liquor legally available to 80 per cent of our popul tion, it had only 31, less than a third many. In 1932, it had 41 special court martial per 1,000 men; in 1941, it ha only 13, again less than a third. In 193 it had 24 general courts-martial per 1,0 men; in 1942, it had just three, or eighth as many.

If our soldiers were as riotous as pr hibitionists' propaganda would make believe, Army discipline must have bee disgracefully relaxed to bring so fe punishments. But Army discipline is to standardized by tradition and experienc to change appreciably.

How much drinking do our soldier do? Most of them don't drink alcoho at all. Those who do get into the alco holic field confine themselves so tho oughly to beer that the distillers woul be in the direst financial straits if they ha to depend on soldiers for their profit.

The Army recently made a survey o the drinking habits of two combat divi sions of ground troops, and the result surprised even the Army itself. Fifty seven out of every hundred men dran nothing alcoholic even on Saturda nights, the traditional time for sprees

y-four men drank only beer, nine few nips of hard liquor.
a similar study of two Army Air s units, 58 out of every hundred confined themselves to nothing violent than sarsaparilla, 31 quaffed and 11 turned to liquor.
Sunday nights, 75 out of a hun- in both groups were completely mious, 21 had beer, four had liquor. day nights were about the same, two or three more boys drinking but only four touching liquor.
ese are the figures, and any honest who has been in close touch with camps knows they are true. I have in more camps than I can remem- from Fort Devens, Massachusetts, ort Riley, Kansas, and if whisky drinking were an accurate indication of a man's strength and virility, we would have a feeble Army indeed. The men whom I saw consume remarkable quantities of everything but alcohol. Milk, soft drinks and coffee are best sellers in post canteens, while near-by liquor-selling taverns are half empty.

The work of the military police impressed me, also. Most of the taverns co-operate willingly with Army authorities around the camps I have seen, but when one becomes too shoddy, it becomes "off limits" with a speed that shakes the proprietor to his senses.

Once "off limits," it is guarded by two MPs, who see to it most effectively that the offending establishment's soldier business vanishes. When a tavern totters a bit in its standards, it may suffer nothing more serious than a few visits by veteran sergeants. The sergeants simply watch what's going on, but the expression on their faces—only sergeants can get those looks—usually reminds the bartender to change the tavern's policy.

In all my traveling around the country, I saw not one widespread soldier debauch. The nearest thing was pathetically inoffensive. On one train, a group of sailors gathered at one end of a car and sang, discordantly but soberly. Compare this with the sights we saw during prohibition, and with the official Army statistics, and you must come to the conclusion that the prohibition of liquor to men in uniform would be catastrophic.

The little drinking that goes on among our soldiers definitely does not make the imbibers less adaptable to Army life. In another careful Army survey, 26 per cent of the well-adjusted soldiers turned out to be beer drinkers, while only 22 per cent of the badly adjusted men had the habit. Which doesn't mean that drinking beer makes a better soldier, but it does mean that the better soldiers drink a little more beer.

If our young soldiers were the gin-soaked creatures they are sometimes rumored to be, they would get the conventional wages—sickness and death. Yet they are inspiringly sturdy, healthier by far than anyone expected them to be.

In 1917, for instance, admissions to

(Continued on page 96)



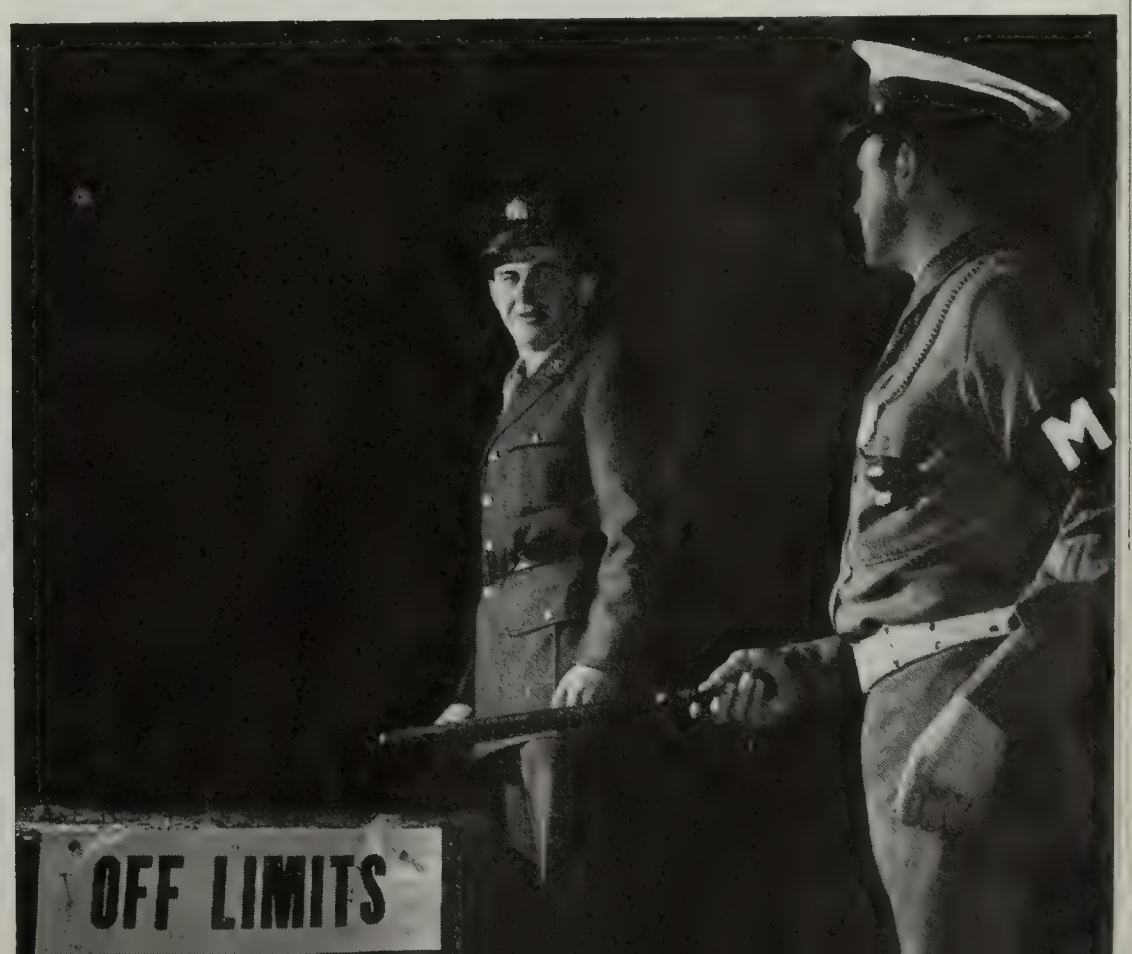


drinks, milk and coffee are far in lead as beverages wherever soldiers . These boys from Fort Dix are drink- root beer. Fifty-seven per cent of oldiers are teetotalers; the pair be- enjoying their rum Collinses repre- only 9 per cent, and Army figures this group to be moderate drinkers

PHOTOGRAPHS
FOR COLLIER'S BY
W. EUGENE SMITH

Beer is the beverage for the Saturday night spree throughout the Army. Of every 100 soldiers, 34 drink nothing stronger than beer, and an Army survey shows that good soldiers drink more beer than poorly adjusted soldiers. Below, abuse of soldier trade brings a quick "off limits" ruling against the offending bar or tavern





The Hunter

By Mary Hastings Bradl

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BRO

The Story Thus Far:

MICHAEL GARRICK and his wife, "Tommy," live on a coffee plantation in Uganda. They see much of a neighbor: Bob McNare.

McNare, an Englishman, inherits a title, goes home to claim it. Before he leaves, though, he and Tommy know—they confess it, to each other—that they have fallen in love.

When Bob finally returns, he is "Sir Robert McNare:" and Tommy soon makes the vanity-wounding discovery that he is infatuated with Mrs. Claire Winston, a rich young widow (blond, beautiful, smooth) who, accompanied by her uncle, had come out on the same boat with him. . . .

Michael Garrick is a clever, fascinating man. Unfortunately, however, he has one weakness—he drinks heavily. The explanation is simple—although neither Bob nor Tommy knows it: Before his marriage to Tommy, he had been jilted by a girl who had married a wealthy older man. That girl had become Mrs. John Winston!

Now Mrs. Winston—Claire—is here in Uganda: and Michael—observing her as she plays her cards, in the hope (so he surmises) of becoming Lady McNare—tries to convince himself that she no longer means anything to him.

Michael is a veteran big-game hunter. Knowing this, Bob asks him to arrange a hunt, a safari, so that Mrs. Winston can see something of a wilder section of Africa. Michael derives considerable sardonic amusement from the request—he knows about Tommy and Bob; he knows that Claire Winston can be, if she so desires, a dangerous woman; he knows that he, Michael Garrick, will experience difficulty keeping sober, during a hunt of any length.

In the end, however, he agrees to organize the safari; and a few days later, the four—he, Tommy, Mrs. Winston and McNare—start for the Congo. They have two cars, a small truck (loaded with equipment) and five black boys.

As they move along, Michael reviews several chapters of his life. He wonders how he can live for three weeks or more, without a binge. He wonders—many things. After a time, he turns to his wife. "You've a nice face, Thomasina!" he says lightly.

III

EACH hour the car ahead waited for the others, in case of accident. At the second stop Mrs. Winston suggested that she change. She said, "I must get acquainted with Mr. Garrick," and Michael felt the secret jest in her inflection.

They drove on together, in silence after the first exchange of comments on the heat and the pleasantness of being in motion. They passed a file of natives with vast-looking loads of sugar cane upon their heads. They dodged two Hindus on bicycles, pedaling erratically, their white loin drapes billowing. The red road wound through rolling hills, with wide views of green slopes dotted with darker upthrusts of eup bia, with palm, and the wide, fantastically wide, ac A flame-of-the-forest tree flashed its scarlet blos from bare silvery branches.

Michael was waiting, his pride wary.

"It's a beautiful country, isn't it, Michael?" said, casually.

He gave a quick look out, under the brim o wide hat, as if taking cognizance of somethin which he had not been aware.

"I like it," he said briefly.

"What's that dark thing? Like a cactus?"

"Euphorbia. Candelabra euphorbia. It grows mad. The natives use it for cattle kraals—make he of it, and when it grows too high they move out cattle and start another kraal. Down in Ruanda place squared off with those high walls, all abando Like old roofless palaces. . . . Or like a maze. You get lost in them."

She was gazing off at the sun-bright land. She r mured, "I never realized Africa was so beautiful," then, with a remembered note of mock plaintiver "But where's the jungle?"

"Not here. Not till you reach the Congo. T you get into the Ituri. . . . That's the equatorial fo that sweeps across the continent from the west co

He was talking like a guidebook, he thou amusedly, and added, with a guidebook flourish. dark sea of forest that dies out upon the west sl of the Mountains of the Moon."

She laughed. "I seem to have read that so where."

"It's been said before," he conceded. "Most th have. Do you remember Martial? No, you woul have read Martial. He wrote: 'May they perish e who said all our good things before us!' "

"Mountains of the Moon," she repeated. "I'd to see the Mountains of the Moon."

"That's why I'm taking you to Fort Portal."

It was not the reason; he was going a roundab way through Portal to Kabale because the direct from Kampala went through Masaka, and that near his farm and she might want to see it. His was good but there were too many makeshifts in house of his.

He went on: "There's a chance for a sight the snows—the high peaks—if we get in by set. And if we are too late, *(Continued on page*



Claire Winston was swinging along now over the rough trail with every appearance of enjoying herself. "Of course I'm fit," she told Tommy. "Dancing does it"

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

ONCE AGAIN—IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF Merry Christmas!

IT'S A GRACIOUS, heart-warming custom, dropping
in into friends' homes at Christmas time to share
Four Roses Egg-Nog. But the warmest glow of
all belongs to the Four Roses Egg-Nog host
himself. If you've never been one, why not try
it—this Christmas!

IT'S SO EASY! All you need for 5 pints of Egg-Nog
is 6 eggs—¾ cup sugar (or 1 cup light corn syrup)
—1 pint cream—1 pint milk—1 oz. Jamaica Rum—
1 pint Four Roses. (*But be sure you use Four Roses*
—to get an Egg-Nog that can't be matched for

YOU MAKE IT THIS WAY: Beat separately the yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. (If corn syrup is used, gradually add the *full cup* to egg whites while beating.) Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir cream and milk in. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

AH! WHAT DELICIOUS EGG-NOG! And well it might be! For today's Four Roses is finer by far than any whiskey we've ever made or known—in all our 77 years . . . another reason you should be a Four Roses Egg-Nog host this Christmas!



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



"Stop grumbling, Elmer, I'm just balancing your diet!" laughed Elsie

"HUMPF!" grunted Elmer, the bull. "Every newfangled idea you get seems to wind up as a lot of work for me. There's not a word in the National Nutrition Program about my having to lug all these bundles."

"What's nutrition, mummy?" interrupted little Beulah, who doesn't know too many long words. "Is it something you catch—like the measles?"

"Mercy, no," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "In times like these, particularly, good nutrition is just good eating sense. It's eating the right amounts of the right kind of foods—foods that make us strong and healthy so we can do our part to help America win the war."

"I guess valuable foods like that must be pretty scarce and expensive," sighed little Beulah.

"Not at all," said Elsie. "They're the appetizing,



everyday foods all Americans know and love. Take milk products, for instance. Everyone needs at least a pint of milk a day, and children need a quart. Or there's cheese, and evaporated or dried milk—and ice cream, which are practically the same as milk."

"I might have known milk would be *your* idea of good nutrition," snorted Elmer sarcastically.



"It isn't mine, it's Uncle Sam's," smiled Elsie. "Milk, of course, is only one part of good nutrition. Among other things, everyone ought to eat oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit, raw cabbage, or salad greens every day."

"How can one person eat all that at the same time?" asked Beulah, rubbing her small stomach anxiously.



"*One* of each a day is enough," explained Elsie. "Because, in addition, every day a person ought to have at least one helping of green or yellow vegetables—raw, some cooked."

"Green vegetables!" bellowed Elmer, "I say spinach and to . . ."

"And to this," interrupted Elsie hastily, "shou added potatoes, other vegetables, or fruits in sea

"Bread and butter, too?" Beulah wanted to kn

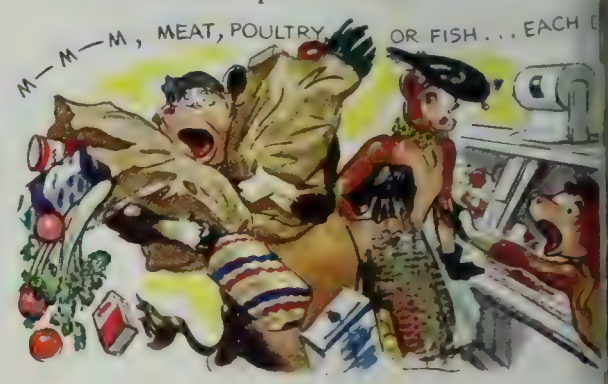
"Certainly," said Elsie. "Both bread and cerea



excellent foods. They should be either whole g products or enriched white bread and flour, or ce restored to their whole grain nutritive value. Bu vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar sp are fine, too."

"They won't get away with it," said Elmer positi "Men want meat."

"Everybody *needs* meat," Elsie told him, "or fis poultry . . . every day. Then, folks occasionally o to have dried beans, peas, or nuts."



"Daddy, daddy," screamed little Beulah, "the p ages on top are falling off!"

"Oops, I've got 'em," panted Elmer. "O-w-w, the tom came out of that bag. I hope you didn't buy eggs."

"Of course, I bought eggs," said Elsie. "Every needs at least 3 or 4 eggs a week. We're lucky tha can cook them anyway we choose, because, from looks of these packages, we're going to have an omel

"Trouble, nothing but trouble," groaned El "What'll I do?"

"Stop grumbling and tote home these packag prompted Elsie. "It will build up your muscles. Th the whole idea—the big reason for the National Nu tion Program: *'U. S. needs US strong!'"*

Elsie says: *"We at the Borden Company are so enthusiastica the National Nutrition Program that we're using this spa tell you about it, instead of talking about our own produc*



© The Borden Com



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY SANDY GANDY

Students at the Army Air Forces Gunnery School, Tyndall Field, Fla., practice firing at a moving target —a miniature plane attached to a jeep which travels a circular track

They Shoot for Keeps

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ead 'em right and you'll it 'em right"—sound advice hat helps turn out aerial nnie Oakleys in five weeks

THE sergeant pointed to the cock quail perched on a stump beside the road, and shook his head rosely. "I bet that's the toughest quail ywheres in the United States," he hed. "I bet that quail's so tough he'd lk right up to a bird dog and kick him the teeth."

Within shooting distance of where he preening his feathers unconcernedly, ur skeet ranges were going full blast. ross the road a trapshooting course asted away without letup, bursts of achine-gun fire from an adjoining nge shook the air; a near-by pistol nge added its staccato whap! whap! hap! to the ear-splitting cacophony. verhead a group of planes roared in rsuit of a towed sleeve target, hemtching it with rapid fire. Unimpressed, e quail hitched his rump feathers nonalantly. The sergeant observed this enomenon glumly.

"See what I mean?" he complained. "I n't gonna hunt quail around here, no, . One of them's liable to grab the gun ght out of your hand."

What the quail along Florida's Gulf oast don't know about guns isn't worth owing. Certainly it's one of the shootest spots in the whole United States ese days.

For here is Tyndall Field, the Army ir Forces' flexible gunnery school; and ty miles away is Eglin Field, an Air orces fixed gunnery school. You may ant to get that distinction clear right f; we did. At Tyndall they teach stuent gunners to fire the movable guns at protect the big bombers: defensive unnery, that is. At Eglin they teach the ghter pilots to handle the stationary guns mounted in the wings of a pursuit plane: offensive gunnery.

And they're turning them out in mass production. The entire course at Tyndall is only five weeks. Students transfer voluntarily from other Army units, are from eighteen to thirty years old, and must weigh less than 170 pounds. They graduate as sergeants or staff sergeants; a few weeks later they'll be manning the belly and waist and tail guns of a Flying Fortress in England or Australia or Alaska. Upon the accurate pattern of hot steel they throw in the sky, you realize, will depend the entire safety of that bomber and its crew.

Skeet is the first crack they get at a flying target. Here they learn those two all-important fundamentals of successful aerial gunnery: lead and swing. "It's the same with a clay bird or a Messerschmitt 109," the sergeant says, "lead 'em right and you'll hit 'em right." There are just four things to bring a good wing shot, they all agree: Gun to the cheek; mark the line; swing with the bird; follow through.

Ten long miles of slash pine and rattlesnake-infested palmettos have been converted into a series of progressive ranges, through which the student gunners move step by step as if they were on a vast assembly line. Here is the Harmonization Range, for instance, where the students line up their guns with the sights, compensating for the effect of gravity on the bullet's parabola-shaped trajectory. Here, too, is the Malfunction Range, which teaches the swift repair of jammed guns; mechanisms are purposely put out of adjustment, or fed defective ammunition, and the student must fix the damage under actual field conditions. Here is the formidable-sounding Range Estimation Range, actually a Coney Island shooting gallery with painted silhouettes of planes instead of ducks.

Most spectacular of the ground courses is the Jeep Range, where actual bomber turrets are mounted on truck bodies and the student fires the flexible turret guns at a scale-model Messerschmitt traveling around an oval track at twenty-five miles an hour. This riderless jeep—the driver jumps off once it's in motion—travels around and around the uneven course by the hour, its speed controlled by a wooden block stuck in the throttle.

Altogether many hours are spent out here on the ranges; many more are devoted to classroom study of ballistics, gun maintenance, recognition of planes by means of charts and movies and tiny models; only in the latter part of the course is the student allowed to climb into the aftercockpit of a fighter-trainer and fire his .30-caliber Browning at a sleeve target towed alongside him in the air. The pilot flies the training ship straight and level at first; sometimes a man who has never been up before is inclined to hold on with one hand and shoot with the other. His nervousness disappears with the first savage burst of fire, the shudder of the gun coming alive in his hand, the streaks of flaming tracers across the sky.

Bombers Are Big Game

From the flexible gunnery school at Tyndall it's only fifty miles to the fixed gunnery school at Eglin; but there's a world of difference between the two. There's no such thing as defensive shooting for your fighter pilot; his whole strategy is attack. He shoots, not to protect, but to kill. First, last and always he's a hunter; and the big bombers are his favorite game.

They come to Eglin Field from advanced single-engine schools all over the Southeast, ready for their final stage of cadet training. For eight months they've practiced Immelmanns and lazy eights, learned formation and night maneuvers, landed by instruments on a thin dime; their sole love has been flying. Overnight the airplane takes second place, in their affections, to a gun. They eat and sleep and live this gun, practice endlessly installing and adjusting and loading it, memorize every last bolt and spring in its mechanism.

The whole purpose of their flying is to aim this gun. Barrel-rolls and whifferdills are things of the past; now they fly with the ball in the center. "Smooth flying," says Major Howard F. Nichols, in charge of the Eglin school, "is the key to a good pursuit gunner. If the plane is flown straight, the bullets travel straight to the target; but if the airplane is skidded by using the rudder, the bullets are deflected and spray out in a wide arc, like a stream of water from a moving garden hose."

Smooth flying counts when the cadet is firing at a stationary ground target; it pays off even more at the windup of the course, when the student gunner has to place his shots in a small flag target, decorated with grinning Jap faces and swastikas, being dragged 600 feet behind a speedy tow plane. Not only must he judge range and lead; a single touch of the rudder, the slightest dip off level, will angle his shots too high or too low and ruin his score.

Day after day the cadet goes through the same routine: checking his guns and loading them, roaring up through the clouds to circle the tow plane and drive round after round of steel at the scudding white target. Some day his little training ship will be a mighty P-47, he'll leave the earth behind and roar higher and ever higher, watching for an intruder in his sky. The sun is at his back, the flag target ahead of him is a Jap four-engine K-97, he's diving at it out of the sun. He's looking right down the tail gunner's barrel. Okay, sweetheart, here I come. I can see your slant-eyed grin; I'm on you now. I've got your range. You or me, sweetheart. This is it. ★★★

Don't Mention Other Men

Continued from page 15

had come out with his band in a separate bus. But now I see I cannot explain about Lola unless I let him creep in a little. You have probably heard his band on the radio. It means something for a girl to sing with it any place except a USO show where big names line up with little ones for patriotic reasons that don't get you dates back in New York. Having this well in mind, also knowing he didn't need a singer since he was booked into the Savoy-Carlton with Kitty McKane, the fact that he looks a little like Ronald Colman left me a lot colder than it evidently does him.

He had started to promote himself at the rehearsal. Now here he was again wanting to know if I would ride back with him in the band bus without including Lola. I was sorry, I told him, but I did not go anywhere without my chaperon Mrs. Terwilliger. Had he met Mrs. Terwilliger?

Lola pulled her red nose out of her pocket and clapped it on again and took a bow. Before the mustache could refocus he had both of us on his hands with Lola playing Mrs. Terwilliger all the way in on the bus. By the time we reached town you would have thought he'd had enough. But no, it was early yet, he said. Would we join him in some supper. This was a thing Lola and I were very willing to do after nothing but hot dogs, especially because I had found out Lola was not working at present. He suggested the Club Barleycorn.

LOLA was so impressed at the idea of mingling with the elite that she parked her red nose when we got to the Barleycorn powder room and put on what she called her café-society makeup. "He's really falling for you," she said. "Let's let up on the rib."

"What for?" I said. "He's only interested in me personally."

"You can't tell," she said. "He might think you're good too. You are, you know."

"He is the idealistic type of wolf," I said, "who won't do anything for a girl he's interested in personally because their friendship must not be lowered by sordid business considerations, although it can be by plenty of other things."

"I have a friend like that," Lola said, "who is so rich I have to starve in quaint little restaurants if he ever even takes me that far, so he can be sure his lure for me is not his bank account. But I would not say our pal has that sort of inferiority complex."

What with the make-up and the psychoanalysis we had been about half an hour. But he was waiting outside without a gripe, beyond inquiring in a routine sort of way if we were the girls who had been sunk in a time bomb from the Barleycorn powder room a hundred years ago. While we were still stopped with that one, a blonde with a permanent pout and two temporary ensigns came in the front door. Cooley stood in their way.

"Why, Kitty," he said. "I thought you were too ill to go out to Manhattan tonight."

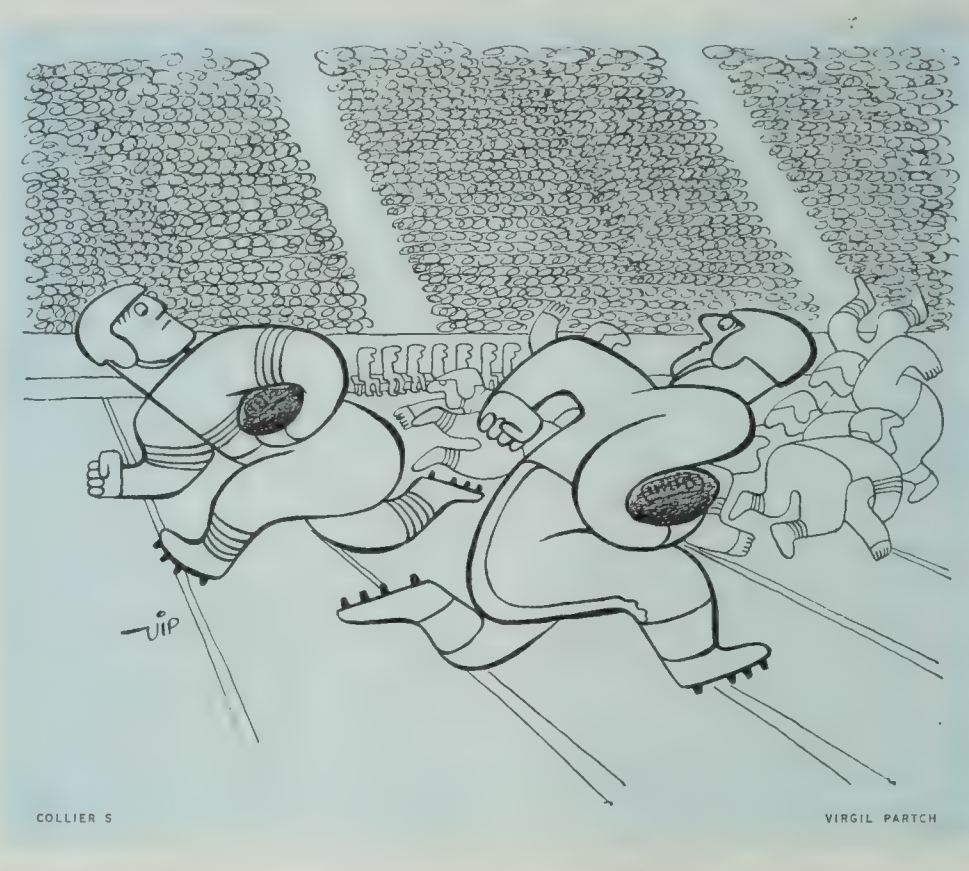
"I got better," she snapped.

"The Coast Guard's loss is the Navy's gain," he lushed, flashing the mustache at the ensigns. "And perhaps, Kitty, your loss will be my gain in discovering the fresh interesting talent that took your place tonight. I want you to meet Miss Anne Holiday and, uh, her chaperon, Mrs. Terwilliger."

It was too much of a natural for Lola not to pull out her red nose and go into character. The ensigns beamed, but Kitty McKane seeing me for the first time did not look as if anything was very funny. However there was nothing she could do about it especially with Cooley going on to say of course we would all have a table together and the ensigns making it plain they were in favor. At the table she took it out on Cooley who seemed to enjoy it, telling her, which I could not help hearing on his other side, that this was what she got for shirking her patriotic duty at Manhattan Beach.

"Those blank-blank camp shows," she said. "Last time I went out with them I had to play on the same bill with Marlene Dietrich and she got all the publicity. I am willing to be patriotic within reason, but not to the extent that it affects my billing!"

After a while, though, she cheered up a little and began to give out personality, taking the spotlight from Lola by



the tried and true method of talking louder. One of the ensigns thought he would bring me in by asking what type of singing I did. Cooley had been quiet with his eyes flickering the way a bandleader's do when he puts down his stick but goes on sending the rhythms. Now he slid in like a slight crescendo: "Miss Holiday is the same type singer as Miss McKane."

"Oh, but it isn't the same *class*," the McKane purred to the ensigns. "Miss Holiday sings *with* the orchestra while people *dance*. That's called a canary. While I have a spot of my *own*. The *big* spot in the floor show. Not that that makes me any *better*. It's just when you get in that class you can't *afford* to do that other work!"

"I was afraid you'd feel that way, Kitty," Cooley increased to forte. "The Savoy's decided they want a girl with the orchestra for the Cocktail Room hour. But I told them I was afraid you wouldn't take anything so far out of your class."

"You told them that?" the McKane yelped. "Without asking me?"

"They left it to me," he explained. "I said I'd at least see how things went at Manhattan tonight where you'd have been with the orchestra. Of course when that didn't pan out I was very sorry . . . That's why Miss Holiday appearing out of the void with this dazzling new personality was just one of those fairy-tale moments which," he sweetly explained to the ensigns, "make up the kaleidoscopic romance of show business."

While the McKane remained paralyzed he waved for the check. "Miss Holiday and I have business to talk over. I'm sorry to deprive you of Mrs. Terwilliger as well. But Miss Holiday never goes anywhere without her!"

Well, I can hardly believe it even now that the contract is signed. I begin working at the Savoy-Carlton next week from five-thirty to seven-thirty in addition to my two evening shows at Chez Lucy. It puts me in another world. The only trouble being Cooley is right in there with me.

It turned out Lola had an apartment and after we talked terms with Cooley I spent the night there so I would not have to let him take me home. "It's all right with me," she said. "But you don't still think he's a wolf?"

"Of course," I told her. "Only instead of being the idealistic type, he is the more sinister waiting variety, that will build a girl until he has her hypoed into believing she can't do without him!"

"You need protection," she said. "And I need someone to help pay the rent of this apartment. I would invite you to move in with me, except I do not like the idea of wearing a red nose the rest of my life."

SHE told me she has a family that is pretty well off in Terre Haute, Indiana, that sends her a little money but not enough to keep up the apartment when she isn't working. It seems she got the apartment so she could serve home-cooked dinners to this rich tightwad I had thought was just a part of the evening's rib.

It turns out she is really crazy about this heel who she says not only has millions but weak eyes so the Army won't take him. She insists he is not a tightwad but just has this inferiority complex that would make her chances a lot less at the moment without the free parking space the apartment affords. If I thought Cooley was going to be hard to handle, it would help me to be living with her, and from her point of view I would

okay because what with all my jobs wouldn't be around much evenings.

"Sometimes I come home to rest b tween shows," I told her. "Would I ha to telephone first?"

"I regret to report," she said, "y would not even have to rattle the doo knob."

So I have moved in with Lola, but do not go home to rest between shows spite of her permission, which implies, I told her, a defeatist attitude, so I ha stayed right here in the dressing room Chez Lucy between shows and writt some in this letter to you every night f a week. I am really very glad I read th magazine piece as I have never been ab to write you such a long letter befo and you write such wonderful ones. Th is, you used to. Nat, still no word,

Love, anyway,

Anne

Dearest Nat:

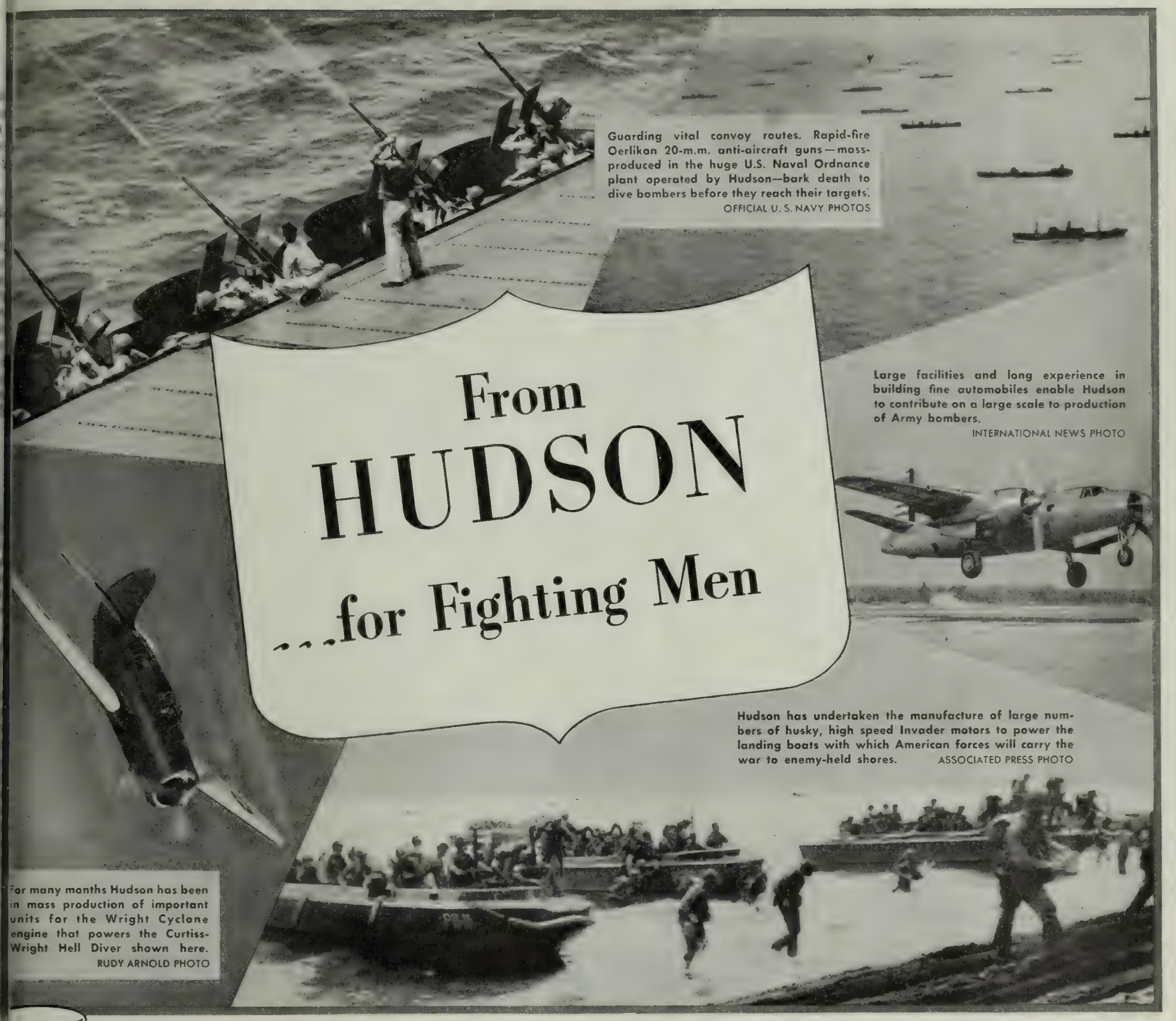
Over seven weeks now and still n letter from you. But I am feeling s much better because of your friend Lie tenant Tom Howard. He came into Ch Lucy the night after I sent last week letter. I remembered right off your men tioning him in several of those letters have stopped getting. Only you neve said he was so good-looking.

I am so glad I can write freely abou one man at least because he is you friend. He has been chasing U-boats i the Caribbean since you saw him an expects to do more of same based nea New York. He said he had always prom ised you to look me up if he got to Ne York, so now he was here, he could no let his old friend Nat down. It is won derful to be with a flier again. Alread he is taking charge of everything jus the way you would. He agrees with m we should do something about Lola' rich jerk if only make him pay for dea storage. And he is helping on the Coole situation.

I WOULD not have mentioned Coole again except now that you know Ton is here you will not worry. It turned ou just as I thought, every evening afte I am through with my Cocktail Hour Cooley asks me to eat with him in th Venetian Room so he can tell me vari ous ways of putting songs over. Al though I realize it is all a part of hi sinister campaign to become my indis pensable man, I have decided as long a I am on to him I might as well get th benefit of his advice. It is also a pleas ure to see Kitty McKane's face. She i generally having dinner at the same time and sails past with her head in the air, a she and Cooley do not appear to b speaking.

I made a point of telling him about you the first time we dined together. He hardly seemed to hear and went right on talking about the fourth upbeat in the second stanza where I had interrupted However, as I told Tom, it is easy to pay no attention to somebody's fiancé when you have no mental picture of him. That is how we came to have the idea of introducing Tom to Cooley as my fiancé.

You see I did not tell Cooley your name. So, as Tom pointed out, it seemed like Fate he should come along at this moment, so Cooley can get the picture of a dangerous-looking fiancé firmly impressed on his mind. Lola is rather sarcastic about it, not seeming to understand how glad you will be to know Tom is practically defending your hearth. She has been in a bad mood lately anyway



Guarding vital convoy routes. Rapid-fire Oerlikon 20-m.m. anti-aircraft guns—mass-produced in the huge U.S. Naval Ordnance plant operated by Hudson—bark death to dive bombers before they reach their targets.
OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

From HUDSON ...for Fighting Men

Large facilities and long experience in building fine automobiles enable Hudson to contribute on a large scale to production of Army bombers.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Hudson has undertaken the manufacture of large numbers of husky, high speed Invader motors to power the landing boats with which American forces will carry the war to enemy-held shores. ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO

For many months Hudson has been in mass production of important units for the Wright Cyclone engine that powers the Curtiss-Wright Hell Diver shown here.
RUDY ARNOLD PHOTO

Our plants are dedicated to war production...

Our dealers to maintaining war transportation

VICTORY is the goal—but the road to that goal is WORK.

Bound for sea, air and land fronts around the world, a steadily growing stream of weapons and equipment is rolling today from Hudson factories.

Again and again, quotas have been raised, then exceeded—in the performance of contracts calling for the highest precision and finest workmanship. But we are far from satisfied. Constantly increasing production is our goal.

We are proud of the thousands of Hudson men and women who in peacetime designed and built more than 2,800,000 Hudson cars. They are now applying that same craftsmanship to the mass production of war materials, and investing over 10% of their pay in War Bonds.

HUDSON
MOTOR CAR COMPANY
33 Years of Engineering Leadership

We are proud, too, of the Hudson distributor and dealer organization—their service supervisors and mechanics. These have been classed by the Office of Defense Transportation as *essential workers*, to keep vitally needed automobiles "rolling" for the duration.

Hudson dealers have expanded their service facilities to meet the wartime needs of owners. They also have limited stocks of new cars which Uncle Sam has reserved for essential driving.

Your Hudson dealer invites you to call on him for the expert service that will prolong the life of your present car. He will also assist you with your application for a new 1942 Hudson, built for years of dependable service, and outstanding economy of gas, oil and tires.



The world holds no finer pipe wood, than this 200-to-400 year old, Mediterranean Flame Grain Briar. To have it now, is a triumph of good management. No more can be imported. It cradles the Meerschaum like a baby, in this Kaywoodie Pipe costing $12.50.

Meerschaum, as you know, was always the most highly-prized of pipe materials—a luxurious smoke. But there was one drawback: Meerschaum alone, carved into a pipe, breaks easily. Drop it, and it would smash. Heat and cold often would crack an all-Meerschaum Pipe.

But not this one. This superlatively sweet-smoking Kaywoodie Pipe provides you with the unequalled smoking-qualities of Meerschaum without any of the disadvantages. $12.50 is little indeed to pay (you know this, if you've bought real Meerschaum pipes before) for such an ingenious, happy union of the world's best pipe materials. At dealers.

The picture shows a "Bulldog" shape with "Saddle" Bit

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON
In New York 630 Fifth Avenue

because she still has no job and the rich jerk has not even taken her as far as a cafeteria.

I told her she ought to give him one more chance. Cooley has asked us all to dinner tomorrow to celebrate Tom's so-called arrival about which he is assuming an indifferent pose that does not deceive me. Since Cooley is paying for the dinner, I told Lola she could at least get the jerk as far as the Savoy. It will have to be a short party because I am due at Chez Lucy for my first show at nine-thirty. If the jerk considers that the end of the evening, I told her, she could consider that the end of him.

"I'd have to be a *little* more impulsive than that," Lola said. "Can't we just say the significant moment will pose itself *some*time during the party?"

This leaves more latitude for several ideas on fixing that jerk which Tom and I have been discussing privately so I said why not. I am writing you as usual between shows but Tom is coming to get me any minute. He and I need to practice dancing together so we can look used to it tomorrow night.

Love, hastily,
Anne

Dearest Nat:

All I am hoping is you are not any place where you can see American newspapers. I have been crying so I could hardly get through my first show. It is all the fault of that Kitty McKane, and the only thing that has cheered me all day is thinking how sore she must be that she did not get in any of those pictures on the front pages. Of course it is Cooley's fault too, for making it necessary for me to produce a fiancé in the first place. And I suppose it is a little the fault of Tom's and my ideas about loosening up Lola's rick jerk.

He is a little fellow named Sidney B. Leffingwell with thick steel-rimmed glasses and a nice shy smile, very excited, as he told us at once, about being on the party. From the minute I saw him I was afraid our ideas were a mistake. But by the time we met him and Lola we were too busy with our act to go back and rewrite any minor characters.

TOM came for me while I was still singing in the Cocktail Room. I edged over to Cooley between beats to say, "Ooo, there's my big moment." Cooley took a casual look and went one up on the evening by cracking, "All right, for the encore we would do How Do I Know It's Real?"

This attitude of considering Tom as just a little intermezzo in my life, Cooley continued after meeting him. But Tom did not even notice he was being treated like an intermezzo, being by that time too busy treating the McKane like a main theme.

She had started to sail past our table in the Venetian Room as usual. Then she saw Tom, and I do not recall that she spoke to me during the process of stopping and greeting Lola like a long lost friend and telling Cooley this was a return date for his crashing her party at the Barleycorn and sitting down next to Tom and Tom liking it.

I was unable to prevent this the way I might have because the first number on the program for loosening Lola's jerk arrived at the same time. A Western Union boy came up to our table and said, "Are you Sidney B. Leffingwell?" and when Sidney admitted it, the messenger gave him a little package I had had gift-wrapped at a Fifth Avenue store, with a birthday card enclosed. Sidney opened it with blushes saying it wasn't his birthday and faced a pocket checkbook which Tom and I had taken care to see was even on the right bank.

Lola turned as red as her Durante nose and glared at me. But Sidney, it seemed, suddenly recognized his bank and looking pleased put the checkbook in his pocket with the remark that he'd forgotten his tonight and this might come in handy. Then the next gag arrived, being a florist's box for Lola. She sat looking at it as if it was a rattlesnake. But Sidney, looking more pleased than ever, opened it and held up a corsage of five orchids with a card that read in big lettering: "LOVE FROM SIDNEY," while the florist's boy wanted to know which gentleman was Mr. Leffingwell because the bill was twenty-five dollars.

Sidney looked around the table with his pleased grin getting broader. "There's something wrong with this picture," he told the boy. "The other ladies have no corsages. We want two more, boy, exactly like this one, with the same message pinned on them!"

As tag to this line he whipped out his birthday present and wrote a check for seventy-five dollars. "Sidney," Lola moaned, "have you gone crazy?" He beamed at her.

"Why didn't you tell me you liked this sort of thing?" he said. "Waiter, champagne! She *likes* champagne, doesn't she?" he asked me. "And she always told me she didn't. Nor places like this. Nor anything to do with vulgar ostentation! Lola, I have been trying to hide my true self from you for months, because I was so afraid you wouldn't approve. But the truth is I am an awfully ostentatious fellow!"

I saw another of our gags approaching. It was too much to face what Sidney would make of it, plus having overheard Tom a few minutes back telling the McKane in a deep purple bass that he'd give anything to stay and hear her sing if he had not been honor bound to take the little woman to Chez Lucy. I got up and said I had to go but wanted Tom to stay until after the late show, his weak resistance being easily overcome by my explaining I was tired and wanted to rest in between. I got away just as a new Western Union boy reached the table. I did not have even a scientific curiosity to see how Sidney would be ostentatious about Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address which he was about to receive collect at straight wire rates.

I am writing you all this to show you how wrong the newspapers are in calling the thing that happened later "the aftermath to a gay party." I cert did not feel gay. When Tom fi came to get me he was not looking either.

"They're all out waiting for us taxi," he said in a hollow voice. "D know what we are going to do now are going to ride to Connecticut an Sidney and Lola married."

"They can't," I said. "There's a day wait or something. They—"

"Sidney can do anything," Tom "He admits it. He's been arran waivers and ministers and honeym all evening just by sending out p to telephone. The fellow is a re Frankenstein monster we have cr in an unwitting moment, and now ing can stop him."

"Good heavens!" I said. "Can't L

"Lola," Tom said, "is dazed. So I be at five A. M., when I have to g and hunt submarines. I will do thing I can for a pal, Anne, but wh have to be your fiancé in name only you leave me with a bunch of lun besides, I am bound to say my co comes first!"

BY THAT time we had reached taxi. Lola was dazed like Tom said. To get six of us in back it was essary to do some doubling. W Sidney said she could sit in his lap they were engaged she said in a voice she did not think they had engaged long enough. The McK remarked that left it up to the othe gaged couple. When I did not react ing forgotten about Tom and me fo moment, she said oh, well, and clim into Cooley's lap inviting him to pre it was all a beautiful dream.

Cooley greeted this move by as hadn't he carried her weight enough night through two shows of sheer ho where she had fought such a dela action against his stick anyone w have thought she was a rear guard to cover his retreat. Sidney talked them about how wonderful it was to spontaneous after all those month repression, and Tom muttered things he hoped he'd feel spontaneous at A. M., and Lola kept on being da This is that gay moonlit ride the n papers talk about.

I never even noticed there was a m until we ran out of gas. The dr swears his tank was full but someb must have siphoned it off. Anyway



"Papa wants you to compare his prices with the mail-order catalog"

COLLIER'S D. ALAIN



eral Electric Electronic tubes speak for freedom in 18 languages

n island in the Pacific a soldier turns a dial. the balmy air comes a Christmas carol. Lights ergreen tree, snow on window-ledge, all the iar pictures of home are in the golden song eamed to the distant war front by the magic ort-wave radio.

eral Electric short-wave stations, this Christ- will be the one link with home for many soldiers ailors. These men are far from America. But are not beyond the reach of KGEI, San Fran- and WGEO and WGEA, Schenectady.

ily, a round-up of news, dance music and s results is broadcast. To the Far East, also, General Electric stations speak in Malay, Dutch, Japanese, Burmese, Korean, Thai, and ten Filipino dialects; and to Europe, in French, Spanish, German, Italian, Swedish, and six other languages. Special programs are beamed to Latin America.

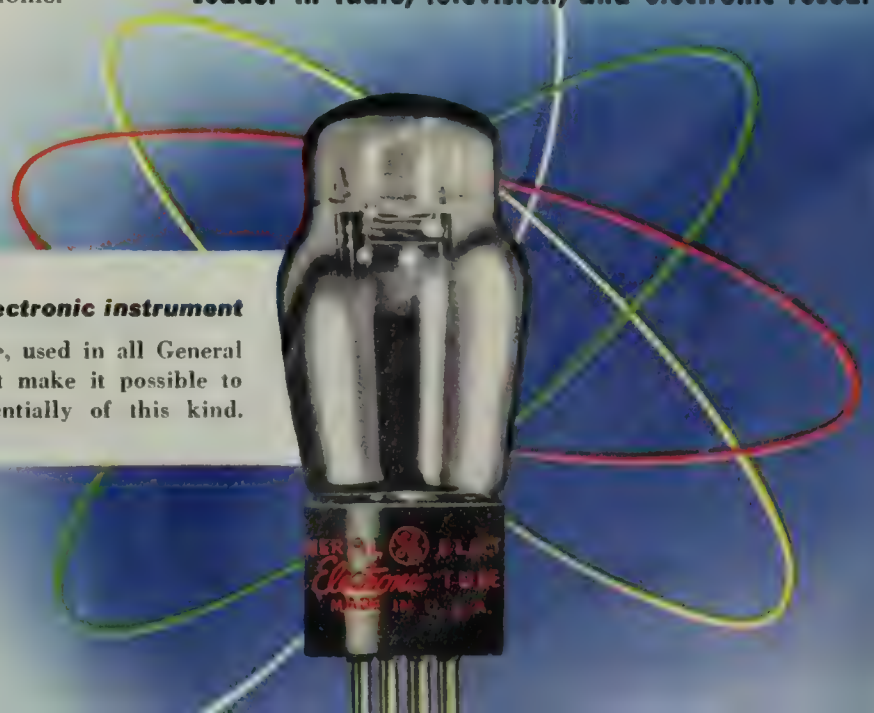
This handclasp from a free people to men with freedom in their hearts is a triumph of electronics. It is the electronic tube that flings the spoken word into the sky, and the electronic tube that captures the word and gives it a voice in your radio. And the engineering excellence that creates the great General Electric transmitters is found also in the radio built by General Electric for the home.

The fascinating story of electronics is told in a new 32-page book: "Electronics — a New Science for a New World." This booklet is free. Write for your copy (publication GED-1028) to Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

Listen to the General Electric Radio News Program, with Frazier Hunt, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, over C.B.S. and American (FM) networks. See newspapers for time.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic tube, used in all General Electric radio sets. Electronic tubes that make it possible to broadcast radio and television are essentially of this kind.



Victory for America on far flung fronts is a thousand things . . . socks and solenoids, goggles and gasoline and quinine as well as food, guns, planes and tanks. And to transport these things upon which the very lives of our fighting men depend, is the staggering problem of the Army Services of Supply . . . a problem which you and your coal dealer can help solve —together.

FOR VICTORY . . .
COOPERATE WITH YOUR COAL DEALER

Order your coal needs well in advance and enable your dealer to get his shipments when they least interfere with the flow of war materials—also this advance ordering will enable your dealer to plan deliveries to use the minimum of equipment and save gasoline and tires.

FOR YOUR OWN COMFORT . . .
ASK YOUR COAL DEALER'S ADVICE

Ask your dealer's advice on the coal to buy—remember there are hundreds of different kinds of coal and many different kinds of heating equipment.

The cheapest coal may not always be the most economical. And to conserve coal and get the most efficient heating results—ask your dealer's advice on firing, banking and regulating your furnace this winter.

For Victory—and for your own comfort—cooperate with your coal dealer. Then, after the War is finished turn your heating worries over to the Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker.

HOW COMBUSTIONEER
IS COOPERATING FOR VICTORY

To help speed production for Victory, Combustioneer's entire manufacturing facilities are dedicated to the full scale precision production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American Warplanes.

COMBUSTIONEER USERS

If you own a Combustioneer, take care of it. Let your dealer inspect and service it so that you may enjoy, to the utmost, the money-saving efficiency of uniform, economical Automatic Coal Firing.



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES
DIVISION, THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Keep on making it hot for the Axis—Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps

gave out, on a nice lonely stretch of coast road where nobody could remember how far back the last house had been, and Sidney had to write one of his checks before the driver would start walking to see.

There had been a crossroads we could remember about half a mile back. Cooley said his legs needed stretching after their dose of McKane, so he would walk that far with the driver and wait on the chance of flagging something that might be going the other way. McKane said she was afraid the gestures of flagging a car were too much like band leading for Cooley to be able to do it without an audience, so she'd go with him. They went off like that leaving Tom and Sidney and Lola and me to guard the tires as Sidney merrily put it.

You would have thought it was enough to stop Sidney. Instead he pulled out a pack of cards he said he had picked up at the Savoy "just in case the tempo lagged anywhere" and suggested we unlax with a little gin rummy. It is another phase of the evening which in the papers gives the wrong impression. The idea of four people playing gin rummy by the light of the moon beside a taxi has sort of a frivolous sound unless you know the spirit of cold desperation in which it was being done by at least three of us.

It is probably lucky those Nazis saw only the frivolous part which made them underestimate us. Anyway, there they were all at once. Two men in real German navy uniforms, pointing guns at us, plus requests that we start reaching for stars quickly. There was one big Nazi and one little. The little one informed us in very good English that he was sorry to disturb our game but they wanted the use of Tom's uniform and Sidney's suit for a few hours, just until they contacted some friends.

EVEN with his hands up and a gun pointed at him Sidney had to go on talking. "You don't mean take them off here?" he wanted to know. "Right in front of these ladies? I thought you fellows brought your own changes!"

"We left the submarine on rather short notice," the little Nazi said. "You are not by any chance," he asked Tom politely, "the flier who sunk us today?"

"When I sink 'em they stay sunk," Tom said. "And if you want this uniform you will have to come and get it."

"To get a uniform off a dead man takes longer," the little Nazi said. "But you are using up the time we thought we'd save."

Lola was whispering to Sidney. The big Nazi pointed his gun at her and growled. Then all at once Lola's Charlie McCarthy voice barked from a space behind the big Nazi. "All right, boys, put 'em up!" The big Nazi's head turned for a second and Sidney went for him, tackling low with a lunge that knocked the gun out of his hand. The little Nazi shot at Sidney and missed as Sidney got the big one's gun and Tom closed on the little one.

It probably couldn't have happened if they had not been slightly off guard, having misjudged our state of soberness by appearances, the way the newspapers have gone on doing. Anyway it was all over before I could get as scared as I am now writing about it. When the taxi driver and Cooley and the McKane arrived in a car half an hour later the Nazis were safely tied up with the tow-rope from the taxi while we were still covering them with their guns. We had absolutely not gone back to the gin rummy game the way the papers have said.

I am sure the McKane is responsible for that touch. That publicity h tried to stand in with the press by ing them all the details that would been better left out, including the that Tom was my fiancé. If it had been for her giving them the whole party angle they would not have tri make it gayer by saying we were all on our way to be married instead of Sidney and Lola. So it is she wh really responsible for those front- pictures labeled "Nazi Capture pones Double Elopement."

So it is all her fault that you may tually be thinking Tom and I are ried by now. When as a matter of not even Lola is, because since sh no longer dazed she has decided she not marry Sidney if that is his true and does not know how to break him since he is so happy about b that true self at last and has been ing her presents all day that she not dare open.

SHE has had about fifty phone with offers of jobs and reporters ing for interviews. But that does cheer her any more than the calls I been getting cheer me. Because afte I am only famous on account of L Charlie McCarthy trick and the Kane's big mouth. And Lola says f now on she will be typed as a stra ventriloquist and spend the rest of life bouncing "Put 'em up, boys!" the shoulders of floor-show chori which is one of the specialties she been offered.

Tom feels as badly about it as we He says if you walk out on me after ing those pictures he is willing to through with his part and be my fi not in name only. I told him he w have to wait until I hear from you

Meanwhile I do not know wha keep saying to Cooley who cannot derstand why I am so upset. If I exp I will have to tell him why I said T was my fiancé in the first place. thinking it over from Cooley's sini point of view he might even take i a compliment that I should have g to so much trouble to protect my from him.

My one hope is you are somewh where you will not have a chance to those newspapers. Oh, Nat, I am wishing you any hard luck. But could only believe right now you w stranded in your plane somewhere off from civilization I would feel much better. Love, sadly,

Anne

Nat Dear:

I am dazed, like Lola on the Sid ride. I could understand your being set if you had seen those newspap But I thought my letters explained erything.

That chief petty officer of yours, N Vardy, may be a fine flier and your et cetera. But he is not acquainted w certain traditions of show business s as going easy with bad news until a the performance. There I was star of whole USO show that I had persua them to send to Northeast Station s could be where you were. And you w gone, with pal Nick pleasantly rema ing five minutes before I had to w out on that stage:

"I don't know what you wrote in th letters, Miss Holiday. But after re ing them Lieutenant Spencer was changed man. He had to get to N York at any cost!"

Lola says I will get over it, the w she has gotten over the Army chang their minds about Sidney's weak e since he helped capture those Nazis. seems to think it is an equal trag simply because Sidney was called

…nly she did not have time to ex- … about not loving his true self and … still sending her presents. There … use telling her it is hardly the same … Especially as she at least has the …nts, which she has started to open …he is at a safe distance.

…hen I remember how happy I was … day when pal Nick called to tell …ou were back at Northeast. Then … I realized Nick Vardy was telling …hat old drip of a captain had put …ll on restrictions on account of the …arine emergency, so nobody could … the station or have guests or even …nal phone calls, it seemed as if I …n't bear it. Especially with that … already beginning to be a pal by …g no time to answer questions be- … he explained he had been sent off …tation on official business which …he only reason he was able to call …r you and he couldn't talk forever. … had not been talking forever, …r. I did ask if you had been any- …e there were newspapers. He said …here had been no mail at all, but … he had left, you were on your way …e station post office where you were …g to find all my letters. Oh, Nat. … I think how relieved I was to … you hadn't seen those papers, and … going to get my letters.

…ell, that was all he said except the … applesauce about things being …d to let up in a few days and you …d call as soon as possible. I said …t he even send his love, and pal Nick …he had no more change and hung …f he had been a little more sympa- …c I might not have gotten in that … of desperate mood where you have …ve action.

…t I do not want to blame anyone … for what I did even though Lola …the one who suggested the idea. I … I did not know these USO shows …go into restricted areas. But she had … in one of them.

…HAT is why I came to give camp …hows this sob story of how much …valiant restricted submarine chasers …ortheast needed a show and if they'd … one there Sunday night I would …nteer my now valuable services. A … ago they wouldn't have listened to … It is just one more irony of my hol- … success that now they did. They …d Northeast to ask if they would like …ow and the thing went through as …oth as Cooley's grin.

… I arrived at Northeast just about …ime you were landing in New York. …ourse you hadn't been able to let me …w on account of that old drip's re- …tions on personal messages. Any …e than I had been able to let you …w, and as pal Nick explained, you … this chance to fly to New York on …oment's notice. So there you were … no planes flying back and there I … listening to Knife-in-the-Wound …K.

… don't know what you said in those …rs. But he had to get to New York …ny cost. When you are as rich as that in this man's war, Miss Holiday, something generally comes along that's that expensive. It was a special mission this time. Lieutenant Spencer bought his trip to New York by volunteering for that mission. He has to leave New York at midnight and one thing ought to console you, he will not be where he can get any more of your letters for a while."

If Nick did not put that last in those words he might as well have. So then I had to go out and sing all your favorite songs which it was too late to change. Afterward the station gave me a party where I received the honorary title of Miss Northeast Station, because they were all so grateful for bighearted little me bringing this show, and that old drip of a captain himself pinned the title on me that some yeoman had run up on a white satin streamer. All this time I was dazed and I still am.

IT IS what I told Cooley this afternoon when he asked what gave. "I am dazed," I said.

"So am I," he said. "McKane and I got married yesterday."

I was so surprised I could not say anything beyond inquiring how they had done it without Sidney.

"Oh, I took out the license quite a while ago," he said. "Under our real names, which are George Glotz and Estelle Humperdinck. She knew what it meant to give in to that setup. But I have finally won the battle."

I looked at him just sort of overcome because if McKane let herself in for all the lack of wedding publicity those names would get, I knew it must be real love that I had not even slightly suspected. He grinned back.

"Not getting more space in your news break helped soften her up," he said. "By and large you have been very useful to me. . . . She is retiring to private life, my only concession being that instead of Mrs. Glotz she can call herself Mrs. Eddie Cooley. After this week, you take over in the Venetian Room."

It is a bigger spot than anything I have yet been offered. But all I could say was, "He's gone."

"Oh, the boy friend," Cooley said. "Well, heck, you knew he would. Fliers don't stay on the ground forever!"

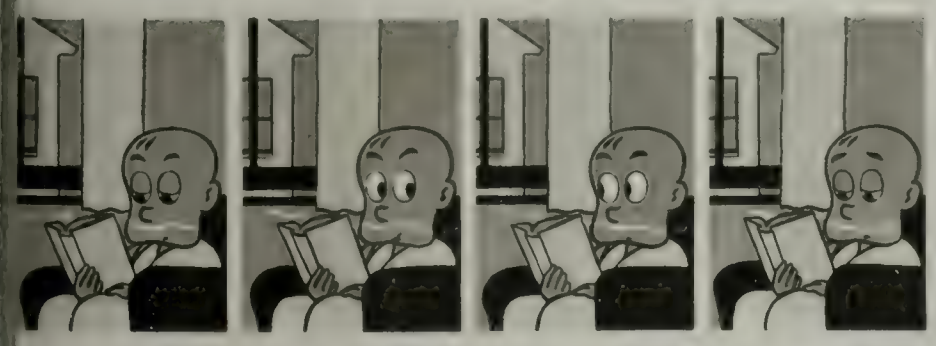
I realized he was still talking about Tom. But I did not have the strength to explain about that at the moment and maybe I will not have to until you come back, since Tom has been so busy resting from what he calls the strain of being a fiancé in name only that he has not been in town lately.

So I said nothing, standing on the Cocktail Room platform alone with my thoughts and Cooley's fiendish grin. "Come on," he said. "Remember, you still have your art. We'll open with I'll Never Smile Again!"

Which I will close with, Nat, because that is the way I feel. I still cannot seem to figure what upset you so about my letters. Love, bitterly,

Miss Northeast Station

[THE END]



COLLIER'S Dinner Next Door CROCKETT JOHNSON



The "HOME FRONT" physician
—3 ways you can help him

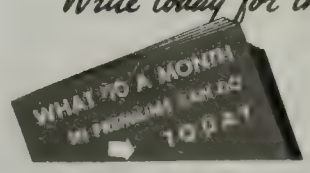
▸ Go to his office if you can . . . ▸ Phone *early* when a house visit is necessary . . ▸ Be patient if you have to wait. Doctors over military age must now carry an extra burden. Help them ration their precious hours.

Your dollars, too, require skilful rationing, to make your *present* income protect your *future* needs. Trained life insurance men can help you in that vital wartime task.

Premium dollars earn service stripes too. They buck up morale by giving that immediate, financial protection that families need today. Because premium dollars are dollars *saved*, they help to combat higher living costs. And finally, they bolster the fighting front by moving into U. S. Government Bonds and other investments to finance war needs.

For adequate insurance protection —which will still leave cash for War Bond purchases—ask a Mutual Life man in your community about our 4 new "dollar-saver" policies that meet the wartime needs of many family heads.

Write today for this free Booklet



Read how modest sums invested regularly in these Mutual Life Policies lift the fear of dependence from your family—assure yourself an income in later years. Ask for Booklet C-6.

NAME _____

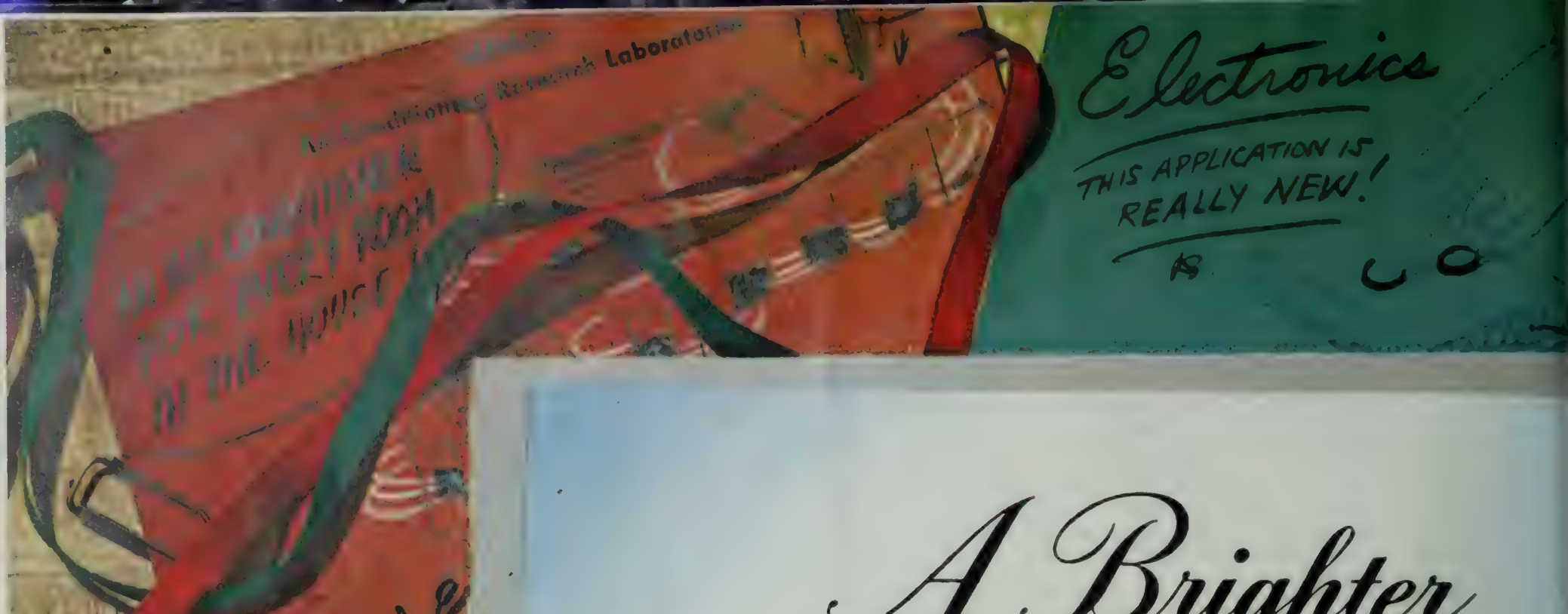
ADDRESS _____

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America" Lewis W. Douglas, President

1843 - First Policy Issued • • 1942 - More than 900,000 Policyholders

34 NASSAU STREET • NEW YORK CITY



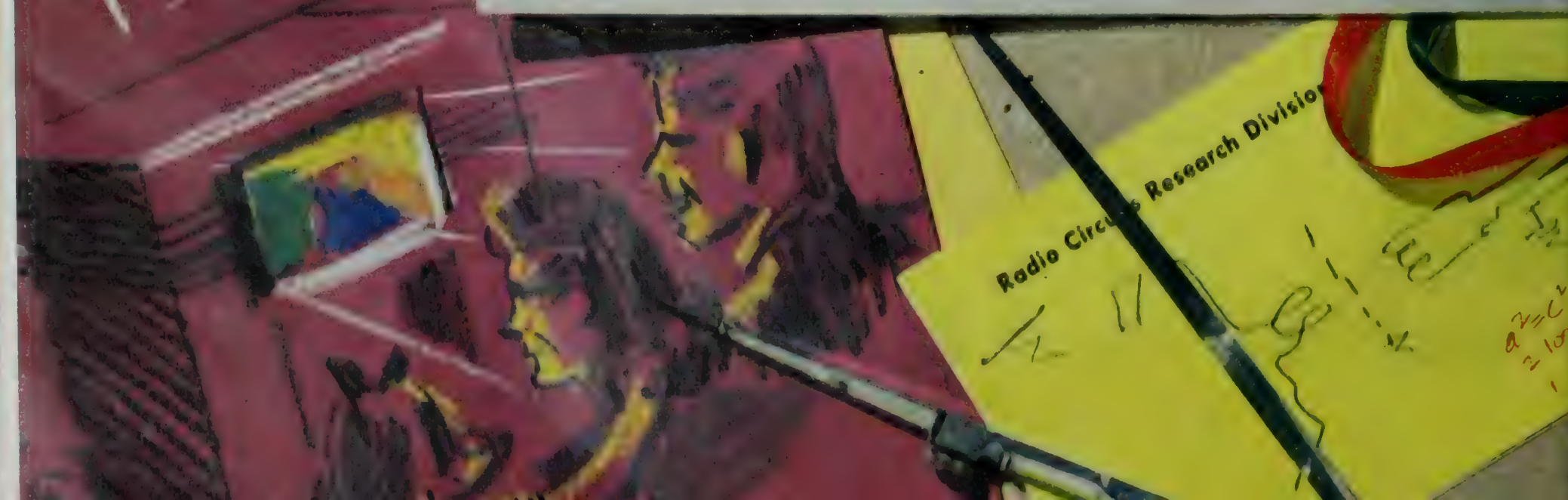
A Brighter Christmas Tomorrow

WILL COME FROM WAR RESEARCH AND PRODUCTION TODAY

TODAY, in this season dedicated to the ideals of *Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,* we are all joined in a world struggle to preserve those ideals for the future. With faith in our cause and confidence in our strength, we look forward with hope to the *Christmas of tomorrow.*

It is no idle wish that gives us this vision of the future. Come what may, we are prepared for the trials and sacrifices which are the price of Victory. And in the miracles which industrial America is p forming for war, we see the dawn o brighter day for all mankind.

With this incentive and inspiration, men and women of Philco are servi every branch of our fighting forces, on ground, in the air, above and below surface of the sea. Tanks, planes and sh are fighting for freedom today, equipp with ingenious radio communications vices from Philco's production lines. Fu



Here's something for after the War
Every Philco Distributor and Dealer can sell it
to Every Home in America

Special Studies Group

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

shells, made by Philco soldiers of luction, are carrying destruction to the ny. Huge Philco electric storage bat- s are doing heavy duty jobs for the y and the Navy.

all this, the special field of Philco's iers of production is the science of tronics. Here, their peacetime products made Philco famous in millions of erican homes. Now, under the grim p of war, their laboratories are creating old miracles of electronic science that ht otherwise have waited years for the t of day. With Victory, their deadly pose will be translated into new and reamed-of wonders of comfort, con- lence and entertainment. Yes, the life omorrow . . . the *Christmas* of tomorrow . . . will be happier and brighter for the scientific achievements of today.

For Victory . . . for this promise of the future . . . the message of Christmas 1942 is *"Buy War Bonds."* Buy them, regularly, so that our boys at the front can have the overwhelming superiority of fighting equipment which they need to conquer. Buy them so that, when Victory is won, you will have the means to enjoy the *brighter Christmas tomorrow that will come from war research and production today.*

THE ARMY-NAVY "E" FLAG has been awarded *four times* to the men and women of Philco for "Excellence" in war production . . . in Philadelphia, Pa., Trenton, N. J., Sandusky, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

PHILCO CORPORATION

Amazing applic
here—it will sho
& photogra

FULL HOURS OF CONTINUOUS MUSIC

A Revolutionary Idea
for a Refrigerator



The Longest Way Round

By W. G. Hardy

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Such men can only be killed, they can n be beaten. So the Battle of Crete goe

WAR thumbs its nose at the unlikelihood c incidence and specializes in the unpre able. And so, an hour before dawn o morning after the British had been cleared o northern Crete, Barry Sundridge, direct, rawb Aussie from the backlands of Melbourne, and Captain Ronald Purvis, lithe, dapper Englishman of Winchester and Cambridge, came face to face deserted Greek village, perched, a couple of mil so inland from Herakleion, on the western bank o Xeropotamos. It was, as a matter of fact, touch go for a moment in the dim light whether or no Aussie's bayonet would be through the Englishm uniform before he recognized it.

Once this occurrence was averted and brief in ductions effected, the two men measured each o Neither was particularly pleased by what he saw. Purvis, who had escaped from a Nazi prison c during the night, and who had come into the vi in search of food and weapons, Barry was just anc of those Aussie privates whose fighting qualities admired but whose somewhat insolent independ and lack of formal discipline one deplored. He w have been surprised indeed to have known that ir Australian's level gaze there was not only anger contempt.

Barry, in fact, was scarcely normal. When hour before, he had recovered consciousness, on a side to the north, it had been to find his you brother, Dick, dead beside him. He had sat f while with an almost unendurable sense of loss u him. In those moments and in the moment, when, last gesture, he had placed a helmet over his brot face, the conviction, built up by the fighting in Gr and Crete, that the British staff was away behind times had been transmitted into a savage and pers bitterness—so personal that now, as he saw the tabs of the staff officer, he wanted to fire at Pu But he didn't. After all, they were in the same n He remarked gruffly, "Got a rifle, I see."

THE omission of the "sir" by an Aussie didn't t ble Purvis. Without speaking, he gestured tov the square behind him in which a crater and the f ments of a group of Tommies showed where a (man bomb had dropped. Barry got the idea.

"Know how to use it?" he asked disagreeably.

Purvis raised his eyebrows a trifle. "Yes."

"Find any grub?"

Purvis shook his head.

"I've plenty." Barry slung his rifle over his sh der, made sure that a couple of salvaged Mills bo were convenient for instant use, and turned up street. "Let's travel," he flung over his shoulder.

Purvis fell into step beside him. The two avoided a mangled donkey, half buried under rubble of a shattered mud-brick house, made a det around a couple of dead Cretans, and clambered the slope of the hill to which the village clung. At top they paused to get their bearings. High ab their heads they could hear the beat of the pla which were shuttling back and forth ceaselessly bomb the remnants of the British army.

Purvis turned to glance to the south. Barry lowed his gaze across the plain to the peaks of central range of Crete running from the pug-n profile of Mount Iuktas on their left to the towe summit of Ida over to the *(Continued on page*

Barry kept going. "Stop, you fool," Purvis called sharply. Something in his tone made Barry look hind him. The Englishman had his rifle pointed at

The Line forms Here for Christmas Cheer!



ds Eye Turkey (better order now!) His *ess, tenderness, juiciness*, and fine *flavor* are stmas Cheer" *itself!* Pampered, special-, this noble bird is selected to give 10% *hite meat!* Drawn of *all waste*—full ten-s and goodness are captured by *Quick-g!* Guaranteed the *finest* you ever ate—or *back!* (P. S. If you're not serving a turkey, Birds Eye Roasting Chicken—*delicious!*)



Cheer No. 1 **Garden-fresh strawberries** in *December*—what a Christmas Cheer! Birds Eye Strawberries—*sun-ripe, fresh-tasting, delicious!* All cleaned, sliced, sweetened. *Quick-Freezing* has captured *all* their "just-picked" flavor. Box serves 4. Try them today—on a short cake, in a tart, on ice cream, or with cream!



Cheer No. 2 **Birds Eye** Green Peas! (*Money-saving Special Dec. 14-26.*) Tenderly raised to peak goodness, the *sweetest, most garden-fresh* of these peas are selected and instantly *Quick-Frozen!* All that delicious freshness is captured!

Too, they're *shelled, washed, ready to cook* . . . box serves 4! NUTRITIOUS? They're *a-poppin'* with vitamins and good-for-you things!

Cheer No. 3 **Golden delicious** Squash! (Special—Dec. 14-26.) *Another* tempting Birds Eye treat! This *garden-fresh* Squash is perfectly *sun-ripened—washed—cooked—puréed—Quick-Frozen!* It's work-free! Just re-heat and serve! Grand as a vegetable, or in a pie! Its flavor will *get* you!





Cheers! **Other** *out-of-season, extra* delicious treats to light up your Holiday Season! Baby Lima Beans—tender, fat young rascals! (Or larger Ford Hooks.) *Quick-Frozen* at *peak freshness* . . . *shelled, washed, ready-to-cook!* Try 'em! GOLDEN SWEET Corn-on-Cob—a most unusual dish! And *dewy-fresh* French Beans—sliced lengthwise! Tender Broccoli—with even its *garden-green* color retained. Dessert? Cherry Pie! Made with *tree-ripened* red sour cherries, all pitted!

The Hunters

Continued from page 18

there's another chance at sunrise. . . . Better view, though, from the Congo side."

"You've been about a lot, haven't you, Michael?"

Only the use of his name was intimacy; her voice was gently impersonal. The voice she had for someone met at tea.

"Quite a bit. I've had time for it, you know. Sixteen years."

That sounded as if he wished to refer to old times and he said quickly, "But you'll see forest, on this trip to Portal. The fringe of one. A fine forest. There are places, farther in, that make your heart turn over, they're so lovely."

Why was he talking to her, seriously, of loveliness? That was the way he used to talk. Immediately her voice took on a greater intimacy. She said, "My heart hasn't turned over in a long while, Michael."

He had a tight smile for that. "Not since Winston died?"

She was silent. Then, "Do you have to say things like that?"

"No. That was stooping for a stone, I admit."

"He was a nice person, Michael. But —old."

"Ah, you have to take the sour with the sweet."

"I sound as if I were trying to make you sorry for me, don't I? . . . I think you ought to be a little. I was a very sorry girl when I—when I married."

"But it had to be, hadn't it?"

"Yes!" said Claire sharply. "You know—"

"I know. I always approved your sound sense even when it—irked." His voice was lazily detached. "We were a pair of young fools, of course, those days in England."

"Yes, we were . . . but we were happy fools," she said reflectively. "And that never comes again."

SHE sighed. Michael's ears were pricked for dramatization but they caught only honest confession in that sigh. . . . Well, why shouldn't it be honest? She had loved him. Not enough, in the end, but feverishly while it lasted.

"Nothing is ever the same again," he said cheerfully.

"No. That's why I never meant to see you out here."

"Didn't you expect you'd run into me?"

"Not in Uganda. I was startled to see you there. I thought you were in Tanganyika."

"Ah, you hadn't followed my—career?"

"All I ever heard," she said, her voice lightly amused, "was something about a scandal."

"Ha! The lovely Mrs. Roniff? . . . *That* got about at home?"

"A bit. Someone I knew met her at a country house and happened to tell me there was a story about her and a young A.D.C. in Africa—a Michael Garrick. After that I didn't hear anything more. I don't know your people, you know."

"There weren't many to know."

He had been at a canteen, behind the front, when the letters came telling him his father and mother had died of influenza. There was a little note his mother had written: "To my son on his twenty-first birthday."

That birthday was not for three weeks. It came, as it happened, just after the Armistice. His mother had thought him too young to enlist; she had wanted him to stay longer at Oxford.

So he had come back, after the war, to an empty house and to empty pockets, for the death duties took most of the cash, leaving the house he could not sell but managed, finally, to let. He lived on the rental and on the sale of his father's library—his father had been a counselor at law; for three years he drifted from one haphazard occupation to another, then he tried desperately for something worth while, because by then he had met Claire and was in love with her. An uncle steered him into the training for a civil servant of the empire. After the empire discarded him the uncle had washed his hands of him, but not before he had sold the house. That money bought the coffee farm. Now the uncle was dead and the cousins were strangers.



COLLIER'S — "Is this the right way to Santa Claus?" — AL KAELIN

Claire's voice recalled his thought: "You might have sent me a card when you married."

"I never thought of it."

He had thought of it incessantly. On his wedding day Claire had walked his heart like a ghost. He had got sodden drunk to lay that ghost. Ghosts were potent. More potent than reality.

"I should have been glad for you . . . she's sweet, Michael. Where did you meet her?"

"Cape Town." He was curt.

"What were you doing in Cape Town?"

"I'd gone down on the boat for the trip—to shake off fever."

"And why was she out there?"

"Visiting an uncle. And I married her before she had time to hear of my wicked reputation," he said, the corners of his mouth indenting mockingly.

"Isn't she quite young?"

"She's twenty-nine. She was twenty-two then."

He did not propose to talk to her about Tommy. He said, too quickly, "See that glistening stuff, like holly? That's coffee, in case no one has told you before. Bob McNare will tell you all about coffee. Robusta and Arabica. He dotes on it."

She, it appeared, was not going to talk about Bob McNare.

"Don't you?"

"Dote on it? No. I grow the stuff, among other things. I like the planter's life. You're a king in a small way."

"You always had royal ways, Michael."

Her eyes were smiling at him, blue as the bluest water, blue as a kingfisher's feather.

"Do you remember that fancy dress at Lady Burdon's where you went as King Charles and I as Nell Gwyn? And Mother thought it wasn't nice for me to go as Nell?"

"And you let your oranges roll out on the floor. And Toby Lamenter went down on them."

FOR a moment his voice was the voice of a younger Michael, eager, amused. Then he gave a harsh, dismissing laugh. "Well, I'm Charley over the Water now, in shirt and shorts."

"I expect Charley hasn't had such a bad time, over the water."

"Meaning Mrs. Roniff? . . . Oh, I've had fun."

"You certainly did not languish."

There was pique beneath her raillery and he laughed out. "I suffered all the appropriate pangs, *chérie*," he said blandly.

Her voice grew confidential: "You've never told —?"

Ah, that was what she wanted to know. She wanted to be sure that Tommy could not give her away.

"Not a word."

"Not even to—her?"

"Never." That was confession of a sort. He said, lightly, "I'm not the chattering sort, you know."

"I know."

She was silent for a time. Then her sidelong glance found its way to him and there was laughter between her lashes. "This is rather fun—isn't it, Michael?"

He glanced about and their eyes met. There was mischief in her laughter and a flash of provocation. He remembered the inflection in her voice that night at the club when she had said, speaking of the trip, "It has—possibilities."

What was she up to? Stirring the embers—? Or could it be that she—no, she was merely piqued at his detachment, unable to resist trying to prick holes in it. But pique could be played on.

What would happen, he wondered, if he tried a game with her, if he were teasing, half indifferent, half seeming beguiled—?

It would be something to do, something that made him alive again. Better than looking on.

His eyes flashed laughter back at her. "Circe, Circe!" he mocked.

MICHAEL was in high spirits that night at dinner at the little hotel in Fort Portal, and very handsome in his fresh white drill; he and Mrs. Winston found a good deal to laugh at and Bob McNare was glad the trip was going so well. An expedition was a ticklish thing at best, and with Michael you never knew, but Michael was certainly in good form.

They were out at dawn, next morning, out on the golf course where there was the best chance for a glimpse of the hills, snows, but the peaks remained exasperatingly veiled.

"It's like Mt. Everest," Mrs. Winston said.

She was hatless in the early sun, her hair shining. "The clouds *never* blow away the morning you go up Tiger Hill to watch. And *that's* a jaunt," she cried gaily at Michael, and McNare had suddenly a rueful feeling that she was talking much more to Michael than to him.

"Up at two, from Darjeeling," she went on, "and it's cold, cold, and you stand about, blue as indigo, and stare at each peak as it comes out, but it's never Everest. . . . The Kichenjunga Range is lovely, lovelier than Everest, but it's Everest you want to see."

"Oh, India!" said Michael, looking sidewise at her.

"Yes, India."

"That must have been jolly."

"Almost too jolly. Too many dinners and government house parties. My uncle was out there then and of course we had letters—"

"And only nature was unkind."

He meant a reference to Everest, Bob supposed, yet his tone had an intimacy raillery that struck Bob as odd. Mrs. Winston must have thought it odd, too, for after a swift look at Michael, she turned quickly, and caught McNare watching her. She smiled at him, the slow, deliberate smile that curved her lips enchantingly. She said, "I like you Africa better, Sir Robert."

Bob felt appeased. His unease vanished at her renewed attention.

But it returned. They motored sout

"SUCCESS IN ACTION"

N. Ord. 6

IN REPLY ADDRESS
BUREAU OF ORDNANCE, NAVY DEPARTMENT
AND REFER TO NO.

(Pr)

NAVY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF ORDNANCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OCT 21 1942

Subject: 20 mm Antiaircraft Guns - Success in Action

Sirs:

The Commanding Officer of a transport has reported to the Chief of the Bureau that in a recent engagement in the Solomon Islands, 20 mm antiaircraft gun, serial number 41678, manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, together with another gun of larger caliber, shot down a twin-engined Japanese heavy bomber. The plane crashed into the sea, burning, about 1500 yards from the ship.

In that same action, the same gun, combined with 20 mm antiaircraft gun, serial number 41657, manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, and two other guns of like caliber, destroyed a Japanese heavy bomber which crashed burning close to the ship.

Twenty millimeter gun, serial number 41650, manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, together with another gun of like caliber, in the same action, shot down another heavy bomber from which plane wreckage was strewn for a distance of about 100 yards before the plane crashed in flames.

In the same action, 20 mm antiaircraft guns, serial numbers 41712 and 41666, both manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, are believed to have damaged planes engaged in the attack.

The Chief of the Bureau extends to the Pontiac Motor Division and to its workers, congratulations on the success of their product in action.

Very truly yours,

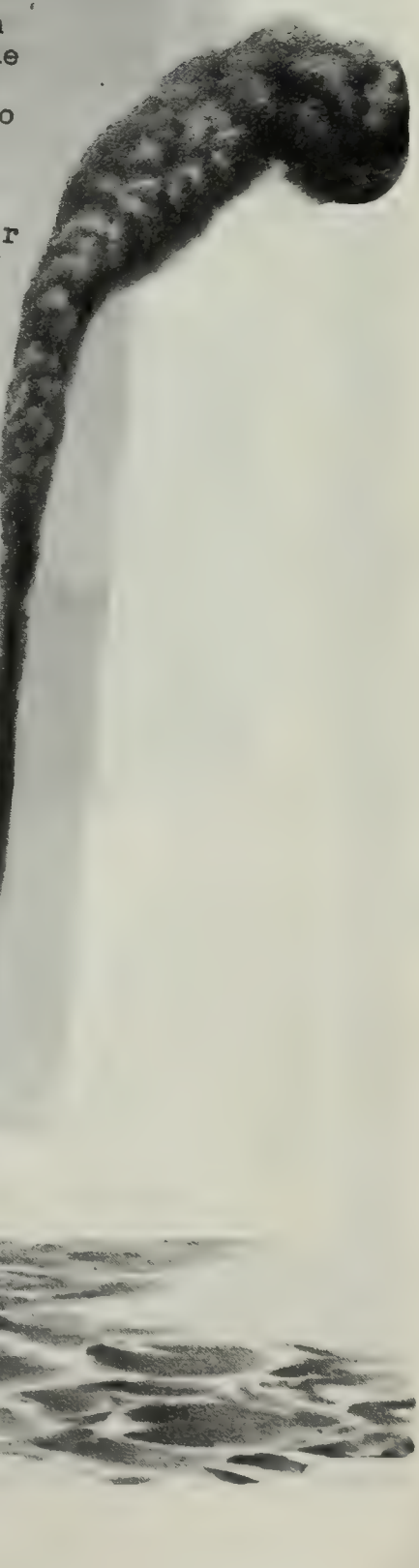
W. H. P. BLANDY
Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy
Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance

Pontiac Motor Division
General Motors Corporation
Pontiac, Michigan

Via: Naval Inspector of Ordnance
Pontiac Motor Division

A/ecm
092042 40049

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS



...e production of Oerlikon cannon was undertaken by Pontiac ... months before Pearl Harbor. This was the first time their ... anufacture had been attempted in America; and our Navy ...E" banner was awarded largely because maximum sched- ...ed production was attained 11 months ahead of schedule. ...e are grateful to the Navy for its words of commendation ...d for the privilege of releasing them to the general public.

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

STRETCH BATTERY LIFE
Get CARE AND CONSERVATION Service

See Your

DELCO BATTERY DEALER

He will

CHECK WITH HYDROMETER . . . ADD WATER

CHECK FOR WORN OR DAMAGED CABLES

CHECK GENERATOR CHARGING RATE

CLEAN TERMINALS . . . RECHARGE BATTERY

and when you MUST replace—



replace with a

DELCO BATTERY

Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF **Delco-Remy**

DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES MANY VITAL PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA'S LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES

across the Kazima Channel to Kabale, where the Union Jack was fluttering over green lawns and white houses, and Mrs. Winston protested, "Are we never to have done with civilization?" and Michael pointed to a road along the mountain side.

"By that road. I could take you an easier way, but there's a lake I want to show you."

"Kivu?"

"That's later. I'll tell you when we come to it." And then he said to Bob, "If you don't mind, I'd like to have Mrs. Winston change to my car before Kinaba Gap."

"I don't know where that is," said Bob a little stiffly.

"I'll be ahead and let you know."

SO AT a curve in the road, Michael's car was waiting, and Michael got out and said coolly, "Time to change." Tommy got out and climbed into Bob's car, with that little smile that tore at his heart for all his preoccupation with Claire Winston, and Claire slipped away with Michael. And Bob thought, with a resentment new to him, that Michael was giving himself the air of the leader of the party.

Then he had a more disturbing thought. Those old stories about Michael and women—Michael had a name for a gay dog. . . . They were past history now, but Michael had certainly spruced up last night. . . . And there was something in his manner. . . .

But Mrs. Winston! Not even Michael's audacity could dream of edging up to *her*. Michael was simply showing off his knowledge of the country, flattered at her courtesy and sweetness. . . . But, just the same, he might be too presuming. . . . It would be beastly to have Mrs. Winston embarrassed. Simply beastly.

He glanced about at Tommy. He wondered if she'd noticed anything, but he couldn't ask her that. Once they used to talk about whether Michael had noticed anything between *them*. . . . He did not like to think about that now, he did not like to think what Tommy might be feeling; he was sorry as a dog if he had hurt her, but there was a stubborn, defensive streak in him that said you could not help what you felt—he had not been able to help caring for her when, God knows, he had not meant to! She must know that a man could not go on loving hopelessly forever. Life went on. . . .

Michael stopped his car at Kinaba Gap and told Claire to look down. She looked and saw, far below, something in the greenness like a spread of quicksilver.

"Bunyoni," said Michael.

"Bunyoni—?"

"The only lake in the world where lotus and papyrus and bamboo meet. It is so lovely that all new married men take their brides there and the brides think all Africa is like that."

He had written: "When you come out—Oh, my darling, when you come out!—we'll go to Lake Bunyoni. Its edges are feathery with papyrus and rosy with lotus and there are clouds of white egrets, white and soft as your sweet throat."

Now he said, his look mischievous, "Not the best view—from the top. I meant you to have a more intimate one."

She remembered then. He saw her remembering. Her eyes came about to him and he leaned closer and said, "I looked forward, quite a bit, to kissing you at Bunyoni. This will have to do."

He bent and kissed her. Her lips were soft and at first still and then they stirred beneath his own and his mouth pressed hard, and when he let her go his heart was shaking him.

He had meant to kiss her lightl had been a fool, he thought angr dream he could touch her and b moved. There was never a woma her. Not for him. Perhaps there had been a man like him for her.

Then he saw her glance back q He could speak coolly now:

"They're too far back to see. I of everything."

His tone was unshaken, thoug heart still pounded.

The other car was coming up would expect him to change now. he'd be damned if he would. His pressed down on the accelerator an car jerked forward. "When did yo your hair?" he asked in a taut voi

Claire Winston stared; she looked fused and half protesting, and ther ginning to smile, she told him abou hair. She asked, "Do you like it way?"

"It's the most beautiful hair i world. And you are the most bea woman."

"Michael!" But she laughed s "You said you hadn't remembered so—so lovely."

"I hadn't. Or rather, I though dreamed it."

"But, I'm—older, Michael."

She said the word hesitantly an felt a sudden pang of sympathy fo woman at war with time.

"I know. But that's nothing, not Not yet. You need never own to than twenty-five."

She laughed again. "That's a bit my passport says thirty."

It struck him that the reason she not admitted knowing him was th dated her. And then he thought, "L out, Michael!" He put his foot sha on the brake. Aloud, he said:

"Time out for Sir Robert."

She said, her voice falling, "Yes, I pect I'd better change."

Waiting, looking straight ahead him, his lids shut down to the angle his cheeks, Michael was thinking, "If a chance—! If I've a chance!"

Tommy would welcome it. Tommy would be glad to give him freedom.

IT WAS hot, with the dry, burn beating-down blaze of African n day, and the air above the plains q ered in the heat like curtains of sh smoke. The safari followed a faint p through knee-high grass, the guide four whites in the lead, the boys and porters, with loads upon their hea strung out in a long, curving line.

Tommy Garrick was thankful the fari had begun. The motoring, as as she was concerned, had been a p tense of pleasure. She had been shif from one car to the other, from one m to the other, and each man, she k known wryly, had preferred the co pany of Mrs. Winston, but now, on march, she became a really import member of the party. She and Bob M Nare looked after all the small da things on which the well-being of a fari depended; Michael always de gated details.

But Michael had been wonderful finding these plains. He had led them the village where they had left the c and truck; he had wangled porters out the reluctant chief, already depleted men by the requirements of Belgian roa work, and he had struck across a tang of hills and forest to these hidden gar fields.

There was good hunting here; alrea they had glimpsed buffalo by the riv and antelope, cob and topi, on the pla and last night they had heard a li grunting out that hunting sound th

ened to begin half a mile away and ded behind your heels. Mrs. Winston been excited and eager at hearing it. ommy had to admit to herself that s. Winston had been a good sport; she refused more than her share of time ne carrying chair, and she was swing- along now over the rough trail with y appearance of enjoying herself. course I'm fit," she had told Tommy. ancing does it." She must have be- dancing quite soon after her hus- d died, thought Tommy, to be so fit. he looked marvelous in breeches; nmy had known she would. She had slim hips, the long thighs, the desir- flatness in back which could afford be displayed by trousers. Her skin t its loveliness; she probably slath- it with cold cream, Tommy thought. nd Claire Winston had more than s; she had charm which could be gic when she wanted it to be. She ly bothered to turn it on Tommy, ugh she was always pleasant, smil- y appreciative, as toward a quite sat- ctory chaperon.

nce or twice she had distinctly set self to draw Tommy out. That had villes—not the Parrish-Grenvilles?" and when Tommy said not, the interest sub-sided. Tommy was soon documented, she felt.

Claire Winston made no effort to talk about herself, not in detail, but there was always the implication of a glamorous background, a house in London, trips to India and Ceylon.

Surely Bob must see, thought Tommy, trudging along in the hot sun, that this was never the woman for him. But the woman for a man is the one he wants.

THEY went down a slope, through tangled underbrush then deeper thickets, and the carrying chair took them, in turn, across a river, the porters scrambling waist-deep, clutching up their goatskins, holding to their sticks against the current, wailing their dismay at the depth of the ford. Then they climbed another slope, came through a clump of palms to the plain again. And this, said Michael, was the camping place.

It was a fine place, open and high, dotted here and there with thorn and acacia, fringed by woods. The little river curved about two sides of it, and, to the east, across the river, rose a bare cliff of sepia bright rock. There was an echo to that cliff; it flung back the loud, high calls of the boys to the porters.

There was hippo in the river, Michael said, and he made them camp away from the worn ruts of hippo trails where the beasts came out to feed at night. "Can't have them stumbling over your tent ropes, Mrs. Winston," he said blithely. "That would annoy them."

"Are they dangerous?" Claire asked.

Michael shrugged. "Not unless you're in a canoe and they're in a pugnacious mood. . . . Oh, I wouldn't advise you to go up to one, of course, and try to push it out the path!"

The tents were strung in a line with some little thorn trees, the Garricks' double tent, with the projecting fly for a mess tent, then Bob McNare's small tent, and, at a little distance, Mrs. Winston's. Farther, beyond the thickets, was the ladies' toilet tent, and *that,* thought Tommy, was a flourish for the Garricks! Behind the tents the boys were busy about the three-stone kitchen, sending the porters for firewood and water, and Tommy scurried about, unlocking boxes, handing out tins of provisions to the cook, while Bob sorted the last of the loads piled on the ground, dispatching boxes to the right tents.

Tommy felt gay and competent; she was smiling when she ran over to Bob to ask him to hunt up the box with the rice, and he smiled companionably back at her. She asked, "Do you think curried tongue for tiffin? Of course that makes two curries—chicken tonight—so maybe we'd better have it plain. What do you think?"

Bob thought plain.

"I brought on loads of fruit," Tommy declared. "We're going to be very, very swank!"

"That's fine."

His smile was inattentive now; he was looking toward Mrs. Winston and Michael who were stretched out in steamer chairs in the shade, smoking cigarettes. Their lowered voices had a laughing, intimate sound.

Tommy saw Bob's look, and she saw his boy seeing it, too. The boy did not grin before her, but she could very well imagine his grinning behind their backs. The boys knew what was happening.

At first she had been delighted that Michael and Mrs. Winston found so much to say to each other, for that left Bob more to her, but it wasn't working out to her benefit; it was enhancing Mrs. Winston, and heaven knew she did not

FIVE WHO VANISHED

By George F. Worts

She was as seductive as an island breeze, and when Jason Amboy found her in his bedroom at midnight, he had but one thought: "This girl for hire." A witty and baffling mystery-thriller that cost several men their lives, and one his heart.

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

n sheer politeness on her part, for s. Winston could not possibly be in- ested in Mrs. Michael Garrick, except what might be contributed about Sir bert McNare, yet Mrs. Winston had t referred to him; she had only ques- ned Tommy about herself.

VAS Cape Town lovely? Mr. Gar- rick said they'd been married there t must be a sweet spot for a wedding. e hoped to see South Africa on her y back. Had they known each other g? Oh, married within a month of eting—that *was* romantic! Had they ildren? No? A pity—though, perhaps, Africa, as you say, children present oblems.

"Have you children?" Tommy had untered, and Mrs. Winston had made ittle negative gesture with her fair head d murmured, "My husband was much der."

Tommy did not melt to that wistful dness, but Bob McNare would, she ew. Sir Robert McNare would be a ung, vigorous husband. Sir Robert d Lady McNare could have children. Those thoughts were hot needles un- r Tommy's breastbone, while Tom- y's face was trying to produce a fairly mpathetic expression; after a mo- ent Mrs. Winston had gone on to ask out her people at home. "The Gren-

"Gee-whiz, Mabel— you sure are a tightwad!"



OFFICE BOY: It's been a long time since you asked me to bring you some more carbon paper. What do you do . . . use one piece of carbon paper *forever?*

MABEL: *No, not quite! But I'm using Park Avenue — one of the carbon papers the Royal Typewriter people make — and I'm using it as it's supposed to be used!*

OFFICE BOY: How do you mean?

MABEL: *Why, I just keep remembering that one sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, clearly and cleanly. No sense in throwing Park Avenue away after 20 copies or so! Look . . . here's a test copy that shows what I mean!*

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY. issued October 6, 1942

OFFICE BOY: I wouldn't have believed it! It looks like a *first* copy! How do they do it?

MABEL: *It seems that they have a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. Deep-inking, they call it. Their man told me about it. Then, too, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse each sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.*

OFFICE BOY: Smart stuff! No wonder you get so much extra work out of each sheet of Park Avenue!

* * *

PARK AVENUE is only one of the outstanding carbon papers in the Roytype* line. (Roytype Carbon Papers and Ribbons are the product of Royal Typewriter Company.)

Get your purchasing agent to call in your local Royal Typewriter representative today. He can quickly show you which weight and finish of Roytype Carbon Paper exactly fits your every typing need.

The armed forces need typewriters! See how many of your standard machines (made since Jan. 1, 1935) you can spare. Call your nearest Royal Branch — we will buy them, affix the Government seal, and pay you the Government fixed price.

*Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1942, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY



Longines*

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Because of the war, only a very limited number of Longines Watches are available for civilians at Longines jewelers. If you want a Longines Watch for yourself, or as a gift, better make your selection soon from the watches now in your jeweler's stock. ¶ If you now own a Longines Watch, we urge you to take particular care of it for the duration. Have your Longines' jeweler clean it or adjust it regularly. ¶ A companion line to Longines—the Wittnauer Watch—famous for sturdy and dependable construction, is also for sale at Longines jewelers. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



need enhancing. And Michael's air of leisure was exasperating at this moment; she knew, and Bob knew, that he was stretched out because he needed to rest, but Mrs. Winston didn't know that, and Tommy could see, in Bob's face, that he resented Michael's appearance of the *Bwana Mkubwa*, the Big Master, and his own role of capable henchman. There was a secret tension now between the men. Tommy was desperately afraid of what that might lead to.

This jealousy in Bob was a new thing to her. He had not been jealous of Michael in the old days—there was no reason, actually, for jealousy. He had often been angry at Michael, and indignant for her sake, but he had been secretly contrite, too, toward Michael, for he never forgot that she was Michael's wife and he was Michael's friend.

"Did you see the box with the flour?" Tommy asked quickly. "I'm going to have the *mpishi* bake bread this afternoon. I've opened a tin of biscuits for lunch."

Luncheon was ready at last; it was hot under the single canvas, and the whites had to keep their felt hats on, and the space was crowded, and the boys scraped against the canvas, waiting at table.

They talked plans. Already a native guide had found the print of a lion's pad in a path toward the river.

"We'll scout about the end of the afternoon," said Bob. "That's when lions start out to hunt. But the best chance to run into them is very early in the morning, when they're going home."

Mrs. Winston questioned, "You mean you just walk about and look?"

"That's the way of it."

"I thought you had beaters or something."

"Oh, if a lion is in a gully—yes. But you couldn't beat this open country."

"And you can't track them?"

BOB had a gentle smile for that. "Oh, no. With elephant and buffalo you can follow spoor, but with lion there's no trail. Oh, sometimes you can find tracks in a path or where there's mud or sand, that lead to where a lion is lying up, but that's sheer luck. You have to scout about."

Mrs. Winston yawned. "I don't think I'll scout very hard this afternoon."

Bob looked concerned. After a moment he said, quite earnestly, "It doesn't do to waste time."

Michael suggested, "You might go out, Bob, and see the lay of the land."

"I might," said Bob shortly.

Mrs. Winston's lashes stirred as her eyes went from one to the other. "Oh, I'm up to a small scout," she said. "After I get a nap. We'll go out, Sir Robert."

McNare's face cleared. "That's fine. It's all a matter of chance, and the more chances you give yourself, mathematically—"

"The more chances you have," finished Michael in a seriously instructive voice.

"I want a big one," said Mrs. Winston. "I want a big rug with a mounted head for people to stumble over, so I can tell them what a shot I was."

"Of course," said Bob, considering, "we could put out a bait to draw them in. But the sporting thing is to run into them."

"And the sure thing," said Michael, "is to sit up by your bait and pot them coming in."

"*Boma* hunting," said Bob disgustedly.

"Night hunting," said Michael.

"What is *boma* hunting?" Claire asked. "I thought a *boma* was the administrative house in a post."

"It is," said Tommy. "But in hunting, it somehow means a thorn shelter that you put up by a bait. I don't know why."

"Where the *Wazungu*, the foreigners, do business," said Michael.

"Like a *machan* for tigers? Only that's a platform," Claire said.

"Did you hunt tigers?"

"No. This is my first real shoot. Except birds, of course."

"Of course," said Michael. "I wonder—did you ever shoot at Lord Burdon's? I seem to remember he had quite good shooting. Though perhaps it was shot out by your day. He used to give vast parties."

"Oh, did you know the Burdons?" Claire's voice was faintly amused.

"Not at all well. Only—transiently."

"About this lion," said Bob resolutely.

"Lions," broke in Tommy. "I'm to have the second, you know."

"Right." Bob looked at her, quick recollection in his eyes. "You never had a chance at one in the open, did you? Only that time in your garden. Of course you're to have the second."

"I don't mind getting mine in a *boma*," said Tommy, trying to be generous.

"We'll hold the *boma* in reserve."

"Not too long in reserve," said Michael. "We've got the moon, now."

"The moon will last. Several nights. We'll try scouting for a day or two." Bob looked directly at Mrs. Winston. "I suggest we have a try along the river this afternoon."

Michael gave him an ironic glance at the exclusion. "I'll have a go at antelope. Meat for the pot."

"I don't know about that. It isn't a good idea to have shooting near. Might scare the lion."

"Scare!" Michael was contemptuous. "Lions come in to bait on top of one that's just been killed. I've got three on a bait in one night, on the Ruindi."

Bob was stubborn: "We don't want to take chances."

Michael's eyes began to glitter. "I never heard of anything so asinine! No shooting—"

They never used to argue like this, thought Tommy. Now their nerves were on edge. So were her own. She thought, with Michael, that Bob's caution was ridiculous.

She interposed, "We'll go a long way off, Bob. Michael and I. And we do need meat—we promised the porters meat. And a steak for ourselves would be nice. Mrs. Winston must be tired of chicken curry."

Invoking Mrs. Winston's name to sanction a sensible shoot! She was sudde so angry that when the others left table and she found herself for a m ment alone with Bob, she spoke ho

"You're unreasonable, Bob. Only morning you talked of putting out a get, this afternoon, for Mrs. Winston try out her gun, and you'd be doing too, if she hadn't said she'd practiced Kampala and was a good shot."

"That's not the same thing."

"Why isn't it the same?"

"I mean, if we go to shooting up game—"

He was talking nonsense and he kn it, but that did not make him less def sive.

Tommy flashed, "You're crazy! You so crazy about that—lion—"

She almost said, "Mrs. Winston." furious gray eyes were saying it.

"I took it on, you know," he said d gedly. "I have to see it through."

Her last shred of restraint snapp "I'm glad you're so—dependable!"

HE CRIMSONED; as her words w home the color spread across forehead, from which his hat was push back, to the roots of his hair. She w terrified at what she'd said; she tried snatch it back, to cover it up:

"It's just that you seem riding Micha somehow, and that worries me. Y know he's been fine, so far, but—"

He stared past her. He said, in a ha voice, "I'm tired considering Michae

"Oh, I don't blame you!"

That soft repentant cry touched hi he looked quickly at her, then quick down. His brown, blunt-tipped fing moved a plate nearer another plate a pushed a cup farther from the edge the table. He was full of a confus awareness of her unhappiness, and made him wretched. He wanted to t her that he was sorry, desperately sor that he had never meant to desert h like this, that he could not help himse but he could not think of the right wor —there are no right words, he thoug mutely, to tell a woman you have ceas to love her. . . . He was so fond of h too. . . . That was what hurt.

His only words were to himself: "Th is awful." Life had been complicat enough before, but this was worse.

He used to have a way of putting h hand on her arm with a quick, reassu ing touch and now his hand went out her in the old way, then fell back. Wi an air of escaping from intolerable co straint he went out.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "He hasn't quite learned to walk alone, yet" LEO GAREL





IN A GREAT MOVIE THEATRE, *an audience of thousands—carried out of their everyday lives—look, and listen, to the drama pouring from a strip of photographic film about one inch wide (the section shown here is actual size). Everything is on this—not only the living, moving scenes of the story, but on the tiny "sound track" at the left, the sound: whispered words of love . . . a terrified scream . . . the nerve-shattering roar of a dive bomber . . . an enchanting voice crooning a lullaby. Film carries it all.*

Most Hollywood movies are on film made by Kodak

FROM THE TIME when Thomas A. Edison and George Eastman worked together on the early, flickering movies, the improvement of materials for professional motion pictures has been one of the chief fields of Kodak research. Kodak has been the pacemaker, and is by far the largest supplier of Hollywood.

From "the flickers" to art

Kodak's original production of transparent roll film, the key to motion pictures . . . specialized negative and positive films . . . the production of high-speed panchromatic materials . . . the modern color phase, now rapidly expanding . . . these are important scenes in the advance from "the flickers" to today's work of art, in which Kodak has played a leading role. And there is another . . . The success of "sound" pictures hinged on making the spoken words, or music, or "sound effects," a basic part of the picture. That is what you have today, because . . .

Sound, too, is pictured

With special fine-grain emulsions, Kodak "sensitizes" film for sound recording. In effect, sound is changed into light, and this light is recorded on the film, simultaneously with the recording of the scenes. Lips move—a voice speaks. Yet the voice is also a "picture"—an effect of light on film. The voice changes from a whisper to an angry roar—each tone is a series of "light" pictures, different in quality.

As you sit in the theatre, the process is reversed—the "light pictures" on the sound track are changed back into sound . . . The "sound" newsreels are made in much the same way—those which bring the original sounds, not just the voice of a commentator.

Movies for everybody

For children, movies are education. For normal men and women they are the grandest form of entertainment, reaching almost everyone. For those distraught by worry or sorrow, they are wholesome escape. For our service men on ships or in distant camps, they are a little of everything that is needed to give a man a "lift". . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY



"Open your yap again," Charlie told Big Joe, "and I'll give you the gad-dangedest case of lead poisoning you ever had"

The Pirate-in-Law

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Charlie was a Texan who loved the sea and books about pirates. How should he know that naval things had changed? A resounding romance of Barataria Bay

CHARLIE SNODGRASS heard about the war on the Monday he put in to Bayou St. John with his little schooner, Dream of Joy; not much about the war but the fact that the United States was in it. He didn't talk about it, but during the two days in which he and Raoul Robichaux, his "crew," were unloading lumber, Charlie thought about it.

When they'd finished unloading, Charlie called Raoul to the cabin in the after-end of the boat. The cabin was small and tidy. The usable articles included a few cooking utensils, a gasoline stove, two bunks and an engine which supplied auxiliary power. Ornamentally, there was an old brass-barreled spyglass, a print of a forty-four-gun frigate, a .30-30 rifle, a drop-leaf plotting table and a shelf of books. The volumes included such titles as Treasure Island, Lafitte the Pirate, Captain Blood, The Adventures of Henry Morgan, and a ten-year-old nautical almanac. Reaching behind the books, Charlie took out a roll of carefully drawn plans and lifted the rifle from the rack.

"You clean and oil the rifle, Raoul," said Charlie. "I'm going down to the customhouse."

"Okay, Charlie," Raoul said. "We in trouble wit de customhouse, yes?"

"No. I've been thinking."

"Yeah, Charlie, I see you thinkin' since we come in New Orleans. Anybody owe fo' hunnert dollar to Big Joe Culuzzi got planty trouble. Me, I'm glad you ain't got customhouse trouble, too, me."

Charlie went to the office of the Coast Guard commander for the district and unrolled his papers. "Here's my boat," Charlie announced. "Forty-foot, two-masted schooner. She's underrigged. I freight lumber across Lake Pontchartrain. Now that we're in the war, I want letters of marque for the Gulf of Mexico. I'll have to borrow a piece of ordnance for my deck. I'm armed with only a .30-30."

The commander examined the plans Charlie had placed before him. "Looks like one of the old 1910 round-bottom naval tenders."

"She is," Charlie said. "I bought her all banged up, rebuilt her and put masts in."

"How in thunder do you make her sail?"

Charlie grinned slowly. "I put a four-by-twelve fin under her keel."

The commander handed the plans back. "What we will need," he said, "are fast, shallow-draft boats that can slip in and out of these marshy bays and bayous. The government hasn't issued letters of marque in more than a century, and if you ever got that tub out in the Gulf of Mexico in any kind of weather, she would pitch you over the moon."

"She's seaworthy."

"The boat would stand a sea," the commander admitted, "but a crew couldn't stand the boat. No, son, get back to your lumber freighting in that millpond."

Charlie returned to his boat. "Start the kicker, Raoul," he ordered, "while I cast off."

"We goin' someplace, hein, Charlie?"

"Back to Madisonville for a load of cypress."

Although Raoul had been crew with Charlie for nearly a year, he knew very little about the lanky skipper. He kne Charlie had come to New Orlea aboard a tramp snapper fisherman; ha bought and built over the Dream of Jo and did a great deal of reading an thinking. Raoul was not enthusiast about a sailboat. Many times he in patiently urged Charlie to start the e gine. But working the lake on a lumb freighter enabled him to escape fro Grand Isle, his native shrimping villag Raoul thoroughly hated shrimping.

Bit by bit the little Cajun was ab to piece out a biography of his skipp and friend. Once, when they were lyin becalmed in the middle of the lake, th sun blazing down, Raoul urged Charl to, "Le's start de engine, Charlie, ye Ain't no wind."

Charlie replied, "I was born under windmill in Deaf Smith County, Texas.

Once when Charlie was shaping piece of timber with an adz to repair bulwark, he said, "They say my dadd was a pretty fair carpenter, but h learned to throw his voice and ran o with a carnival outfit as a ventriloquist.

Somewhat later when they were i their bunks waiting for a fog to lift s they could get into Manchac Pass, Cha lie added, "So we moved to the Braz

(Continued on page 48)

What have we got that they haven't got?

"THE PENNSYLVANIA PLUS"



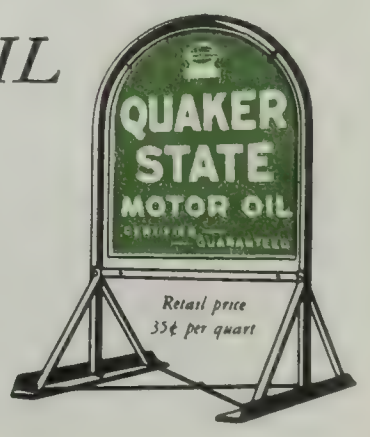
...the big margin of superiority Nature gave to Pennsylvania grade crude oil

ON those everlasting sea patrols where an oil failure means a lost flyer . . . in the closing half-hour of an Army Transport Command flight . . . in the tight spots and the pinches, Pennsylvania oils are proving their superiority.

The Axis has nothing comparable to these oils. All their conquests have given them no lubricants even approaching Pennsylvania quality. All their ingenuity with synthetics cannot produce a satisfactory substitute. Nature's greatest contribution to the lubrication of vital war machines, Pennsylvania grade crude oil, remains unequaled in the world.

For more than 25 years, Quaker State has been a leader in the field of high-quality lubrication. From these Pennsylvania crudes, it refines motor oils that give our flyers a superiority as definite as the superiority of the U. S. bombsight. Quaker State's four great refineries, using the most advanced technique and equipment, are producing lubricants for the United Nations' war effort . . . with the all-important "work-factor" so high that it is not even remotely approached by Axis lubricants. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.

STABILIZED
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL



Something to Take Across

Continued from page 14

of love into them—enough to last him through those days in some strange land, where life and death rubbed scuffed elbows, and the step from one to the other was a matter of small importance.

He passed several couples, hearing their low voices, seeing the single oblique shadows their bodies made in the starlight, and he wondered if Brownie thought about all the others as she thought about him. She had looked happy in the dining room, that is, forgetting the dark shadows under her eyes; but perhaps that was where she really belonged—secure in some safe, stiffly correct dining room, nursing her pet peeve against all men with a crowd of nice harmless people, the skinny young men and the skimpy-brained women who did nothing, and no one around like Mike Maloney to make her think about life and bring her breath up short in his shoulder when he kissed her good night and made her forget that she was grieving and thus could be human and fall in love again. And now it was all over.

How did the dreams dissolve into thin air? How could the fine things two people held dear between them disappear so suddenly? One day you were happy, the next you were miserable. But worse than that, why did he have to love a girl who refused to forget the past? He had stirred her deeply several times, but each time she had slipped back into her old routine; and finally, he had asked her to come down here with him and she had been offended, and before he could show her the ring and explain about his outfit leaving, she had told him not to bother about coming back. Maloney shook his head disgustedly and turned on the boardwalk, heading back for the hotel; it did no good to keep thinking about those things. That only made matters worse. He met a sergeant and returned the crisp salute with a slow smile, and the sergeant grinned back at him in the mellow gloom. When Maloney smiled it seemed that everyone had to smile with him; he was that way.

He walked along the midway with its bingo stands, dice games and shooting galleries, catching the sharp clack of bowling balls from the duckpin alley up ahead, and hearing above all these common sounds, the juke box inside the casino playing an old number revived by Harry James, something that went, "You made me love you . . . I didn't want to do it," and Maloney, going on up the walk toward the casino, thought bitterly, "You hit the right note there, Harry."

HE HAD five days and this was the second day, but he couldn't stay here at the same beach with Brownie, no matter if he had driven two hundred miles to be free for the last time. It was better to drive back to Fort Benning—maybe go on up the road to Atlanta.

He stepped into the casino and took a stool at the bar, watching the summer crowd drink and dance and play the two-bit dice game over in the corner under a green-shaded lamp; and running unforgettably across this moving pattern of life and noise was the same deep thought of Brownie. He downed his drink at a gulp, debating the possible value of getting tight as a means of forgetting her, but he knew this was no good. It was always worse after he sobered up. It might do him more good to dance if he could find someone willing and able.

A tall girl in a white dress came in and sat down on the stool beside Maloney. She had honey-colored hair that fell down to her shoulders, and a beautiful pair of legs. She scanned the crowd, the tables, and finally stared briefly at Maloney. "Scotch and water," she said to the bartender, and then under her breath so that only Maloney heard her, "Ah, what's the use!"

Maloney decided that misery must bring birds of a feather together, because this girl was no happier than he was. He chanced a few words, nothing original because he was too moody himself:

"Would you like to dance?"

She did not answer at once, but gave the room another critical search, more deliberate this time around, and Maloney catalogued her while she looked. Her clothes were good, her figure was straight from heaven, and her eyes were fresh and wide in the worried mask of a lovely face.

"Look," Maloney said, "if the guy does come in, I'm your cousin from Nebraska."

MALONEY'S grin was catching, for it made her mouth turn up just a little. Her voice was husky when she said, "All right, but I hope you can dance." She eyed the size of Maloney's glistening half boots.

"Paratroopers," Maloney answered solemnly, "are notoriously light on their feet, and how do I know you can dance? We both start from scratch, you know."

They went out on the floor and danced. Her eyes were almost level with Maloney's and her body was firm and amazingly light in his arms. And she could dance—how she could dance! After three numbers, Maloney wiped his face and surveyed her admiringly.

"The drinks are on me. You make me feel like a kid on stilts."

"Thanks," she said. "You aren't bad yourself—" She laughed up at him. "Well?"

"Mike."

"Sherry," said the tall girl, "and I'll take that drink, but the next round is on me."

Maloney caught her looking back at the whirling faces as he broke a path to the bar, and he watched her face cloud over with a hidden shower of regret. Over their drinks, elbows on the bar, he poked a thumb over his shoulder.

"Didn't come, did he?"

She drank and fished for the cherry, smiling bravely to hide the sudden quiver of her full lips. "No."

Maloney swirled the ice in his glass, regretting his words, and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Sherry. I'm about as subtle as an elephant in a canebrake."

"Forget it," she said, eating the cherry and licking her fingers. She regarded him curiously. "How do you read my mind, Mike?"

Maloney waved his hands over his glass, weaving an unseen pattern. "Mystic Mike, that's me. Sees all, knows a little, cures nothing. Why don't you meet the guy halfway?"

"I'm over on his half now. How far should a girl lean—over backward?"

"Not quite that far," said Maloney. He grinned at her, his hot brown eyes steady and unblinking under sun-narrowed lids. "Better hunting," he said, waving his glass, and watched her face brighten under the warmness of his smile.

"Luck to you, Mike," she said.

"Thanks," Maloney said flatly, "but it's too late for that. I had it bad and she didn't believe me. Never again."

Sherry wheeled on her stool and put





WHY not shop the one-stop Fir way? You save tires — save ga — save time — and save money! Y shop quickly and be served courte And in one conveniently located you can select gifts for all the fami smart — be thrifty — be sure to mak nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone your Christmas Shopping Headqu this year.

Take your children to Fires Toyland. Watch their faces light up they see the creations of such f toymakers as Kingsbury, Cass, T gram, Tinker Toy and Lincoln Log

For Mother, there are dinne card tables, glassware, work-s electrical appliances and a wide v of housewares. For Father, there a clubs, Schick electric shavers, l and many other welcome and pr gifts. For all the family, there are Philharmonic records, autom accessories and other useful produ

But don't delay! Stocks of many are limited. Note the wide variety

Firestone



tions shown on these pages—then
ur nearby Firestone Dealer or
ne Store today.

*copy of the new Firestone Christmas Gift Catalog
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.*

AY BE ELIGIBLE TO BUY *THE NEW*
Firestone WAR TIRE

before Pearl Harbor, Firestone produced the
eclaim rubber tire. It is only natural that
build a War
gives longer
t present-day
Ask your
Firestone
or Firestone
out Firestone
es—they will
fill out an
tion for a
certificate.
onger service
ter safety put
stone Life
or Tube in
e.



eater
and
rvice,
ur car
stone
ining,
Polonium Spark Plugs and a Firestone Battery.

*the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret
and Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C.*

her hand on his arm. "She must be crazy, Mike," she said. "What's the matter with you, if anything?"

"Plenty, but mostly I'm uncivilized; I've got a terrible temper. When I feel like socking 'em, I go ahead and sock."

"Listen, Mike, elaborate a little."

Maloney rubbed his nose absently. "Well, I asked her down here to spend these last five days with me. I'm leaving then with my outfit. She was insulted. She didn't let me finish. My intentions were honorable, even to the ring."

"So that was it."

"Not all of it. I got mad—I always do—and we said a lot of things."

"Mike, I like the common garden variety of men, but I love the bad-tempered ones." Her mouth, even in anger, was firm and full and had a sweet lift at the corners. She was a big girl, and a lovely one, and anger made her lovelier. She said, "Most of the time you bad-tempered guys are pretty grim, but when you smile I know that you mean it. Things that don't come very often mean a lot more to me, and you mean what you say, every time."

"Sherry," Maloney said, "that guy must be crazy. How could anyone miss the boat on you?"

"Is that a pass?" she said, her face a study in passiveness as the smile left her mouth.

"You know what I mean," Maloney said shortly.

VOICES grew louder as more people entered the casino, and Maloney looked around in the direction of the juke box. Brownie's crowd was clustered around the machine, pushing the buttons and selecting numbers, while Brownie stood in the center, pointing at the ones she wanted. Maloney took a deep breath and ordered two more drinks.

Sherry was watching him and she saw Maloney glance that way and meet Brownie's eyes. Brownie was staring full at him, her eyes angry and then flashing away. Maloney drained his glass fast and said, "Let's take a walk, Sherry."

They left the casino and strolled down the beach, silent for a long time, the only sound between them being the boom of the surf against the sand. Maloney knelt and took off her shoes and stockings, and she put one hand on his shoulder to balance herself. Maloney stuffed her stockings in her shoes and said, "You have nice legs, Sherry."

"Have you finally noticed them?"

Maloney stood up, holding the shoes, and shook his head. "Truthfully—no! I saw them the minute you hiked yourself up on that stool beside me."

She laughed and gave Maloney a little push, feeling good inside for the first time in weeks. They ran down to the water, feeling the hard sand grind between their toes, and both of them stopped, knee-deep in the cool water, and breathed deeply of the salt air. Maloney said, "What are you doing tomorrow, Sherry?"

"Nothing much."

"Let's take a swim. I was going back, but now I won't do it. I'll pick you up at ten."

"I'd love it, Mike."

They ran back to the boardwalk and sat on the edge, dangling their legs while they slipped on their shoes. Halfway through his second boot, Maloney lit a cigarette, his face dark and sober in the brief red flare of the match. Then, suddenly, she said, "Cabin Eight. Good night, Mike," and left him. Maloney watched her stride rapidly down the boardwalk into the shimmering darkness of the lower beach. He held the lighted end of his cigarette over his watch; it was almost twelve.

All along the beach the cabins were lighted, radios were blaring, and voices drifted carelessly loud on the clear night air, mingling in a happy, foolish jumble of sound. Maloney decided that he needed some orange juice and walked over to the combination drugstore and grocery across the street. While he stood at the fountain drinking the orange juice, the skinny young man came in and ordered breakfast groceries. When he turned to go, his arms full of packages, he saw Maloney and nodded.

"Hi, there. You're Lieutenant Maloney, aren't you? Brownie said she knew you and I thought I'd seen you around Benning and Columbus. Paratrooper, aren't you? I'm Hubert Mason."

"Nice night," Maloney said evenly, and finished his orange juice. He started walking down the street toward his cabin, fast, but the skinny young man came trotting along beside him, his thin face peering over the packages.

"This is our cabin, Lieutenant," he said. "Come on in for a nightcap."



"I'm going home for the holidays. My folks want me to be the Christmas tree!"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

Maloney swallowed his antagonism and said, "Sorry, it's too late."

"Don't be like that," said Mason, getting behind him and pushing Maloney up the steps. "Look who I've found," he called loudly, pushing Maloney through the front door.

TWO of the girls were on the couch tuning a portable radio; the others were on the floor, shooting dice for quarters. Brownie was standing beside the table in a pair of green lounging pajamas. She was laughing, and then she turned and saw Maloney; it was then that the laughter deserted her face and her eyes grew black.

"You know Brownie," said the skinny young man, putting his groceries on the table. He waved an arm around the room. "Meet the crowd."

Maloney nodded his greeting, forgetting their names as quickly as they were introduced. One of them, the redheaded man, grinned up at Maloney and said tipsily, "Want in, Maloney? You can win a fortune."

"No thanks," Maloney said, cutting off the quiet, growing fury rising in his throat. "I won't be needing a fortune."

"On leave?" asked the redheaded man.

"Yes," Maloney said curtly.

Some shallow undercurrent of thought seemed to run across the room, and one of the girls said, "Let's go wading and call it a day." She caught the skinny young man by the arm and pulled him through the door, flashing a bright smile at Maloney as she passed him; and quite unexpectedly all of them were gone, their voices drifting back faintly and finally merging with the soft boom of the climbing surf. Maloney turned to go but Brownie went to the door and stood with her back against it.

"JUST a minute," she said, "I'd like to talk."

"About what?" Maloney said drily. "I'm sleepy." He lit a cigarette, grinning at her above the yellow flame of the match. It hurt her to see him grin, he knew. Above the flicker of the match, measuring the deep shadows under her eyes, he saw that she was tired and he knew she was spoiling for a good argument. This was how it had been between them toward the end, always with the ghost of the past as her weapon against his sincerity, until the last fight.

"On leave," she said scornfully, "and with a cheap blonde."

"My last five days," Maloney said wearily, not wanting to go on with this.

"Your last five days?" she said. "What do you mean? You didn't tell me that."

Maloney cleared his throat. "You didn't give me a chance to tell you much of anything. I'm moving out next week. We're going over."

She dropped her eyes and her face darkened. "Why did you come down here? You knew I'd be here, didn't you?"

That made Maloney mad, and his anger blazed into hot words: "I didn't know you'd be here, but I sure as hell would have given this place a wide berth if I had known."

"Well, we both can't stay here. I suggest—"

Maloney allowed his words to come out flatly, slapping her ears with their force. "You suggest," he said sarcastically, "that I leave! How about you taking off? This is my last freedom and I'm staying."

"Always the gentleman," Brownie said, her words stinging hot. Her eyes narrowed. "By the way, who is this la girl?"

Maloney forced a grin to cover emptiness in his stomach. "What do care?" he said brutally. "She's unc lized, she is like me, and you woul understand that if I drew you a cha He walked toward her and stop inches from her face, and he ceased smile and his mouth thinned out grew hard as all the things he had wan to say welled up in his throat and manded their liberty.

"Shut up," Maloney said softly, " let me say a few words. Remember the things I told you, about wearing t ring on your right hand and hating rest of the world because someone you dirt a long time ago. You wear t ring and you won't give me a char you say I don't mean it when I tell how I feel. You're a coward, Brow and you know it. You sit here in the sh shell of pity and sorrow you've b around yourself, and you won't let a one break it with something honest clean. You've told me that you still l this other man. All right, if you do, v don't you go get him instead of play the field and breaking my heart? A if you don't feel that way, throw that fernal ring away, so that whoever fin gets you won't be reminded of the p every time he holds your hand."

Maloney paused and threw his ci rette away. "There's no knowing if ever see you again, but I want you know this—I love you more than you serve to be loved by anyone, and whe asked you to come down here, I di because I loved you. Only five days, I wanted you so badly, needed you much, that I was willing and eager take the leap. I even bought a ri Well, I'll toss it in the gulf on the day; it isn't good for much else."

He shouldered past her and walked his cabin in silence, conscious only of hurt that gnawed at his heart; it wa clear night but he did not see the st

SHERRY came out to meet him wh Maloney pulled up before her ca at ten. She was wearing a snow-wh two-piece suit that caused Maloney whistle and say cheerfully, "Y shouldn't wear that and you know wh

She made a face and got in beside h "Flatterer," she said, lighting a cigar and passing it to him. "Where to, Mik

"Thanks," he said, inhaling deep "I'm tired of this place. Let's go wh it's quiet and do some heavy resting."

"I need some peace and quiet," said. "It'll take a big cut of that stuff help me find my mistake."

"You mean, not finding him?"

"That's the whole thing, Mike. I do have much time left—a day or so at most—and then I'll have to go back the job."

Maloney said, "Tell me about it," a drove west on the Pensacola Highv away from the cars and people a closely knitted rows of multicolored c ins.

Sherry slid down in the seat and clo her eyes, and Maloney said, "Here i towel—that sun's hot." She put it o her face and said, "Thanks, Mike," then, after a mile or two, suddenly, " used to dance together. We were pre good."

"The way I feel about this guy yours," Maloney said, "I could cruc him, but I don't know all the facts."

"He isn't that bad. We grew up gether back home in Pittsburgh, and w amateur contests, and then we had a li job, and then we started up the ladd Then the draft came along and he wan to marry me before they called him, I wouldn't. I wanted to wait until he

WAR needs the wires this Christmas

War can't wait—not even for Christmas. So please don't make Long Distance calls to war-busy centers this Christmas unless they're vital... BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



her hand on his arm. "She must be crazy, Mike," she said. "What's the matter with you, if anything?"

"Plenty, but mostly I'm uncivilized; I've got a terrible temper. When I feel like socking 'em, I go ahead and sock."

"Listen, Mike, elaborate a little."

Maloney rubbed his nose absently. "Well, I asked her down here to spend these last five days with me. I'm leaving then with my outfit. She was insulted. She didn't let me finish. My intentions were honorable, even to the ring."

"So that was it."

"Not all of it. I got mad—I always do—and we said a lot of things."

"Mike, I like the common garden variety of men, but I love the bad-tempered ones." Her mouth, even in anger, was firm and full and had a sweet lift at the corners. She was a big girl, and a lovely one, and anger made her lovelier. She said, "Most of the time you bad-tempered guys are pretty grim, but when you smile I know that you mean it. Things that don't come very often mean a lot more to me, and you mean what you say, every time."

"Sherry," Maloney said, "that guy must be crazy. How could anyone miss the boat on you?"

"Is that a pass?" she said, her face a study in passiveness as the smile left her mouth.

"You know what I mean," Maloney said shortly.

VOICES grew louder as more people entered the casino, and Maloney looked around in the direction of the juke box. Brownie's crowd was clustered around the machine, pushing the buttons and selecting numbers, while Brownie stood in the center, pointing at the ones she wanted. Maloney took a deep breath and ordered two more drinks.

Sherry was watching him and she saw Maloney glance that way and meet Brownie's eyes. Brownie was staring full at him, her eyes angry and then flashing away. Maloney drained his glass fast and said, "Let's take a walk, Sherry."

They left the casino and strolled down the beach, silent for a long time, the only sound between them being the boom of the surf against the sand. Maloney knelt and took off her shoes and stockings, and she put one hand on his shoulder to balance herself. Maloney stuffed her stockings in her shoes and said, "You have nice legs, Sherry."

"Have you finally noticed them?"

Maloney stood up, holding the shoes, and shook his head. "Truthfully—no! I saw them the minute you hiked yourself up on that stool beside me."

She laughed and gave Maloney a little push, feeling good inside for the first time in weeks. They ran down to the water, feeling the hard sand grind between their toes, and both of them stopped, knee-deep in the cool water, and breathed deeply of the salt air. Maloney said, "What are you doing tomorrow, Sherry?"

"Nothing much."

"Let's take a swim. I was going back, but now I won't do it. I'll pick you up at ten."

"I'd love it, Mike."

They ran back to the boardwalk and sat on the edge, dangling their legs while they slipped on their shoes. Halfway through his second boot, Maloney lit a cigarette, his face dark and sober in the brief red flare of the match. Then, suddenly, she said, "Cabin Eight. Good night, Mike," and left him. Maloney watched her stride rapidly down the boardwalk into the shimmering darkness of the lower beach. He held the lighted end of his cigarette over his watch; it was almost twelve.

All along the beach the cabins were lighted, radios were blaring, and voices drifted carelessly loud on the clear night air, mingling in a happy, foolish jumble of sound. Maloney decided that he needed some orange juice and walked over to the combination drugstore and grocery across the street. While he stood at the fountain drinking the orange juice, the skinny young man came in and ordered breakfast groceries. When he turned to go, his arms full of packages, he saw Maloney and nodded.

"Hi, there. You're Lieutenant Maloney, aren't you? Brownie said she knew you and I thought I'd seen you around Benning and Columbus. Paratrooper, aren't you? I'm Hubert Mason."

"Nice night," Maloney said evenly, and finished his orange juice. He started walking down the street toward his cabin, fast, but the skinny young man came trotting along beside him, his thin face peering over the packages.

"This is our cabin, Lieutenant," he said. "Come on in for a nightcap."

"Yes," Maloney said curtly.

Some shallow undercurrent of thought seemed to run across the room, and one of the girls said, "Let's go wading and call it a day." She caught the skinny young man by the arm and pulled him through the door, flashing a bright smile at Maloney as she passed him; and quite unexpectedly all of them were gone, their voices drifting back faintly and finally merging with the soft boom of the climbing surf. Maloney turned to go but Brownie went to the door and stood with her back against it.

"JUST a minute," she said, "I'd like to talk."

"About what?" Maloney said drily. "I'm sleepy." He lit a cigarette, grinning at her above the yellow flame of the match. It hurt her to see him grin, he knew. Above the flicker of the match, measuring the deep shadows under her eyes, he saw that she was tired and he knew she was spoiling for a good argument. This was how it had been between



"I'm going home for the holidays. My folks want me to be the Christmas tree!"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

Maloney swallowed his antagonism and said, "Sorry, it's too late."

"Don't be like that," said Mason, getting behind him and pushing Maloney up the steps. "Look who I've found," he called loudly, pushing Maloney through the front door.

TWO of the girls were on the couch tuning a portable radio; the others were on the floor, shooting dice for quarters. Brownie was standing beside the table in a pair of green lounging pajamas. She was laughing, and then she turned and saw Maloney; it was then that the laughter deserted her face and her eyes grew black.

"You know Brownie," said the skinny young man, putting his groceries on the table. He waved an arm around the room. "Meet the crowd."

Maloney nodded his greeting, forgetting their names as quickly as they were introduced. One of them, the redheaded man, grinned up at Maloney and said tipsily, "Want in, Maloney? You can win a fortune."

"No thanks," Maloney said, cutting off the quiet, growing fury rising in his throat. "I won't be needing a fortune."

"On leave?" asked the redheaded man.

them toward the end, always with the ghost of the past as her weapon against his sincerity, until the last fight.

"On leave," she said scornfully, "and with a cheap blonde."

"My last five days," Maloney said wearily, not wanting to go on with this.

"Your last five days?" she said. "What do you mean? You didn't tell me that."

Maloney cleared his throat. "You didn't give me a chance to tell you much of anything. I'm moving out next week. We're going over."

She dropped her eyes and her face darkened. "Why did you come down here? You knew I'd be here, didn't you?"

That made Maloney mad, and his anger blazed into hot words: "I didn't know you'd be here, but I sure as hell would have given this place a wide berth if I had known."

"Well, we both can't stay here. I suggest—"

Maloney allowed his words to come out flatly, slapping her ears with their force. "You suggest," he said sarcastically, "that I leave! How about you taking off? This is my last freedom and I'm staying."

"Always the gentleman," Brownie said, her words stinging hot. Her eyes narrowed. "By the way, who is this l girl?"

Maloney forced a grin to cover emptiness in his stomach. "What do care?" he said brutally. "She's un lized, she is like me, and you woul understand that if I drew you a ch He walked toward her and stop inches from her face, and he cease smile and his mouth thinned out grew hard as all the things he had wa to say welled up in his throat and manded their liberty.

"Shut up," Maloney said softly, " let me say a few words. Remembe the things I told you, about wearing ring on your right hand and hating rest of the world because someone you dirt a long time ago. You wear ring and you won't give me a cha you say I don't mean it when I tell how I feel. You're a coward, Brow and you know it. You sit here in the s shell of pity and sorrow you've b around yourself, and you won't let one break it with something honest clean. You've told me that you still this other man. All right, if you do, don't you go get him instead of pla the field and breaking my heart? if you don't feel that way, throw that fernal ring away, so that whoever fin gets you won't be reminded of the every time he holds your hand."

Maloney paused and threw his c rette away. "There's no knowing if ever see you again, but I want you know this—I love you more than you serve to be loved by anyone, and wh asked you to come down here, I di because I loved you. Only five days, I wanted you so badly, needed you much, that I was willing and eager take the leap. I even bought a r Well, I'll toss it in the gulf on the day; it isn't good for much else."

He shouldered past her and walke his cabin in silence, conscious only of hurt that gnawed at his heart; it wa clear night but he did not see the st

SHERRY came out to meet him w Maloney pulled up before her c at ten. She was wearing a snow-w two-piece suit that caused Maloney whistle and say cheerfully, "Y shouldn't wear that and you know wh

She made a face and got in beside h "Flatterer," she said, lighting a cigar and passing it to him. "Where to, Mik

"Thanks," he said, inhaling deep "I'm tired of this place. Let's go wh it's quiet and do some heavy resting."

"I need some peace and quiet," said. "It'll take a big cut of that stuff help me find my mistake."

"You mean, not finding him?"

"That's the whole thing, Mike. I d have much time left—a day or so at most—and then I'll have to go back the job."

Maloney said, "Tell me about it," a drove west on the Pensacola High away from the cars and people a closely knitted rows of multicolored c ins.

Sherry slid down in the seat and clo her eyes, and Maloney said, "Here i towel—that sun's hot." She put it o her face and said, "Thanks, Mike," a then, after a mile or two, suddenly, " used to dance together. We were pre good."

"The way I feel about this guy yours," Maloney said, "I could cruc him, but I don't know all the facts."

"He isn't that bad. We grew up gether back home in Pittsburgh, and w amateur contests, and then we had a lit job, and then we started up the ladd Then the draft came along and he want to marry me before they called him, b I wouldn't. I wanted to wait until he

WAR

needs the wires this Christmas

War can't wait—not even for Christmas. So please don't make Long Distance calls to war-busy centers this Christmas unless they're vital... BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



his year; we were all blind back there a year ago. I can't explain it because I don't understand it myself. Anyway, he got mad and we split up."

"Go on," Maloney said.

"The war started and I discovered that being sure of anything in the future was an illusion. I want him. I want him if only for a few days. Someone told me he was down here waiting for his number to come up—it's due—and I thought he'd be at the Beach Hotel. We played a job here two years ago, just before we split up. I asked about him. He's here all right, but I haven't seen him, and I don't want to look for him. I'm too proud, I guess."

"Why don't you have someone bring him someplace, and then you just pop up?"

"I don't want it that way, Mike. It can't be a put-up job. No, we've just got to see each other around some night, and if he saw me and I saw him, we would both understand. Does that make any sense to you?"

"Enough," Maloney said. "What's his name?"

"Johnny O'Rourke. An Irishman, stubborn and unruly as you, Mike."

"Hummph!" Maloney grunted, secretly pleased. He passed a deserted stretch of beach and pulled off the road. They found a palm tree that offered some good moving shade with the sun, and they fell asleep for an hour or so until the sun sneaked around and warmed them awake. After that they swam and dunked each other and ran up and down the beach, having a good time, and then it was long past noon. Maloney went back to the car and returned with a big basket.

"Let's eat," he said. "I'm starved."

Sherry gave him a long look. "You think of a lot of little things for an uncivilized man, Mike."

AFTER the last bottle of beer and chicken leg, they lay back against the palm tree and rested. Maloney closed his eyes and sighed deeply, a big man in the throes of contentment, while Sherry turned over on her stomach and looked out across the gulf at the horizon, her eyes a little sad. Maloney sneaked a look once as she was going over the whole thing from beginning to end, and he sensed that she was beating herself to death over it.

Finally she sat up and slapped her hands together. "All right," she said, half to herself, "I'll stay tonight and tomorrow. I can do that, but it is my best and my last. I can always remember that—that I did my best."

"More than your best."

She leaned over on one elbow and smiled at Maloney. "You're a swell guy to have around, Mike. You know how I feel, don't you? She worked you over and left you on your back, too, didn't she?"

"I never had a chance, Sherry."

She shook her head. "Wrong there, Mike. I saw her last night in the casino when she looked at you. She wasn't enjoying herself, and she was jealous when she saw me with you."

"For a jealous woman she was having a good time and doing a good job of laughing."

"But she quit suddenly when she saw us, Mike. It wasn't anything caught in her throat, or a run in her stocking, I can tell you that. She was mad enough to crown me with a bottle."

"Only she doesn't go in for that stuff."

"She was waiting for you to do something."

"Something uncivilized," Maloney said sourly. "Oh, no."

"I think," Sherry said, "that she could use a little rough stuff. And I'll tell you something else."

"What?"

"She probably never knew how much you cared about her, and she wanted to find out."

"She knows," Maloney said, thinking of last night.

"Mike," Sherry said, "you stick to your guns. Don't let her or anyone like her change you. I saw her and I saw her crowd, and I saw how she was and also how she could be if she were away from them, and if she doesn't change she'll never be good enough for you. I know why she treats you like she does. She's afraid of your honesty, your ideas about life and love, like coming down here for the last few days you may ever have with her. Why, Mike, I'd go away with you for the rest of my life, and no questions asked, if I were that girl, and I've only known you two days. I'd go because I know a man like you loves just once; and until she sees it, she just isn't good enough."

Maloney sat up and looked at her flushed, angry face, at the sweet upward turn of her lips. "Thanks, Sherry," he said, and reached over and kissed her. He knew he shouldn't have, but he felt good about it. She smiled and he said, "I'm sorry, but I had to do it."

"So she gave that up," Sherry said, touching her mouth softly with a sandy forefinger. She turned her head and looked at the water, and Maloney knew she was thinking of the other man and the war, which was with them in their every move.

He got up and took her hand and they went back to the car and drove to the hotel. They were silent during the drive, and when they pulled in beside the hotel she said, "Stop here, Mike. I need some stuff." He stopped the car and when she got out she turned and smiled at him. "Thanks, Mike," she said, and went into the hotel.

BROWNIE and her friends were coming down the steps at this moment, all laughing and talking, their arms full of souvenirs. When she saw him she flushed and the freckles on her nose turned a golden brown against the hot color of her cheeks. She could be such a quiet girl and a gentle one if she wanted to be, Maloney thought bitterly. As he watched her, the smile faded and all the laughter and happiness went out of her, and Maloney felt sorry for her and for her stilted, mixed-up outlook on life.

He had an idea then and he walked past her and into the hotel. At the desk he asked about a Johnny O'Rourke and got the room number; it was upstairs in the hotel proper.

He went upstairs and found the room, and when he knocked on the door a deep voice called, "Come in."

Maloney went in and looked around. The room was mussed up and bottles were standing on the table. The fan was going and the shades were down. Johnny O'Rourke got up off the bed and grinned at Maloney. He was as tall but n heavy as Maloney, and he had good and thick black hair. He looked l good boy, except that he had been h the bottle pretty heavy.

"Sorry," he said, "my number isn yet, but will you have a drink and tell me why the hell you busted in I gave orders not to be disturbed."

"Never mind the drink," Maloney "My name is Maloney and I don't k you, but I've heard a lot about you. a girl named Sherry."

"Yes," the boy said, and his eyes bright and round. "And what are doing with my girl?"

Maloney smiled and shook his h "Nothing except trying to help a c of stubborn young fools get toge Look, she's down here and she w you, but you won't come out and won't come in. She's too proud. To you go down to the casino bar and on a stool. She'll be in. And liste you love this girl you be there. Un stand?"

The boy sat down on the bed and his hands through his hair. He lo up and Maloney saw the clear ligh happiness shining in his face. He "I'll be there. And thanks, Malone don't know why you've done this, or I can thank you, but—"

"Skip it," Maloney said gruffly.

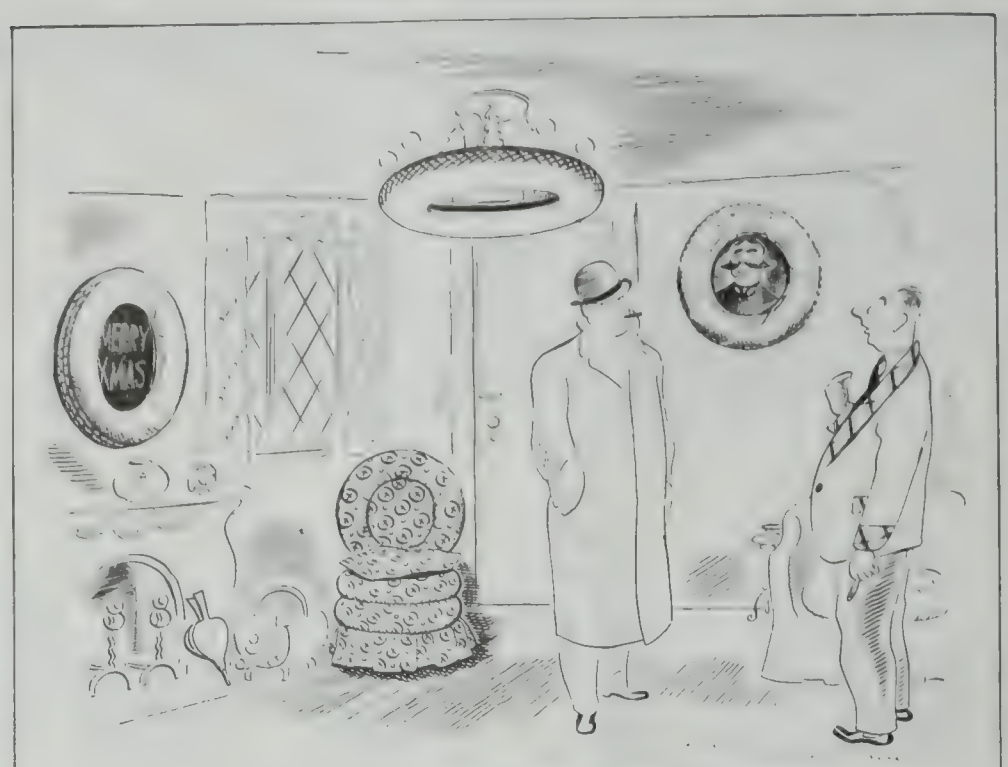
He went downstairs and called C Eight on the house phone, and Sherry answered he said, "This is M Meet me in the bar for a drink dinner tonight." She hesitated a mo and then said, "All right, Mike, I'll you."

Maloney went to his cabin and g fresh towel, feeling a little silly ove whole thing. He ran down to the w and swam far out beyond the last sa rope and then allowed the waves to b him in, tired and cold and hungry. stretched out on the sand and staye the sun until it was time to leave beach—the new safety limit was s o'clock; and all this time he though Brownie and of the minutes flying He had to face it: swimming, runn even kissing another girl, she was al in his mind, deep in his heart. He fo himself all the way to his cabin through a shower; and he could not the dull, empty ache of her while d ing and on the way to dinner.

HE WAS starting on his dessert w they came in and sat down at next table, and he knew he would h felt her presence had she entered room behind him. He left his dessert finished and went out to the lobby bought the evening paper. He found chair beside the fan and read the p all the way through, not seeing the w his eyes read; and finally he said, right, so you're licked, Mike," and th the paper on the floor and went outs

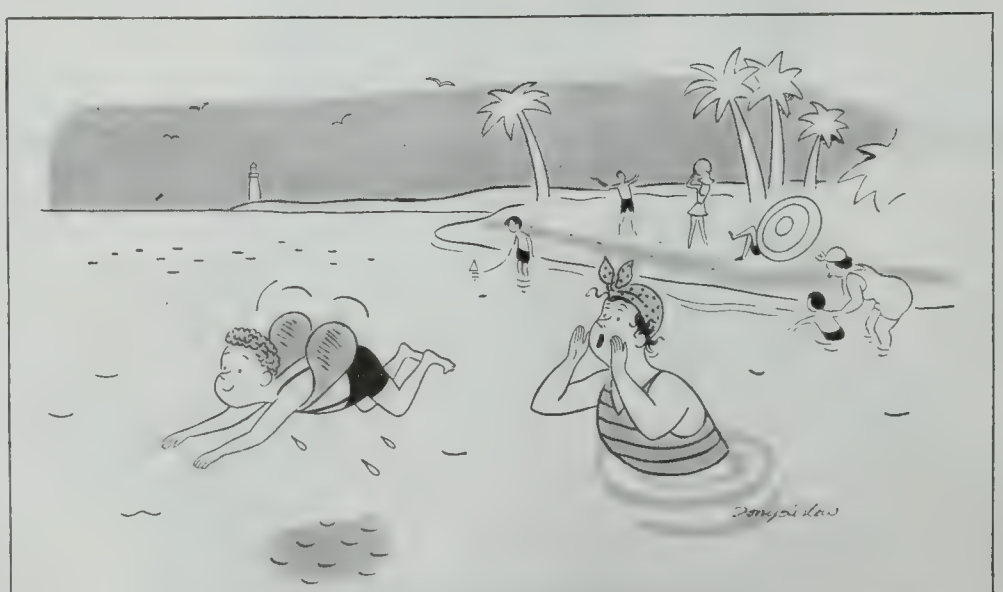
He took his time walking over to casino, and when he looked in he l back away from the door. Sherry w be in there, drinking and thinking, an hoped someone else would come al and make things happen. He had about decided he'd better go in and her when Johnny O'Rourke brushed him and went inside, and then Malo felt so good he could have shouted joy. He walked away and shot a rif a string of moving ducks for fifteen m utes, and right in the middle of the st of shots he looked around and Sherry and O'Rourke walk by, and loney saw how soft and full of hope face was, and he dropped the rifle walked away.

He went to the desk and said, " checking out," and paid his bill, ing no one, hearing nothing and ca



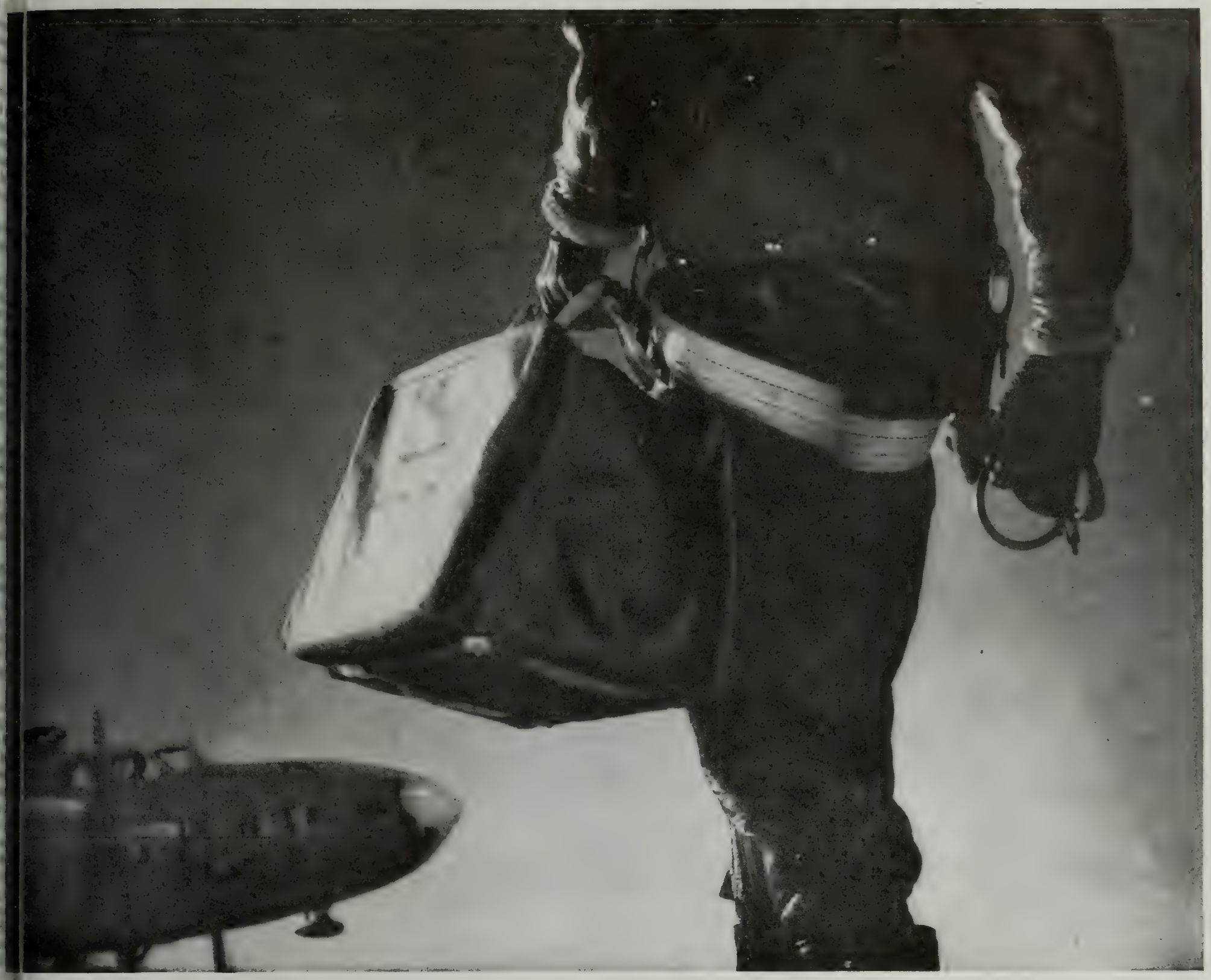
"You heard that I had more than my five-tire allotment?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



"No, no, Egbert—they're water wings"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW



ue Ox

has sworn to protect its secret with his life. n it is not in his possession it is under double- d guard, twenty-four hours a day.

e alone carries it from the guard-room to the ane, and when the mission has been completed, rries it back to the guard-room. It is his responsi- . It is the Norden Bombsight. . . . He calls it Blue Ox."

he bombardier of a Flying Fortress* is the man nd whom the great airplane is designed. Back m and his instrument stretch thousands of man- s, miles of blueprint, tons of aluminum, acres or space, barrels of midnight oil.

n American bombardier, a "Blue Ox" and a ng Flying Fortress are the most formidable bombing team in the world. One reason for this is the great stability of the Flying Fortress, which provides a perfect bombing "platform" for "precision bombing." Another is the unequaled high-altitude performance, protective armament and fire-power, which enable the Flying Fortress to reach her objective in daylight, despite flak or interceptors.

"Precision bombing" first began to be effective when the Fortresses bombed their objectives in Europe by daylight — from great altitudes — and with unheard-of accuracy. This brand-new military tactic owes much of its effectiveness to Boeing engineers, who worked until they had designed an airplane with the speed, range, stability, load, fire-power and altitude to do the job.

The job still needs to be done, and the Fortresses are doing it every day — on major fighting fronts from Europe to the South Pacific. When the work of the Fortresses is over — when the war is won — Boeing engineers will find many potential outlets for their skill and talents.

• • •

For in designing and building the Flying Fortress and other advanced aircraft, Boeing engineers and "productioneers" continually acquire new "know-how" in many fields: acoustical, electrical structural, lubrication, etc. It's the kind of "know-how" that helps to win wars, and will some day help to make peacetime products better and cheaper.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

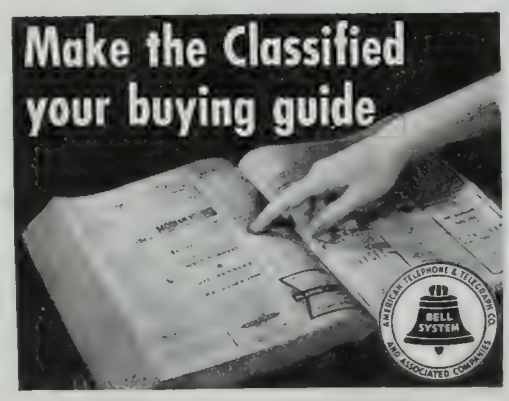


MORAL: Solve your gift problems at Yuletide with the Classified.

This season many of the useful gifts you may be thinking about will be "hard to find."

That's why the Classified section of your Telephone Directory will be more helpful than ever. It lists the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of your local tradespeople according to products and services.

Before you go shopping look in the Classified for the things you want. Save time, tires and gas. And use the Classified the year around, too!



less. Walking to the cabin he thought, "You win, Brownie."

He was tired all over with the pain that comes from thought and worry. He packed his bags and carried them out to the car, and then he went back to check over and make sure he had everything. When he came back into the living room she was standing beside the door. Maloney was surprised and he wondered why she had come here, but he was glad she had because he wanted to say goodby. He was licked and he knew it, but he had wanted to see her once more.

"You win," he said. "I'll give you the beach and get out. I guess we won't see each other again, so I'll say goodby."

"Thank you," she said, "for thinking about my feelings."

She had twitted him before about being considerate when he had known he wasn't, and this was rubbing salt in an open wound. He slammed the door behind him and the walls shook, and the blood in his head started running hot, as it always did when he got mad.

"Brownie," he said, "don't you know when to quit? Don't you know it hurts?"

"You aren't very smart, are you, Mike?" she said.

Maloney lit a cigarette to hide the quivering of his lips. Dragging deep, he exhaled and said, "No, I guess I'm not. It is finished between us because you wanted it that way, and now I'm getting out, but I still love you, and I mean all the way."

She took a small step forward until her head was directly under the light, and he saw the doubt on her face change to a wondering regret. "No," she said, "all you ever did was laugh."

"A laugh can hide a lot of things."

"But if you had only been more understanding for a few minutes," she said. "You laughed at me because I couldn't forget the past."

"And I'm still laughing at you," Maloney said doggedly, "and that's the way I stay. You are a fool and you know it."

"Very well, Mike," she said. "Very well."

"Very well," Maloney repeated, breathing deeply. "So we are all washed up. You'll never see me again, so go on back to Georgia and pick out some nice safe draft-exempt gentleman and marry him and be very happy in your smug, bored, civilized way. I guess—"

SOMEONE knocked on the front door, and then the skinny young man came in, his sallow face screwed up in a worried mask, something like the wrinkled expression of a small chow dog. "I heard you talking, Brownie," he said, "and I thought you might need me. If this gentleman is bothering you, I will be glad to assist you."

"Thank you, Hubert," Brownie said. "It isn't that bad."

"Get out," Maloney said quietly.

"Oh," said the skinny young man, "don't you talk to me that way. Now see here—" He took a step forward and shook his finger. "You apologize at once," he said petulantly.

Maloney felt himself going and he knew she would hate him for it, but he couldn't stand this. He reached out and grabbed the skinny young man and pulled him forward until their faces almost touched. Maloney was mad, so mad his face turned white under the thick tan. His eyes were black and his mouth barely moved when he said softly, "If ever you see me again, you get out of my way or I'll half kill you and wish I could do more." Then, taking a good grip on seat and shoulders, he threw the skinny young man through the screen door into the street. Half to himself he said, "Apologize to that little—"

"Mike," Brownie said, and then he remembered her.

"Well," he said, still angry, "what do you want?"

"Are you leaving, Mike?"

"Yes," Maloney said slowly, exaggerating the words, "I'm leaving. Now will you please collect that thing on the way out and quit tearing my heart up in little pieces."

"Mike," Brownie said, "this is the first time I was ever certain about how you feel."

"Cut the talking in circles," Maloney said. "We've got no more to say."

The worry and bitterness and tiredness had left her face; it was like a door being opened into a gloomy room to let the sun shine in. She said, "I wondered if you really loved me, Mike, and I guess I was afraid to believe you. I was afraid to believe anybody for so long." She held out her right hand and he looked down and saw that the engagement ring was gone. "I threw it away, Mike, into the gulf. I couldn't wear it, not after you talked to me last night. I thought you were fooling a week ago. I thought you just wanted me down here for— Ah, Mike, why didn't I let you tell me then that you weren't fooling? I know you aren't now. It may be too late to say this, but I love you, Mike."

Maloney drew a deep breath and searched for words he could not find. Finally he said, "This is crazy, this isn't right, and I shouldn't ask for it, but will you marry me right now? We've got three days and then I'll have to go, but I love you and I want you. And who wants to be logical right now?"

He saw her eyes widen and grow wet as she allowed him to come into her heart and stay. She said, "I will, Mike, and I'll never be as I was before."

"The hell you won't," Maloney said heavily, and took her in his arms. But he smiled and his face smoothed out as though ironed from within by s pleasant memory. She was slender shaking in his arms and he kissed once, long and hard, and the kiss he everything and brought them togethe it had been those few times in the p Maloney knew he would never lonely again, and it was a wonderful f ing to have in his heart.

He was standing there, holding close, thinking and wondering where could find a minister, when she step back and looked up at him. "Mike," said, "tell me just one thing. Where you find that blond girl I saw you wit

MALONEY did not hesitate; pulled her back in the shelter o arms and turned her chin up. "Loo he said, "I'm trying to decide where w be married within the next half-h because I can't stand this much lon and you want to argue about someth I can't remember. Shut up!"

"Yes, Mike," she said, and leaned head against his chest, hiding the qu sudden tears of happiness that filled eyes. "Think hard, Mike, will you can't stay like this all night either."

"You won't," Maloney said, pick her up suddenly and carrying her across the threshold. He grinned at sc thought as he put her in the car. "Co to think of it," he said, "I did that ba ward, that carrying business. But minister won't mind. We've done a of things backward, you and Malor but we finally found the right r And listen, you"—he leaned over i suddenly serious—"remember this t days from now. I'll never forget you I'll never lose you again. Now let's find that minister."

The night was the same as last ni but on this night, driving, her head his shoulder, Maloney could see the st They were bright.

THE END



"You're just asking for it, having your salvage committee meeting in here!"

COLLIER'S CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT!



DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip . . . and pause in your talk while e another, thoughtfully. And then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That? . . . *Old Charter!*" And *you* will have made a friend for life . . . *For when we started with whiskey le by nature, then waited seven years while Time made it mellow and ripe . . . we were bound to o, as we have in Old Charter, with a whiskey that would get asked about . . . and remembered!*

KEY IS 7 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

This Christmas Give

OLD CHARTER

OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
7 Years Old

A SUPERB AMERICA
WHISKEY MATURED T
7-YEAR PERFECTION

The Pirate-in-Law

Continued from page 38

River country to live with my grandpop."

"Yeah," Raoul said politely. "Den what you do?"

"Me and my uncle built a boat," Charlie said. "Grandpop must have been a better joiner than a designer, but we figured she was good enough to make the snapper banks if we could get enough money to provision her with ice and grub."

"She was good for snapper, yes?" asked Raoul.

"No. Too thin at the bow to rise to a sea and not enough run. She went down with all hands on her first trip to the banks."

Raoul laughed. "So you and you uncle drown, hein, Charlie?"

"No," Charlie said solemnly. "Me and my uncle gathered a cargo of cattle bones in the marshes of the Bernard River and sailed them to Galveston. We sold the bones to a fertilizer company for enough money to provision with, but my uncle got drunk and spent the money and sold the boat to a Greek. My uncle spent that money and shipped out as crew for the Greek. He got drowned. I went to school."

"She good you don't get drown, Charlie, fo' true," Raoul laughed. "My Eye-talian brud'n-in-law, he get drown. He sell eight bar'l shrimp in de market one time. So he get drunk and fall off de boat. Ooh, I bet he have planty money when he get drown, too. Eight bar'l shrimp, is some shrimp, I bet me, yes!"

"Did they ever find the body?" Charlie asked.

"Yeah. Dem Eye-talian at De la Croix find him. Float right back home, already. But when my sister she went to get de body she find a Eye-talian woman. He have two wife, my Eye-talian brud'n-law, dat son of a gun, him!"

Charlie blinked. "What did your sister do?"

"Who, her? My sister, she come home and try to find another husband. Say, Charlie, why'n you marry my sister, hein, Charlie? She fine girl. I bet you she marry you quick!"

Charlie's Adam's apple bobbed rapidly. "What's her name?"

"Mary," said Raoul. "She fine girl. She make you fine wife. What you say, hein, brud'n-law?"

A FEW weeks later, when a bad nor'-wester began to build over the lake, Charlie tied his boat up the bayou. "Let's go to Grand Isle, Raoul," he suggested.

"You goin' to court my sister, yes?" asked Raoul.

"Might," said Charlie. "But mainly I want to get a look at the stamping grounds of the pirates. I might change my plans and live down there if all things turn out right."

Skipper and crew caught a bus and rode a hundred miles along the bayous and through the marshes of south Louisiana. The island itself pleased Charlie. Scarcely more than a sandspit tossed out of the gulf by the seasonal hurricanes, a clump of low, gnarled live oak in the center shielded the cottages of the native fishermen. In the lee of the island spread the wide shallow bays of Barataria and Camanada, through which the shrimpers drag their little nets. And in the narrow pass between island and mainland were the shadows of the old pirate ships of Almonte, Dominique You and Jean Lafitte. Charlie absorbed it all with a silent surge of emotion.

"Me, I swear I never smell shrimp no mo'," Raoul greeted his sister. "But Charlie, he come down to look at you. He might marry you, hein, brud'n-law?"

"Me, I'm particular who I marry, me," Mary declared with spirit. "Come in and shut de screen before de mosquito get in de house."

Charlie silently observed the "lines" of the little bayou maid. Big, flashing black eyes, trim bodied and shipshape, Mary appealed to him on sight.

"Charlie he don't do much talkin', him," Raoul explained. "But he do a lot of thinkin' wit his head, hein, Charlie? All time he thinkin' wit his head, him."

Charlie cleared his throat. He was embarrassed at the directness with which he had been thrust into a courtship which, after all, was none of his doing. "Well, the way things are," he said in his slow Texan way, "I don't know if I can afford a wife and a boat, too. I had to borrow some money from Big Joe Culuzzi to finish my boat."

"Dat's bad to be in debt to Big Joe, dat dirty crook," Mary said.

"And what with one thing and another, unless I can change my plans considerably," Charlie ended vaguely.

Mary looked long at Charlie. A tall blond man was a novelty in her fishing village where Latin blood predominated. "I don't cost nothin', to keep, me," she told Charlie. "I can pick shrimp good as any man on de bayou, me. Ain't no man got to support me for nothin'."

Charlie swallowed. "I don't trawl for shrimp. I freight lumber on Lake Pontchartrain."

"Me, I don't know about lumber," Mary Robichaux said.

Charlie spent several days walking about the island and questioning the fishermen about their boats. He made Raoul go along on a shrimp-trawling expedition on Papa Robichaux' boat, Miss America. He was not much impressed with the boats, which were scarcely more than flat-bottom skiffs with worn-out automobile engines, and he shared Raoul's dislike for shrimp. But learned there was some repair work could do for pay, and that by divid the revenue from a single day's traw between the boat, Raoul and himself had netted six dollars for a disagree but not too hard day's work. Know boats, Charlie could understand the people trawled only in good weat with the type of boat used. And kn ing fisher folk, he saw why they traw in good weather only when the need money was urgent.

WHEN he was ready to return the city, Charlie said to Mary, you ever get up to New Orleans, I'll you a ride on a sailboat."

"Me, I don't go much to New leans," Mary said, "and I ain't ne been on a sailboat."

On their way back to the city, Cha confided to Raoul: "I like your sis If I didn't owe Big Joe four hund dollars at fifteen per cent and if Dream of Joy was as comfortable as is worthy in a sea way and if there wa a war going on, I'd marry her and t her snapper fishing. Might do it a way, in three-four years, if I can pay Big Joe and the war stops and I can my boat for enough to build a real s going snapper schooner. Yep, I migl

"Ooh, Charlie, dat's a long ti hein? We waitin' three year to marry sister. What people say about me w sister like Mary dat ain't married? P ple ain't goin' to talk nice about me, n

Charlie rode in silence for a long ti He was, Raoul knew, thinking with head. Presently Charlie muttered, " market."

"For what?" asked Raoul.

"The Dream of Joy," Charlie said.

"You thinkin' you sell de boat?"

"Under consideration," said Char "but she's too deep and too big for land, and too little and light for o side." He sank back into silence.

But when they returned to the b they had a surprise waiting. Big





Only Pipe With

PUR-O-MATIC BIT

Every Royal Duke Pipe is equipped with a PUR-O-MATIC bit, specially designed to trap impurities. It combines a filter and exclusive condensation chamber that cools, dries and cleans the smoke. As a result, Royal Duke Pipes smoke 23% cooler, 17% drier, with 238 milligrams *nicotine* and tarry residue per pipeful removed. On sale at best counters —or remit to Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc., York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Royal Duke

Standard Royal Duke	$1.50
De Luxe Royal Duke	2.50
Supreme Royal Duke	3.50

"Maybe we can't carry rifles—*but we can help win the Battle of Transportation*"

aking available equipment meet the demands of wartime travel . . . that's the Battle of Transportation! And lay this battle is critical—urgent. With present facilities already taxed to near-capacity, intercity bus lines st carry additional millions of essential travelers who will be in industry or uniform in 1943. This means t every loyal American has one more patriotic job to do—eliminate all unnecessary trips—make room for se millions of men and women who MUST travel by bus to get on with the war.



this war of production and manpower, our high- s must continue to "bring up the men"! And 's the job of the intercity bus lines—carrying workers, soldiers, sailors and marines, selectees, ners—an ever-growing number of *all* the people must move back and forth to win the war.

cializing in transporting manpower, intercity es are carrying passengers at the incredible of 750 million per year. And millions of these travel in no other way. For buses provide placeable transportation to all of our factories, ips, farms and homes *along more than 330,000 s of highway*. Thousands of communities, in all s of America, have no other means of public travel!

And with private automobiles now traveling less, due to wartime restrictions, there are more and more essential travelers who must "take the bus."

This growing job for intercity buses cannot be shared by any other transportation. It's a job that must be done on the *highways*—a job that calls for flexibility of movement—the ability to go anywhere, anytime, over any route—*a job that only buses can do!*

And though carrying capacity has been greatly reduced by lower speed limits, by tire rationing, and by shortage of equipment, the bus lines are making every conceivable effort to key their service to the job. Many changes have been made, but bus travel still offers *all the comfort and convenience that possibly can be mustered under wartime regulations.*

The Battle of Transportation *must be won!* And your help is vitally important. Avoid holiday and week-end travel — eliminate all unnecessary trips . . . by doing so, you'll help *keep the highways at work for victory!*

* * * *

ADOPT THIS FOUR-POINT VICTORY PROGRAM NOW!
1. Buy War Bonds. 2. Take part in Civilian Defense. 3. Keep the scrap rolling in. 4. Don't waste transportation!



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Toast to Our Boys

. . . wherever they are

Let's drink a toast to the widening host—
Of Americans serving the nation—

To those millions of lads (and their brothers and dads)
Who are saving our civilization.

To the men from the mills and the farms and the hills
And the cities and mountains and plains—

To the workers and miners and airplane designers,
And crews on the ships and the trains.

Wherever they are—be it near, be it far,
On the land, in the air, on the sea—

With a stoutness of heart they are doing their part
To keep this—"the land of the free."

So good luck and God speed them—may nothing impede them
Nor make them delay nor digress—

May Christmastime find them with power behind them
To roll up a final success.

Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York

Only the Finest is Fine Enough
For Christmas



SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

avorite Christmas gift in the ous Host bottle, Seagram's 5 wn is lighter, finer, better-tasting ause Seagram keeps the toughness blends extra pleasure in. The per- whiskey for highball, Manhattan, ld Fashioned. 72½% Grain Neu- Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

Seagram's finest American offering . . . rich and robust—yet without a trace of heaviness! Most pleasing to the palate—least taxing to the taste. A magnificent whiskey. Makes a delicious highball, Christmas eggnog, or punch. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN

This Naturally Golden Gin is made by a slow, secret process that makes it extra mellow, extra smooth...mild as a vintage sauterne...and gives it a taste so pleasant you can even enjoy this exquisite gin straight! Distilled from Grain. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY

Canadian whisky at its glorious best ... for those at the top of your gift list ... for all your holiday guests. Graciously mellowed by Men Who Think of Tomorrow—so you may enjoy "the world's lightest highball". A blend of Rare Selected Whiskies. Six Years Old. 86.8 Proof.

...y Seagram's and be Sure

Culuzzi was pacing up and down the deck of the Dream of Joy. As usual, Big Joe knew what he wanted. "How much stuff can dis tub haul?" Big Joe asked without preliminaries.

"She's rated at six tons," Charlie told him.

"What kind engine you got in her?"

"Two-cylinder, two-cycle; rated at eight horse at a thousand, but she won't do better'n seven hundred," Charlie said. "Why?"

"Look, Charlie," Big Joe spoke swiftly. "I got a eighty-five-horse job I sell you cheap on credit."

"Wouldn't have it as a gift," Charlie said. "Don't like engines much anyway. Wouldn't have my little eight-horse aboard, only I can't tack up and down the bayous."

Big Joe wasn't used to having people refuse him. "Look, you," he said now. "I own a piece of dis boat and if I want a eighty-five in her, I put it in, see?"

"I'll be gad-danged if you will," Charlie said with some heat. "I pay interest and cut principal on the dot and you don't own even a little piece of this boat."

"I'm goin' to put dat engine in," Big Joe said firmly.

"If I look at you through the sights of my .30-30," Charlie suggested quietly, "you'll change your mind about what you'll do with my boat."

"Yeah, yeah, Charlie," said Big Joe, changing tactics. "I'm big man, do big things all time and I talk fast. I got big job for you wid dat big engine."

"I got a job that suits me," Charlie said.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Freight lumber for nothin' and starvin' to death. I got big quick money for you. I like you, see? So me and you go in business, Charlie."

"Doing what?"

"Freighting groceries."

"The luggers freight all the groceries they need in the marshes," Charlie reminded him.

"Yeah, yeah, but they got to keep to the bayous," Big Joe explained, "and we might want to get outside. And me and you got the only boat can get out. Maybe out the Rigolets and through Borgne and around the sound, see?"

CHARLIE said no. Big Joe knew he meant it. "Look, Charlie, you want to sell dis boat?" Big Joe said, coming to a swift decision.

"Might. What'll you give me?"

"Me, I do business quick," Big Joe took a fat roll of bills from his pocket. "What you take, cash?"

Charlie had always disliked Big Joe, and the present vulgar display of money didn't change Charlie's feelings. He decided to put the price so high Big Joe would have to backtrack. "A thousand dollars, cash on the barrelhead."

Big Joe began to count money. "You owe me four hundred," he said. "Here's six. Now, get your stuff off my boat."

"No hurry," Charlie reminded him. "It takes a few days. You have to go to the customhouse and have the registry changed—"

"Yeah, yeah, Charlie," Big Joe interrupted. "I know how to buy boats. Here's six hundred. Get your stuff off and beat it so I can start gettin' dat engine in."

When Charlie and Raoul, carrying their personal belongings, were once more on their way to Grand Isle, Raoul suddenly burst into laughter. "You smart, Charlie, yes!" he exclaimed. "I feel sorry because you owe money to Big Joe, and all time you thinkin' in you head how you fix him, hein, Charlie? T'ousand dollar for dat old boat. You done him one fo' true, hein, brud'n-law? Maybe you build snapper boat, yes?"

Charlie studied it over. "I calculate it'll take considerably more than that."

At Golden Meadow they got off the bus. Charlie went to the bank and deposited the six hundred dollars.

"Son of a gun!" Raoul exclaimed. "Got money in de bank, hein, brud'n-law?"

Charlie and Raoul, on Grand Isle, set up residence in an abandoned oyster camp that stood on ten-foot pilings. Charlie established himself and spent a day soliciting repair jobs on the fishermen's boats. Another day, he and Raoul trawled on Papa Robichaux' Miss America.

HAVING insured a living for himself, over and above his bank account, he conducted Mary Robichaux to the wave-swept beach on an evening when the tropical moonlight was playing tricks with the surf.

"Raoul thinks we ought to get married," Charlie said in his slow drawl. "Now that I've got things twisted around so I can afford it, I think maybe he's right. What do you say?"

"Charlie, you all right," Mary said. "Me, I like you. But, Charlie, you ain't got no boat. Me, I wouldn't marry a man wit no boat. You go and sell your boat, Charlie."

"I've got the money in the bank."

"True enough," Mary admitted, and added: "But you can't tie money up at de wharf for people to see like a boat, yes? Whyn' you buy you a boat, hein, Charlie?"

"I'm going to build a boat," Charlie told her. "A big real seagoing snapper schooner. It will take a couple of years and more than that six hundred dollars—"

"Ooh, Charlie," Mary put in, "you ain't goin' in debt wit Big Joe, dat dirty crook, hein, Charlie?"

"Nope."

"Me, I'm glad. I married a Eye-talian one time, but he got another wife. Me, I don't know dat until he get drown. People say a girl must be hard up for marrying when she got to marry a man dat already got a wife. Me, I don't like dat."

"Doesn't sound good," said Charlie consolingly, "but I know how it was."

"And now, if I marry wit a man ain't got no boat, but people goin' to talk, fo' true."

Charlie swallowed with emotion. "I never knew a boat could be so important to a woman. It makes me love you all the more."

"Me, I love you too," Mary said. "So I think about marrying you and you think about buyin' a boat, hein, Charlie?"

Charlie and Raoul quickly adapted themselves to the life of the island. Raoul made cast nets and repaired snagged trawl seines. Charlie spent long days bent over his drawing board, making lines he hoped some day to translate into a snapper schooner. He occasionally relaxed with his telescope, studying the buoys and landmarks.

One day, Charlie turned excitedly to Raoul. "I see it now!" he exclaimed. Forthwith he outlined the scheme the pirates and smugglers had used when they built the Grand Terre sugar mill—not to grind the local sugar cane but to make it possible to haul all the sugar of the West Indies to New Orleans, duty free, pretending it was the product of the Grand Terre mill.

Raoul showed no interest. "I'll bet you don't even know who Jean Lafitte was," Charlie said, exasperated.

Looking up from his nets, Raoul said, "What you bet?"

"A day's shrimping, next time we run short of eating cash."

"Jean Lafitte," Raoul said in a bored tone, "was my *grandpère's* uncle. But he no good, him. He don't get married and have no kids. All time he jus' make money. But my *grandpère's père,* dat Pierre Lafitte! He get married and he have planty kids. Say, Charlie, when you marry my sister, hein, brud'n-law?"



"Feel around in there good—there oughta be another one!"

COLLIER'S ED GRAHAM

CHARLIE didn't hear the question. Suddenly finding himself in the presence of a descendant of the great Gulf pirate was all the rangy Texan could stand.

"You sure you're not making that up?" Charlie demanded. "You really are the great-grandnephew of Jean Lafitte? The buccaneer who raided the coast from Tampa to Tampico?"

Raoul shrugged. "Why not?"

"That'll make Mary his great-grandniece," Charlie figured. "And if I marry her, I'll be the great-grandnephew-in-law of old Jean Lafitte! By golly, I'm going to marry her, right now. Come on, brother-in-law!"

Raoul was calm enough. "Not today, Charlie," he pointed out. "Dat take time, no? When my sister she marry her Eye-talian husband, dey mus' go before de doctor to get de pape', and den dey go to de courthouse in Gretna to get some pape', and den at de priest's house. You can't do dat in one day, no."

"I'll get started today," Charlie stated. "I'll commandeer your papa's Miss America, while you lure he Once we are at sea, I'll do a litt bulldozing and make the gre niece of Jean Lafitte marry m it will be on a stinking shrimp t a shallow mud-bottomed slo call a bay!"

Raoul grinned. "Ooh, Cha sound fine," he said. "You be a lot about dat, hein, brud'n-law

"Begone, you!" Charlie order the lady aboard while I make sail. Tell her anything or not get her aboard!" He reached rifle and spyglass.

"You no shoot her, hein, Cha

"No, but I might get a shot at hen, along Dupre's Canal," Cha "And I'll take my glass just to look like a real rip-snorting kid

It wasn't difficult to get Mar Miss America. Raoul said, " Charlie goin' up to New Orleans put on de Sunday dress and com before he done gassin' up, you ca too."

"Okay," Mary said. "But yo skiff on. Dat bay she shoal up we maybe run aground. I don all day tryin' to push off. Me, I take out de anchor and get off,

Raoul tied the skiff to the boat Charlie started the engine and Ma the wheel—to Charlie's gulping tion. Under way, Charlie told her we are going to be in the city," shyly, "might as well get the lice get married."

Mary shrugged. "Might as we

CHARLIE'S Adam's apple tr When a man's proposal is ac certain emotions are aroused. "I my boat," he sparred.

"You don't owe no money to Culuzzi, dat dirty crook," Mar "Raoul say you get ahead of B when you sell de boat. Dat take a man, Charlie, d Big Joe ain't no

"I got consi ably more than t was worth," Charlie admitted, mo

"Why he want to buy de boat, lie?" Mary asked. "Big Joe, da crook, he know boats, but he a fool, him."

"I hadn't thought about it," said lie, puzzled.

"I bet he buy it for somethin' cro Mary said.

"He want a boat can go outside Raoul recalled. "Ooh, I bet if it pro'bition I bet he is goin' to be a legger, him! Wit a big boat like lie's he can go outside and get liqu a ship like my Uncle Felix done Half Moon."

"It ain't in pro'bition, now," pointed out. "Big Joe, dat dirty can't make no money meetin' n outside."

Charlie began to blink and his A apple danced. Raoul watched him interest. "Sh-h-h," Raoul warned, " lie, he's thinkin' wit de head, him.

"Submarines!" Charlie excla "Enemy submarines—they're in Gulf!"

"Fo' true?" Mary asked. "You he bringin' in submarines—Big Jo dirty crook?"

"That boat is so well known in waters, nobody will suspect her and—that boat is still registered i name!"

"No good, hein?" Mary said.

"If my boat gets caught running traband to the enemy," Charlie sai honest blue eyes wide, "I'll be s from the yardarm for a traitor! R kick that engine up as high as she' —we've got to get to New Orleans, f

When Raoul had the throttle op

"THEY'RE NOT RATIONING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT!"



This year, gifts carry a *special* significance! That's why you'll be so proud when you present TruVal Shirts—tailored, as always, in the TruVal tradition of fine quality—featuring styles that are right and patterns that are a delight. Yet the prices are light on any gift-budget! This Christmas, as always, TruVals are America's greatest shirt values! • At selected stores.

For other Welcome Gifts, see the complete, colorful TruVal Line—Pajamas & Sports Shirts from $2. Outer Sportswear from $6.95

TruVal SHIRTS

IT'S KHAKI FOR THE ARMY—TRUVAL FOR THE "CIVVY"

$1.55 *and* **$1.85**
(WHITES SLIGHTLY HIGHER)

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York City

"Dear Dad"

Dear Dad: I won't be home this year
To celebrate with you
We men here in the A.E.F.
Have got a job to do—
But when on Christmas morning
You are poking 'round the tree
You'll find a pound of Edgeworth there
That's marked "to Dad from me."

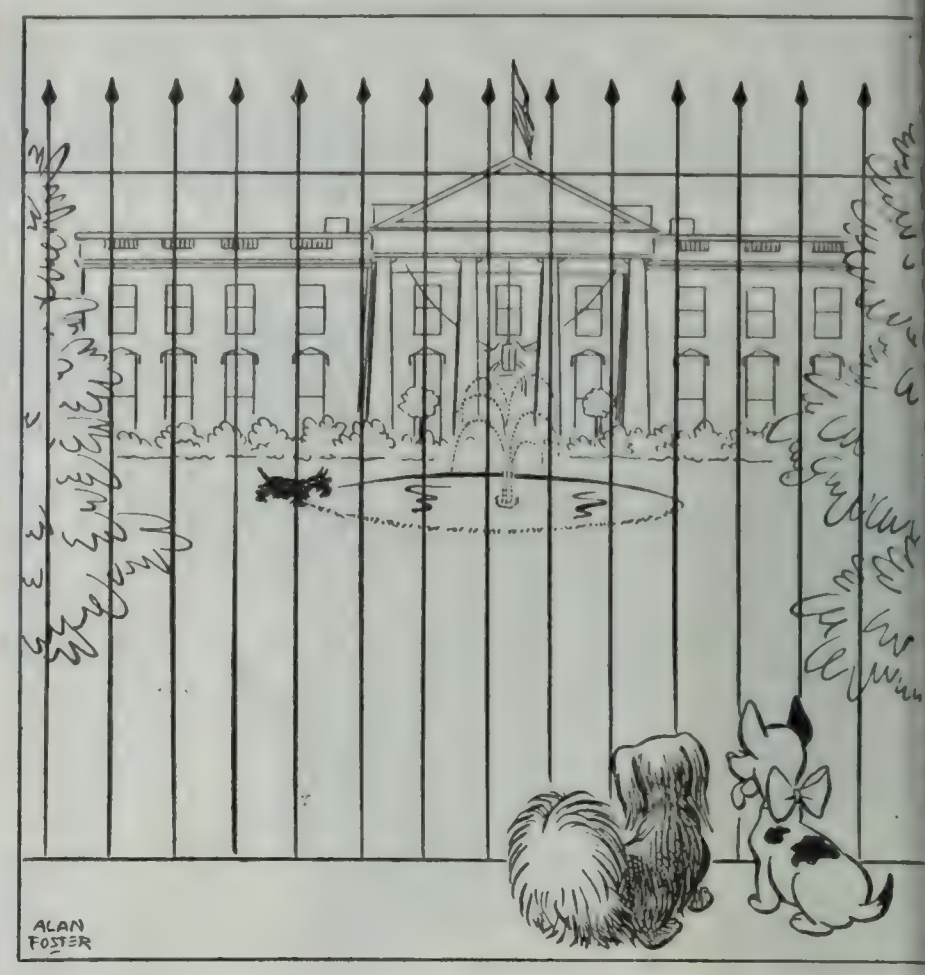
I'm sure that Mother won't forget,
I wrote a note to say:
"Please buy some Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed
For Dad on Christmas Day."
So here's a Merry Christmas, Pop,
Hold on till I get back
And we'll smoke a pipe together
From that famous true blue pack.

You know, when you are giving a token of your affection to someone close to you—like your Dad—*or* your Son, or Brother, or Husband—you don't want to compromise with quality. So if there's a pipe-smoker in *your* family—give him a pound or two of Edgeworth for Christmas. It's America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.



MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOST



"If you ask me, he's Washington's most eligible bachelor!"

COLLIER'S

full the Miss America was doing at least five knots. "Me, I hope we don't run aground," Mary said. "It's planty shoal along here and some time I ain't in de channel. If we was over in Grand Terre channel we got a good five foot at low tide, all de time."

"Let's get over there," Charlie said. Mary's expertness at the wheel brought the little trawler across the shallows safely. "Longer dis way," Mary exclaimed, "but you don't run aground. Wintertime, de big oyster luggers use de channel but it ain't winter, now."

Raoul looked around the horizon of Barataria Bay. Pointing, he said, "Look like a boat using de channel and she ain't no oyster lugger."

Charlie looked through the bright light and reached for his spyglass. "That's her, that's the Dream of Joy!" he exclaimed. "Heading down this channel, and fast, too. He's got the sails furled tight and coming under power. Big Joe put that big engine in her. Must have." He laid down the spyglass and picked up the rifle. "I'm going to stop him," Charlie said, cool as Texas.

"You don't shoot him, Charlie," Mary said. "Big Joe, dat dirty crook, I don't like, but you shoot a man and—"

"Obey orders," Charlie said. He was rapidly turning into something between a buccaneer and an admiral. "Bring her about and go half speed along the channel's edge. I'll lay out of his range and shell him with my .30-30 until I ground him."

Mary looked at her brother. Raoul shrugged. "Okay, Charlie," she said. She turned the boat while Raoul reduced speed.

The Dream of Joy, with her powerful engine turning the propeller, gained rapidly on the Miss America. Charlie loaded the magazine of his rifle and stood on the stern of the little trawler. When the big boat came within earshot, he called out, "Heave to, Dream of Joy, or I'll blast you out of the water."

Big Joe Culuzzi turned the wheel over to his partner and ran forward. "Get out of my way or I'll ram you," yelled. "Get dat dirty boat out de channel!"

"Heave her to," Charlie repeat bringing the rifle to his shoulder.

"Hey, Tony, kick up the engine!" Joe yelled and ran back to take the wh "I'll sink you, you crazy—"

Charlie's first bullet spattered agai the main boom, two feet above Big Jo head. "Heave her to," Charlie said o more.

"Full speed," Big Joe shouted. "F speed and then some. Me, I knock baby out the bay!"

"Hang on the channel's edge," Ch lie told Mary quietly. "Get in shall water."

THE big boat bore down on the lit trawler, though not for long. Wh the Miss America merely churn muddy water, the Dream of Joy's k slid into the soft mud edge of the cha nel and stopped.

Charlie called out, "Tell your partn to kill the engine and come on deck wi his hands in the air, or I'll pitch a sl in you!"

"Look, Charlie," Big Joe pleaded, "n and you friends. I pay you good mon to put dat gun up and forget you s me, while we back off bottom. I g things cookin' and I got to get goin'."

"You and Tony sit on the cabin trun and do as I say or I'll keelhaul the bo of you," Charlie said. Big Joe made move and Charlie sent a bullet throug the forepeak of Big Joe's cap. "The ne time I have to shoot," Charlie promise "I'll aim six inches lower."

Big Joe and his man sat in glum s lence. Charlie untied the skiff, steppe into it and dropped a small anchor. T Raoul he said, "You and Mary hig tail it back to the island and telephon the Coast Guard in New Orleans th I've overhauled an enemy blockade run ner and am holding her under my gun until they get here."

"Ooh, Charlie," Mary said, "if yo stay in de skiff, me, I stay wit you," an

mbed down. Raoul started off in the wler.

What's cookin', Charlie?" Big Joe led. "Where dat dumb Cajun goin' dat boat?"

For the Coast Guard," Charlie said nkly.

For some moments, Big Joe said noth-. "Say, Charlie," he called out at gth, "I do business fast." He pulled a great deal of money. "You got me oss a barrel, Charlie. I give you a hun-d dollar to let me get goin'."

You've got six tons of contraband oard that boat," Charlie said accus-ly.

So okay. So I got a load of groceries. I give you a thousand."

You do something crooked, you dirty ook," Mary put in, "or you don't give body no thousand dollar."

Okay. So I'm doin' what I don't want erybody to know my business," Big e said. "I got eighteen hundred and y bucks in the roll. I give you all and u put down dat gun and forget you e me."

Charlie took a long breath. Eighteen ndred dollars with what he had in the nk would just about build that snap-r schooner. It would be too easy to l the Coast Guard the boat got away.

"Not for eighteen million dollars," harlie said.

"Nyah!" Mary yelled. "Me and Char-don't want your money, you dirty ook!"

IT WOULD take an hour, Charlie fig-ured, for Raoul to get back to the is-nd to telephone. Mary said, "Ooh, harlie, it's good to have a boat like you ant but not good to get mix up wit a rty crook like Big Joe, no."

When, presently, a gray-painted sea-ane came over, circled and sailed off, ig Joe called out, "I give you eighteen undred on the barrelhead and note for nother grand."

"Open your yap again," Charlie in-rmed him, "and I'll give you the gad-angest case of lead poisoning you ever ad!"

A long silence followed. Mary showed vidences of growing nervousness. "If e Coast Guard doesn't come by sun-own," Charlie promised, "I'll shoot hose sea gulls and row back to the is-and."

"Ooh, Charlie," Mary said admir-gly, "jus' like dat and dey ain't doin' ou nothin'?"

"We're in a war," Charlie said, "and ey're trying to help the other side."

"You mean Big Joe, dat dirty crook, in't on our side?" Mary was horrified.

"Gimme dat gun! Me, I shoot right now—"

"Wait," Charlie said. "Even the enemy has some rights, up to a certain point."

"Ooh, Charlie, I don't know what you was doin' all de time. I think maybe you mad wit Big Joe, yes. But he be against our war—ooh, Charlie, he might try to kill you, dat dirty crook!"

"If he could get his hands on a gun, no doubt he would."

Mary smiled proudly. "Ooh, Charlie, you smart and I bet me you got sense too, hein, Charlie?"

Before Charlie could answer, his ear caught the distant muffled roar of motors. Far toward the head of the bay, he could make out the dim outline of a covey of Coast Guard speedboats racing down the channel. Big Joe heard and saw, too.

"Start dat engine, Tony!" Big Joe shouted. "I take care of Charlie."

As Tony started for the hatch, Big Joe dived overboard. Charlie fired only once. Tony sat back down. Big Joe screamed just before he hit the water. When he came to the surface, he was bleeding at the shoulder.

"Don't shoot no more, please, Charlie," Big Joe pleaded. "Pull me out before I get drowned!"

"Climb aboard your boat," Charlie ordered, "or I'll blast the top of your head off."

As the Coast Guard boats came up, Big Joe flopped on the deck, moaning in pain and nursing a limp arm. Charlie explained to a young ensign while one of the Coast Guardsmen bandaged Big Joe's wound. The ensign inspected the cargo, arrested Big Joe and his helper, and then turned to Charlie.

Mentioning his patriotism, his judgment and his courage, the young officer concluded: "Running that boat aground, showed the seamanship of a Farragut; and holding her there with a rifle took the devil-may-care boldness of old Jean Lafitte and the cool bravery of a Sam Houston!"

Charlie swallowed painfully. Mary said proudly, "Dat good, hein, Charlie?"

"We'll take the prisoners and the boat back to New Orleans," the ensign said, "but I'll have your skiff put across a speedboat and drop it and you at the island, if you like."

"Maybe you take us to town?" Mary asked. "Me and Charlie, we got business at de courthouse, hein, Charlie?"

"You betcha," Charlie said stoutly, from behind a calm and collected Adam's apple.

THE END



"Well, December 24th is her birthday, and the 26th is our anniversary . . ."

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

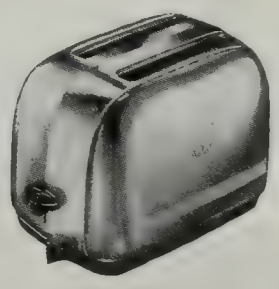


"AT THAT, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT"

And *another* way to solve the problem this Christmas is to give her a bright new War Bond, and write on the card, "For that *Toastmaster* toaster you've set your heart on . . . when it's over, over there."

Of course she wants one! There's no other name in toasting that brings such pride of possession. There's no more magical way of enjoying perfect toast every time than letting a *Toastmaster* toaster pop it up, piping hot and delicious . . . nourishing bread in its most digestible form, toasted *your* way and never burnt.

By the by, there's *still* a chance that some appliance dealer around your way may have a stunning new *Toastmaster* toaster lurking in the background, as a prize for some lucky giver. No harm in looking!



SIMPLE CARE—FOR YEARS OF WEAR

If you *are* a fortunate owner, thank your stars and remember that even a long-lived *Toastmaster** toaster lasts longer if well treated. Remove crumbs frequently. Don't pry around inside with a fork—you might damage the heating elements. And oil occasionally, unless it is one of our latest models. Repairs? Better see your dealer.

TOASTMASTER toasters

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. Copyright 1942, McGraw Electric Co., manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters and Toastmaster Products.

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



The Story Thus Far:

GREGORY COGSWELL, a noted news broadcaster who secretly aiding the Japanese, goes to Manila to report American activities there. Before he sails, he hires a you American journalist Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs—to carry for him at his Shanghai headquarters.

Going to work, Nick soon discovers that, because of Japanese censorship, he can give the outside world no news any importance. . . . Among the Frenchmen living in Shan hai is a prominent De Gaullist Henri Gaspard, with who daughter, Betty, Nick is in love. A short time before Pe Harbor is attacked, Gaspard is kidnaped by the Vichy peop spirited away to Saigon and imprisoned there.

Realizing that her father is in real peril, Betty decides to to Saigon and do what she can to protect him. When she sa (on a ship bound for Manila and Saigon) Nick accompani her—Cogswell, instructed by the Japanese secret service, h ordered him to come to Manila.

Nick does not reach Manila—the ship that he and Bet have taken goes direct to Saigon. There, in that Japanes dominated city, the two young people have a series of e counters with Japanese spies; but they succeed in enabli Gaspard to escape from prison and join him on a boat bour for Singapore.

While they are still at sea, Pearl Harbor is bombed, an America declares war on Japan. Then, as they reach their de tination, Nick is arrested by the British authorities—Cogswe has informed them, by cable, that Nicholas Griggs is in the pa of the Japanese!

Madame Manis Vooren, who is in love with Cogswell, is i Singapore. Convinced that Nick is innocent, she co-operate with Betty, helps to obtain Nick's release. . . .

Freed, Nick encounters a strict censorship—he finds impossible to broadcast the true story of what is going o near Singapore. So, after Betty and Madame Vooren hav sailed for Batavia, he follows.

In Batavia, he goes to the American consulate. Just be fore he enters the building, he hears a familiar voice: Cogs well's! (By this time, of course, Nick knows that Cogswell ha betrayed him.) Then a young man, a clerk, greets him, take his card. "You may come in," says the clerk.

Conclusion

COGSWELL met him at the door, his hand out stretched. "This is Nicholas Griggs," he told the consul. "By George, I'm relieved to see him here!" He turned to Nick. "You can't imagine the torment I've gone through since I learned that I acted on inaccurate information."

Neat, thought Nick, very neat. Of all the things I thought might happen when I saw him, I never figured on this approach.

Aloud he said: "What inaccurate information?"

"It's a long story," Cogswell replied. "It was just too deuced bad that by the time I found it wasn't true, I had no means of communication. Completely cut off." He spoke again to the consul general: "I expect we've really taken all the time you can spare just now."

The consul said gratefully, "Any time I can do anything for either of you, don't hesitate to call on me."

On the porch, Cogswell said heartily, "Really, Nick, I expect we both had our experiences. You were shabbily treated by the censor, and I was literally isolated from the world."

Nick stalled for time, saying, "They told me you said you were lost about six weeks."

"It was longer," said Cogswell. "I trust I'll never have to endure anything like that again."

"Well, where were you?"

"First, the plane made a forced landing in Palawan, and then, after weeks of delay, I got over to Mindanao," he said chattily. "In fact, it was another month before I got passage over here."

Nick said, "I had a hunch you might go to Davao. It's sort of the Tokyo of the Philippines, isn't it?"

"Capital guess," Cogswell said imperturbably. "I wanted to find out what the Japs might be up to over there. In my opinion, it was a mistake ever to let them get a foothold in that region."

"Well, I guess you didn't run across Yagi and Makita at Davao," Nick said.

Cogswell, as usual, had a hired limousine. He did not answer Nick until they had seated themselves and he had instructed the driver to return to the hotel.

"Yagi and Makita," Cogswell repeated. "I wonder what's become of them. I expect they're still in Shanghai."

"They were pretty busy in Saigon when I was there," Nick said. "So I figured out one of them tipped you off about my going to Singapore."

"Really?" said Cogswell. *(Continued on page 78)*

"I am braver than you know," said Madame Vooren, and she shot and then watched, sick, as he staggered



Has the war changed all those plans you'd made to educate your son?

MEN WHO QUALIFY NOW OFFERED 12-MONTH COURSE IN NAVAL AVIATION

Of course your son wants to be in uniform! That's only natural and you wouldn't have it otherwise. But what about the plans you have cherished for his education? You want him to get the finest, yet you also want him to do his *vital* part in winning the war. That's why thousands of parents are so keenly interested in Naval Aviation. It offers your son the chance you're both looking for—to learn and *serve!*

AN EDUCATION MONEY COULDN'T BUY!

The Navy is prepared to give your son a $27,000 technical aviation education—if he can qualify. This course, the longest and most comprehensive offered anywhere, is known as "V-5." As a Naval Aviation Cadet, your son would be issued uniforms and draw regular pay of $75 a month. He would receive three-months' preliminary pre-flight training, as well as instruction in planes and engines—excellent preparation for a successful future.

HE WOULD FLY THE FINEST PLANES

On completion of primary flight training, he would be sent to one of the great Naval Air Stations—Pensacola or Corpus Christi. There he would learn to handle planes of varied types . . . be trained in navigation, radio, gunnery and instrument flying.

A COMMISSIONED OFFICER—HIGHER PAY

In 9 months, your son would be commissioned as Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve or as a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve and receive his cherished *Wings of Gold.* His pay would start at $246 a month—and as an officer he would complete the remaining 3 months of his full year's course.

CAN HE QUALIFY?

If your son can meet *all ten* basic requirements on coupon, right, he is eligible to apply for this rare education opportunity. For complete information, visit your nearest Navy Recruiting Station or Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board or fill in coupon and mail, today!



Nowhere on earth can a young man receive a finer technical aviation education than at the great Naval Aviation training centers.



Aviation Cadets use Link Trainer to learn instrument flying.



Naval Aviation Cadets receive intensive training in meteorology.



Plenty of "brass tack" facts to learn before flying.



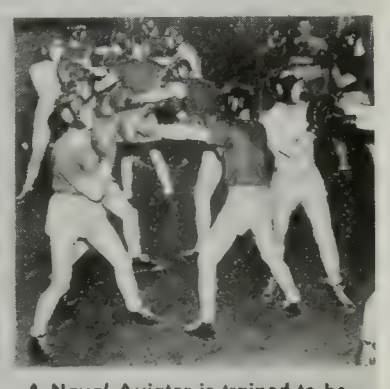
Naval Aviators must know how to plot and fly intricate courses.



Each student is instructed in engine operation and maintenance.



Physical fitness is essential. Finest athletic equipment is used!



A Naval Aviator is trained to be alert—and *fast.*



Before an Aviation Cadet receives his *Wings of Gold,* he must be familiar with varied types of planes.



Regular flight schedules are shown on flight board.



Only after the most thorough preflight training are Naval Aviation Cadets allowed to solo.

U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau
Division V-5, 111 South Kensico Ave.
White Plains, N. Y.

Please send official folder telling how my son can receive training in Naval Aviation.

FREE—"Men and Planes of the Navy"—official folder, 22½" x 24" when open. Gives all details on this picked service. Full-color illustrations of the Navy's latest planes. Sent free to all meeting ten basic requirements.



	YES	NO
American citizen	☐	☐
Unmarried—18 to 26 inclusive	☐	☐
High school education	☐	☐
Good reputation	☐	☐
Physically fit	☐	☐

	YES	NO
Mentally alert and observing	☐	☐
Good eyes—20/20 vision	☐	☐
Good teeth	☐	☐
Height: between 64" and 76"	☐	☐
Weight: between 124 and 200 lbs.	☐	☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ (C-4)

Fly WITH THE FINEST...FITTEST...FIGHTINGEST—*THE* NAVY

GIANT VALUE



This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL -Only 23¢

SOUTHERN COMFORT
The Grand Old Liqueur of the South

Concealed in this smooth, mellow liqueur is a subtle potency that is distinctively Southern Comfort. Its versatile quality makes it an ideal base for any drink, short or tall, straight or mixed.

Sold at Better Bars, Hotels, and Package Stores

FULL 100 PROOF with the robust body of a mellow whiskey and the smoothness of a rare brandy.

WORTH TRYING
1 Jigger of Southern Comfort
½ Jigger Passionola
Tall glass—ice cubes—fill with champagne

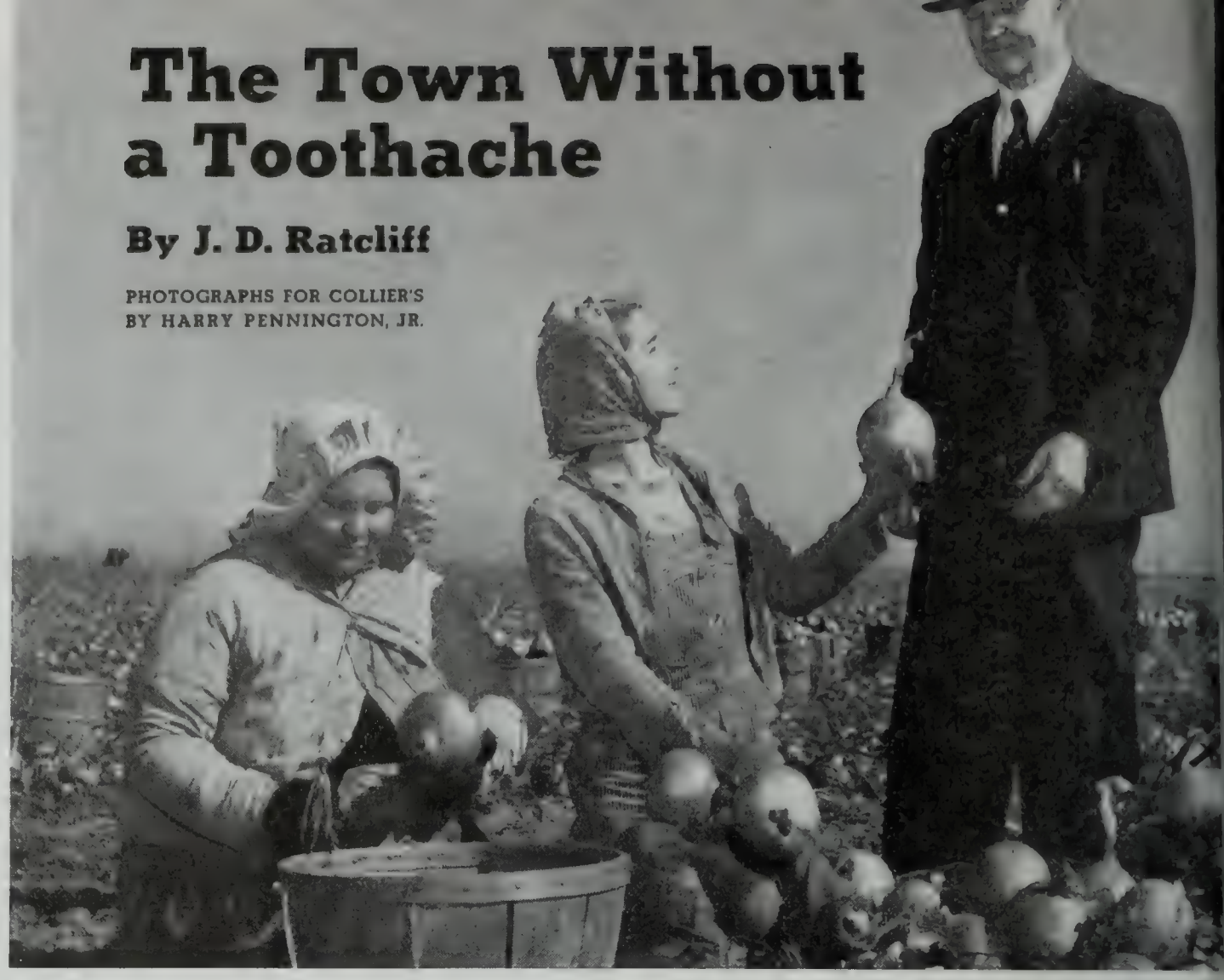


SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS, MO.

The Town Without a Toothache

By J. D. Ratcliff

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



Mention toothache, and the residents of Hereford would not know what you were talking about. Even their aged horses boast a full set of teeth. The town may possibly contain the answer to your own dental difficulties

SOMEHOW we expect great medical discoveries to come from laboratories. This one came from a walk-up office equipped with saggy wicker chairs and dog-eared magazines—the office of a small-town dentist in the Texas cow country. But the work may rank with the great medical research of all time.

It provides the most hopeful approach yet made toward cause and cure of the most prevalent of all human ailments—dental decay.

The man who pointed the way to all this is Dr. George W. Heard, a shy, sprightly little man, 75 years old. He has practically no scientific background—but he has shrewd, observing eyes.

He was born on an Alabama farm, he taught school to get money to go to dental college, then married. He was 49 when his wife's lung trouble made him decide to move west. The town he selected was Hereford, seat of Deaf Smith County, Texas. The county was named for Sam Houston's chief scout in the Texas Revolution.

Dr. Heard rented offices in a two-story building and settled down to practicing dentistry. Almost from the start he noticed one striking fact: There was virtually no tooth decay in the county—among old residents, that is. New settlers needed an occasional filling. Gum and bone infections would sometimes necessitate an extraction or platework, but there were none of the fillings that make up the bulk of the average dentist's work.

This absence of decay puzzled Doctor Heard; it worried him. He questioned old residents

"Nope," they said. "Never thought about it."

Funny thing about cattle, though, they added. You could bring spindly fishbone cattle up from Mexico, graze them for a while, and they'd turn into fine, big-boned animals. And about horses: Horses in the county had fine teeth. Even the dogs had good teeth, the old-timers said. There was one old dog around town, 16 years old, and he still had all his teeth.

For years Doctor Heard went along looking for decay—and hardly ever finding it. Occasionally at a district dental meeting he'd edge up to a group and start telling them about this strange business he had been watching for so many years. They would be a little patronizing. Pretty soon they would excuse themselves and wander off. This went on for twenty-four years.

In the end he found someone who was interested—Dr. Edward Taylor, able, hard-driving state dental officer. Heard buttonholed Taylor at a district dental meeting at Amarillo and went through his routine again. Taylor said he was pretty busy, but he would certainly look into this thing. Curiously enough, he didn't forget the conversation. Several months later he showed up in Hereford.

He got a schoolteacher and NYA worker to drive him through the county. He picked houses at random, introduced himself, and asked if he could examine the family's teeth. He called on 56 people. Out of this group, 43 were native-born, continuous residents. Their ages ran from 2 to past 60. Dr. Taylor couldn't find a single cavity in the whole lot of them. He was incredulous.

He hurried back to state headquarters in Austin, told his story and asked for help. Then he went back to Hereford and started a large-scale examination of school children. This survey covered 810 youngsters. Each child was graded on a basis of decayed, missing or filled teeth—DMF in dental parlance. Well over half the group had no decay whatsoever. Average figures showed less than one half a DMF per child.

A more thorough examination followed. This time, Taylor and his helpers

Lush crops of phosphorus-rich etables like these onions ma one answer to the almost con lack of dental caries in Smith County, Texas. Above year-old Dr. George W. Heard first investigated the phenon

used every tool of the dental tra search for hidden cavities. They explorers—that is the steel pick dentist uses—and X-rays. This con examination hoisted the average to 1 DMF per child. Even so, thi the lowest figure ever recorded i civilized world. Elsewhere, this v have been from five to ten per chil

Another striking fact turned up. I evident that decay avoided natives county. What about newcomers? tor Taylor started examining people have moved to Deaf Smith County i course of the last half-dozen year their mouths he found evidence o decay but the process had stopped. great many cases the floors of old ca had acquired a hard, glazed surface

The problem was to find why was the exception rather than the in Deaf Smith County. What was ne was a scientific assault. The first ste to delimit the area involved.

The research men went west t mountains of New Mexico—and sa decay rate rise the farther they got from Hereford. The same to the e in the region of Palo Duro Canyon— north and south. Low decay was s thing peculiar to a very small regio and around Hereford.

Once the area was blocked out, got down to the tedious business of s tific fact finding. A natural place to was in the investigation of fluorid drinking water. Fluorine is a gas much like chlorine—but more powe

Water analysis at Hereford sho 2.5 parts of fluorides per million par water. Dr. Taylor searched for ano Texas town with exactly the same centration of fluorides and found Gatesville, in the center of the S Checks were conducted here on dren's teeth. The decay rate was low,



Practically perfect teeth are the rule among Dr. Heard's patients. Mrs. Robert Barrett, above, is 25, and has never needed dental repairs of any kind



An octogenarian with sound teeth is eighty-four-year-old cattleman J. H. Head, who has lived in Deaf Smith County, Texas, for more than forty years

than twice the rate at Here- fluorine alone didn't explain

s at Texas Technological Col- d to set aside a special labora- nalyze foods. Field men at began gathering samples of , wheat and vegetables.

at the outset, one fact stood y. Foods grown in Deaf Smith ere astonishingly high in phos- Carrots contained 50 per cent osphorus than usual. Turnip re 30 per cent higher; cabbage nt; lettuce 60 per cent. Meat were similarly high. Wheat, the d product, ran 600 per cent rmal. Calcium was also high.

r phosphorus alone is respon- the unusual condition in Deaf Smith County, no one is yet prepared to say. But this work does tie in nicely with observations made elsewhere. Phosphorus is probably the most vital of all soil minerals. Over large areas of the earth, bad farming has mined the earth of this mineral. It has been removed by crops, shipped away and not replaced by fertilizers.

The result of this procedure is soil exhaustion. Cattle grazed on such land fail to mature properly. Human beings living on food from such land became sterile. It seems possible that tooth decay is merely the first outcropping of phosphorus deficiency. This is pure theorizing, yet it fits observed fact.

Research men have noted that rats fed a high phosphorus diet have unusually good teeth. Fish is one of the richest sources of phosphorus, and anthropologists have found that among primitive, fish-eating people — Eskimos, Polynesians, Finns—decay is rare.

So far no one has definitely ascertained where foods grown in Deaf Smith County obtain their superabundance of phosphorus. But the answer probably lies in the strata of soft, porous *caliche* rock which underlies the area. Roots dip down into this spongy rock for mineral nourishment.

Doctor Taylor isn't yet ready to say that phosphorus alone accounts for the low decay rate in Deaf Smith County. He is more inclined to ascribe it to a combination of factors. He thinks that fluorides play a part; and sunshine, calcium and phosphorus as well. Evaluating the part which each one plays will be a job of considerable proportions. Dr. Taylor would welcome outside help with the task. As he sees it, the problem belongs to a trained research group, armed with money and talent—rather than to a state public health agency which has other jobs to do.

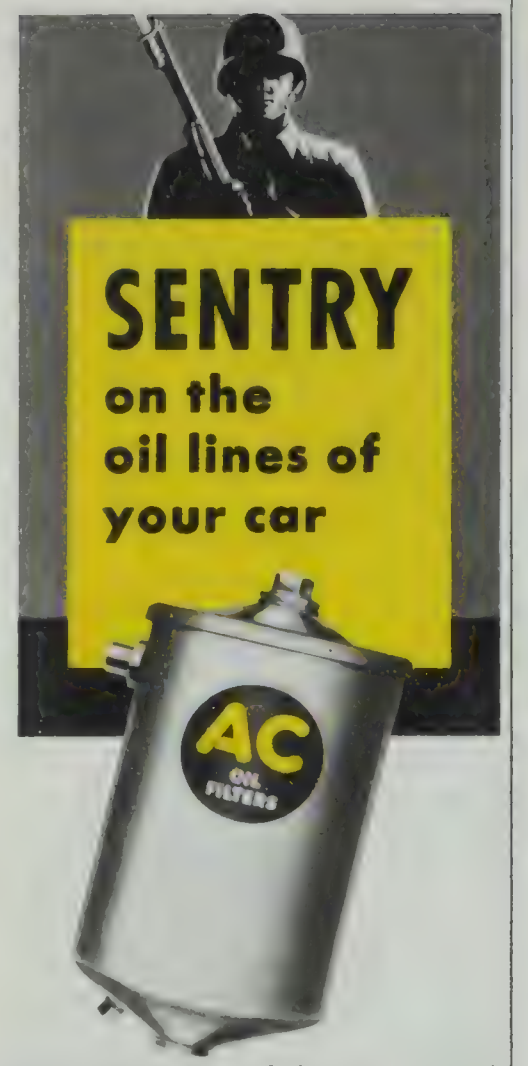
Forward-thinking dentists realize their inability to cope with the problem of decay. People don't have enough money to buy the dental care they need, and if they did, there wouldn't be enough dentists to supply it. What is needed is more fundamental work on the cause of decay —the most common degenerative disease of civilized man. The work in Deaf Smith County has opened the door for such an approach.

THE END



The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.



Your engine oil, and the engine itself, will last longer if you drive with an AC Oil Filter.

Clean oil is the best lubricant. AC filters keep it clean. The only attention they need from you is replacement of the filtering element when the oil turns dark.

Watch Your Oil—Always



When you have your oil checked, ask the attendant to wipe your "dip stick" on an AC Oil Test Pad. If the spot is grimy and black, it's time to replace the filter element (or have a filter installed).

OIL FILTER AC SERVICE
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Oil Care Pays

Nothing you can do will accomplish more to protect the life of your engine than installation of an oil filter and regular replacement of its element. Stop in where you see the AC Oil Filter Station Sign for element replacement and filter installation.

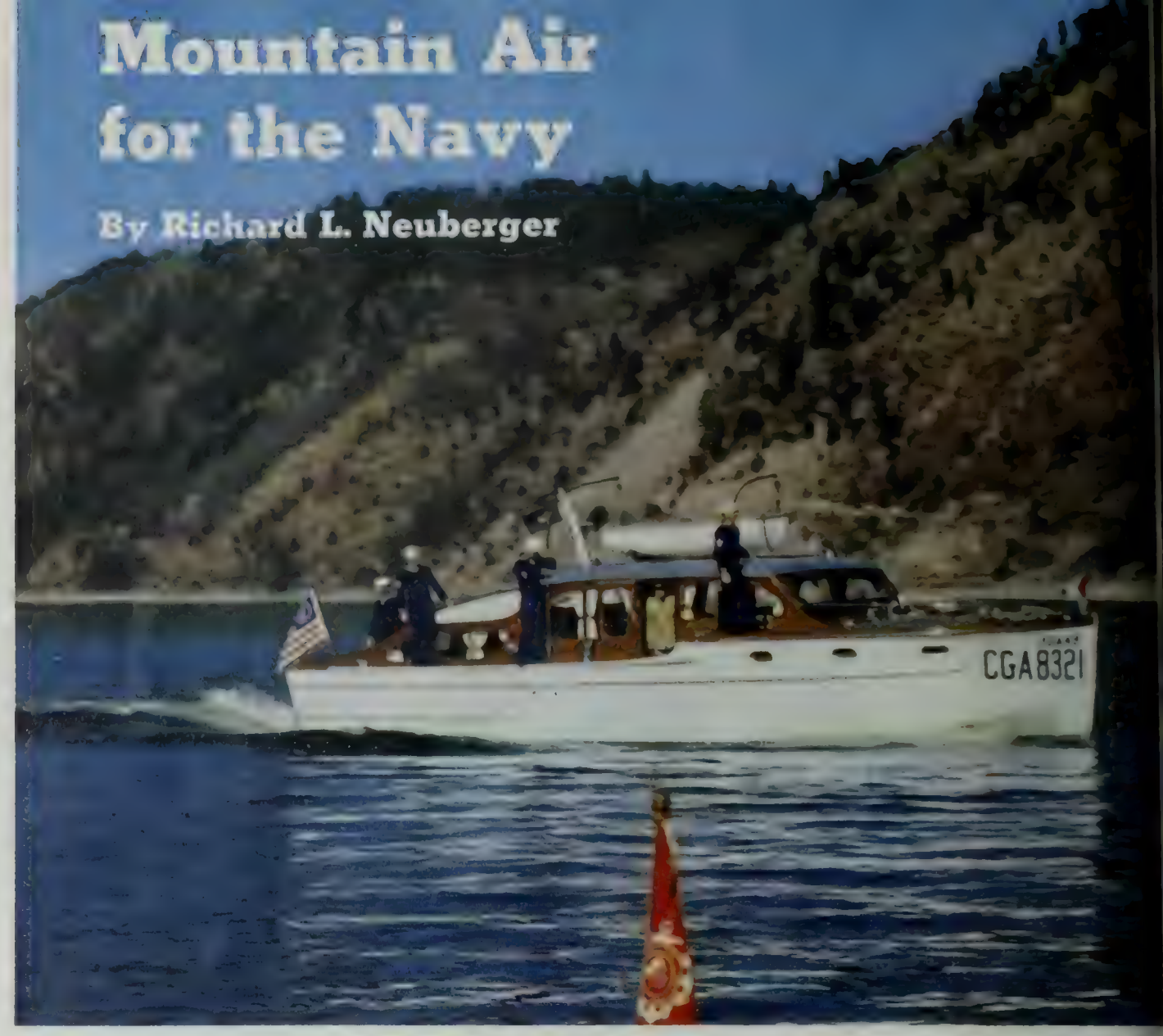
NOTE: *Follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.*



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

Mountain Air for the Navy

By Richard L. Neuberger



Launches and whaleboats that hold 50 sailors each will be the main craft of Uncle Sam's alpine flotilla. In the meantime, yachtsmen who own boats on Lake Pend Oreille see to it that Farragut's sailors keep their sea leg

That old joke about the Swiss navy may not be so funny after all. Uncle Sam has a naval training station far from seashore or sea level, in the mountain fastnesses of Idaho. The water they use is as fresh as the whole idea

WHEN the news first came through from the far-off national capital, folks in Idaho's mountain fastnesses refused to believe it. The Associated Press and United Press received queries from Idaho newspapers asking if a teletype operator had mistakenly tapped out the word "Navy" instead of "Army" in the dispatch. Don Moore, editor of Sandpoint's Northern Idaho News, scratched his head perplexedly. The state had been attempting for a long time to get an Army cantonment, but what was this about a naval base? Jim Ryan, tall supervisor of the Kaniksu National Forest, rushed a call to regional headquarters to find out who had confused Sandpoint, Idaho, with Sandpoint, Washington, a Seattle suburb 485 miles westward over on the seacoast.

D. Worth Clark and John Thomas, the senators from Idaho, had just exultantly announced that the United States Navy was going to build a $31,000,000 training station on Lake Pend Oreille (pronounced *Ponderay),* where the Cabinet and Selkirk and Bitterroot ranges converge in a sprawling jumble of granite peaks and pine forests. People in Kootenai and Bonner counties were a little breath-taken. Not only did the cost of the station exceed the combined assessed valuation of both counties, but in their wildest fantasies they had not dreamed of a great naval undertaking in these outlying ramparts of the Rocky Mountains.

Yet there it stands today—Farragut Naval Training Station, Farragut, Idaho, on the wilderness shores of the largest lake in the Pacific Northwest. Before Christmas 30,000 apprentice seamen will be quartered at Farragut at one time. And in a single year, despite the alpine setting, which makes it unique among the naval training stations of the world, it will turn out nearly 150,000 sailors ready to man America's ships of war.

Because they never visioned their lofty lake, 37 miles long and from 6 to 15 miles wide, as the site of a vast school for gobs, the men and women of northern Idaho may have lacked imagination, but the President and someone in the Navy Department certainly did not. Few maritime projects ever have been constructed so far from either sea level or seashore. Indeed, the location of Farragut demonstrates that there could be such an institution as the Swiss navy, after all.

Sailors in the Hills

At either end of the lake, which is shaped like a big, shimmering question mark, dark green forests slope gently down to the blue water. Along the east shore, the cliffs of the Cabinet Range stand up from Pend Oreille as stiff as fortress walls. Off in the distance, wherever crags do not intervene, the Selkirks and Bitterroots are faint, challenging battlements on the horizon. A boat can hug the bank for miles and see no sign of habitation except Forest Service lookout towers on Pack Saddle, North Snow, Bernard and other peaks high above. It is a wil ness scene, the sort of place where would expect to meet mountain and ski troops rather than the appr tice crews of destroyers, aircraft riers and submarines.

After he had glimpsed his first N officers, natty in their khaki sum uniforms with blue epaulets, grizz Gene Best from near-by Coeur d'Al shifted his weight on his pinto p and observed, "Well, maybe a battleship'll come steaming up Clark Fork through Z Cany Wouldn't that be a sight to jar y eyeteeth?"

As a matter of fact, Lake P Oreille is both deep enough and la enough to float any dreadnou ever commissioned. Soundings h plumbed to 2,800 feet, and its square miles of surface make it of the biggest bodies of fresh wa entirely within the boundaries of United States. The "boots," which Navy parlance for apprentice seam who learn seamanship on its glaci fed bays and inlets swing their oars whaleboats that hold fifty sailors ea These are the main craft of Un Sam's alpine flotilla. There also launches and patrol boats and tugs, brought into the mountains on r road flatcars, for the streams that dr Lake Pend Oreille into the Colum River 105 miles away drop over l ledges and surge through rocky chas and thus are unnavigable. So the o battleships are the detailed small-sc models used by Navy instructors in t classrooms.

Thirty thousand men are too ma to train efficiently in one group. Far gut is divided into six separate units camps. Each camp can accommod 5,000 boots and is practically a separ



THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FIGHTING JEEP

VENGING JEEPS BLAST JAPS FROM CHINESE VILLAGE!

LAZING the way in fierce counter-attacks—tough, fast, hard-hitting Jeeps, manned by rageous Chinese fighting men, have inspired recapture of many vital positions for General-mo Chiang Kai-shek.

n China, and on every other flaming front of s war, the Jeep is doing *its* job magnificently—l with smashing results.

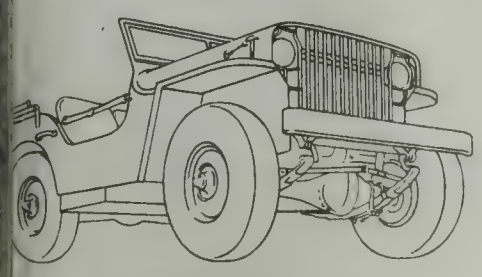
No assignment is too tough for the Jeep. No ather is too hot or too cold, or too wet; no terrain is too deep with mud or snow—too dangerously strewn with rocks and ruts.

Set it down anywhere in the world. Point its aggressive nose at the job to be done—and the *willing* Jeep *gives its best, every time.*

On every fighting front the Jeep, by its spectacular performance and ability to stand the gaff, is proving itself a worthy weapon for our fighting soldiers, sailors, marines and our allies.

We on the home front must give the same loyal, unquestioning, all-out service to our Government and our country, that our fighting men and the Jeeps are giving, if we hope to win this war. That way, and that way *alone,* lies Victory and the preservation of our priceless liberty.

We are proud of the Willys-Overland engineers who assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing the Jeep. And it is to their credit that the Willys-designed "Go-Devil" Engine drives *all* Jeeps being built for the U. S. Army and our allies. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.



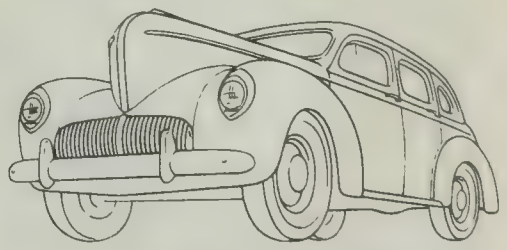
U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS



AMERICAR—*the People's Car*



Sprucing up to go out or getting set to relax, get together with Goebel. Its good taste clicks everywhere. Better make tonight *your* night to try Goebel Beer. Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Michigan's *National* Beer • Right From The Cypress Casks of Goebel

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION MEMBER



THE BOOK OF THE HOUR IN THESE CRITICAL TIMES

NOW AS NEVER BEFORE YOU NEED THE FAMOUS NATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

Never before has it been so necessary *to be armed with knowledge!* In these tumultuous times the only chance of world salvation comes through understanding and knowledge. But where can you find the answer to this cry for knowledge?

HERE IS THE ANSWER

Thousands of men and women have discovered the solution to their quest in the great National Encyclopedia, which places at your finger tips a library of living, vital facts .... literally gives you the answers to the maze of questions aroused in your mind by current events. Here is a work so modern and up-to-date that it covers all world events and political changes, so comprehensive and thorough that it surveys the entire range of human knowledge.

SYMBOL OF OUR AGE

The National Encyclopedia is a symbol of our age, fresh, alive and supremely useful. The National Encyclopedia is the ideal work for the American family, for every home with children of school age and for every man and woman who can ill afford to be satisfied with anything other than the best in reference material. Send TODAY for the full description of this superbly new Encyclopedia. This information will be sent you *free* and without obligation.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET



NEA 797

P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York

Send me without cost or obligation your beautiful booklet, describing the new National Encyclopedia, and including "Quiz." Also, please advise how I may secure the Encyclopedia by small monthly payments, at an amazingly low price and on most liberal terms.

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

unit. It has at least twenty barracks and its own mess hall, administration building, parade grounds, recreation building and, believe it or not, swimming pool. The pool is necessary because America's seamen must learn their crawl and backstroke before they brave the chilly depths of Lake Pend Oreille. In addition, there is a general administrative area where headquarters, service buildings and warehouses are located.

Like the amoeba, the divisions of the Navy's alpine training station are subdivided too. Men in each unit will be at three stages of their apprentice careers. Approximately 1,250 will be in the preliminary three-week detention period when they are inoculated, acclimated and generally introduced to naval routine and custom; another 2,500 will be undergoing the basic course of six weeks which prepares men to go to sea; and the remaining 1,250 will be trying for higher ratings as electricians, radio operators, machinists and yeomen.

Camps in the Wilderness

The Navy is using the Idaho wilderness to keep apart the station's six units. Each unit occupies a separate clearing in the thick pine and hemlock forests. From the lookout towers on the summits half a mile above, the clearings look like huge brown football stadiums scooped out of the green mantle that covers the Northwest. This is a pioneering frontier task, the only one of its sort ever undertaken in the American ness by our Navy, which usuall the seacoasts or the Great Lake its bases and shore establishment

Telephone lines have been through the upland fastnesses. W ders to work in rain, snow or shine road crews constructed a four-lan way along the roadbed of an aba logging railway, and a spur is bein from the main line of the Northe cific at Athol. Fast freights which slowed down at Athol now stop t track scores of cars.

Farragut is being constructed cipally from lumber hauled out surrounding solitudes. This calls f penters, and in Idaho's tall timber men build their own ranches, ch and stores, virtually everyone how to handle studs and joists. esters, loggers, trappers, Indian hunters joined the crews. This woods assortment worked so fast ponderosa pine one day was a r rafters by the following sunset.

The foundation for a mess ha dug on a Thursday morning. C next Tuesday the smell of the cor tion workers' beef stew mingled wi

Beverly Hills has nothing on ragut, with each of its six areas boasting a 25-by-25-yard ming pool. Here America's n learn their backstroke and



Farragut's chiefs, above: Captains I. C. Sowell, left, and J. G. A The shaping-up process for "boots" (new recruits), below, begins wit "shakedown," which deprives them of ink, hair tonic, medicine, any that might break in their seabags. Chief Signalman W. J. Hipple offi





D FOR COLLIER'S BY V. H. JORGENSEN, JR.



odor of pitch and new boards. vill be more than one hundred barracks at Farragut. Flat- with broad porches, even in their forms they look like hunting r National Park inns. The Navy taining this esthetic touch by a few evergreens standing in aring. These shade the barracks. hey are completely finished the s, which will house 150,000 fu- nerican seamen annually, will be, architecture and setting, genuine ess hotels. "I can tell you," said est proudly, "they're the slickest gs ever put up hereabouts."

ly why the Navy selected this nd mountain frontier for its big station is military information. rse, it is far from the potential g raids that Secretary of War forecast for the Pacific Coast ich already have rocked Alaska's n Islands. But other reasons are obvious. Boys from anywhere and will find Farragut a recrea- paradise. Lake Pend Oreille is ull of Kootenai rainbows, cut steelheads and landlocked blue- back salmon. Some of the steelheads, migrating from the Columbia River, weigh 30 pounds. The woods and uplands are full of elk, deer and all kinds of game birds. Sharpshooters can test their marksmanship on pheasants, mallards and blue grouse. Winter's snows turn the slopes into ski runs. In the summer the lake is dotted with boats, although civilian craft have to stay away from the Navy's end of the lake, which is at the base of the big question mark.

Kootenai and Bonner counties will never be the same again. Their combined population is 37,950, their combined valuation $22,344,465. The population of Farragut's ample acres, which sprawl almost on the line between the counties, will be 30,000 apprentice seamen and another 10,000 people in instructors, doctors, nurses, cooks, stenographers, warehousemen and extra Navy personnel. The $46,000,000 cost of the project is resulting in the region's biggest boom, and soon the robust appetites of thousands of young Americans will tax the capacity of the dairies, cattle ranches, vegetable gardens and orchards in the adjacent Idaho-Montana-Washington area. Near-by farmers are turning to growing corn, potatoes and peas. The rivers are being gauged for additional irrigation possibilities.

Captain I. C. Sowell, Farragut's commanding officer, inspects progress on the new sewage-disposal plant. Those circular concrete constructions are settling tanks

"This is the biggest thing that ever happened in this part of the U. S. A.," said Jim Ryan, the forest supervisor, "but I've still got to pinch myself to make sure I'm not seeing things when I run into Navy uniforms way up in these mountains." After recovering from the first surprise of having an immense naval station thrust into their peak-barricaded solitudes, the people of Kootenai and Bonner counties are agreed that the changes being wrought are unanimously for the better. They are particularly certain of this when they contemplate the job that Farragut's stalwart inhabitants will shortly be learning to do.

THE END

"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, LEATHERNECK?



Go modern—Smoke REGENT!

ON THE LEVEL, Larry, the cigarette for a modern man like you is Regent. It's King Size...over 20% longer...gives more value!

Yes—and Regent's choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, *specially selected* for finer flavor, get the extra benefit of Multiple Blending—for *greater mildness.*

And besides having a modern oval shape, Regent comes in a crush-proof box which keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. So go modern, Leatherneck...get Regent...for *more* smoking pleasure!"



The only modern cigarette with ALL the modern features!



COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS



Wine ~ *for friendliness this Christmas time*

This year try the old warm-hearted custom of serving wine with your Christmas turkey. You'll find, when you do, that there's much in what famous cooks say—*that food is actually better when served with wine.*

More important, you'll discover that over good food and wine people draw closer together—find it easier to be good companions.

When wine becomes part of dinner, folks have an opportunity to ease up in a moderate way and enjoy themselves. In fact that is what wine is made for—to help us all toward quiet friendliness, and group enjoyment of days like Christmas.

Connoisseurs will tell you that excellent wines are now grown in our own land. At your wine merchant's many of these sound, well-developed wines now await you. They cost surprisingly little. Your dealer will be glad to help you select among them. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

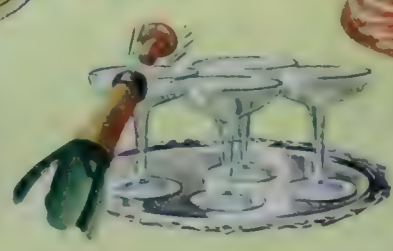
HERE ARE THREE SMART WRINKLES IN HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING



1. Hot spiced Wine: To one bottle of Burgundy or Claret add 8 cloves, 4 tablespoons sugar, rind of 1 lemon, dash of cinnamon. Heat mixture to near boil, strain at once and serve in thick glasses or mugs. This serves 6 to 8 people



2. Champagne: For memorable occasions—either at dinner or in the evening. Bring Champagne to your table well chilled. A bottle of California Champagne costs surprisingly little and contains 6 to 8 servings



3. Port and Sherry with Buffet Suppers: Just set out on the buffet table a tray of small glasses and a bottle or decanter each of California Sherry and Port. Then let your guests serve themselves

The Longest Way Round

Continued from page 30

nwest. Somewhere on the other side hose peaks was the British army. somehow or other, they had to get ss, without being killed or captured

Had you planned your route?" Pur- sked.

No," Barry answered, wishing that waves of dizziness wouldn't keep re- ng. "Just south. That's where the is, ain't it?' '

True. I suggest, however, that we go first and then south."

That's out of our way. Straight south not more than thirty miles to the uation beaches."

We won't be in time for the evacua- in any case. According to plan, it start today."

arry glanced down at the English- . "Plan!" he sneered. "Don't tell you Britishers ever had a plan!"

'HE main road to the south," Purvis continued unperturbably, "runs ugh the valley of the Xeropotamos. country along it is open as far as hnes. We'd be a mark for every pa- or plane. After that the land rises. the passes along it will be guarded. d never get through."

You seem to know the country."

Yes," Purvis said, not troubling to ain to this colonial that some ten s before this, when the idea of war as yet unthinkable, he'd done a ching tour through Crete. "Since can't travel that route," he went on, uggest we strike due west across that ow valley to the hills around Tylis- —and get there before the sun rises. n we can work south and west to the ntry around Ida. It's pretty well in- ssible. We can hide there."

And after that?"

urvis shrugged his shoulders. "Have for the southern beaches and a boat, ppose."

It'll be tough going," Barry observed ghtfully.

True, but the Greeks will help us."

Why they should is beyond me."

"The point is that they will," Purvis observed dryly.

The tone and the manner nettled Barry. Common sense, however, told him that, under the circumstances, the staff officer was right. "Okay," he said with a totally unnecessary fierceness. "Better travel."

Barry tried to hurry, but he had already discovered that, under the stress of movement, his head wound, which was a slight concussion, if he had known it, was so troublesome that it took all his determination not to show any weakness before the Englishman, to keep going. He found himself staggering a little.

"Damn the Heinies!" he muttered. "Damn the English! Damn everything!"

And then as they reached the top of the gully, straight ahead among the hills but at some distance from them, there was a sudden violent popping of motorcycles. Barry stopped. So did Purvis. "That," he said, "will be the Germans in Tylissos."

"Heinie don't lose much time, does he?"

"No." Purvis glanced back at the plain. "South," he said, trying to visualize the terrain between themselves and Mount Ida. "We'll turn south. Keep to the hills. And hurry, my lad."

The two men veered left, crossed a low hill, plunged into a deep ravine and picked up a path which zigzagged up the opposite slope. Halfway up the hill Barry checked so abruptly that Purvis almost bumped into him. The Englishman listened. He didn't hear anything except the distant popping of the motorcycles. But the Australian ducked to the right and, bending double, sneaked to a patch of vines on an outcrop of soil above the path. Purvis followed him. No sooner was he settled than he heard what the Aussie had heard—the scrape of boots on rock. An instant later two Nazi scouts came into view around the sharp turn in the path, one on either side of it, and began to work down toward them.

Purvis and Barry crouched close under the vines. The scout on the other side of the path went by. The one on their side paused just above where they were. The Aussie's rifle was ready, and Purvis felt him grow tense. Just then the main body of the Nazis came around the turn in the path. One of them shouted something to the scout. He answered and went past the patch of vines with only a casual glance at it.

But the main force had still to go by, six men in all, two with tommy guns, one carrying a light machine gun and the other three with rifles. They were, in all probability, Purvis decided, a night patrol returning to their post in the plain. He held his breath as the Germans began to file past almost within arm's length but some five feet below them. The patrol was marching with the ease of men whose job is done and who are looking forward to breakfast. One of them told a joke. Another laughed. Not one of them looked up; the last man passed by. Purvis drew a deep breath. They were safe.

And then, suddenly, at his side the Australian was on his feet, a Mills bomb in his hand.

"Share that among you," he shouted and tossed it after the Nazis.

Purvis clutched ground and felt the Australian hit the earth beside him. The flat explosion of the bomb crashed out and before the echo of the explosion had died away Barry was up on one knee, firing. Purvis followed his example, seeing in one split-second view that three of the Nazis were out and that the Aussie had already shot a fourth. But the other two were stout soldiers and a machine gun was already hosing bullets in their direction, while the remaining rifleman was flat on the ground to the side of the path, aiming at them.

AS BARRY drilled the man with the machine gun, Purvis sighted on the rifleman and pressed the trigger. Nothing happened. He realized that he had forgotten to thumb back the safety catch. By the time he had corrected his error the Aussie had leaped down into the path and, at point-blank range, had shot the man. Then, wheeling, Barry flung a few bullets after the two scouts, who were streaking down the hillside like startled goats.

Purvis got up. He was a little ashamed of his part in the action. But he was also coldly and furiously angry.

"I hope you're satisfied with the bloody mess you've made," he said.

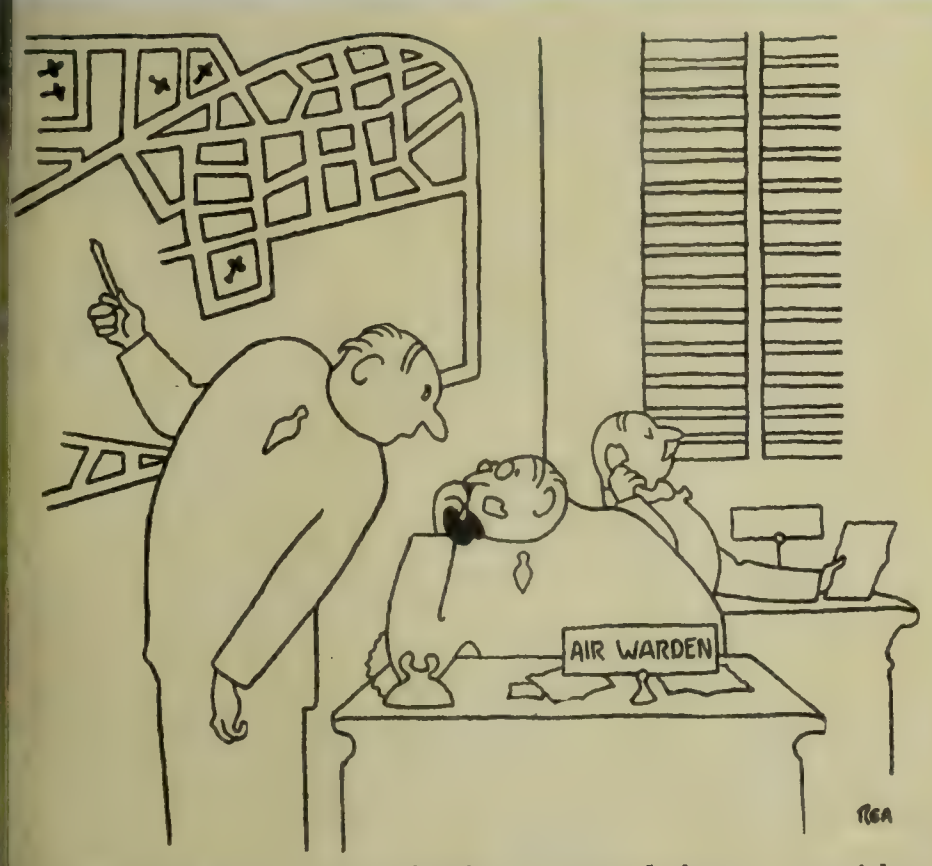
The Australian looked at him.

"Our job is to get away, not to fight," Purvis went on, spacing each word carefully. "Now, thanks to this row and those scouts, we'll have every German in the vicinity after us." He paused. "Haven't you any brains, man?" he asked witheringly.

Barry refilled the magazine of his rifle, made certain that there was a round in the chamber and that the rifle was cocked and put on the safety catch. He knew that, in a way, the Englishman was right. But he still saw Dick and what the Heinies had done to him. Slinging his rifle on his shoulder, he tilted his helmet to a rakish angle.

"When we Aussies fight, we fight," he told Purvis, staring at him with a level gaze. "Let's travel."

By midafternoon the fugitives, after a half-dozen narrow escapes, had reached the more inaccessible country west of Rhaukos. They began to feel safe. With



"It's your wife. She's just spotted eight two-motored planes or two eight-motored planes. She's not sure which. And bring home a pound of butter"

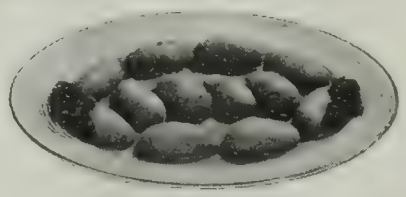
COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

WARTIME COOKERY



Don't let *Meatless* Days mean *Flavorless* Meals

MEN LOVE CHEESE. Men love A·1 Sauce. Add them together, and your man won't miss his meat. Here's a dish with tantalizing aroma that brings appetites to the table on the double-quick:



HOT CHEESE BLIMPS

½ lb. grated American Cheese
2 cups soft bread crumbs
3 eggs well beaten
⅛ tsp. salt
Dash of Cayenne
2 tsp. A·1 Sauce

Mix all ingredients, form into 12 balls. Dip into 1 egg slightly beaten with 2 tbsp. cold water, then roll in fine, dry bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat (390°) until light brown. Serve in a sauce of two cups of hot tomatoes, spiced with 2 tbsp. of A·1.

•

The rare imported spices in A·1 Sauce give chef's flavor to thrifty foods. If you want to go Boston one better, just add a teaspoonful of A·1 to baked beans. *Zingo!*

FREE Recipe Booklet . . . *"Cooking for a Man."* Write to G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

THE DASH THAT MAKES THE DISH!



A·1 SAUCE

Smoother Shaves

4 BLADES FOR 10¢ TWENTY GRAND SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR BLADES

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.



"I thought you might be wearing your Arrow Tie"

• Men always seem to give a little *extra* attention to their Arrow Ties. They prize them because Arrow Ties help make them look smart. The patterns are neat and good-looking; the special lining helps make perfect knots, and the fine fabrics make Arrow Ties last a long time. At your Arrow dealer's. $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

IT'S SMART TO SMOKE
filter-tip
VICEROY



THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU
No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth
Throat irritants are checked
True tobacco flavor is brought out
The cork tips save your lips

relaxation came the realization that they were famished. They began to look around for a place to stop. Breasting a steep rise they came on a semicircular plateau not much bigger than a good-sized glade and dotted with clumps of cypresses and tamarisks and a few low-lying bushes. Behind it the summit of the hill rose in a cliff of bare rock. A path zigzagged around its left shoulder. On the right the cliff ended in a sheer precipice.

Barry's head wound, added to eight days and nights of almost ceaseless fighting, had drawn heavily upon the last of his physical reserves; and he flopped down. "I'm eating," he announced.

Purvis made no objection. He seated himself. Barry passed over a doughnut-shaped loaf of coarse bread, a slab of goat's cheese and a bottle of wine, and they ate silently, their thoughts a wall of separation between them.

Barry, the sharp edge of his first hunger gone, felt his eyes fill with tears. He brushed them away with the back of his hand and bit savagely into the coarse bread. His head was clearing. As it cleared, bitterness was flowing back into him.

He swallowed a mouthful of bread and cheese, almost choked on it and turned his head to stare at the Englishman. The very air of impeccability which, in spite of their rough journey, still clung to the staff officer, offended him. So did the finicky daintiness with which he ate. A wave of anger surged through the Aussie, setting his head to throbbing again. He tried to fight down his temper. At that moment, Purvis, having finished his meal, observed idly in an effort to be sociable, "How's that head of yours?"

"Okay."

"Was it a very tough show?"

There was, so Barry thought, a note in the staff officer's tone as if he were talking down to a child.

"Tough?" he sneered. "Sure it was tough. What the hell do you chaps on the staff know about it?"

Purvis stood up abruptly. "Look here, my man. Better get one thing clear."

"What?"

"I'm not insisting on my rank," Purvis said. "Under the circumstances that would be absurd. But you must keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Must I?"

"Yes. We have a job to do—to get to the south and find a boat. That will take some doing. Well, either we agree to cooperate in a civil fashion, or we're better apart."

BARRY realized that once more this trim, compact, little man with the black hair and the impassive face was speaking sense. But his temper was up. He opened his mouth to tell Purvis he could go to hell, and a bullet splashed into the trunk of a cypress beside him. Both men dug for the ground. A volley cut the space where they had stood. Behind them, a small Greek boy, who had been watching with intense interest these alien characters who spoke in an unknown tongue, dived to cover in a laurel bush.

Down below in the ravine the Nazi patrol which had come up the winding path unnoticed and, seeing the men stand up, had fired on them, began to swing into disciplined action, one group fanning out into extended line, another bringing a machine gun to bear in order to cover the intended advance. Barry cursed and dragged his rifle forward. Purvis clutched his arm.

"No. Back and up the path."

The Englishman began to squirm back on his belly. Barry tossed a couple of bullets at the Nazis and followed h ample. As soon as the rim of the pl screened them from view both me through the trees and scrub to the which led upward around the left s der of the cliff. Then they che Some distance up that path an section of Germans was working ward.

Both men realized this at the san stant. They looked at each other. gave a short laugh. "Us arguing getting to the south!"

Purvis shrugged his shoulders. ing over to a rock he sat down, out his pipe and began to fill it. "as well be comfortable," he said, ing down the tobacco with his th Barry stared at him. "Going to s der?"

"What else is there to do?"

BARRY pressed his lips together. ping a couple more rounds int rifle he took a step toward the rim plateau. The Englishman paused act of lighting a match.

"Precisely what do you intend to he asked.

"No damn' Heinie's going to n me in like a tame steer. I'm an A not an Englishman."

Purvis let the match go out. reasonable, man."

Barry said a couple of short, suc words, and turned toward the ri the plateau again. Purvis got up w sigh.

"More likely spot back there ag the cliff," he remarked, putting his away.

Barry stopped to look at him.

"Two parties of the enemy," P explained, unslinging his rifle. "(let ourselves be surrounded, you kn

Barry gaped. The Englishman w through the trees toward the precip face of the cliff. Barry followed mitting to himself reluctantly th least the fellow had guts. The G boy, who had been crouched in the l bush all this time, still as a quail's made up his mind. He slipped o front of Purvis.

"Angloi?" he asked.

Barry, whose rifle had swung matically to cover the lad, stared at Purvis answered coolly, *"Malista."*

The youngster—he was no more ten—grinned all over his face pointed to the cliff, speaking rap Purvis asked a sharp question. The nodded and ran to a spot near the of the stony wall where the ground lower and parted the cornel bushes narrow opening, low down, was vealed. The boy dived in. Purvis lowed. Barry heard the Germans a shout. The opening was a tigh But he made it just as the Germans c charging over the rim of the pla The cornel bushes whipped to be him. Barry squeezed forward, reali that this was the shallow and drie bed of a watercourse.

Some fifteen minutes later they on the other side of the cliff. To left the hill soared upward. On right the precipice plunged down. stood on a dizzying path between two, Barry collecting his faculties Purvis chatting with the boy. B watched them. The lad was eager, thusiastic, nodding his head occasio and pointing as he answered the Eng man's questions. Purvis chuckled o then laughed outright. A little late became very grave and sympathetic. certainly had a way with youngs Barry admitted to himself, and wi that he knew more Greek than the ordinary phrases he had picked up. last Purvis turned to him.

onstantinos is the name, Sund-
." he said. "Constantinos Tozios."
ell Constantinos I'm sure grateful."
rvis turned to the lad and spoke.
boy smiled shyly at the tall Aus-
n. Barry smiled back.
onstantinos is going to guide us
gh the mountains," Purvis observed
ersationally.
rry understood that the Englishman
in his own way, letting him know
so far as he was concerned, the
rel on the plateau was washed out.
Aussie would have preferred to have
more direct about it. But he was
willing to let it go for the moment.
rvis' face became grave. "He was
ng his aunt at Daphnes when the
troops dropped," he went on. "The
gers fought them—sickles, flails,
hing. What was left of them fled
e hills. Yesterday a bomb dropped
he group with which Constantinos
He decided to go home. His home,
happens, is at Stavrilos. We can go
g with him—Stavrilos is a village in
ills near the plain of Messara."
arry looked at the boy, watching
with bright, interested eyes. "Quite
d," he observed.
sn't he?" Purvis' whole attitude was
of a proud parent as he turned to
e at Constantinos. "Quite a family
' he added. "His father is the mayor
tavrilos. His sister, Maurika, is, he
beautiful." Purvis glanced at Barry
a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes.
says his sister will like your red
"
arry blushed furiously, and Purvis,
se good humor was quite restored,
ght to himself that this colonial
n't such a bad egg, as colonials went.
ertinent, of course. Needed disci-
e. Still, with that wound on his head,
ought to make allowances.
Constantinos has a brother, too," he
tinued. "Georgios is the name.
rgios is fighting with the Greek ir-
lars in the south. Amazing people,
e Greeks."
arry agreed, wondering sardonically
e Englishman really appreciated how
zing the Greeks were in continuing
elp the British out after the mess the
ish had landed them into. Probably
Probably Purvis, being English,
k it as a matter of course. But the
tralian didn't raise the point. That
ld wait—until they got out of Crete.
main job now was to get out of
te.

WO weeks later, however, neither
Barry nor Purvis was out of Crete.
the time they had reached the beaches
e evacuation was over and no boats
e to be had. So they had returned to
Constantinos' brother Georgios and
band, who were continuing the fight
n the mountains. Now, on this bright
e morning, they were, with Georgios,
ling half a hundred Cretan irregulars
vn one of the steep southern slopes of
unt Ida. Their objective was the vil-
e of Stavrilos. Toward it, so they had
n informed a half hour before by a
ek peasant come up from the plain
find them, a German force intended
march that morning. The band was
ing down to try to intercept that force
ore it reached the village.
They all knew that in the first days of
blitz against Crete, four paratroopers
d been killed by the villagers. In spite
the tales of savage German reprisals,
rry couldn't quite visualize any execu-
ns for that act. The villagers had,
er all, been defending their homes.
t nobody knew, really, what the
inies would do.
Barry thought about Constantinos and
aurika as the band reached the narrow sun-filled valley and, faces tense, began to press forward through the olive trees, the tiny wheat fields and the terraced vines. Barry had a great affection for Constantinos. The lad got round your heartstrings, somehow. So did Maurika. The Aussie had only seen her twice. Yet he could remember clearly how she'd hovered about him as he ate, touching his red hair with the tips of her fingers and smiling at him with that look—half shy, half wistful—which made a chap feel as if she ought to be protected. In other times something might have come of that, but as it was, as soon as one of the boats (which, so it was rumored, were beginning to run in arms and ammunition from Egypt) reached the Bay of Messara, he'd be on it and out of Crete and back to his battalion.

THEY had reached the foot of the steep ridge. Barry's mind jerked back to the present as he glanced up it. On the opposite side of that ridge was Stavrilos. Would they be in time?

And then, suddenly, there was a sharp burst of firing from the other side of the ridge. They all checked momentarily, staring at one another with hot, startled eyes, and then, as the firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun, they all scrambled forward desperately, straining to be up the ridge. Even so, it was a good twenty minutes before they reached the top of the ridge and came over it cautiously, bending double among the cypresses to avoid the skyline. Directly below them was Stavrilos, clinging among its trees to the slope of the natural bowl into which this flank of the ridge was carved. To their left a steep track zigzagged between huge rocks down sharply to the floor of the valley. Barry's eyes took this in swiftly. They also took in a force of Germans, a few hundred yards away marching down the steep track from the village to the floor of the valley and he observed that they were not mechanized.

The whole guerrilla band moved down cautiously, spreading out and slipping from tree to tree. And then, the wailing of women came up to them and, on the right, a Greek shouted something and the Cretans broke down rapidly through the cypresses, Georgios in the lead. Barry and Purvis followed. They found their men mingled with the women in a frantic milling crowd in the square in front of the inn. The two men pushed their way through.

They came upon the sight suddenly. The Greeks had fallen silent, watching it. There, in front of the inn, was a tumbled heap of bodies, cut through with machine-gun bullets, some of them dead, others in the process of dying.

Barry slowly realized that the dead and dying were all men. Then he heard Purvis asking sharp questions. He saw Georgios, crouched among the dead, holding the form of his father in his arms and calling out to him. It occurred to Barry to wonder where Constantinos was. He turned to look among the crowd for the boy's bright eyes and eager face. At that moment a woman who, on the outskirts of the heap of dead, had been bending over one of the bodies, suddenly flung the upper part of her body erect, raising her arms frantically to the blue uncaring sky. It was Maurika. Below her, Barry saw Constantinos, one arm tossed out limply, staring sightlessly at the sun.

It took the Australian a long instant to grasp it and another to be galvanized into action. He turned to Purvis.

"What's happened?" he demanded.

"Reprisal," the Englishman said in a cold, controlled voice.

Barry glanced around blindly. "Well,

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

To our armed forces at home and abroad and to the civilian army at work on the home front, Railway Express sends Christmas greetings and pledges the continuance of its all-out effort in transporting the vital needs of war.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY INC.

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE



Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in Seconds!

It's easy—just take a whiff and get greater breathing comfort in a jiffy. Cram-full of effective medication, it's *one* inhaler you can use as often as needed—any time, any place! Easy to carry!

NEW VICKS INHALER

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing spasms and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness or tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief from coughing colds miseries. VICKS VAPORUB



DRY: BURGUNDY • RHINE • SAUTERNES • CLARET
SWEET: PORT • SHERRY • MUSCATEL • TOKAY

AMERICAN WINE CO • *Estab. 1859* • ST. LOUIS, MO
Makers of famous COOK'S IMPERIAL *Champagnes*

what are we waiting for?" he demanded. He turned to the Cretans. "Come on!" he shouted with a sweep of his arm.

The Cretans understood his gesture and were ready. Georgios dropped his father and started up, his dark-browed face a mask of savage fury.

"Stop!" Purvis commanded.

Barry kept going. "Stop, you fool," Purvis called out sharply, and something in his tone made Barry look behind him. The Englishman had his rifle pointed at him.

Barry's jaw dropped. "What the hell—" he began.

"I can't permit you to waste these men in a foolish charge down the hill straight into German machine guns," Purvis explained coldly. "Or to allow those Germans to escape."

"They're escaping right now."

"Not if we reach the pass to the plain before them. Their road through the valley is at least twice as far as the direct route along this ridge. Now, are you obeying orders? Or do I shoot?"

The Cretans were waiting, watching.

Barry hesitated. "Okay," he said sullenly and reluctantly.

It was a swift and punishing march under cover of the trees along the flank of the ridge to the pass. When they arrived, the Englishman picked a spot just within the mouth of the pass where the road swung close to the western cliff. Between it and the eastern hills was an olive orchard. Purvis did not post his men there. He placed them among the scant scrub in the narrow space between the road and the western cliff.

"The Germans will probably scout the olives," he told Barry. "I doubt if they will trouble with this side. They've been over the road once already this morning."

Barry conceded that this was probable. "What are the orders?" he asked gruffly.

"One volley at my signal and then charge."

BARRY settled himself. The silver leaves of the olives were still and the eastern hills behind them hot and bare in the sun. The Nazi scouts appeared, scouting the olives. Then the party which was acting as the advance guard came into view, strung in extended order between the road and the hills opposite. The advance guard went by. A hundred yards behind came the main force, marching in open file in two columns, one through the olives, the other on the road. Barry's gaze fixed itself on a machine gun which two men were carrying in the column on the road. The head of the force on the road reached the spot where he was. The whistle blast shrilled. A sudden volley tore into the Nazis. Then the Cretans charged.

Barry leaped with them. He made straight for the machine gun. One man was down. Barry bayoneted the other. Then, dropping his rifle and heedless of the hand-to-hand fighting along the road, he tried to get the gun into action. He realized skilled fingers were helping him. It was Purvis. An instant later, just as the Nazi column among the olives, recovering from the shock of the ambush, was coming into action, machine guns and automatics blazing, Barry opened up. The Australian was a skilled machine gunner; fifteen minutes later, except for the scouts and those few of the advance guard who had escaped into the plain, there wasn't a single Nazi left alive. The Cretans, after what they had seen in the village, left no wounded.

It was while the guerrillas, carrying their dead and wounded with them, were making their way back up the valley, that Purvis spoke to Barry.

"Nice work with that machine gun," Purvis said.

Barry grunted.

"You used your head." Purvis paused. "Sorry about the village," he observed diffidently.

Barry made an effort: "You were right. I was wrong."

"Thank you."

"As a matter of fact," Barry went on, "I was wrong about you more than once. I suppose it was because you were on the staff. You see, I blamed the staff for my brother."

Purvis' face showed interest.

"He was killed," Barry said gruffly. "Back there near Herakleion. The day I was hit."

"Oh. Sorry."

"That's what made me lose my temper," Barry said bitterly. "Your staff had blundered time after time."

Purvis had revised his ideas somewhat, too, since the first day the two of them had met. "I admit that we've made plenty of blunders," he said. He paused, seemed to struggle within himself, took out his pipe, looked at it. "Democracies have a habit of making mistakes," he went on almost shyly. "Yet, they do stand for a sort of freedom." He lit his pipe. "There is such a thing, you know," he added, "as dying for democracy. You think it's wasted—mistakes, inefficiency, all that. But it isn't, really."

Barry didn't quite agree with the argument. But he didn't want to stir up controversy. Dick was dead, after all. Quarreling wouldn't bring him back. Besides, somehow, curiously enough, now that the barrier between them seemed to be down, he felt a liking for this Englishman. He changed the subject.

"I wonder," he said, "if we'll ever get a boat out of this bloody island."

The Englishman puffed at his pipe. "You want to get back, don't you?"

"Who wouldn't?"

Purvis said, "There's a boat coming into the Bay of Messara tonight. It's bringing arms from Egypt."

Barry stopped. "Tonight!"

"Yes. The same chap who told us this morning about our friends down there brought the news."

Barry looked at Purvis. "Don't you chaps ever get excited?"

"Well, you know, I'm not going."

"You're not going!" Barry exclaimed.

Purvis was embarrassed. "These Cretans. Can't let them down, you know. Owe them something. Chaps who don't know when they're licked. And Constantinos—that youngster. Not the thing, you know."

"You English may owe them something," Barry said roughly. "We Aussies don't. We didn't plan the show in Crete."

"Quite," Purvis said. He started on. Barry tramped on beside him, feeling the barrier between them raised once more. There was no need for him to feel ashamed. His place wasn't here. His place was in Egypt with his battalion.

"Yes, I'm going—tonight," he said aloud, stubbornly, as if the Englishman had been arguing with him. "We started out, didn't we, to get out of this bloody island? Well, I'm going."

The Englishman said nothing.

THE arms had been unloaded. Barry stood on the beach. The silent sky was heavy with stars. The tiny waves whispered on the sand. Out on the water the boat floated—a vague, wavering shape in the shadows. Beside him the Greeks and Purvis were waiting. "What the bloody hell am I dilly-dallying for?" Barry asked himself.

"So long," he said to Purvis.

"Best of luck, old man."

Barry waded out to the boat. He got in. The boat began to move, slowly and silently, since Tyvaki and the Germans were not far off. Barry stared back at the beach. So that was the end of Crete. The end of Purvis and of Constantinos and of that sister of his with the appealing face, and of Dick—Dick on the hillside with the helmet over his face. For he couldn't think of Dick as buried. He could scarcely think of him as dead. No, he'd think of him as he'd been that last afternoon, laughing as the paratroops came on, proud of being an Aussie. . . .

"Can you let an Englishman do what an Aussie won't?" The question seemed almost to be spoken, it was so clear in his brain. Barry jumped to his feet. He dived over the side. A moment or so later he came up the beach dripping, his rifle in his hand, embarrassed and not knowing what to say.

"Short trip," he joked.

Purvis only said two words.

"Good man," Purvis said.

THE END



"We can't leave the baby alone, so Joe and I invite a house full of people over and sneak out to the movies!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF



"Mission accomplished!"

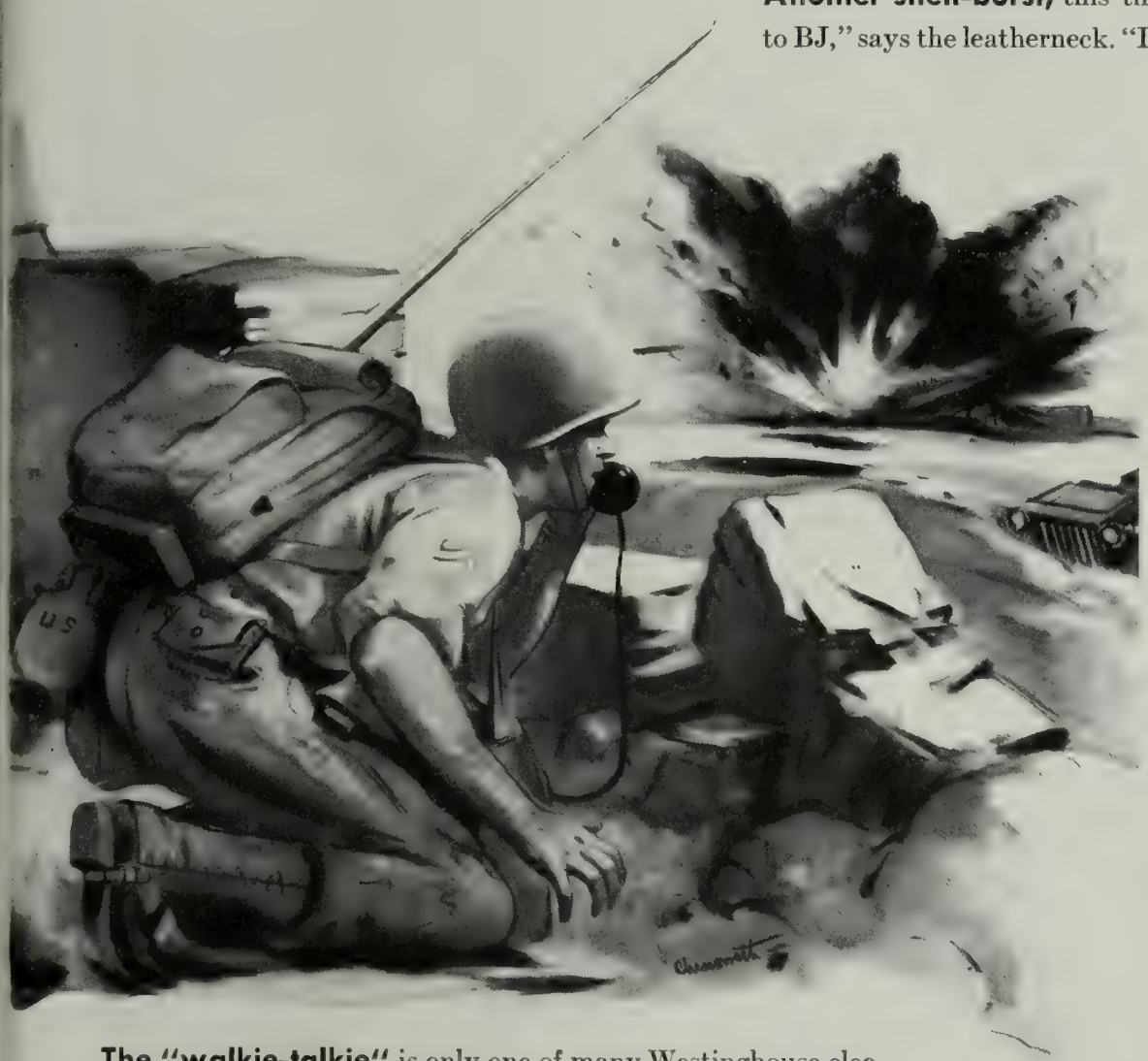
A United States Marine dodges swiftly across the battle-scarred slope, takes position behind a shattered wall that commands the enemy gun emplacement across the tiny valley.

A shell explodes in a shower of dirt, two hundred yards away from the enemy gun.

The Marine speaks quietly into the tiny microphone in his hand. "AK9 to BJ. Left four zero. Two hundred short." Miles away, an American artillery officer issues swift commands to his gun crew.



Another shell-burst, this time in front of the target. "AK9 to BJ," says the leatherneck. "Left one zero. One hundred short."



And then, suddenly, a terrific, ground-shaking explosion across the valley . . . the enemy gun emplacement disappears in a black, billowing geyser of rocks and smoke and rubble. The Marine puts the microphone to his lips.

"AK9 to BJ—Mission accomplished! AK9 to BJ—Mission accomplished!"

Mission accomplished—a direct hit! *Because the miracle of electricity has been put to work again*—in the rugged, compact radio transmitter and receiver that rides comfortably across the devil dog's back. "Walkie-talkie," the Marines call it—a light, completely self-contained unit that allows constant two-way communication with unhampered freedom of movement. On scores of vital assignments, from spotting artillery fire to co-ordinating the movement of advance patrols, the "walkie-talkie" is helping to make American Marines the deadly fighting team that they are.

The "walkie-talkie" is only one of many Westinghouse electrical products for America's ground forces. In tanks and combat cars—at artillery and anti-aircraft posts and communications centers—in the field and behind the lines, more than a hundred kinds of Westinghouse electrical equipment are in use. Even in base and field hospitals, Westinghouse X-Ray machines and ultra-violet Sterilamps* are helping daily to save the lives of wounded men.

For our ground forces, as well as for our naval and air forces, every ounce of Westinghouse "know-how" is on the job—*to provide more and more of the deadliest fighting weapons that skill and ingenuity and hard work can produce.*

Westinghouse

. . . making Electricity work for Victory

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Plants in 25 cities; offices everywhere

*Trade-mark Registered



Sticking together

Home is where you hang your heart. Home with its trials and triumphs...its pride and humility...its secrets and its hopes...and the unshakeable loyalty of people who stick together. Today, it's home we're fighting for. If not with our lives, certainly with our dimes and dollars. As a frequent guest and an old family friend Canada Dry says: Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps.

If sometimes you can't get all the Canada Dry Ginger Ale you want, please don't blame your dealer. Wartime restrictions on bottle caps, sugar, and particularly on fine imported ginger make it difficult for us to keep up with the growing popularity of Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

he Jap ulls in His Belt

Robert Bellaire

MER UNITED PRESS
RESPONDENT IN TOKYO

it's choice more than ne- ity, sacrifices more than tages. He believes that l war demands total effort

HE Japanese people have been taught that morale, the willingness to sacrifice, will win the war. They ved it before Pearl Harbor, and what appened since has convinced them. conviction, a national faith in mo- as distinguished from blind confi- e, is their "secret weapon," and Jap, from the youngest school to the oldest peasant, is armed with le is undergoing, with scarcely any plaint, discomforts and privations h would bring yelps of anguish and gnation from almost any other coun- the world. Take a brief look at the nese standard of living, which has ned to a mere subsistence level, and pare it with our own pampered ex- ce.

panese civilians are eating one third uch as they did ten years ago. All is rationed at that level. Sometimes sewives must wait six and eight hours ne to get their meager rations. This t so much a matter of food short- in Japan. Essentially, it is a matter onserving by sixty-six per cent the power and transportation facilities h would be required to bring food to ians.

he manufacture of civilian clothing wool, cotton, linen and even silk rbidden by law. All clothing must be e of *sufu*—artificial material derived nically from wood pulp. This cloth- is rationed to the point where the age Japanese barely manages to keep hed. It is not attractive. It is not durable. The official Domei news ncy reported recently that the grass- pers were eating shirts of this ma- l right off the backs of the farmers he fields. But this clothing has per- ted Japan to divert ninety per cent of vast textile industry to the produc- of war materials.

apanese shoes are now made of card- rd and rationed at the rate of one per year. They will wear about a nth. When they are gone, nothing is ilable but wooden shoes and grass dals.

The use of private automobiles for and all purposes has been abolished. sses and streetcars have been reduced the point where only half the city rkers and students can ride to the tories and schools. The others walk, en eight to ten miles a day. A govern- nt permit is required to buy a rail- d ticket, and the journey must be cessary.

The Japanese worker never had a ty-hour week. He had a seventy-five ur week, but now it is a ninety-eight- ur week, with one Sunday off each nth. All workers are registered. They accept assignments for training and duty exactly as if they were in the regular army.

This winter, the Japanese civilian will be rationed only enough charcoal to heat his home for twenty-eight hours. He is advised to use this fuel two hours daily during the two coldest weeks of the winter. Office buildings and government structures have had no heat for several years. Trains will not be heated, nor will busses. Japan has the wood to produce enough charcoal for all. But that would take time, manpower and transportation.

The consumption of gas, water and electricity in all Japanese households is set by law, at a fixed rate of about thirty per cent of prewar consumption. If the quotas are exceeded, a heavy fine is imposed. If the offense is repeated, the offender is punished by having all his public-utility facilities shut off.

Japanese students have no leisure time whatever. All are registered by the government and assigned to war work after school hours and during summer vacations. They work in factories, on farms, on road building, on the docks, and as auxiliary police and firemen—wherever they can replace older men who can join the army.

Scrap-iron drives in Japan are not merely a matter of cleaning out garages and basements. Even doorknobs and window screens are taken. Volunteers walk along the streetcar and railroad tracks with magnets attached to the ends of poles, to collect the iron dust from the rails. From fifty to ninety-five per cent of a Jap's income goes into war bonds, taxes and compulsory postal savings.

The Japanese do not consider night life essential to civilian morale in wartime. All night clubs are closed to civilians. Bars are rationed to the point where they can be open only for two or three nights per week, from eight to ten o'clock.

Dancing is forbidden, even in private homes. Only patriotic music is permitted in public places. Beer for home consumption is rationed at the rate of one quart per household per month. Ceiling prices and rations on meals in hotels and restaurants are rigidly enforced, so that these places are open only one hour each day, and they serve meals notorious for their lack of quantity and quality.

These are only a few of the sacrifices which are being made throughout Japanese civilian life. The people believe them to be necessary if Japan is to maintain a fighting machine truly representative of her total potential strength. ★★★



FRED HAMILTON

Making tea over a charcoal-burning hibachi is quite a luxury. Japs will get only enough of the fuel to heat their airy houses for twenty-eight hours this winter

FRED HAMILTON



Long before Pearl Harbor, Japanese women were busy in the fields at harvesttime. Now with even less manpower available and farm methods as primitive as ever, they have their hands full



The general waited until he got a grip on himself. "The fox has to run again, Captain. Your company will take the Jenningses on to Georgia"

All Out with Sherman

By James Street

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Little Ax takes his men under fire for the last time, and slows the course of history

A SHROUD of white smoke lay over the ruins of Jackson, for Uncle Billy Sherman had struck once at the capital of Mississippi and was poised, ready to strike again with an army that was "trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." Vicksburg had fallen and the state was calling up men from sixteen to sixty, while the Yanks were hacking a swath of total destruction from the river to the hills in a dress rehearsal for the march through Georgia.

Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge, the arrogant gamecock of the Confederacy, was broodingly bitter about it all and believed that stupidity in high places was responsible for his state's plight. However, cocky even in defeat, he reckoned Mississippi still could be saved if the generals would listen to *him*. He had tried to see General Joe Johnston, but a colonel had brushed him aside, and, angry at the boy's presumption, actually had ordered him to disband his Cradle Company and distribute his veterans among the new levies.

At nineteen, Little Ax was the oldest of his company and none was taller than five feet five. The Northern press had labeled them "the Butcher Boys" and their ruthless exploits already were legendary. Many Southerners disapproved of Ax's bloody guerrilla methods, but his company loved him for what he was: a soldier's soldier, vain and daring as a bantam rooster, and not much larger.

Despondent as he was, Ax swaggered up Jackson's Capitol Street, his high-heeled boots kicking up dust. His plumed hat was at a jaunty angle and his crimson sash was rippling. A big gun grumbled to the west. He paused, cocked his ear, then walked on. Uncle Billy was feeling for an opening and soon would be pounding hard to reoccupy the town.

Ax wondered if Johnston would make a stand. If he did, the Cradle Company must be called from bivouac, where they were licking their wounds. The fame of the unit had swelled its ranks to 156, an awkward and unorthodox number.

THE little captain believed the Confeds should retreat to the hills. Mississippi couldn't slug with the Yanks, for she was bled white. She had sent eighty thousand men into the army, a larger number than her total white male population between eighteen and forty-five. And sixty thousand were missing.

Ax was nearing the deserted capitol when he heard his name called and, turning around, saw a huge, forlorn Negro driving a huge, forlorn mule.

"Whoa, Sodom," the slave said. "Hydee-do, Cap'n Ax."

"Mawnin', Jud." Little Ax climbed to the seat.

"Reckoned you wus aimin' for office." Jud giddapped his mule. "M Marge and her paw is there. We's fi to get the hell-and-gone away f 'eah."

He shook his head slowly. "I am sick of refugeein'. Jes' looks l ever'where we light, up shows that Mister Billy Bedamned Sherman."

"Is Miss Marge all right?"

"She will be when she sots eyes you." Jud laughed. "When y'-all ain to jump the broom and set up hou keepin' like white folks oughta?"

Ax nodded toward the west. "Wo do much good to build a house long them fellers are on the prowl." watched the dust whirl around Sodo hoofs and, for a minute, forgot ab his orders to disband his company. was nicer to think of Margaret Jenni and her father, Jasper.

Jasper Jennings was a printer for exiled Memphis Daily Appeal, the ne paper that was wandering hundreds

"To the spirit of Christmases yet to come"

CONSUL: We'll all join you in that, sir. To a champion Dickens' Christmas in England when, with your help, we've whipped the Nazi Scrooges.

ATTACHÉ: And I'd like to propose a toast to our host and to his bonny country. Yes, and this bonny whiskey, too, that deserves a poem by none other than Bobbie Burns.

HOST: I see you're a Scotsman, sir—and from you that's a real compliment for our American Golden Wedding. You see, Golden Wedding is five of our finest whiskies "wedded" into *one*. Each of these five superb whiskies has been chosen for the quality that is its own special property—one for richness . . . one for bouquet . . . one for flavor . . . one for character . . . and one for tang. And the result is the *one* truly mild whiskey that I like to serve to my friends.

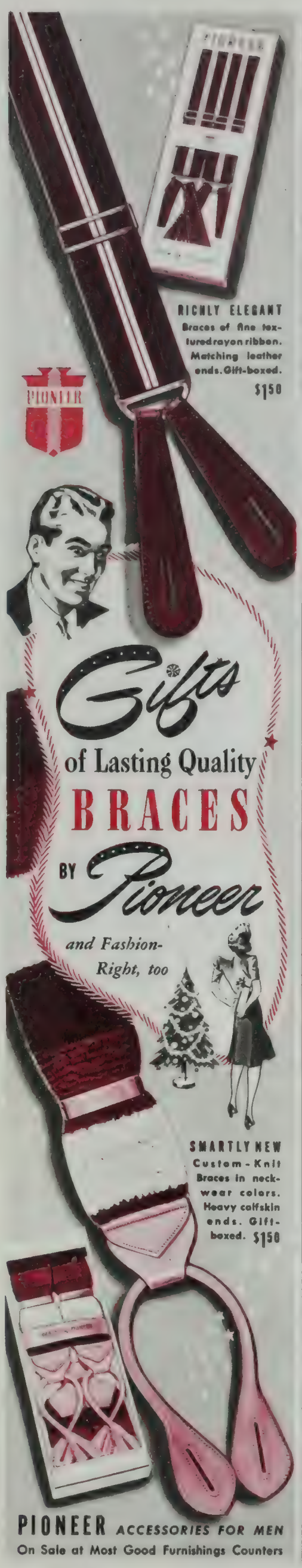
You will enjoy serving Golden Wedding, too . . . for its mellow smoothness and lightness make it the perfect whiskey today. Give Golden Wedding for Christmas—it will win you the warmest thanks. And, remember—Golden Wedding costs almost a dollar *less* than you probably expect to pay.



Golden Wedding

5 GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE

A blend of straight whiskies—86 proof. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding are 5 years or more old. Copr. 1942, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.
Tune In! Schenley's Cresta Blanca Carnival, Starring Jack Pearl and Morton Gould's Orchestra. Mutual Broadcasting System every Wednesday evening.



miles from home rather than suffer Yankee censorship. Margaret had auburn hair and was so tiny that even Little Ax had to bow to kiss her chin.

The Appeal, often called the Bible of the Confederacy, had been just one jump ahead of capture since Memphis fell, and Sherman was determined to silence it. Editor Dill had moved his paper four times. It was being published now in Atlanta, but some of the equipment still was in Jackson, and Jasper aimed to take it by mule wagon to Georgia.

Jud tied Sodom to a hitching post near the office and Little Ax hurried in. At first, he thought the shack was abandoned, then Marge walked out of the shadows. There were smudges of ink on her cheeks.

"Alex!" She ran to him. She didn't like the name Little Ax, for it reminded her of the blood he had spilled. "Kiss me here." She tilted her face and pointed to her lips. "I've got ink on my cheeks, and, besides, it's nicer to be kissed on the lips."

A few minutes later Ax asked, "Where's your pa?"

"He'll be back t'reckly." She sat on a bench and motioned for him to sit by her. "We've got to be moving again. *They'll* be here soon, won't they?"

There was a crackle of musketry to the north, a growl of howitzers to the south. Uncle Billy was closing in for his strangle hold.

"They'll be here in a day or so," Ax said softly. "Reckon we'll have to fight 'em in the hills back east of here."

"Hills!" She turned his face toward hers. "Look at me, Alex Trowbridge. You're going to Georgia with us, aren't you? The Cradle Company has always protected the Appeal."

"That's what I came to talk about, honey. I better wait and see your pa," Little Ax said.

She didn't reply immediately, but looked through the door toward the west. The cannonade was increasing. "I hear there are only Secesh folks between here and Georgia, so we ought to be safe by ourselves." She said it slowly. "You know what you've got to do, and I'm not butting in."

Ax started to use his sash to wipe away the ink, but on second thought he got a rag, dampened it and scrubbed her cheeks.

"Will it ever be over?" she said as they sat there and watched smoke spiral from wreckage of the penitentiary. The convicts had been freed for military duty.

"It can't last much longer."

"Tell me again what we are going to do when it's over."

HE HAD told her a hundred times, but he told her again. "We'll be married in Memphis. Then we'll head for south Mississippi, where there's room to grow. I'll build our house—"

The gaunt form of Jasper Jennings loomed suddenly in the doorway. His white mane reached to his shoulders, and his eyes were blazing. "Johnston is evacuating the town," he roared.

"He's got to," Ax said. "Even a *good* soldier can't defend this place against such odds. Mississippi is a goner unless we hit for the hills."

Jasper was excited and began packing the type cases. "You, Jud! Come help us. You, too, Ax. And Marge. We got to get going." He paused then and looked at Ax. "You don't like Gentleman Joe Johnston, eh, son?"

"He ain't my kind of soldier," Ax said sullenly.

"He's sick," Jasper said.

"Then he ought to stay in bed. He ain't fighting them bungling Yankee generals in Virginia now. He's got Grant *and* Sherman against him."

Jasper walked to the door. "That man over yonder," he pointed toward Sherman's lines, "is your kind of soldier, eh, bub?"

"He's winning a war."

"He's killing women and children." Jasper pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket. "Here's a message we found on a dead Yankee runner. It's from Uncle Billy."

The dispatch said: "We have desolated this land. . . . The wholesale destruction to which the country is now being subjected is terrible to contemplate."

The old printer lit his pipe and watched Ax as he read.

"Mister Jennings"—Ax returned the paper—"Sherman is fighting this war to win. He can't beat our armies, but he can beat our homefolks and that'll beat our armies. We ain't seen nothing yet. Both sides are mean mad now, and when Americans get mean mad they're the bloodiest, killin'est folks in the world. Sherman is a whole-hawg soldier and he's going all the way out to break our backs first, then our necks. I wish my company could get just one more crack at him. . . ."

"You will," Jasper said.

Ax looked away and bit his lower lip. Then he said, almost in a whisper, "I have orders to disband the Cradle Company."

The roller that Jud had lifted clattered to the floor and dust poured from the cracks. Jasper removed his pipe to speak, but no words came. Marge's knees suddenly were weak and she sat down and stared at Ax.

Jasper was the first to find his voice: "Have you seen Johnston about this?"

"I couldn't get to him." Ax swallowed, for he almost was choking.

"Jud! Saddle my mule." Jasper clamped on his hat. "Come on, son. We'll see Joe Johnston."

It was late afternoon before they reached headquarters. A group of officers were talking near General Johnston's tent. In a way, Ax felt sorry for the plodding Johnston. The cream of the Yankee army was in Mississippi and the cream of the Rebel army was in Virginia and Gentleman Joe was trying to hold back an avalanche with a few ragged regiments that were using rocks for grape, and butcher knives for bayonets.

Jasper told Ax to wait under a tree about two hundred yards from headquarters, and the old man strutted up to the tent and started in. A haggard, overless officer stopped him. Jasper shook his long hair and struck a pose. "I want to see General Joseph Eggleston Johnston. And I aim to do it."

Most of the officers laughed, but the coatless man said, "What do you want to see him about?"

"For one thing, Mister, I'm an old friend of his. For another, I'm with the Daily Appeal. . . ."

The officer silenced the other man with a look and said, "Come right in, sir. General Johnston." The command winked at Jasper and the old man grinned. He was thankful that Ax was too far away to hear.

THE printer and the command talked for several minutes, then Johnston sent an orderly for Ax. The Little Captain saluted his commander smartly, cocked his head and looked Johnston over. It was sheer impudence but the general ignored it.

"I've heard a lot about you, Captain," Johnston said.

"All bad, I reckon."

"Most of it. Yes." Johnston began arranging papers on his table. "Some of my waltzing officers report that you are taking this war seriously. Don't you know the only way to get promotion is to dance with the right ladies, flatter the right men and not waste your time killing the enemy?" His eyes twinkled and he smiled.

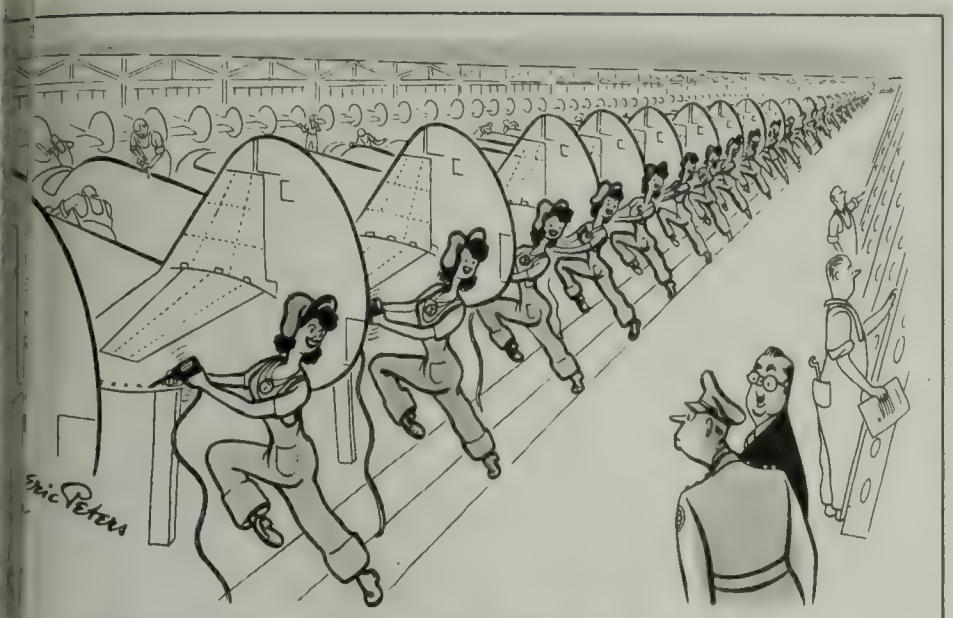
"Why are you disbanding my company, sir?" Ax went straight to the point. "We've fought together since Shiloh."

The general sat at his table and re-



"I picked these mushrooms, or toadstools, or whatever they are, myself!"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



"They're the famous 'Rockettes.' We hired them as a body"

ERIC PETERS

ad. "Captain, some of my officers your unit broken because they are s. I must break it, but for a good . We are bringing in hundreds of ecruits. Old men and boys. Your rs, scattered among the new levies, eady them. It has to be done."

es, sir," Ax said. "If that's how it

owever"—Johnston winked at Jas- gain—"my old friend Jennings says eds your company as an escort for ppeal. Take him as far as the Ala- line, then report to me. I'm mov- y army tonight."

le Ax didn't reply, but bowed po- and started away. Johnston walked e flap of the tent with him, put his on the boy's shoulder and said, e of my 'friends' and your enemies e you don't think I'm a good sol-

e blood rushed to Ax's face and e he could speak, the general said, ncur in your opinion. But, Cap- the fox can't eat the hounds. We e fox. We must tire out the hounds e we turn on them. Good luck, my and God bless you."

per returned to the office to finish ing and Little Ax went to the Pearl swamp where his company was g. Two of the boys were playing ble-the-peg with their Bowies. They ooked old except Jim Dickson, the -blind sharpshooter. Jim, a Geor- had pink cheeks and friendly blue

HE company greeted Ax with shouts f familiarity. After almost three s of war, there was nothing gentle t them. They were profane and wild. ger and blood had rubbed their emo- to the quick and they snarled and ht like a pack of wolf cubs.

You boys had any rations?" Ax d.

Yep," Jim Dickson said. "Found a mule up the road last night."

Any left?" Ax was hungry.

Nope." Jim yawned and stretched. st meal I ever had, Ax. Cooked it elf."

barefoot boy with a saber scar across ace ambled up. "How are the Yanks, They're making a heap of fuss."

They'll take over Jackson tomorrow," said. "Johnston is falling back to ndon. We're going to escort the Jen- gses to the Alabama line. Starting at n."

He didn't have the heart to tell them it uld be their last sortie together.

The company suddenly was quiet. Re- t was painful. "Listen," Jim whis- ed. "Listen at them big grandpa guns. Uncle Billy is chunking ever'thing he's got at us."

"He's Shermanizing Jackson all right." Ax laughed hoarsely. "He's burning every railroad crosstie, every pigsty. He's killing every chicken, every stalk of corn. He's going all the way out this time, boys."

"There ain't but one reason I want to go to hell," Jim said softly. "Then I can meet Uncle Billy and settle a grudge."

JASPER'S wagon, overloaded, broke an axle just before they were ready to flee Jackson and by the time they got away Sherman's men had lowered the Confederate flag and raised the Stars and Stripes over the capitol. The Cradle Company was crossing Pearl River on a creaking ferry when Sherman ordered his engineers to throw a pontoon bridge across the stream so he could take the swamp road and push on to Brandon.

The Jennings party knew the Yanks were on their coattails, but they didn't discuss it. There was nothing they could do but drive on as fast as possible.

As the ferry buried its nose in the east bank of the Pearl, Jud laid his whip on Sodom. "Git along, slow poke. Else you'll be Yankee stew befo' sundown."

The mule's long ears shot forward and he lurched off of the ferry and onto the bank that Johnston's army had churned into a quagmire. The wagon hugged the swampy road; but, although Sodom did his best, the swamp mud gripped the wheels and the wagon always was in danger of sliding into a ditch. The soldiers pushed and tugged and Sodom worked himself into heaving exhaustion.

Ax sent Jim and three scouts back to the river to watch for the Yanks, and the wagon was nearing solid ground when Jim reported: "Uncle Billy's engineers are throwing a bridge across that river like they wus playing dominoes. Scouts'll be along t'reckly."

Little Ax glanced at Marge to see if she was scared. She was. So he smiled, hoping to reassure her. "All right, boys. Get the wagon into them woods and hide her. We'll all hide. Them scouts will work up the road a piece and if they don't see nothing, they'll go back."

They worked the wagon into a thicket and covered it with leaves and watched the enemy scouts move up the road, stopping often to eat berries and comment on the swamp. The Yanks soon satisfied themselves that the road was clear and they headed for the river.

The boys grumbled as they shoved the wagon back to the road. Jud had the easiest job, sitting on the seat and handling Sodom. Marge, to lighten the load, was walking in the mud beside Ax. Jud was mouthing and complaining, and no one paid any attention to him until Ax happened to hear the Negro say, "I ain't nothin' but a bat-brain looney, I reckon. But what I'm thinking is that if we have to bust a trace to git *one* little ol' frazzlin' waggin through heah, how's Uncle Billy gonna get his papa cannons and *grea' big* waggins through?"

Ax frowned up at Jud, then grinned slowly and called a halt. He whispered to Marge, "I didn't have my mind on soldiering. That's what I get for loving you so much."

The company gathered around and Jasper said, "What's eating you, son?"

"Jud just gave me an idea. It'll take Sherman a long time to get his army through this swamp."

"Sho it will," Jim said. "When they cross that pontoon bridge and hit the mud, they're gonna slip ever' whichaway. Gimme a slingshot and a claw hammer and I can hold that bridge until this wagon gets plum to Brandon. . . ."

He felt Ax's eyes turn on him. The whole company suddenly was electrified. "They can't come across that bridge but a few at a time," Jim mumbled. "Then they'll bog down. Here's our chance to give Uncle Billy a mess of hell. . . ."

"No!" Marge felt a surge of fear race through her body and she was dizzy. She forgot that the company was watching. "You can't fight the whole Yankee army. Just because the Cradle Company can't fight together any more is no reason why you should die together. . . ."

The words tumbled out. Ax's face was livid. "Hush, Marge. I won't have a woman making a fuss."

She recoiled from his words. It wasn't like Ax to forget his manners. Jasper started to protest, but Jim spoke first: "What does she mean, Ax?"

Little Ax's poise returned and he apologized to Marge and patted her hand. Then he faced his company. "I didn't aim to tell you yet a while, but I might as well. After this sortie, the company will be split into replacements."

"Then I'm going home," one of the boys said.

Ax kicked a charred knot from the road. "If I take you boys back to fight Sherman, some folks'll say I did it to make one last show-off. I ain't no sentimental soldier." His voice was cocky again: "I know when to run and I know when to fight. . . ."

"This is the time to fight," Jim said.

The company began feeling for their Bowies and adjusting their rifles.

Ax said, "We can tie Uncle Billy into a knot back yonder, and by the time he untangles it . . ."

"You'll all be dead," Marge said.

Ax ignored her. "By the time he gets free, this wagon'll be in Brandon. Johnston can use the time, too. He needs more defense if he aims to make a stand."

JIM DICKSON pushed his cartridge pouch to the small of his back, balanced his gun in the crook of his arm and started walking back toward the bridge. He was humming the old ballad, He's Gone Away.

The other boys fell in behind him. Ax stayed at the wagon until his company was beyond a bend. Then he told Jasper, "Keep moving, Mister Jennings. You'll make it. And if you see Johnston, tell him I'm giving the fox a chance to get a good head start."

The old man didn't reply, but got on the seat by Jud and looked straight ahead. He didn't want to see Ax kiss Marge goodby. Marge thought at the time, "There's nothing unusual about this kiss. Of course, every kiss is new. And there'll be more. I won't let on. I



Signed

with the proudest signature
in whiskeydom

Sealed

with the green stamp that stands for
the strictest whiskey standards in the
world

and
Delicious

with the fine rich flavor of
Kentucky straight bourbon
whiskey at its glorious best



Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.



TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey — only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.

wn't be afraid." Aloud, she said, "I'll be iting in Brandon, darling."

ud said, "Giddap, Sodom." The wagon ved off. Marge was sitting with her s dangling over the rear end of the gon bed. Ax waved and hurried down t road, his Bowie slapping his thigh, d soon Marge heard a chorus of boy- s voices:

"Oh, who will tie your shoes?
And who will glove your hands?
And who will kiss your ruby lips
when I'm gone . . . ?"

ITTLE AX deployed his men in the swamp and every soldier was in posi- n to cover the east end of the pontoon idge. So noiselessly had they moved at the guards at the bridge never eamed that the dreaded Butcher Boys ere hiding within pistol shot. At the far d of the bridge, Sherman's wagons and

NOT WANTED for the Duration



OCD DESERTER

Flighty girl volunteer who lets casual social dates interfere with her Civilian Defense duties

annon were massing. The first wagon as started across and soldiers walked by he four-mule team, slapping the ani- nals' legs to make them break step.

Jim chuckled when the wagon rolled off the bridge, churned in the muddy oad, then slipped into the ditch. A group anged around, cursing the mud. An fficer rode rapidly to the scene.

"Yonder comes a nabob." Jim brought his rifle to his shoulder, drew a bead. "He's mine. . . ."

"Wait." Ax pushed the gun down. "That officer will go back and report to Sherman. It'll kill that much more time."

Jim tilted his hat to the back of his head and peered at the officer. Because he was color-blind, Jim could see things other boys couldn't. "Hey, Ax." He fingered his gun again. "Aw, naw. It couldn't be. Uncle Billy wouldn't be inspecting a bogged-down wagon."

But it was Sherman. He took one look at the wagon, shook his head in disgust, gave some quick orders. Then he mounted and rode back across the bridge. The Yanks got the wagon back on the road and Ax told Jim, "Get the driver."

The man toppled from his seat. The mules lurched and a volley dropped them in their tracks. For a split second, the Yankees froze in amazement, then the survivors dived into the river. And before Sherman realized what had happened, the east end of the bridge was blocked by dead mules, dead men and an overturned wagon.

The vehicles on the bridge were trapped and the Cradle Company blasted them into sprawling heaps. A company of skirmishers raced across the bridge to clear a path, but a withering fire leveled them as a hurricane levels saw grass.

Even before the smoke had risen, however, Sherman was mapping his attack. Engineers, protected by skirmishers, hurried up and down the west bank and soon two more pontoon bridges were under construction. Sherman braced cannon against the west bank and raked the swamp.

Ax had expected such a maneuver. He sent detachments to harry the bridge builders. "You can't stop 'em. But you can slow 'em down. If Uncle Billy is half the soldier I think he is, he'll destroy this main bridge. For all he knows, Johnston may be fixin' to jump him."

Even as he spoke, a blast shook the bridge and it collapsed. Ax fixed a rendezvous half a mile back in the swamps. "We'll have to fall back. When they get them pontoons up, they can flank us."

It took Sherman two hours to get his pontoons across the Pearl and he lost more than a hundred men. But, with the river bridged, he sent a detachment of cavalry thundering across. A few Confeds tried to hold them back, but were cut down. The cavalry wheeled to the center, found the road and charged up it.

Little Ax, concealed in his rendezvous, waited until the horsemen were almost upon him before he ordered his men to fire. Bogging in the mud and fighting on a narrow road between two ditches, the cavalry never had a chance. They tried to charge into the swamp and find their tormentors, but their horses floundered. The Cradle Company picked them off as though they were crippled ducks. Many of them abandoned their horses and died in the slime with Bowie knives in their bellies.

A few escaped to report the slaughter. "It's downright queer," one of the men told Sherman, "but our men were either shot in their eyes or knifed in their bellies."

"The Cradle Company," Sherman said slowly. "Just young'uns. I taught some of those boys down in Louisiana." He wiped sweat from his eyes and sent for his artillery commander.

Little Ax and his company were cleaning their arms when a scout reported, whispered to the captain, and took his post. Carelessly Ax adjusted his hat. "Boys," he said flippantly, "Uncle Billy is getting cannon across the river. If we aim to run, now is the time to do it."

"I'm too tired to run," Jim said. "Besides, I'd as soon shoot artillerymen as hosses."

"I'd ruther," Ax said. "I like hosses."

THE company moved to the edge of the swamp and, hiding in the jungle, began picking off the gunners. Ax could see four cannon directly in front of him, and no more. He knew the herculean job of getting big guns across a stream and figured it would take the Yanks all day to place their batteries.

However, when there was no reply to his fire, he got curious and crawled almost to the river's edge for a good look, and gasped openmouthed at the spectacle. For as far as he could see, standing hub to hub, were cannon, and by each gun were two grizzled crews, erect at attention, heedless of the Confed sharpshooting.

Their cannon were stuffed with bits of iron and lengths of chain and they were ready to fire point-blank into the swamp at a hundred-yard range.

For the first time in his life, Little Ax felt the agony of fear. "Get out of here," he screamed to his men. But it was too late. An officer raised his arm, lowered it and the cannon bellowed in unison. Yellow and red flames belched, burning grass and drying the ground, while a tornado of flying chains and slugs combed the woods.

The blast threw Little Ax to his face and when he struggled to his feet, he saw Jim, his left arm dangling and his cheeks bleeding. Jim was as black as if he had been in a furnace. His clothes had been blown off and his hair had been singed to the roots.

A few other Confeds stirred, but most of them were still. Ax couldn't even recognize them. Dazed and half-blinded, he called to his comrades and they ran for high ground. The Yanks reloaded calmly and hurled another bolt into the woods. Trees were sliced as though by a saw and even big timber was chewed to bits. Again the gunners fired. Then all was still. Even the birds were dead, killed by concussion, and in the river, thousands of fish floated to the surface, their bellies to the sky.

Ax finally straggled to the crest of a ridge and looked around for his company. His hat was gone and his sash was in ribbons. His fingernails were black and his eyelashes were burned. Powder was buried in his face. He wanted to cry, but steeled himself. "We held 'em up," he muttered.

But little Jim Dixon was sobbing in pain and terror. "I don't want to go to hell, Ax. That was just big-mouth talk. I don't want to go there even to see Uncle Billy. I've been there, Ax. . . ."

MARGE'S kiss was still warm on his lips when Ax reported to General Johnston in Brandon. He had replaced his hat and sash but was no longer cocky. A great awe was upon him. The general said, "Muster your company, Captain. I want to congratulate them. You held up Sherman long enough for the fox to catch his wind."

Ax looked up into the commander's sad eyes, then stepped to the door of headquarters and called Jim Dixon and four other boys. "Here is the Cradle Company, sir. It has been disbanded."

Johnston turned away until he got a grip on himself. "The fox has got to run again, Captain. You and your company will take the Jenningses on through to Georgia."

Little Ax thanked him and started away. The general called him, but Ax, his left side toward his commander, didn't hear. The general called louder and Ax turned. "Yes, sir?"

Johnston spoke softly. Ax turned his right ear to the general. "Please speak a little bit louder, sir."

"I was just saying," the commander's tone was husky, "that I'm afraid that powder is in your face to stay. It's blasted in, son."

"Yes, sir. Sort of speckles me up." Ax was trying to be cocky again. He felt Johnston's solemn gaze and dropped his head. "Maybe it was meant for me to get marked." He said it humbly. "Maybe I was too proud."

He excused himself and was walking toward the wagon when Jim Dickson said, "You'll be all right, maybe, when we get to Georgia. That's home, Ax. We can have a good long rest. Ol' Uncle Billy will never make it that far."

THE END



USE *gentle* but *effective* Glyco-Thymoline. Help to heal and help to soothe irritated membranes that so often accompany ordinary sore throats and common colds. In use for 50 years . . . recommended and used by many physicians.



GLYCO-THYMOLINE

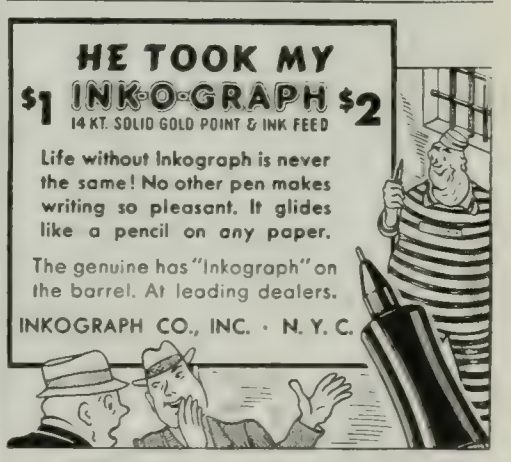
The fastest-selling items in any retail store are advertised in *MAGAZINES*

HE TOOK MY $1 INK-O-GRAPH $2
14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

Life without Inkograph is never the same! No other pen makes writing so pleasant. It glides like a pencil on any paper.

The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.

INKOGRAPH CO., INC. · N. Y. C.





Signed

with the proudest signature
in whiskeydom

Sealed

with the green stamp that stands for
the strictest whiskey standards in the
world

and
Delicious

with the fine rich flavor of
Kentucky straight bourbon
whiskey at its glorious best



Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.



National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.

TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey — only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

won't be afraid." Aloud, she said, "I'll be waiting in Brandon, darling."

Jud said, "Giddap, Sodom." The wagon moved off. Marge was sitting with her legs dangling over the rear end of the wagon bed. Ax waved and hurried down the road, his Bowie slapping his thigh, and soon Marge heard a chorus of boyish voices:

"Oh, who will tie your shoes?
And who will glove your hands?
And who will kiss your ruby lips
when I'm gone . . . ?"

LITTLE AX deployed his men in the swamp and every soldier was in position to cover the east end of the pontoon bridge. So noiselessly had they moved that the guards at the bridge never dreamed that the dreaded Butcher Boys were hiding within pistol shot. At the far end of the bridge, Sherman's wagons and cannon were massing. The first wagon was started across and soldiers walked by the four-mule team, slapping the animals' legs to make them break step.

Jim chuckled when the wagon rolled off the bridge, churned in the muddy road, then slipped into the ditch. A group ganged around, cursing the mud. An officer rode rapidly to the scene.

"Yonder comes a nabob." Jim brought his rifle to his shoulder, drew a bead. "He's mine. . . ."

"Wait." Ax pushed the gun down. "That officer will go back and report to Sherman. It'll kill that much more time."

Jim tilted his hat to the back of his head and peered at the officer. Because he was color-blind, Jim could see things other boys couldn't. "Hey, Ax." He fingered his gun again. "Aw, naw. It couldn't be. Uncle Billy wouldn't be inspecting a bogged-down wagon."

But it was Sherman. He took one look at the wagon, shook his head in disgust, gave some quick orders. Then he mounted and rode back across the bridge. The Yanks got the wagon back on the road and Ax told Jim, "Get the driver."

The man toppled from his seat. The mules lurched and a volley dropped them in their tracks. For a split second, the Yankees froze in amazement, then the survivors dived into the river. And before Sherman realized what had happened, the east end of the bridge was blocked by dead mules, dead men and an overturned wagon.

The vehicles on the bridge were trapped and the Cradle Company blasted them into sprawling heaps. A company of skirmishers raced across the bridge to clear a path, but a withering fire leveled them as a hurricane levels saw grass.

Even before the smoke had risen, however, Sherman was mapping his attack. Engineers, protected by skirmishers, hurried up and down the west bank and soon two more pontoon bridges were under construction. Sherman braced cannon against the west bank and raked the swamp.

Ax had expected such a maneuver. He sent detachments to harry the bridge builders. "You can't stop 'em. But you can slow 'em down. If Uncle Billy is half the soldier I think he is, he'll destroy this main bridge. For all he knows, Johnston may be fixin' to jump him."

Even as he spoke, a blast shook the bridge and it collapsed. Ax fixed a rendezvous half a mile back in the swamps. "We'll have to fall back. When they get them pontoons up, they can flank us."

It took Sherman two hours to get his pontoons across the Pearl and he lost more than a hundred men. But, with the river bridged, he sent a detachment of cavalry thundering across. A few Confeds tried to hold them back, but were cut down. The cavalry wheeled to the center, found the road and charged up it.

Little Ax, concealed in his rendezvous, waited until the horsemen were almost upon him before he ordered his men to fire. Bogging in the mud and fighting on a narrow road between two ditches, the cavalry never had a chance. They tried to charge into the swamp and find their tormentors, but their horses floundered. The Cradle Company picked them off as though they were crippled ducks. Many of them abandoned their horses and died in the slime with Bowie knives in their bellies.

A few escaped to report the slaughter. "It's downright queer," one of the men told Sherman, "but our men were either shot in their eyes or knifed in their bellies."

"The Cradle Company," Sherman said slowly. "Just young'uns. I taught some of those boys down in Louisiana." He wiped sweat from his eyes and sent for his artillery commander.

Little Ax and his company were cleaning their arms when a scout reported, whispered to the captain, and took his post. Carelessly Ax adjusted his hat. "Boys," he said flippantly, "Uncle Billy is getting cannon across the river. If we aim to run, now is the time to do it."

"I'm too tired to run," Jim said. "Besides, I'd as soon shoot artillerymen as hosses."

"I'd ruther," Ax said. "I like hosses."

THE company moved to the edge of the swamp and, hiding in the jungle, began picking off the gunners. Ax could see four cannon directly in front of him, and no more. He knew the herculean job of getting big guns across a stream and figured it would take the Yanks all day to place their batteries.

However, when there was no reply to his fire, he got curious and crawled almost to the river's edge for a good look, and gasped openmouthed at the spectacle. For as far as he could see, standing hub to hub, were cannon, and by each gun were two grizzled crews, erect at attention, heedless of the Confed sharpshooting.

Their cannon were stuffed with bits of iron and lengths of chain and they were ready to fire point-blank into the swamp at a hundred-yard range.

For the first time in his life, Little Ax felt the agony of fear. "Get out of here," he screamed to his men. But it was too late. An officer raised his arm, lowered it and the cannon bellowed in unison. Yellow and red flames belched, burning grass and drying the ground, while a tornado of flying chains and slugs combed the woods.

The blast threw Little Ax to his face and when he struggled to his feet, he saw Jim, his left arm dangling and his cheeks bleeding. Jim was as black as if he had been in a furnace. His clothes had been blown off and his hair had been singed to the roots.

A few other Confeds stirred, but most of them were still. Ax couldn't even recognize them. Dazed and half-blinded, he called to his comrades and they ran for high ground. The Yanks reloaded calmly and hurled another bolt into the woods. Trees were sliced as though by a saw and even big timber was chewed to bits. Again the gunners fired. Then all was still. Even the birds were dead, killed by concussion, and in the river, thousands of fish floated to the surface, their bellies to the sky.

Ax finally straggled to the crest of a ridge and looked around for his company. His hat was gone and his sash was in ribbons. His fingernails were black and his eyelashes were burned. Powder was buried in his face. He wanted to cry, but steeled himself. "We held 'em up," he muttered.

But little Jim Dixon was sobbing in pain and terror. "I don't want to go to hell, Ax. That was just big-mouth talk. I don't want to go there even to see Uncle Billy. I've been there, Ax. . . ."

MARGE'S kiss was still warm on his lips when Ax reported to General Johnston in Brandon. He had replaced his hat and sash but was no longer cocky. A great awe was upon him. The general said, "Muster your company, Captain. I want to congratulate them. You held up Sherman long enough for the fox to catch his wind."

Ax looked up into the commander's sad eyes, then stepped to the door of headquarters and called Jim Dixon and four other boys. "Here is the Cradle Company, sir. It has been disbanded."

Johnston turned away until he got a grip on himself. "The fox has got to run again, Captain. You and your company will take the Jenningses on through to Georgia."

Little Ax thanked him and started away. The general called him, but Ax, his left side toward his commander, didn't hear. The general called louder and Ax turned. "Yes, sir?"

Johnston spoke softly. Ax turned his right ear to the general. "Please speak a little bit louder, sir."

"I was just saying," the commander's tone was husky, "that I'm afraid that powder is in your face to stay. It's blasted in, son."

"Yes, sir. Sort of speckles me up." Ax was trying to be cocky again. He felt Johnston's solemn gaze and dropped his head. "Maybe it was meant for me to get marked." He said it humbly. "Maybe I was too proud."

He excused himself and was walking toward the wagon when Jim Dickson said, "You'll be all right, maybe, when we get to Georgia. That's home, Ax. We can have a good long rest. Ol' Uncle Billy will never make it that far."

THE END

NOT WANTED for the Duration

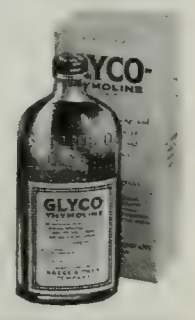


OCD DESERTER

Flighty girl volunteer who lets casual social dates interfere with her Civilian Defense duties

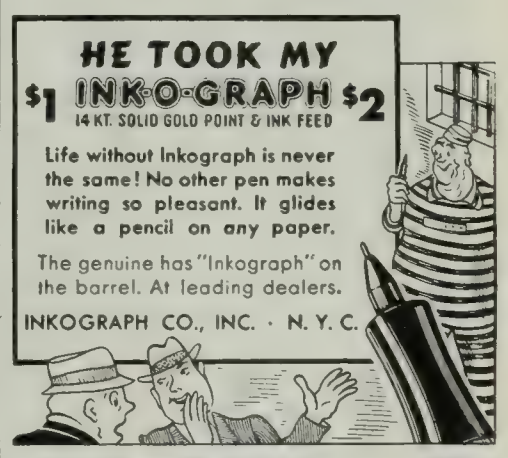


USE *gentle* but *effective* Glyco-Thymoline. Help to heal and help to soothe irritated membranes that so often accompany ordinary sore throats and common colds. In use for 50 years . . . recommended and used by many physicians.



GLYCO-THYMOLINE

The fastest-selling items in any retail store are advertised in MAGAZINES







U. S. gives 'em the stuff to make 'em tough!

Day in and day out, no army was ever as well fed as our own. U. S. soldiers get not merely good food, but scientifically planned menus, that include plenty of fresh milk.

And here, in many camps, Sealright milk bottle hoods play an important role. For they cover the entire pouring-rim of the bottle, preventing contamination by hands, ice or foreign matter. Nothing can touch the pouring-rim until the seal is broken—the outside of the rim stays as clean as the inside of the bottle.

Today, more than ever before, the emphasis is on sanitation. That's why, across the nation, Sealright hoods are helping to protect the No. 1 food of soldiers and civilians—milk.



SEALRIGHT CO., INC., Fulton, N. Y. *Mfrs. of sanitary paper food containers and closures.*

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 56

"I've found one develops almost neurotic suspicions when one's cut off from the facts."

Nick said, "I don't know of anyone else who would have notified you."

"By George, I don't blame you!" Cogswell said. "Particularly after this confounded censor in Singapore."

"I'm not thinking about the censor," said Nick. "I want to know about your inaccurate information."

"It's a long story," Cogswell said. "With many ramifications." The car halted at the hotel steps and he said: "I expect you're tired, just getting here. Why don't you take it easy today and we'll talk things over tomorrow?"

"I'm ready right now," Nick said. "I've got a lot of questions to ask you." He deliberately raised his voice and made it ugly: "Don't start. worrying about my health now."

Cogswell looked around to see if anyone on the terrace had overheard. *"Maskee,"* he said. "As we say in China, it doesn't matter. We might go to my apartment."

Cogswell had done well for himself. He was occupying one of the hotel's rare air-cooled suites, and Nick noted that he had a lot of baggage for a man who had been lost for so long in the war zone. On a dresser was a picture of Madame Vooren.

"You'll excuse me a moment?" Cogswell asked, ringing a bell. "In this climate, one needs so many changes of clothing each day." He gave the room boy half a dozen thin linen suits to be laundered.

When the boy had gone, Cogswell turned to Nick. "In my opinion," he said pleasantly, "it would be more profitable for you to forget the matter of your arrest in Singapore."

"What was your information?"

"My dear fellow, I explained to you that I was misled," Cogswell said.

"By whom?"

Cogswell said, "Really! I don't advise you to stir up the subject again. You'll only cause people to remember that you were once suspect."

"So what?"

"Confound it, mightn't that cause them to renew their suspicions?"

"Just what do you think you are getting at?" Nick said.

"I was merely proposing that it might be prudent to let well enough alone," said Cogswell. He opened his silver cigarette case and offered it to Nick.

NICK took a cigarette. He said, "And if I don't agree?"

"In China, we would say you are breaking your rice bowl."

"I haven't anything to be worried about," Nick said. "Only, you have."

"In my opinion, a man who was held by the British as a suspected enemy agent," said Cogswell, "and who has been accused of violating the censorship should be very careful about inviting further difficulties."

Nick said, "I'm inoculated against threats by now. See?"

"I am not making threats."

Nick said, "Okay. Then it's my turn."

"I'm sorry," Cogswell said, looking at his watch. "But I have an engagement for tiffin."

"I'll tag along," Nick said.

"I'm afraid you're not invited," Cogswell said, holding open the door for Nick.

"I'll make up my mind when I see your tiffin companions," Nick said. "I don't know exactly what you're up to here, but I'm going to find out. And when I act, I won't do it on inaccurate information."

"You're talking tripe," Cogswell said. "Who in the Indies will listen to you?"

"Betty Gaspard was right about you in Tokyo," Nick said. "She didn't trust you then and she doesn't trust you now; and she's here."

"Betty," Cogswell said in an amused voice. "This is becoming entertaining."

"Maybe it will entertain you to consider the commander in chief here," Nick said.

"I take General Ter Poorten very seriously."

Nick said, "General Ter Poorten is the honorary head of the Free French movement in the Indies. General Ter Poorten is a friend of Henri Gaspard."

Now Nick saw that Cogswell's color was rising. He added, "It wouldn't be very hard to get a hearing from Ter Poorten, once I had accurate information on an enemy agent."

Cogswell stopped. "I'll have to go back to my room for a moment." He held out his hand. "Do try to get some rest."

"Sorry," Nick said. "I still want to see your friends. I'll wait for you."

For the first time in his life, Cogswell was frightened. He told himself: This little upstart doesn't know a thing, but . . . his suspicions are nearly as dangerous as knowledge. It was a mistake to have permitted him to get out of Shanghai.

BACK in his rooms, Cogswell made another effort to reach Manis Vooren. He breathed deeply, finding her home, at last. She explained that she had been in Bandoeng. Cogswell told her that he had been, all this time, in the Philippines and lost, and he did not notice that she was not responsive. He said:

"Manis, my dear, I can't avoid tiffin with some stuffy but important Dutchmen. May I see you immediately afterward? I'll come to your home."

When he passed through the lobby on the way to the dining room, Nick rose from a chair.

"I your Japanese spy, please," Nick said.

Cogswell ignored him and entered the restaurant to join three stout Dutchmen who rose as he approached the table. Nick, watching him, thought: Well, I guess that will be enough for today. Cogswell had laughed at the mention of Betty's name; he had not laughed at that of Ter Poorten. Betty would be angered to learn that Cogswell was operating here. Let her tell the Free French what she suspected and they could pass it on to the Dutch.

Before he renewed his search for Betty, he would have to check in again at the RPD and press for broadcasting privileges. As he left the hotel, he told himself: After that, I'll devote myself to the Free French until they produce my girl. He did not trouble to look again at Cogswell's table.

But Cogswell was observing him. Cogswell had seated himself so that he had a view of the driveway.

The crimson-faced Dutchman on Cogswell's right was saying, "If your country will only send us enough planes, there's no question of our holding out." He halted, amazed, seeing Cogswell half rise and stare at a taxicab with a single passenger leaving the hotel grounds.

"I beg your pardon," Cogswell said without taking his eyes from the cab or Nick sitting in it.

He pushed back his chair and stood ect. "Do forgive me, gentlemen," he d. "My precious memory seems to ve failed me utterly."

The Dutchmen looked at him with ink faces.

"I altogether forgot an urgent meet- g," he said. "Do forgive me!" He wed.

The Dutchmen murmured politely and oked annoyed as Cogswell hurried out. signaled his chauffeur impatiently d gave him Madame Vooren's address. had never before seen her Batavia me. As long as he had known her, she d never wanted to go near it, not even oblige him when he had hoped for her mpany on his professional visits to va. The house was situated in the old rt of the city where the ground was wer, and heat hung heavy in the de- ession. It was unpretentious but it had air, a grassy lawn and a pillared porch ross its front.

Inside, it lacked her taste; you would ow it was a house she had not lived in r years and would not stay in longer an necessary. Then she came down the airs, and he forgot the house, his heart aping as it had upon seeing her in the rly days when life was simpler.

"I can't tell you how much I've missed u," he said. "It's like telling you that u're beautiful when I've told it to you often, and you never change."

Gregory was the one who had not anged, she thought sadly. She knew, soon as she saw him, that she would ver be able to hate him, even though e could no longer tolerate him.

She said, "You must not have been too ncomfortable in these past months. You ok as well as I've seen you for a long me."

Cogswell was puzzled by her tone. He id fretfully:

"My experience taxed me. Every now nd then I feel my heart beating un- venly. Confound it, something like that akes you feel your age."

He waited to hear her reassure him. ut she merely said, "I suppose it does."

THEN he remembered that she had always been a remote woman. On ther occasions particularly after his isits to the United States, he had been orced to rewoo her. After a few hours r, at the worst, a few days, he would e re-established. In the meantime, here was business.

He said, "Manis, my dear, would you ind it too precious inconvenient, if I be- ame your house guest for a time?"

She looked startled. "I am afraid I don't know what you have in mind."

"Two matters," he said. "The *Hôtel les Indes* is crowded with military mis- ions and all that sort of thing and, eally, I feel awkward, taking up a room when the space is wanted so much."

She murmured, "I've never heard you alk that way before."

"I expect I have more of a conscience about this than I had in China," he said. 'Secondly, my young assistant, if he is still my assistant, you remember, the Griggs chap?"

"I remember," she said slowly. "And he is here?"

"That young man has risen since I hired him. In fact, UBC fancies him a small-caliber hero because of his difficulties with the censorship in Singapore." He broke off to laugh ruefully. "I expect it's cork-brained of me to want genuflections from the home office after I've been incommunicado for so long. Nevertheless, Griggs is younger, I may as well confess it. He is blamed energetic, I may as well admit it. It irritates me even to be in the same hotel with him. I may as well admit *that*." He looked at her appealingly, feeling boyish and candid.

Madame Vooren said, "I am afraid I cannot invite you to stay here."

"Manis! Under the circumstances I've described, I trusted you'd be—should we say?—more hospitable."

"No, I'm obliged to be inhospitable," she said.

He watched her, perplexed, unable to read her face. Then it occurred to him that she felt ill at ease in Batavia where the old bitter memories of contests between the Dutch and the Nationalists were revived. That was it.

"I understand," he said. "I shan't press you."

HE TOLD himself that he would find quarters in another hotel. He disliked staying at second-rate places; it hurt one's prestige. Nevertheless, he could not risk encountering Nick constantly, or his threatened espionage. Then he caught Madame Voreen looking at him so wistfully that he decided he could safely make his other proposal.

He said, "I never thought you would come back here."

"Where else would I go?" she asked. "Now?"

He said, "It must crucify you to be here where your husband worked so untiringly to bring about freedom—and died so early he could not see his hopes fulfilled."

"I am often reminded of him," she said.

"If he had lived until this year," said Cogswell, "he would have been rewarded."

"What is this year, Gregory? On the Japanese calendar?" she asked.

"I don't know. What made you think of that?"

She said faintly, "I just remembered your telling me, ten years ago, I think, that it was the Year of the Ape. For the Japanese."

"You have a good memory," he said. "However, this year is the year of liberation. For the Indies."

"I have heard that before."

"Here?" he asked quickly.

"No. In China for the Chinese when the Japanese were murdering them."

"They handled themselves wildly there," he said. "Here, it will be entirely different—Manis, I want to talk about this to some of your husband's old friends and some of the younger Nationalists who have been active since his death."

"What do you want to talk about to them?"

"Time is short, my dear, or I would never trouble you about political matters, depend upon it. You must admit that I never have."

"You never have."

"It's imperative that I have a conference with some of them at once," he said. "Because I know how they feel about the Dutch—and how you feel—I took the liberty of inviting a few of them here to meet me."

"You invited them *here?*" she said, almost in a whisper. "Why?"

Now she exasperated him. She seemed slow-witted and unyielding. He said spitefully: "Really, Manis, being back here has restored the Dutch in you. You're becoming confoundedly cross-grained."

"You have not told me why you invited them."

He sighed. "To clarify matters for them," he said. "To reassure them."

"About the Japanese?" she asked calmly.

Cogswell told himself that she was more than exasperating; and time was vanishing. Then he remembered that

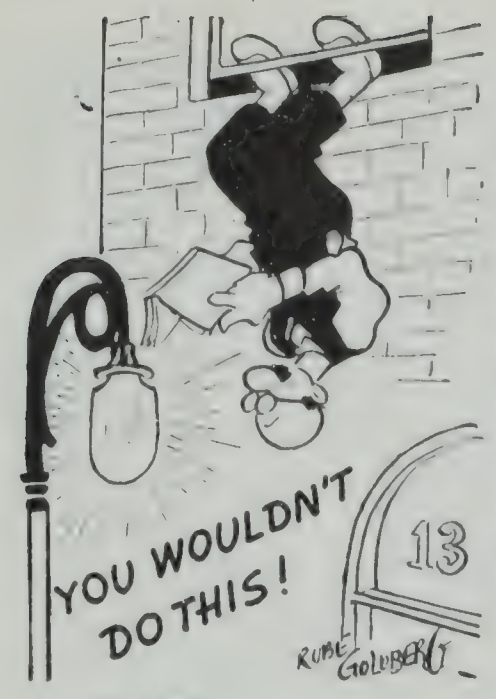
DISTINGUISHED

Tokens of Remembrance



EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL

Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



BUT... *lots of men go head over heels and buy expensive razor blades!* Why pay more...when 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used ... Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkeley today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

Consolidated Razor Blade Co., Inc., Jersey City, N. J.

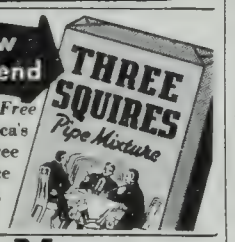
NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE **18 for 25¢**



★ *Buy* UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT *War Bonds and Stamps* ★

FREE! Great New Tobacco Blend

Postcard brings you *absolutely Free* generous sample-package America's Newest Smoker's Treat—"Three Squires Pipe Mixture" Reg. price 15c. Address "Three Squires", Dept. A, 191 4th Ave., N. Y. C.



When Your Eyes Are Tired DOTHIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

actually he had always dominated her. She had arranged her life at his pleasure. He had merely made his instructions appear to be requests.

"Very well," he said. "Have it your way."

"The Japanese?" she repeated.

"The Japanese," he said crossly. "After all, your native Nationalists have more to gain from them than I have."

"And you explained this to the men you invited here?" she asked.

"I shouldn't dream of mentioning anything like that over a telephone," he said. "I gave them a totally different reason." He paused, alarmed at the dead color of her face. "Manis, I am confiding in you in a fashion I never should have—I wouldn't want to burden you. But time is so short."

"I understand," she whispered. "Time is so short."

"I didn't dare to arrange such a conference elsewhere," he said impatiently. "And to have it here, in the home of the widow of a respected leader, lends luster." He looked at her sharply. "Are you listening?"

"At what hour is this meeting?"

"At five. Before the blackout," he said "I knew you would understand, my dear. If I had been able to reach you earlier . . ."

She rose. "I have some engagements I must keep," she said. "I'll be back soon. By four at the latest."

"Is it prudent to go out in the heat of the afternoon?" he asked.

"We are at war now," she said. "We don't observe the old precautions." At the doorway, she turned. "But perhaps you would like to lie down here while I'm gone."

"I believe I shall," he said. And he thought that, later, he could probably overcome her scruples. He would not be forced to go to a second-rate hotel, after all.

MADAME VOOREN walked rapidly until she was out of sight of her house. Time was so short, he had said; and she had agreed, unwilling to waste another minute in sending out for a taxicab. A few blocks away, she was fortunate to find a *pousse-pousse*. She directed the Javanese pedaler to the *des Indes*, confident that Cogswell would not follow her. He would sleep. Yes, let him sleep, she told herself.

The desk clerk told her that Mr. Griggs was either in the dining room or in the veranda café. She found him in a corner of the veranda, with Betty Gaspard. They were talking so intently, they were looking at each other so hungrily, that they did not see her until she was beside them.

Nick jumped to his feet; he nearly embraced her.

Betty said, "I looked for you at the airport, Madame Vooren. Madame Mauran and I took the late morning plane from Bandoeng."

"I took the early one," said Madame Vooren.

Nick looked around him. "All we need now is a tea dance," he said.

"And then you would be refused broadcasting privileges in Java, too," said Madame Vooren.

"They refused me, anyway," he said. "I got my last no from the RPD just a little while ago."

Betty said, "And so, he's going to Australia."

"Good!" said Madame Vooren. "You are going, too, are you not?"

"Remember? I told you, at first, I didn't want to be evacuated again," Betty said jubilantly. "Now, it's perfect!"

"Yes, you should be able to leave together." Madame Vooren turned to Nick. "Begin at the beginning and tell me about Singapore."

She looked as though she were listening attentively. No one would have supposed that, all the time he talked, she did not hear a word. Then she became aware of silence and realized he must have finished.

"You would not care to become a soldier?" she said.

"Sure," said Nick. "I probably will be, once I get home."

"I meant —" she paused. "It would not cost you an effort to kill?"

"Them?" Nick said. "It would be a pleasure."

"It must be different when you're in uniform," said Madame Vooren. "In the company of others. And with guns and orders. Even for peace-loving men."

"Well, I've never killed anything bigger than a snake," said Nick. "Only now, for my money, I wouldn't need a uniform or other men with me. A gun would be enough—with a Jap or a Nazi at the other end."

"And they would not need to be in uniform, either?" Madame Vooren asked.

"Heck, they could be in kimonos."

She said, "We dare not think of that kind of killing as murder, any more."

"I know what's troubling Madame Vooren," Betty said.

"Do you?"

"Why, it's what you told me about, isn't it?" Betty asked her. "The brigade. Or shouldn't even Nick know?"

"Nick may know," said Madame Vooren. "I told Betty that some of us women were being trained. Yes, Dutch and Indonesian women, and even I have learned how to handle firearms. So that we may defend our country and—if the worst should happen—stay on to win it back."

"Guerrilla work?" said Nick. "No wonder you asked me why I didn't join up."

"But that wasn't why." Madame Vooren stopped short.

Nick said, "Well, I can't figure what I'm going to do afterward, only first I want to get to Sydney and get a few broadcasts out of my system."

Madame Vooren rose. "I'm obliged to leave," she said. She put out her hand, withdrew it and added: "But I must not forget before I go. Do you know what year this is, in the Japanese calendar?" She fixed her eyes on Nick. "The animal for this year?"

NICK looked puzzled. "I never did know," he said. "The only year I ever heard of was the Year of the Rat. It's still the Year of the Rat, for all I know."

"Thank you," said Madame Vooren. She held out her hands to both of them. "Should we say goodby again? It is always so mournful."

"Well, we can't get a boat immediately," said Nick.

"I know," said Madame Vooren. "But I return to Bandoeng this evening. I haven't yet completed my training."

"All the same, we'll see you again, won't we?" said Betty.

"Perhaps," said Madame Vooren and she added in a strained voice, "Although time is so short."

At her home, Cogswell was dozing on the sofa. Before she roused him, she went into the kitchen and told her c servant to go home for the day. Co well, waking, was annoyed that there no one to press his wrinkled jacket.

"Surely, it's more discreet to have one else here," said Madame Voor "While your . . . conference takes plac

"I expect you're right." He looked his suit. "Do I look too disgraceful?"

"I shouldn't worry about it."

He walked to the windows. "Ma you'll attend this, won't you?" he s suddenly. "In fact, at the proper n ment, you might say a few words. I not too confident that any of these n coming here understand the situatio

"What is the situation?"

"Please, Manis, don't be so difficul

She said, "You want me to tell th that the Japanese will bring liberation the Indies? That's what you want me tell them?"

"Yes," he said furiously. "That's wh I want you to tell them."

BEFORE she could speak, the clan of the air-raid siren filled the roo "Trial alert?" Cogswell asked throu the noise.

"I don't know."

"I'll look." He walked out o the lawn. She could see h through the windows, shading eyes, looking up at the sky, back to her.

He was still in the same positi when she returned from her b room, the rifle she had learned use held behind her. She kept behind her back, standing at t windows, watching him. She tr to remember everything that N had said, a little while ago. She tried remember everything Cogswell could ready have done. She did rememb what he planned to do. But, watchi him, she knew she would have to w until he faced her.

Now he called to her but did not tu "By George! It's the real thing. It's raid, Manis!"

She answered: "Is it? I'll come out see."

"You stay inside!" he shouted and s did not turn.

She came out slowly. There was one on the street, no one near by; o Cogswell, with his back to her, shadi his eyes. She said, approaching h "Japanese planes?"

"Go back in! Don't be so confound brave!" he said angrily and turned.

"I am braver than you know," sa Madame Vooren, and she shot a then watched, sick, as he staggered.

Then, still holding the rifle and nev turning to look back at him, she ma her way to the beehive air shelter, t blocks beyond. There were explosio now that she could hear, some of the distant, some very close. Before she e tered the shelter, she thought of the ri and dropped it.

She said aloud, in a voice of ice, have killed my first enemy."

The raid was brief and brutal. Aft the all-clear, Nick and Betty left the hot shelter to hasten toward Madame Vo ren's house. The damage was said to l heavy in the old part of the city a where she lived. Now the streets we crowded once more, it was impossible hire a cab or a ricksha or a *pousse-pous* or a donkey cart. They stood on t steps of the canal and held up the thumbs until a Dutch civil servant obli ingly gave them a lift in his car.

The façade of Madame Vooren house had been ripped off. The room laid open, like a doll's house, looke curiously intact. On the lawn, in fron Javanese police were digging a body o of the rubble. Betty looked away an Nick said:

THE ACHING VOID

In Providence's face we fly
Whenever we complain or sigh
Of days or dinners that are meatless
When half the world is going eatless.

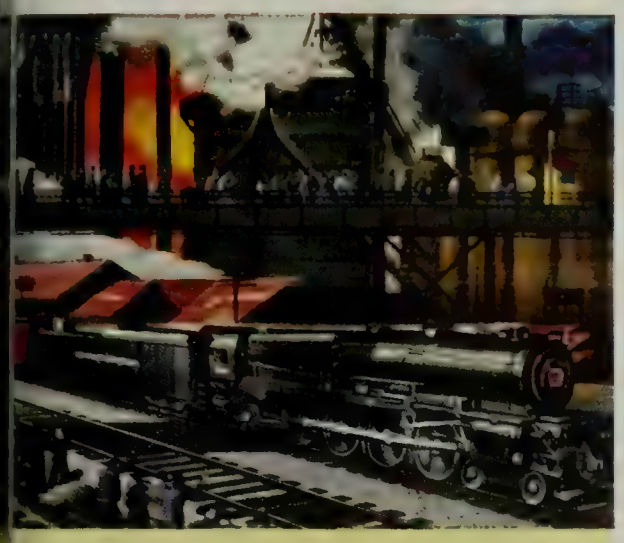
MARGARET FISHBACK

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



Report to the Nation . . .

A year ago, when Japan struck at Pearl Harbor, some people had misgivings about the railroads. They knew the railroads had been through twelve tough years . . . that they had about 25 per cent fewer freight cars and locomotives than in 1929. Yet they were being called on to shoulder the weight of the greatest armament program in American history, if not in the world. Now, what does the record show? Briefly summarized, it shows this . . .



Today railroads are delivering 110,000,000 tons of freight a month, the greatest tonnage in their history—an average of 3,600,000 tons a day—every day. Most of it, materials for war.



To keep industry going at top speed and homes warm and comfortable, the railroads have hauled 1,600,000 tons of coal a day—a greater load even than in busy peacetime days.



Although loaded down with huge war tonnages, the railroads were on the job, as usual, in the harvest fields to move all the grain and agricultural crops offered them for shipment.



Called in to "pinch hit" for oil tankers, railroads are rushing to homes, motorists and industry of the East over 800,000 barrels of petroleum daily—a feat hailed by the government.



Three times as many troops were moved in the first 10 months by train as in the same period of the last war—8,000,000. And this doesn't include soldiers traveling on leave!



Yet despite this unprecedented war load, the railroads continue to serve home needs smoothly and efficiently—they are carrying foods and commodities for all America!

One question still remains unanswered. How could the railroads do so much with so little? In the "lean" years they replaced the old with new . . . larger, more powerful locomotives . . . bigger freight cars . . . revolutionary automatic operating systems . . . modernized railroad methods on a wide scale. Pennsylvania Railroad alone spent nearly $670,000,000 in improvements. So, thanks to the courage and vision of railroad management, Uncle Sam had at his command practically a new railroad system when the call came . . . "keep 'em rolling!"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

. . . — BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Are you one of those men who've been toying with the idea of getting an electric shaver? Then here's a friendly tip:

Better do it now!

For, the only Schicks in dealers' hands today are those we built before our factory started on its all-out war production job. And, when you *do* buy an electric shaver, you naturally want to get the best—a Schick!

The famous 2-M Head is the "works" of a Schick Shaver. It actually *arches* the skin surface so the whiskers will stand up on end. Then, along comes the Flying Shuttle Shearer and whisks them off from both directions—with the speed of 14,000 cutting actions per minute! *That* gives you just about the quickest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever faced!

To take care of our *old* customers we've built up a backlog of 2-M Heads and replacement parts—enough to last for a long, long time.

Above you see pictured the handsome Schick Colonel—styled in rich ivory plastic and powered by the speedy "Whiskwik" motor that works on both AC and DC.

It's all yours—for only $15*. Get it today. Use it for 2 weeks. If you'd part with it *then*—take it back and your dealer will refund every penny.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

**Slightly higher in Canada*

★★★



"I discovered a short cut from the time clock; it only took me twenty minutes to get to my machine this morning!"

COLLIER'S F. WILKINSON

Any Week

Continued from page 4

have. Mr. Herman Styler of New York ty reports that he was riding in a owded elevator in the Public Library. eisurely, as befits a Public Library ele- tor, it was descending from the third or. At the second, several people rted to get off, changed their minds, owded in again. Also, several people rted to get on, found themselves armed under by the first group, and cided to take the stairs. The operator, dignified gentleman, waited patiently hile his passengers sorted themselves t and made up their minds. Then he osed the doors, turned to his passen- rs and in a measured, academic voice oke: "Pardon, but which way were we ing? Up or down?"

LSO, we're notified by Mrs. Nina E. atkins of Mena, Arkansas, that there a restaurant in that state which is ware of sugar rationing and wishes its stomers to be equally abreast of the mes. The proprietor has hung a large gn over his counter: Use one lump of gar and stir like hell. And Miss Ade- ide Tinger of Mobile, Alabama, as- ures us that when she recently inquired a very small boy how his ailing father as, the lad replied, "He is fine ma'am. le has varicose brains." In the same rncrib, we include the story of the raftee who never quite managed to eep in step. At least a dozen of you ave told us about him and we're in- luding it, hoping it's the last we'll hear f it. Well, the platoon sergeant did his est to get the kid off on the right foot nd keep him there. But eventually he gave up. When a new lieutenant spoke about it, the sergeant said: "Well, I've tried. All he says is that he'll get to wherever we're going as soon as the rest of us."

TO OUR editorial, Hurray for Georgia, wherein we extended our congratulations to that state for refusing to re-elect Gene Talmadge to the governorship, we have a reply from Mr. Ellis Arnall, who will succeed Gene. He appreciates the editorial and says, "We will try not to let you down. Georgia is a great state and I hope that during the next four years, by forthright conduct on the part of its officials, we will remove the stigma inflicted upon Georgia by disreputable government."

WE'VE just seen off a friend who was going to Fathers' Day exercises at his son's school. It's a nice school and rather prides itself on its fathers. Before he boarded the train, our friend showed us a letter he had just received from his boy at the school. It was brief: "Dear Father," wrote the lad. "I will be glad to see you. Please wear a dark suit and try not to make any cracks while here. Cordially, your son."

AND from Mr. Eli Frosen of Washington, D. C., comes word that unless something definitely victorious falls to the lot of our Armed Forces soon, Mr. Frosen is going to ask some congressman to introduce a bill "to empower the President to appoint our congressmen and let the people elect the generals." . . . W. D.

"Good old car... Nice old car"



And don't call it a jalopy. It's a decent, self-respecting American family car—with a long life ahead of it, we hope.

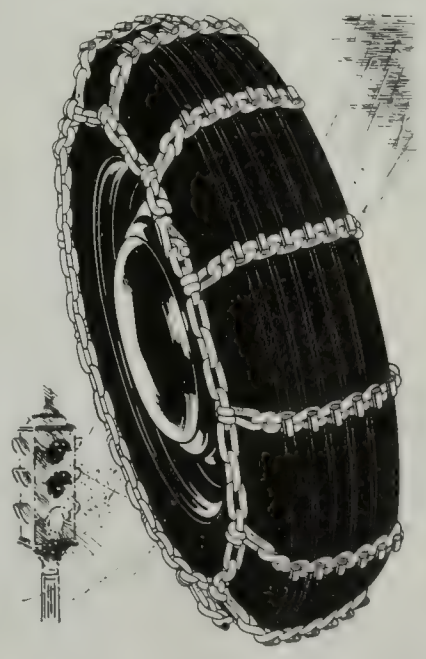
We're taking better care of it than any of our previous cars, and we're driving it ever so much more carefully. We're almost nursing it along. Not that we're entirely sentimental—we're just smart.

What with gas on coupons and tires on priority, we all want Weed Tire Chains this winter to prevent waste of both gas and rubber. We've wasted a lot of gas trying to get through snow on bare spinning tires. And as to rubber! We've ground off plenty trying to catch traction when we should have used Weeds. But not any more.

So what is the best buy in tire chains? It's the Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains whose special features give more than double the mileage. That saves a lot of steel, too. Next in popularity is the Weed Regular, standard of value for 39 years.

The Weed Americans are bar-reinforced across every contact link. It is this bridge of steel which accounts for the longer wear.

If you have a pair of serviceable Weed Chains in your garage, let your service station examine and if necessary recondition them. The Weed Chain factory is making tire chains for every type of Army vehicle and the supply available for civilian use is necessarily limited.



But do it now—get ready before you run into snow and ice—either with used Weeds reconditioned, or new ones.

AMERICAN CHAIN DIVISION
York, Pa., Boston, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco

AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, *Inc.*
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

In Business for Your Safety

WEED AMERICAN
BAR • REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS

The League Lives On

By C. G. Hambro

CHAIRMAN OF THE SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

War made the League of Nations an orphan, and Japan's vicious enslavement through narcotics made a mockery of its most constructive program. But the League carries on, here and in Canada, preparing for the work of salvage that lies ahead

BECAUSE there isn't much in the papers nowadays about the League of Nations, most people think the so-called Great Experiment has blown up. Yet in spite of the fact that it could not be better or stronger than the governments constituting its membership, and that it was unable to preserve peace, the League is still very active and far from a failure. And it may perhaps be news to you that the League of Nations is functioning not only or mainly from Geneva but also from offices in Montreal, Quebec; Princeton, New Jersey; and Washington, D. C.

Not the least of its current work is the continuing general supervision of agreements regarding the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs. With a war on, the importance of this activity has been greatly increased. First, however, let's take a look at the League and see how it has weathered the past few stormy years.

The 1942 list of members contains 46 names. In addition to the full members, there are Brazil and the United States. The former is a signatory power to the opium conventions; the latter is also a supporter of every antinarcotic activity. Both are members of the International Labor Organization, Brazil also adhering to the Permanent Court of International Justice. Of the 46 countries, 26 are at war, 19 are more or less neutral, and the other is Bulgaria. Of the 26 warring countries, 22 belong to the United Nations.

The only member states actually fighting against the ideas embodied in the Covenant of the League are Finland and Rumania which, like Denmark, Thailand and Bulgaria, have not paid any contribution to the League since they came under Axis dominance. The other states, however, continue to pay dues. Despite financial difficulties and the tremendous strain under which their treasuries are working, Great Britain, India, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand have paid their contributions promptly this year. Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Yugoslavia—all these invaded and occupied countries contribute to the League budget.

It is true that, for a number of reasons, the Assembly and the Council of the League of Nations have not met since December, 1939. Perhaps that is why the League has not been front-page stuff since then. But in 1938 the Assembly and the Council of the League acted with foresight and established an emergency order so remarkably efficient and elastic that the League has been able to carry on. The Assembly, on September 30, 1938, delegated its financial and administrative powers to the Supervisory Commission, or, technically speaking, to the secretary general and the director of the International Labor Office, who were empowered to make all decisions, including financial regulations, "acting with the approval of the Supervisory Committee."

Committee Session in Montreal

These powers were renewed by the League Assembly in December, 1939, and for nearly three years, the Supervisory Committee has acted for the Assembly and for the Council. At a full session in Montreal in August, the committee adopted the League budget for 1943, so that automatically, at the end of this year, the treasurer of the League will send the state members their bill for next year's contribution.

The committee met in Montreal because Geneva is no longer the main working center for League activities. When Holland and Belgium were overrun in the summer of 1940 and France was invaded, Geneva was no longe very healthy spot for international w and there was a reasonable fear Switzerland might be attacked at any ment. Some very good and bro minded friends of the League in country then took an initiative that remain bright in League history.

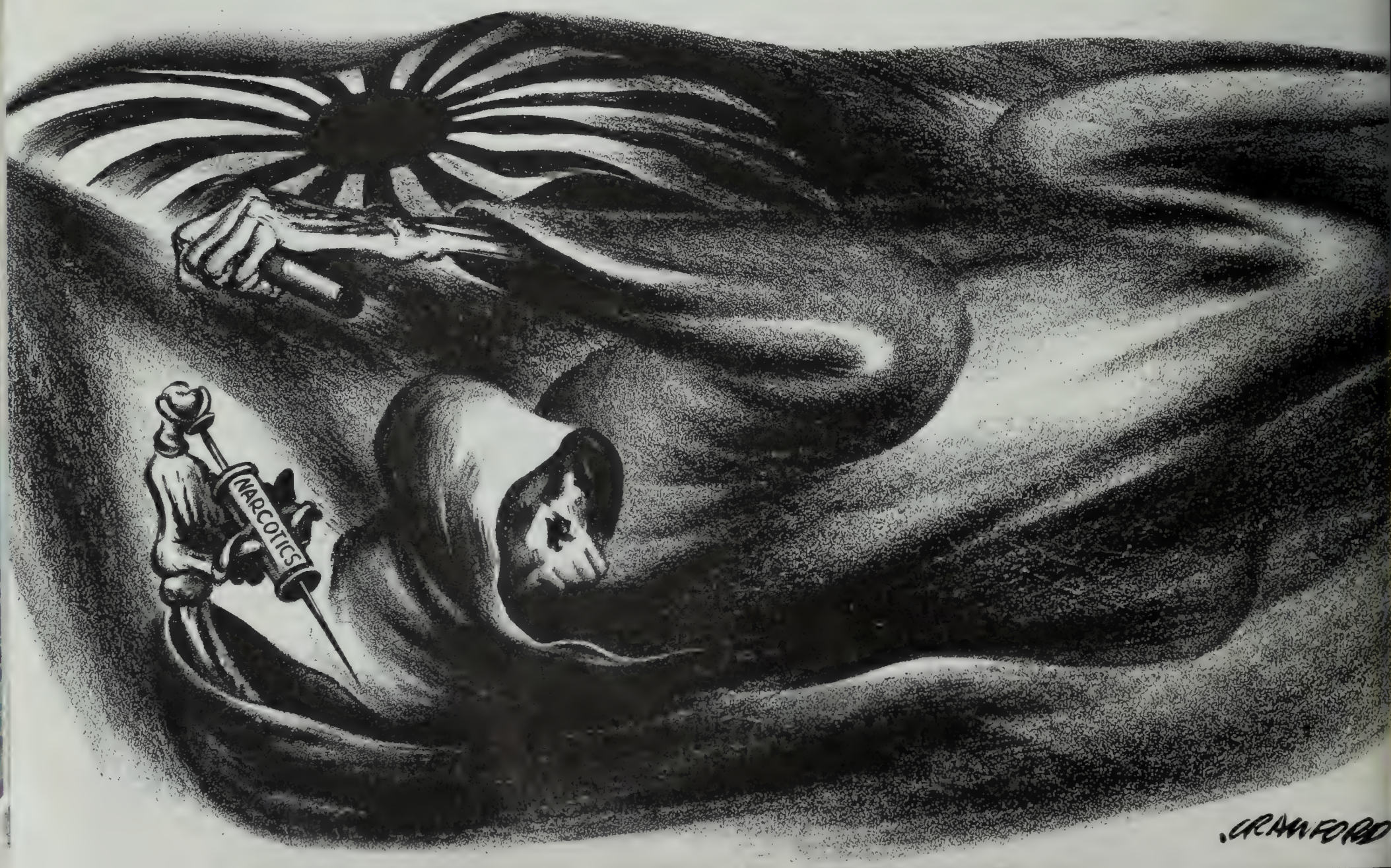
The Institute of Advanced Study Princeton, New Jersey, Princeton U versity and the Rockefeller Institute Medical Research sent an invitation the League of Nations to move all nonpolitical sections of the League retariat to Princeton for the duration the war. After a good deal of hesitati this invitation was accepted and, w great difficulty, Doctor Alexander Lo day, the director of the economic, fin cial and transit departments of League Secretariat, succeeded in gett out of Geneva with his staff to estab his headquarters at Princeton bef Christmas, 1940.

At about the same time, John G. nant, now U. S. Ambassador to Lond then director of the International La Organization, accepted an invitat from McGill University, Montreal, establish the Labor Office in Cana

(Continued on page 92)

Japan's inhuman use of narco as a weapon against western c lization dates back to her re diation of the League of Nati

CARTOON BY WILLIAM CRAWFORD





Who says you can't get a good Dry Martini?



WE MAKE SIX POPULAR KINDS

Dry Martini, 71 proof
Martini, 60 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof
Side Car, 60 proof
Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Daiquiri, 70 proof

It may be getting harder by the minute to obtain the best ingredients, but CHEER UP—*you can still get a good Dry Martini, the Heublein way.* Here in this famous botherless bottle are mellow marvels, made with genuine Milshire Gin—*the rare and precious pot-still gin*—and the world's finest vermouth for Dry Martinis!

Already mixed and ready to serve—in the best tradition of the bar. *No waste* . . . any left in the bottle keep perfectly. *Neither love nor money* can buy better ingredients or make a better cocktail! Order a bottle, or a case, from your liquor store—today!

FREE—We have a recipe booklet of good and clever cocktail snacks that many people rave about. Address Box C . . . G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

ALWAYS READY · ALWAYS RIGHT

Milshire Gin used is 90 proof, distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.



MISTER RIGHT

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

SECOND LIEUTENANT JIMMY WRIGHT—"Mister Right" to all the crew—crouched behind his navigator's table as the bomber floundered and zigzagged in an erratic course, dodging the storm's perilous front. For an instant, a lick of blue lightning illuminated the whole tumbled chaos of the clouds. Then the ship flipped over helplessly on her nose, and the pilot had to haul the stick clear back into his lap to level her off again.

Jimmy checked his compass and chronometer. Out of the corner of his eyes, he could see the radioman fumble with his set, shake his head hopelessly: "Dead as a smelt. Must have been the lightning." The tail gunner beside him swallowed his Adam's apple with an effort. They were scared, he saw—badly scared. The pilot looked back at them and grinned and made a quick "O" with his thumb and forefinger; the Air Forces gesture of okay, everything's jake, it's going to be all right.

Jimmy didn't grin back. He was scared, too; sick with fear, fear that he was wrong. Fear that they would find out that he was wrong. . . .

A vertical current caught the plane and shook it like a terrier. Jimmy worked feverishly, jotting down each new heading as they veered to duck the storm. He had to keep track, had to be ready to give the right course when they got clear of the storm. They were all depending on him, he knew; and he wasn't sure. For the first time in his life, Mister Right wasn't sure. He hadn't been able to get an accurate drift reading for over an hour.

The interphone clicked: "Navigator from pilot: Got a reading? Gas is getting low."

He tried to stall a little, hoping for a break in the clouds, a glimpse of a star, anything. He said indiscreetly, "Pilot from navigator: Ought to be about over Ellsworth, according to my D. R."

The pilot answered, "I'll go down to a thousand. Maybe there'll be an opening."

Jimmy felt the ship begin to nose down, and his palms grew moist inside his clenched fists. He knew what it meant if he were wrong—they would ditch him when they got back, and take on another navigator.

He spread his fingers agonizingly at the thought, and clenched them again. More than anything in his life, he wanted to be one of the big bomber's nine-man team. That was why he had joined the Air Forces, so he could belong to a team like that. That was why he had put in for navigator; he'd always been good at math, he was painstakingly accurate—that was how his nickname first got pinned on him—and he figured it was his one sure way to be outstanding, to be accepted as a member of a Fortress crew.

But things weren't panning out. He was a member of this crew, and yet he wasn't one of them. They were polite, respectful—and cold. He couldn't understand why they were cold. He had worked so hard to be right; and still they seemed almost resentful. It had been the same back in school: he had gone out for manager of football, had lugged waterbuckets and scraped muddy cleats and never overlooked a detail, and later the coach had congratulated him in front of the whole team and said he didn't know what they'd have done without their Mister Right. And the others had snickered.

Mister Right. The nickname had followed him all the way out here. They were very courteous, but behind his back he knew he was still Mister Right, with the same slurring emphasis. They never took him into their confidences, never asked him to join them in a poker game or drop downtown at night for a beer. There was this barrier between them, a barrier he could feel but couldn't break down. At meals he said, "Good morning, Lieutenant Wright." They didn't say, "Hiya, Jimmy, kid, squeeze in here." They acted as though he weren't human, almost.

The big bomber was leveling off again; he watched the altimeter needle drop to a thousand feet, and then a sudden flash of lightning showed a gap in the clouds below them. His heart seemed to stop. Through the hole, incredibly, he saw a waste of lashing green water, the huge offshore rollers of the Pacific. The pilot's voice over the interphone was curt: "Navigator from pilot: Where are we?"

IT HAD happened at last. Now it was all over. It was the end of everything, he told himself. Mister Right was washed up; Mister Right was wrong. He said, in a voice that was barely audible, a thing he had never said before in his life, "Pilot from navigator: I don't know . . ."

He looked dully at the fog; and then, incredibly, he heard the pilot's reassuring voice: "Okay, Jimmy. Keep working. We'll find it somehow."

He repeated it to himself wonderingly. Jimmy: we'll find it . . . okay. . . . He couldn't believe he had heard right. He was wrong; and yet he was still part of the team. He was more than that: suddenly he was one of them now. Still he couldn't understand. The radioman tapped his arm, pointed eagerly at a star, a star shining through a break in the fog. Why, they were all working for him, pulling for him now. He jumped to the window with his octant, took his reading 46° 50′. One other star, he prayed; one more star, and he could get a fix. He watched through the window, tense. The tail gunner nudged him: "How about a slug of coffee?" He took a grateful swallow from the paper cup, set it down hurriedly. Off to the right, an orange star winked briefly. Arcturus, he was pretty sure. He jotted down its elevation, noted the chronometer, thumbed through his celestial almanac. . . .

Something warm seemed to be coursing through his veins. It wasn't the coffee; it was blood. He was not a machine any more. He was a human being. That was the way they thought of him now. Maybe that was why they had resented him before; maybe, he thought, there's such a thing as being too right. He was beginning to understand. The radioman was grinning across the aisle at him; the tail gunner rested a hand on his shoulder and bent over him, watching his work. He felt the weight on his shoulder, and he heard in a vibrant voice he had never heard himself use before in his life, "Pilot from navigator: New course zero-nine-zero. Rainier dead ahead in about ten minutes."

"Navigator from pilot: Roger."

The big bomber banked to turn, the motors throbbed. And then, all at once, the intercom turned into a party line, eight excited voices seemed to crowd it at the same time, he heard the pilot's highly unorthodox shout, "Hot damn!" They had run out of the fog abruptly; ahead of them, like a station cloud above the clouds, the peak of Rainier shone in the moonlight, pointing the way.

The tail gunner was thumping him on the back eagerly. Across the aisle the radioman called, ". . . and from now on, it's Mister Wrong!" The pilot turned and grinned at him over his shoulder.

Jimmy couldn't say anything. He could only grin back, and make an "O" with his thumb and forefinger, the Air Forces gesture of okay, everything's jake.



OWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 13

nanovich, Alabama. Back: Sinkwich, Georgia.

SOUTHWEST

Gregory

Tackle: Mauldin, University of Texas. Backs: McKay, University of Texas; Nix, T.C.U.

SOUTH

Keeler

Guards: Hardy, Georgia Tech; Ramsey, William & Mary. Center: Domnanovich, Alabama. Back: Sinkwich, Georgia.

BIG SIX AND MISSOURI VALLEY

McBride

Backs: Steuber, University of Missouri; Evans, University of Kansas; G. Dobbs, University of Tulsa.

PACIFIC COAST

H. B. Smith

Ends: Ferguson, California; Beals, Santa Clara. Guard: Taylor, Stanford. Center: Harrison, University of Washington. Backs: Waterfield, U.C.L.A.; Kennedy, Washington State; Fellows, Fresno State.

Varnell

Ends: Ferguson, Washington State; Susoeff, Washington State; Beals, Santa Clara. Guard: Taylor, Stanford. Center: Harrison, Washington. Backs: Waterfield, U.C.L.A.; Kennedy, Washington State; Roblin, Oregon; Jurkovich, California.

The Centers

Four centers led the field. They were Domnanovich, Alabama's captain and three-year star, Naumetz of Boston College, Pregulman of Michigan and Harrison of Washington. Alabama's powerful defense this season against all running plays was due largely to Domnanovich, who passed perfectly all year and was a power on defense. "Domnanovich's play against Georgia and Georgia Tech was as fine as anything I have ever seen," says Frank Thomas, Alabama coach.

Naumetz, Pregulman and Harrison were far above the average, and so was Moseley of Yale.

The Guards

The decision on the selection of guards was just as close. Among the leaders were Houston of Ohio State, Franks of Michigan, Hardy of Georgia Tech and Taylor of Stanford. Houston and Franks were given the nod, although Hardy of Georgia Tech got strong recommendations from all who played against him. Hardy was a member of a strong Tech line, one of the best in the country. Taylor was one of Stanford's best men. It was not easy to stand out in that forward wall.

The Tackles

As usual, there was a scarcity of outstanding tackles. Tackle consistency is rare. The aggressive ones often get mousetrapped, while the unaggressive ones are too often merely dead weight. In the leading list we have Wildung, Minnesota's big captain; Olds, the night-flying star in a strong Army line; Wistert, one of Michigan's best for three years and highly rated by Fritz Crisler; Csuri of Ohio State, and Mauldin, the big, fast 215-pounder from Texas. It must be admitted there is no decisive choice here. Wildung has been a Minnesota star for three years. He was close to making the All-America a year ago. Wistert's three-year record has put him close to Wildung. Olds had to face unusual handicaps. It isn't so simple to be in the sky after midnight, to be up before dawn, to carry on a hard day's schedule, and then play football. Olds more than met all qualifications. Red Blaik, Army coach, and Andy Gustafson, Blaik's assistant, rate Olds high up in line play, both on offensive and defensive.

The Ends

The two end places brought out some keen stretch running. As a starter there was Currivan of Boston College—big, fast, alert. Currivan is a deadly blocker, a savage tackler, a high-class operator on the receiving end of a pass. Just back of Currivan we have Schreiner of Wisconsin and Dove of Notre Dame.

The latter are two of the best ends that football has known in some time. Both were stars last season. Dove was smart all year—and so was Schreiner. In a final checkup the Badger entry made the grade with only a half-stride to spare. Wisconsin was one of the cou[n]try's strongest teams, playing one of the game's hardest schedules. The rac[e] between Schreiner and Dove was a p[hoto] finish.

The Backs

It is always in the backfield that the scramble reaches its high point. [Here] can be seen and checked and follo[wed] where linemen can't. When the s[eason] opened there was a record numb[er] of great backs. Injuries cut many of [them] down. At the finish we had Hillenb[rand] of Indiana, Holovak of Boston Co[llege], Sinkwich of Georgia, Governali of [Co]lumbia, Glen Dobbs of Tulsa and C[ox] berry of Georgia Tech up aroun[d the] front.

In addition to these there was F[ord] and Sarringhaus of Ohio State, Hirs[t] Wisconsin, Craft of Alabama and W[ood] field of U.C.L.A. Hillenbrand, pi[cked] as the best back in the fast-moving [Big] west, was placed at quarter. He i[s] diana's signal caller, as well as a [great] passer and ball carrier. Holova[k], combination fullback and halfback, active, crushing powerhouse, was w[ell] front at fullback. Sinkwich, a three-[year] star, Georgia's main hope all ye[ar] passer and ball carrier, took over the

Richard Wildung, tackle, University of Minnesota. Home, Luverne, Minn. A three-year star chosen over Michigan's Wistert

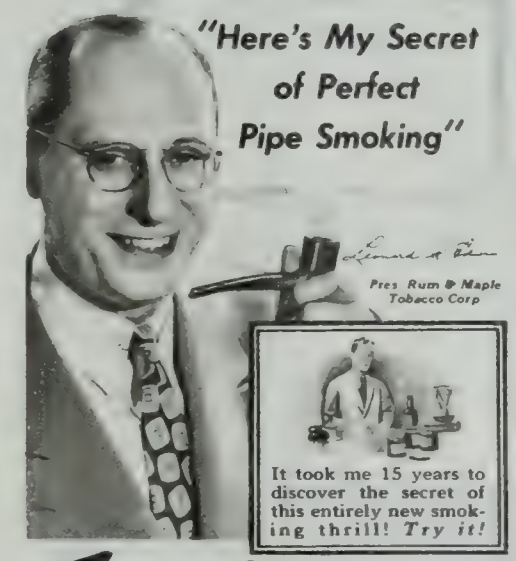




The gift of good taste . . . with comfort and quality features he'll appreciate. Formfit tailoring . . . Sanforized fabrics . . . Adamized collars . . . the smartest of new patterns.

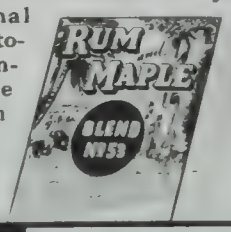
At Better Men's Shops Everywhere

ADAM SHIRTS
A DIVISION OF
ADAM HATS, New York City



FREE! SEND TODAY FOR SAMPLE

The secret of Rum and Maple distinction lies in the exclusive blending process by which I combined four carefully aged tobaccos (one of which is rare Syrian Latakia) with mellow imported Jamaica Red Heart Rum and pure Vermont Maple . . . producing an extremely mild, fragrant smoke completely unlike anything else you've ever tried. So clean and aromatic it's a sure hit with everyone — even the ladies! Ask your dealer for Original Rum and Maple today — or for a generous free sample package—write Rum and Maple, Dept 4C, 191 — 4th Avenue, New York City.



RUM and MAPLE
PIPE MIXTURE

Ideal Xmas gift for men in the service is this grand tobacco in a handsome and distinctive Rum Barrel Humidor Package.

HOENIX... a good name
ook for in hosiery... is
ymbol of quality, backed
over half-a-century of
tting experience. You'll find
benix hosiery fashion-right,
e fitting and dependable...
men, women and children



lay, as in World War I,
enix proudly supplies
ks for our Armed Forces.

PHOENIX
Socks
5 YEARS of Quality Manufacturing



Lindell Houston, guard, Ohio State. Home, Massillon, Ohio. Houston got the nod in a close race with Hardy of Georgia Tech

spot. This left the only vacancy between Governali of Columbia and Dobbs of Tulsa. Governali, who tied Dave O'Brien's passing record, has been a one-man team. A 60-minute player, he has been working against better teams all year, and yet has kept Columbia in the fight week after week. The big Lion has certainly been the most useful single player any team has known. In addition to his passing and kicking he has also been Columbia's best defensive worker. At least three opposing coaches rate him above Sid Luckman, for Luckman was working with a far better team. And Luckman's record with the Bears is too well known for any extended comment.

It was difficult to leave such a fine back as Glen Dobbs of Tulsa off the first team. For two years he has been one of the best backs in football. But Governali's brilliant all-season contest against heavy odds can't be overlooked.

This, then, is 1942's list of those who join the long line of football immortals —a team that holds its own with any on the famed roster.

THE END



GRIFFIN

Michael Holovak, fullback, Boston College. Home, Lansford, Pa. An active, crushing powerhouse and a combination halfback and fullback

THE ADVISORY BOARD

SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST
FRED DIGBY, New Orleans Item-Tribune
FRED RUSSELL, Nashville Banner

MIDWEST
H. G. SALSINGER, Detroit News
GEORGE A. BARTON, Minneapolis Tribune

SOUTH
O. B. KEELER, Atlanta Journal

EAST
STANLEY WOODWARD, N. Y. Herald Tribune

MISSOURI VALLEY—BIG SIX
CLYDE E. McBRIDE, Kansas City Star

SOUTHWEST
LLOYD GREGORY, Houston Post

PACIFIC COAST
HARRY B. SMITH, San Francisco Chronicle
GEORGE M. VARNELL, Seattle Times

VICTORY AT PUT-IN-BAY



...GAVE AMERICA THE
FAMOUS
LAKE ERIE
WINE ISLANDS

[illegible] for America! Brilliantly this commander quit his disabled flagship in mid-battle ...rowed under heavy fire to another ship... then led our fleet to overwhelming victory!

Today... as celebrated as this naval hero... is the wine of E & K, the finest wine from the luscious grapes of these wine islands. For smart holiday gifts and gracious entertaining, choose delicious E & K Sauternes, Burgundy, Sherry, Delaware. The Vermouths are unexcelled for cocktails.

E and K OHIO WINES

ALWAYS THE Smart GIFT



"The Ultimate in Good Taste"... delightful 32-page book of problems every woman must face: meeting people, answering the phone, training a maid, writing letters, entertaining company, serving wines, etc. It's free... Write Engels & Krudwig Wine Company, Dept. C, Sandusky, O.

SINCE 1863

Give *Seaforth*-he'll say "Thanks!" and mean it!



COMMANDO KIT—Brand new "tweed" package, streamlined wallet style with snap fastener. New shape tall jugs of cologne, lotion, talc. The gift for "him", soldier or civilian. $3

THE CLEAN, fresh fragrance of heather and fern, the "right" feel of the first quality ingredients, the sturdy jugs of stone . . . all tell you that Seaforth is made especially for men. The perfect gift to give, or get! Smartly packaged, $1 to $7.



STONE MUG of hard-milled, long lasting shaving soap for luxury shaves . . . **JUG** of fine, almost invisible talc. Each, $1



THE CLANSMAN—smart new package containing lotion, cologne, talc. Perfect finale to a smooth, clean shave . . . $3



COLOGNE—delicate, clean fragrance . . . bracing to the skin. **TALC** . . . very fine, very smooth, pleasant to use. Set, $2



EVERYTHING for a perfect shave, except the razor. Mug of shaving soap, face-freshening lotion, fine talc. Set, $3

Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

We're making Seaforth and other things for Uncle Sam. But there will be plenty for you . . . if you SHOP EARLY!



Seaforth! FOR MEN

Shaving Soap · Shaving Lotion · Men's Talc · Cologne · Deodorant · Hair Dressing · Hand Soap

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY - 10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, N. Y.



Meeting between choleric Donald Duck and good-natured, fast-t Joe Carioca is loaded with dynamite. A hilarious samba lesson Joe saves the day. For once in his career, Donald Duck is ove



Indian mother carrying baby negotiates a hair-raising Bolivian land with practiced ease. The precocious papoose, below, turns out to camera fan and finds Donald Duck a willing subject in the marke





horse on the Argentine pampas
th bone-cracking enthusiasm to
good gaucho out of El Goofy



RIOT FROM RIO

THE debonair gentleman at the left is José Carioca, Brazilian ambassador to the world. The pompous little parrot, a Brazilian national character, appears in *Saludos Amigos*, Walt Disney's contribution to intercontinental good will and hilarity. As an indication of the warmth of Disney's feeling for our Latin-American neighbors, he has allowed Joe Carioca to top Donald Duck, a pretty smart fellow himself.

Disney took a crew to South America and made a film which has four sections: Donald Duck's adventures at Lake Titicaca; the story of Pedro, the little mail plane that carries on in Chile when Papa and Mamma planes are under the weather; El Gaucho Goofy, perhaps the funniest of all Disney conceits, bringing Goofy as a Texas cowboy to the Argentine pampas; and the closing sequence with Joe and his samba crew in Brazil.

Disney's artists covered the whole continent for scenes and background. The film is a novelty, showing the gathering of the material, its development into sketches, the complete job itself. The water-color sketches are of startling beauty. Since the picture runs a few minutes short of an hour, it was first put on in South America as part of a double bill. That was stopped by audiences threatening to tear down the theater if they didn't repeat *Saludos Amigos* (Hello, Friends). The picture has broken all theater records down there.

This is the first of a series of musical films to be done by Disney as a result of his tour. Two others are now in the development stage. There is some doubt about using Donald Duck again because of his accent. Argentinians swore he was speaking Portuguese; the Brazilians were just as positive it was Hungarian; some keen-eared listeners even suspected it was profanity. Donald says nothing, being still too sore about Joe Carioca.

—K. C.

ro the baby airplane gets his big chance to carry the mail when Papa
es down with a cold in the cylinders; here Pedro pauses to sky-
with a flabbergasted condor high over the peaks of the Andes





The League Lives On

Continued from page 84

and with remarkable energy and talent he and the deputy director, Edward J. Phelan, now Mr. Winant's successor, managed to get a large staff out of Switzerland, across France and Spain to Lisbon and across the Atlantic.

A little later the whole opium staff of the League and the secretariat of the Central Opium Board were transferred to Washington, D. C. In the big building of the Labor Office in Geneva is left only a small staff of caretakers and archivists. In the great Palais des Nations, Acting Secretary General Sean Lester resides with a staff of some ninety functionaries.

Under the Covenant, Geneva is the seat of the League, and a great deal of work is still achieved there, but the atmosphere is not stimulating. Germans fill all the hotels and are looking at the great building with voracious eyes. They have already established their own International Labor Organization in Berlin; they have grabbed the International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation in Paris, and are planning to build up their own league.

Vichy France Pays Up

Because international meetings can be held no longer at Geneva, the Supervisory Committee has met elsewhere for three years: 1940 in Lisbon, 1941 and 1942 in Montreal. No single state has protested against the actions taken by the Supervisory Committee or the budgets adopted in this unfamiliar way.

This is remarkable; and it ought to be mentioned in this connection that France —even during these years of distress and disaster—has lived up to her international traditions in this field. The Vichy government has paid in full the ordinary French contribution to the League for 1940 and 1941.

Incidentally, no state that is a member of the League can cease being a member unless it has fulfilled its obligations under the Covenant—one of them being to pay the contribution to the League. All the Axis states paid before they quit as members; Italy and Japan as a matter of course, Germany under grumbling and attempts of evasion. The only country that has refused to honor its obligations is Spain, in spite of the fact that when the Franco government gave notice of resignation from the League, it was stated that Spain, of course, would fulfill every obligation to the League. It never did. Technically speaking, Spain is still a member of the League and will remain so until the debt is liquidated.

The fact that it has been possible to carry on the whole (although simplified) machinery gives an indication of the importance that the governments of all these countries in distress attach to the League.

One of the great achievements of the League has been its handling of millions of refugees; but the refugee problem in the near future will be on a more tremendous scale, and the High Commissariat for Refugees is now established in London, waiting for the right moment to become most active.

Meanwhile, Japan has completely undone the excellent work of the League in regulating the international drug traffic. The first Assembly of the League in 1920 appointed the Opium Advisory Committee, which was to advise the Council on all matters pertaining to narcotic drugs.

At the outbreak of the war in 1939, twenty-four governments, representing virtually all the nations having a vital interest—as producers, manufacturers or consumers of drugs—participated in the work of the Committee.

Then, as a result of the Geneva Convention of 1925, there was established the Permanent Central Opium Board, composed of eight persons appointed by the Council of the League. It is the central clearinghouse for statistics on drug movements and it has the power and duty of imposing an embargo on exports of drugs to a country which has exceeded its estimates for legitimate use. The supervisory body on drugs has the duty to control world manufacture, so that international trade will correspond closely to the world's medical and scientific needs, and it works in close co-operation with police authorities.

The United States government has always taken a prominent and active part in the effort for drug control. The first step to create an international front to fight narcotics was taken by President Taft in 1909, on the initiative of Bishop Brent of the Philippines. Today we are back at the starting point. Once more the drug situation in the Philippines is a menace to the whole population.

It may well be said that Japan's war on Western civilization started as a great offensive in which the weapons were narcotic drugs. The Japanese government has had three obvious objectives in this offensive: to gain revenue, to corrupt the Western nations and to weaken and enslave the population of territories already invaded or marked for invasion by Japan.

Until Pearl Harbor it was part of the Japanese policy to encourage smuggling of narcotics into the Hawaiian Islands and the United States. One shipment from the government-licensed factory at Osaka was seized in Seattle from four Japanese a few years ago. It totaled a million shots of morphine. When Prince Chichibu, the emperor's brother, came to visit the United States, a large shipment of morphine was concealed in the cargo of soybeans on board the boat that brought him.

Opium—The Fifth Horseman

The Opium Advisory Committee, in a resolution in 1937, declared that "the situation in those regions (in China) which are under Japanese influence has deteriorated to an alarming extent." All legal control of the narcotic trade has ceased to exist since the Japanese invasion in August, 1937. From the Japanese concession in Tientsin, one gang of traffickers alone smuggled into the United States enough heroin to supply 10,000 addicts for one year.

The international fight to limit and control production of opium and cocaine has been turned into devastating defeat wherever the Japanese are in power. Conditions in occupied China are beyond belief, and the Japanese armies are rapidly degrading and depraving the population of the Philippine Islands, of Java, of Thailand, and of Indo-China and Burma. Their navy is trying to smuggle narcotics into every island in the Pacific. Hundreds of opium factories have been started by the Japanese, mainly in Manchuria. One factory at Kalgan alone has an output of more than 100 pounds of heroin daily, a quantity fifteen times the legitimate needs of the entire world.

Last year it was estimated that 90 per cent of all the illicit "white drugs" of the world are of Japanese origin, manufac-



FOUNTAIN PENS
MECHANICAL PENCILS
REFILL LEADS
at Department Stores, Stationery Stores, Drug Stores and Variety Chain Stores

WEAREVER
De Luxe
FOUNTAIN PENS
Since 1896
DAVID KAHN, Inc., NORTH BERGEN, N. J.



Never give a toile germ an even breal

Unsanitary film collects in toilet bow constantly. It's a breeding place for toil germs. Sani-Flush makes it simple ar easy to keep toilets glistening-clean—wit out scrubbing. No unpleasant work. U Sani-Flush at least twice a week to remo film, stains, incrustations and a cause toilet odors.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinar cleansers. It works chemically. Even clear the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto r diators thoroughly.) *When used accord ing to directions on the can—San. Flush cannot injure septic tanks their action and is absolutely safe i all toilet connections and auto coo. ing systems.* Sold everywhere in two co venient sizes. The Hygien Products Co., Canton, C



Sani-Flus

CLEANS TOILE BOWLS WITHOU SCOURING

Be of Good Cheer!
ELSIE

A SWELL GAME FOR YOUNGSTERS
Two—four can have a pack of fun trying to get ELSIE, the famous Cow, ELMER and BEULAH into the barn. No dice—no spinner—moves by color cubes. Suspense to the last. $1.25. AT ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT.
SELCHOW & RIGHTER COMPANY
(Famous Game Makers for over 75 years)
200 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

BLADE RATIONIN
NO WORRY IF YOU OWN THI



DURHAM SHAVE KI

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—ov twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ tim more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, tripl life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or T-type safety razo *Specify type wanted.* Both use the same famo Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and com

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CON
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

d in the Japanese concession of tsin, in and around Dairen or in r cities of Manchuria, Jehol and oced China. According to the Chinese um Suppression Commission, estabed to co-operate with the Central um Board and the Supervisory Body, Tientsin plants employ 1,000 Japa- supervisors and several thousand nese workers, and are in operation nty-four hours a day. Ten thousand ons a year are dying of narcotic adion without any provision for their rment.

o cruelties committed in any occul country can be compared to the lesale corrupting and depraving of ions of Chinese. The Nazis torture body; the Japanese degrade and vly kill the soul. Their systematic oning has been adopted to weaken nese resistance and to find traitors ng the Chinese because drug addicts do anything to obtain drugs and are ess in the fight against the invader.

Japs Enforce Opium Smoking

When the United States took over the ippine Islands, the sale of smoking um to the people was forbidden by government. Now it is enforced by Japanese. Wherever they come, they up hundreds of opium dens, very n operated as brothels of the filthiest cription. They have established a ter system, and any commodity can exchanged for opium.

The forty opium dens in Nanking give Japanese a monthly revenue of $3,-,000. If we estimate that they are rating 10,000 dens (in Chinkiang they e 200, in the International Settlement Shanghai 70, in Peiping 500, in Tsinan , in Tientsin more than 1,000, and so it gives them $9,000,000,000 a year. he opium dens give only one side of picture. Over large areas, opium oking is compulsory. Each morning anese agents make a door-to-door dery of one ounce of opium, and every se has to buy. The dangers of famine steadily growing, not only because icts cannot do much work, but also ause hundreds of thousands of fer- acres are now given over to the ppy.

The same policy is being introduced in Philippine Islands and the Dutch t Indies. Two small illustrations from cial documents will indicate to what el human life is reduced under the mination of narcotics.

One is from Mukden, in October, 6, and things have grown worse since n. An eyewitness relates:

"Adjacent to a ragpickers' market about a reeking open sewer are some fifty or more hovels inhabited by the lowest type of prostitutes who, in addition to their regular occupation, also openly dispense narcotics. The setting was loathsome to a degree. Demonstrating with peculiar force the relation of cause to effect, there lay on an ash heap just behind the narcotic brothels, seven naked corpses which had evidently been stripped of their rags by fellow addicts. It is generally stated that this is a daily sight, despite regular removal of the bodies by the Red Swastika Society. There was offered no other explanation than that these dead met their end through narcotics poisoning."

The other is from a report from Harbin last winter:

"During the very severe Harbin winters many addicts die in the streets; their corpses are left for days in the streets, as nobody will take them away. Even the dogs sometimes will not eat them."

The Chinese authorities estimate that thirteen million Chinese in the northeastern provinces have become opium addicts.

Although it is supposed to meet every three months, the Central Opium Board has been unable, owing to war conditions, to convene during the past two years. Some of the members are in occupied territories; of others, there has been no news. It has been impossible to obtain a quorum. So the six men meeting at Montreal added to the membership of the board two new members: Dr. F. Woo of China, and M. J. H. Delgorge of Holland, both of whom are now in England. They, with the chairman of the board, Sir Atul Chatterjee of India, and Mr. Herbert May, the U. S. representative who is also the president of the Advisory Committee, will constitute a quorum. The Central Board, with its staff of experts, met in London in September to plan the counteroffensive against Japan on the opium front.

All the work carried on by the League institutions today is essential for the task of salvage in front of us, for the intelligent co-ordination of all nonmilitary efforts of the moment, and for the preparation of postwar rehabilitation and reconstruction. It may be a modest work and not very spectacular, but it is intensely useful and hope-inspiring, because the continued support of governments gives proof that the world's largest storehouse of international experience will be kept in order and that nations still have faith in a future of intelligent world-wide co-operation.

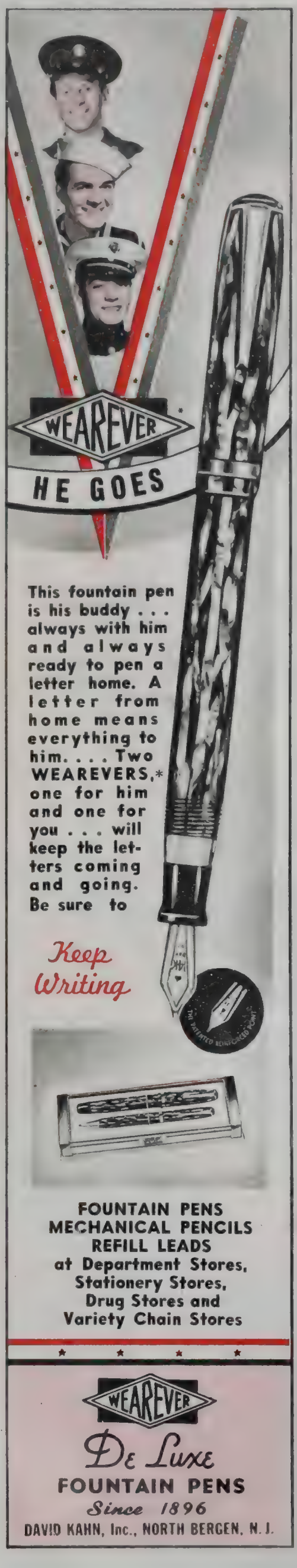
THE END



"Beggin' your pardon, sir—it was the only way we could think of to camouflage it"

COLLIER'S ST. SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT





This fountain pen is his buddy . . . always with him and always ready to pen a letter home. A letter from home means everything to him. . . . Two WEAREVERS,* one for him and one for you . . . will keep the letters coming and going. Be sure to

Keep Writing

FOUNTAIN PENS
MECHANICAL PENCILS
REFILL LEADS
at Department Stores, Stationery Stores, Drug Stores and Variety Chain Stores

WEAREVER
De Luxe
FOUNTAIN PENS
Since 1896
DAVID KAHN, Inc., NORTH BERGEN, N. J.

The League Lives On

Continued from page 84

and with remarkable energy and talent he and the deputy director, Edward J. Phelan, now Mr. Winant's successor, managed to get a large staff out of Switzerland, across France and Spain to Lisbon and across the Atlantic.

A little later the whole opium staff of the League and the secretariat of the Central Opium Board were transferred to Washington, D. C. In the big building of the Labor Office in Geneva is left only a small staff of caretakers and archivists. In the great Palais des Nations, Acting Secretary General Sean Lester resides with a staff of some ninety functionaries.

Under the Covenant, Geneva is the seat of the League, and a great deal of work is still achieved there, but the atmosphere is not stimulating. Germans fill all the hotels and are looking at the great building with voracious eyes. They have already established their own International Labor Organization in Berlin; they have grabbed the International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation in Paris, and are planning to build up their own league.

Vichy France Pays Up

Because international meetings can be held no longer at Geneva, the Supervisory Committee has met elsewhere for three years: 1940 in Lisbon, 1941 and 1942 in Montreal. No single state has protested against the actions taken by the Supervisory Committee or the budgets adopted in this unfamiliar way.

This is remarkable; and it ought to be mentioned in this connection that France —even during these years of distress and disaster—has lived up to her international traditions in this field. The Vichy government has paid in full the ordinary French contribution to the League for 1940 and 1941.

Incidentally, no state that is a member of the League can cease being a member unless it has fulfilled its obligations under the Covenant—one of them being to pay the contribution to the League. All the Axis states paid before they quit as members; Italy and Japan as a matter of course, Germany under grumbling and attempts of evasion. The only country that has refused to honor its obligations is Spain, in spite of the fact that when the Franco government gave notice of resignation from the League, it was stated that Spain, of course, would fulfill every obligation to the League. It never did. Technically speaking, Spain is still a member of the League and will remain so until the debt is liquidated.

The fact that it has been possible to carry on the whole (although simplified) machinery gives an indication of the importance that the governments of all these countries in distress attach to the League.

One of the great achievements of the League has been its handling of millions of refugees; but the refugee problem in the near future will be on a more tremendous scale, and the High Commissariat for Refugees is now established in London, waiting for the right moment to become most active.

Meanwhile, Japan has completely undone the excellent work of the League in regulating the international drug traffic. The first Assembly of the League in 1920 appointed the Opium Advisory Committee, which was to advise the Council on all matters pertaining to narcotic drugs.

At the outbreak of the war in 1939, twenty-four governments, representing virtually all the nations having a vital interest—as producers, manufacturers or consumers of drugs—participated in the work of the Committee.

Then, as a result of the Geneva Convention of 1925, there was established the Permanent Central Opium Board, composed of eight persons appointed by the Council of the League. It is the central clearinghouse for statistics on drug movements and it has the power and duty of imposing an embargo on exports of drugs to a country which has exceeded its estimates for legitimate use. The supervisory body on drugs has the duty to control world manufacture, so that international trade will correspond closely to the world's medical and scientific needs, and it works in close co-operation with police authorities.

The United States government has always taken a prominent and active part in the effort for drug control. The first step to create an international front to fight narcotics was taken by President Taft in 1909, on the initiative of Bishop Brent of the Philippines. Today we are back at the starting point. Once more the drug situation in the Philippines is a menace to the whole population.

It may well be said that Japan's war on Western civilization started as a great offensive in which the weapons were narcotic drugs. The Japanese government has had three obvious objectives in this offensive: to gain revenue, to corrupt the Western nations and to weaken and enslave the population of territories already invaded or marked for invasion by Japan.

Until Pearl Harbor it was part of the Japanese policy to encourage smuggling of narcotics into the Hawaiian Islands and the United States. One shipment from the government-licensed factory at Osaka was seized in Seattle from four Japanese a few years ago. It totaled a million shots of morphine. When Prince Chichibu, the emperor's brother, came to visit the United States, a large shipment of morphine was concealed in the cargo of soybeans on board the boat that brought him.

Opium—The Fifth Horseman

The Opium Advisory Committee, in a resolution in 1937, declared that "the situation in those regions (in China) which are under Japanese influence has deteriorated to an alarming extent." All legal control of the narcotic trade has ceased to exist since the Japanese invasion in August, 1937. From the Japanese concession in Tientsin, one gang of traffickers alone smuggled into the United States enough heroin to supply 10,000 addicts for one year.

The international fight to limit and control production of opium and cocaine has been turned into devastating defeat wherever the Japanese are in power. Conditions in occupied China are beyond belief, and the Japanese armies are rapidly degrading and depraving the population of the Philippine Islands, of Java, of Thailand, and of Indo-China and Burma. Their navy is trying to smuggle narcotics into every island in the Pacific. Hundreds of opium factories have been started by the Japanese, mainly in Manchuria. One factory at Kalgan alone has an output of more than 100 pounds of heroin daily, a quantity fifteen times the legitimate needs of the entire world.

Last year it was estimated that 90 per cent of all the illicit "white drugs" of the world are of Japanese origin, manufac-



Never give a toile germ an even breal

Unsanitary film collects in toilet bow constantly. It's a breeding place for toil germs. Sani-Flush makes it simple a easy to keep toilets glistening-clean—wit out scrubbing. No unpleasant work. U Sani-Flush at least twice a week to remo film, stains, incrustations and a cause toilet odors.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordina cleansers. It works chemically. Even clea the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto r diators thoroughly.) *When used accord ing to directions on the can—San Flush cannot injure septic tanks their action and is absolutely safe all toilet connections and auto coo ing systems.* Sold everywhere in two co venient sizes. The Hygien Products Co., Canton,



Sani-Flus

CLEANS TOILI BOWLS WITHO SCOURING

"Be of Good Cheer!"
ELSIE



A SWELL GAME FOR YOUNGSTERS
Two—four can have a pack of fun trying to get ELSIE, the famous Cow, ELMER and BEULAH into the barn. No dice—no spinner—moves by color cubes. Suspense to the last. $1.25. AT ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT.
SELCHOW & RIGHTER COMPANY
(Famous Game Makers for over 75 years)
200 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

BLADE RATIONIN
NO WORRY IF YOU OWN THI



DURHAM SHAVE KI

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—ov twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ tim more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, tripl life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or T-type safety razo *Specify type wanted.* Both use the same famo Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and com

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CON
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

in the Japanese concession of sin, in and around Dairen or in cities of Manchuria, Jehol and oc- d China. According to the Chinese m Suppression Commission, estab- d to co-operate with the Central m Board and the Supervisory Body, Tientsin plants employ 1,000 Japa- supervisors and several thousand ese workers, and are in operation ty-four hours a day. Ten thousand ons a year are dying of narcotic ad- on without any provision for their ment.

o cruelties committed in any occu- country can be compared to the esale corrupting and depraving of ons of Chinese. The Nazis torture body; the Japanese degrade and ly kill the soul. Their systematic oning has been adopted to weaken ese resistance and to find traitors ng the Chinese because drug addicts do anything to obtain drugs and are ss in the fight against the invader.

Japs Enforce Opium Smoking

hen the United States took over the ppine Islands, the sale of smoking m to the people was forbidden by government. Now it is enforced by Japanese. Wherever they come, they up hundreds of opium dens, very n operated as brothels of the filthiest ription. They have established a er system, and any commodity can xchanged for opium.

he forty opium dens in Nanking give Japanese a monthly revenue of $3,- 000. If we estimate that they are ating 10,000 dens (in Chinkiang they 200, in the International Settlement hanghai 70, in Peiping 500, in Tsinan in Tientsin more than 1,000, and so it gives them $9,000,000,000 a year. he opium dens give only one side of picture. Over large areas, opium king is compulsory. Each morning nese agents make a door-to-door de- y of one ounce of opium, and every se has to buy. The dangers of famine steadily growing, not only because icts cannot do much work, but also use hundreds of thousands of fer- acres are now given over to the py.

he same policy is being introduced in Philippine Islands and the Dutch t Indies. Two small illustrations from ial documents will indicate to what l human life is reduced under the nination of narcotics.

One is from Mukden, in October, 6, and things have grown worse since n. An eyewitness relates:

"Adjacent to a ragpickers' market about a reeking open sewer are some fifty or more hovels inhabited by the lowest type of prostitutes who, in addition to their regular occupation, also openly dispense narcotics. The setting was loathsome to a degree. Demonstrating with peculiar force the relation of cause to effect, there lay on an ash heap just behind the narcotic brothels, seven naked corpses which had evidently been stripped of their rags by fellow addicts. It is generally stated that this is a daily sight, despite regular removal of the bodies by the Red Swastika Society. There was offered no other explanation than that these dead met their end through narcotics poisoning."

The other is from a report from Harbin last winter:

"During the very severe Harbin winters many addicts die in the streets; their corpses are left for days in the streets, as nobody will take them away. Even the dogs sometimes will not eat them."

The Chinese authorities estimate that thirteen million Chinese in the northeastern provinces have become opium addicts.

Although it is supposed to meet every three months, the Central Opium Board has been unable, owing to war conditions, to convene during the past two years. Some of the members are in occupied territories; of others, there has been no news. It has been impossible to obtain a quorum. So the six men meeting at Montreal added to the membership of the board two new members: Dr. F. Woo of China, and M. J. H. Delgorge of Holland, both of whom are now in England. They, with the chairman of the board, Sir Atul Chatterjee of India, and Mr. Herbert May, the U. S. representative who is also the president of the Advisory Committee, will constitute a quorum. The Central Board, with its staff of experts, met in London in September to plan the counteroffensive against Japan on the opium front.

All the work carried on by the League institutions today is essential for the task of salvage in front of us, for the intelligent co-ordination of all nonmilitary efforts of the moment, and for the preparation of postwar rehabilitation and reconstruction. It may be a modest work and not very spectacular, but it is intensely useful and hope-inspiring, because the continued support of governments gives proof that the world's largest storehouse of international experience will be kept in order and that nations still have faith in a future of intelligent world-wide co-operation.

THE END



"Beggin' your pardon, sir—it was the only way we could think of to camouflage it"

COLLIER'S ST. SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
The best to the best!
P&T
PARK & TILFORD RESERVE WHISKEY A BLEND
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
A Gift in finest taste
—because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF



GAME HUNTING

1. BEAUTY CONTEST. This is so simple a child could do it, but shouldn't. Two gals remove every vestige of make-up, and two men, supplied with cosmetics, try to outdo each other in making up the ladies, who aren't quite sure how things are going to turn out, but have a pretty good idea. At left, Cartoonists Keller and Price make a preliminary study of subjects Jean Colleran and Lillian Brokal. Twenty minutes later the models, only slightly ruffled, look like this (below) and the artists have decided that pen and ink are easier to handle than lipstick and eye shadow. This is strictly messy fun.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



SOON after we opened the Game I
son (Oct. 10th) with a bounty of
Bond for each parlor game deemed
publication in Collier's, more than 3,
responded. Putting aside suggest
were submitted hundreds of times
thus more commonly known—the C
ers bagged six prize pastimes (see
names of the contributors), then pers
cartoonists, their wives, and two m
and approve the stunts. Our hunt f
now officially closed

2. PING PONG POLO. Don't loo
this pastime puts on quite a splash.
tangular cake pan or the bottom half
with water and drop a ping pong ball i
members of your party then try to bl
to the opponent's goal, the result being
in the northwest corner of the op
where Cartoonist Reamer Keller and
Brokal give a blow by blow account o

3. CHIN FEST. What goes on here
teams, alternating men and women, lir
each other. The leader of each tea
orange between chin and shoulder,
fruit to the next in line without the use
even if the orange is dropped. Or
from a long spell in the refrigerator
hazards of this contest, shown at ext
right by Miss Colleran and Cartoonist

4. BOOKBINDERS. Most people
wrapping a book with paper and string
enough job, but in this case the right h
know what the left hand is going to do.
Miss Brokal and Cartoonist George
picture at right will give you an idea. V
gether, each uses only one hand in the

5. PANDEMONIUM. Materials nee
nerve racker are: a cork tied to a two
for each player, a small frying pan,
of dice. Players seat themselves on t
a three-quarters circle, bunch the co
center, and another player, holdin
slightly above the corks, rolls the di
turn up 7 or 11 the players try to snatc
from the center before the pan hand
down on them. If any other number is
players must not twitch a muscle. Pla
corks are caught under the pan are
those who jerk the string too soon. T
in the game takes over the pan wham
ture opposite shows (left to right) Mrs
Keller, Mrs. Price, Mr. Day and Mrs.

6. I'LL TAKE VANILLA. Put some
in two dishes eighteen inches apart a
spoons together with twelve inches of
gentleman grabs one spoon, a lady the
each tries to eat his own ice cream with
ing the string. The general effect is tha
the picture at extreme lower right wh
Keller and Mrs. Price stand safely
Creamers Colleran and Price, who are
out to a finish.



2. PING PONG POLO



3. CHIN FEST



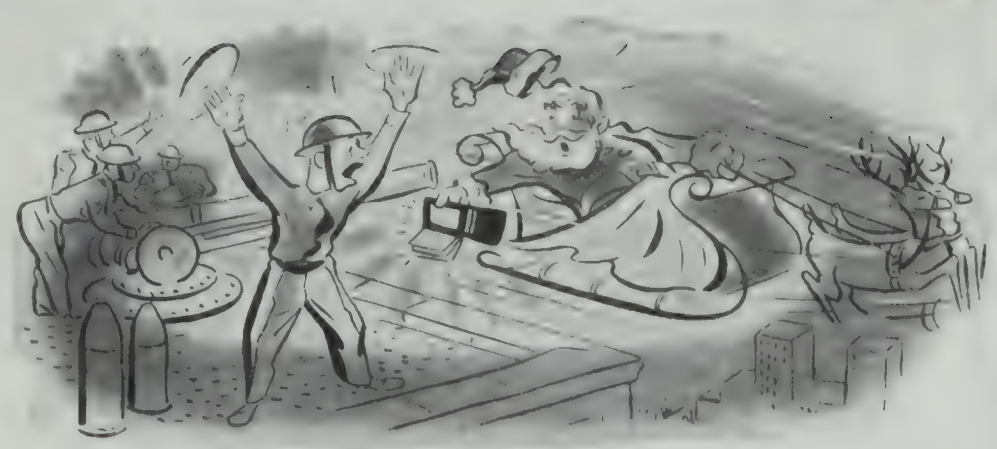
4. BOOKBINDERS



5. PANDEMONIUM



6. I'LL TAKE VANILLA



Hold Fire, Men! He's Really Santa Claus!



Detachable Card Case

FOR A BUSY MAN what could be more welcome than a Prince Gardner Registrar? At a finger-flip, he shows his identification, selective service and membership cards, passes, license or favorite snapshots, neatly filed in Swing-O-Windows. The card case unsnaps, leaving a slim-thin billfold for evening wear. Shown: Saddle Leather in Military Brown. Also Natural, Cordovan, Black. $5
Others little as $3.50.

Always the Perfect Gift

PRINCE GARDNER REGISTRAR
2-in-1 "Invisible Stitch" Billfold

For Her:

PRINCESS GARDNER REGISTRAR
4 windows carry cards, identification. Bellowed pocket holds coins, keys. 6 lively colors! Little as ... $2.50



MATCHING KEY KITS
Patented release action saves time, spares fingernails! Windows for driver's license, ownership card. Little as $1



At better stores everywhere. Or write direct, mentioning dealer's name.
Prince Gardner • 2025 S. Vandeventer Ave. • St. Louis, Mo.
Creators of the "*Invisible Stitch*" Billfold

All Hands Round For Victory!

THAT is the spirit of thousands of girls and women I know. They make extra dollars in their spare moments and War Bonds are their goal. Many of them have lads at sea or in distant lands. Membership in the Pin Money Club, gives them pleasant work to do.

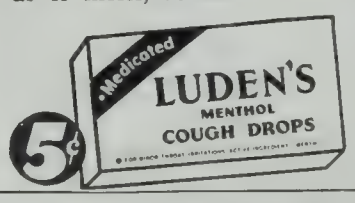
They buy War Stamps and Bonds—besides they have extra dollars for things they need for themselves. Our booklet is free. Send a card or letter for your copy to

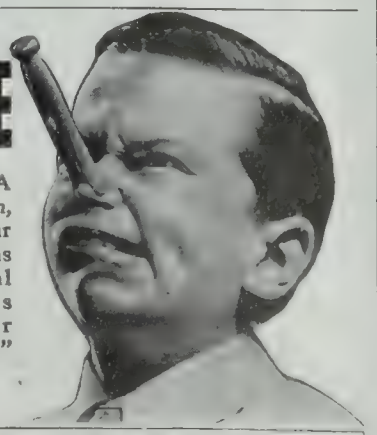
Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 182, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Got a cold? Get *two-way* relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe throat—*then*, as it melts, releases cool menthol vapor. Your breath carries this to clogged nasal passages, helps *open* your "clothespin nose!"





NEW! LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!
Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. 5¢

What the Army Drinks

Continued from page 17

military hospitals ran at the rate of 1,332 admissions for every thousand men in the Army. The apparently impossible figure is explained by the fact that a man with a broken foot, a chest cold or a venereal disease must return to a hospital several times for treatment, and each visit is recorded as a new admission. But in August of 1942 (a representative month), the rate was only 761 admissions for every thousand enlisted men, little more than half what it was in the last war. The death rate for the same age group was 3.35 per 1,000 in 1917; in August 1942, it's 1.39.

In most other age groups, the drop in sickness and death rates has been just as dramatic. Only among men between 30 and 50 has illness increased, and only among those over 40 has the death rate gone up slightly, a minor phenomenon probably due to the heavier pressure of this swift war on older men. In 1917, we had a stagnant war of attrition. Now we have fast, fierce battles and superspeed movement, too strenuous for the elderly warrior—a powerhouse argument, incidentally, for getting younger men into the service as quickly as possible.

Rather than being an Army of dissipation, our soldiers are religious to an extent the civilian would rarely suspect. Our survey found 56 out of every hundred enlisted men attended church, and that a big majority of the well-adjusted soldiers were in the group. Twelve out of every hundred covered by the survey had consulted their chaplains for personal advice, a remarkable degree of reliance on religion for guidance.

Religion on a Large Scale

The Army began an unprecedented program of religious development, one of the soundest safeguards against bad living, long before Pearl Harbor. On May 4, 1941, it broke ground for a chapel at what was then the Arlington cantonment near Washington. It was the first of 900 such chapels which carry active religion to every man in service, the biggest single church-building program in the history of the world. At the same time, Protestant and Catholic clergymen and Jewish rabbis were recruited in such numbers that there is now one chaplain for every 1,200 enlisted men. Each is highly recommended by his church, and each endorsement must be renewed every year. If the renewal fails to come, the chaplain is released by the Army. So he doesn't relax. At the same time, steps were taken to "humanize" these chaplains. They were given training to enable them to match the physical condition of the enlisted men, proving they asked no special considerations. They were literally "men of God."

These chaplains have extremely close contact with the soldiers. They penetrate the lives of their wards much more deeply than the average clergyman can ever hope to reach his civilian congregation.

The Army's thoughtfulness went into such detail that the breast pocket of the regular Army blouse was designed to accommodate the special volumes of Jewish Holy Scriptures and New Testaments issued by chaplains.

These two good Books themselves are an indication of the religious attitudes of our soldiers. They are issued only when directly requested by a soldier—yet last July alone, more than 95,000 were given out.

Other figures for July, the latest on which compilation has been ma prove the usefulness and influence of chaplains. More than 52,000 servi were held with a total attendance of most 2,700,000 soldiers.

Is that an Army of shame and deg dation? Does it indicate that our "Fu damental strategy seems to be for to drink our way to victory," to borr the words of George Barton Cutt president of Colgate University? Son body's wrong.

Every responsible Army officer I ha talked with says drinking among his m is an insignificant problem. And eve available report shows it seldom becon a major worry except in dry parts of

country. Senator Bilbo gave evider of this sort when he let out a tremendo blast about deplorable conditions arou camps in his home state, bone-dry M sissippi. I know such conditions do exist in the states where liquor is leg

The local-option system, under whi any area has the right to vote itself d is a menace to the Army, although one questions the justice of the syste The dry areas now are simply sm duplicates of the entire nation duri prohibition. Soldiers are strictly huma and the 18th Amendment proved co pletely that humans will drink son whether the law says they can or cann Where liquor is available openly, t military police have little difficulty kee ing watch over the men, steering the away from intoxication and vice. "dry" areas, liquor will be availal somehow, and since the soldier usua can't get fancy liquor through prescri tion, he crawls into hidden speak-easi out of reach of reasonable authori rubbing up against every conceival sort of wickedness; and he will dri more when it is forbidden. That's o big lesson we got from Volsteadism.

No place is dry simply because it vo

GAME HUNTING AWARDS

A $25 War Bond has been dispatched to each of the following readers for submitting the games pictured on pages 94 and 95:

1. Miss Jean Schmid, Richland, Neb.; Miss M. Henderson, New York, N. Y.; Officer Candidate A. E. Holton, Miami Beach, Fla.; Miss Marian W. Spence, Seattle, Wash.; Miss Jean Norbury, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. E. McClellan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Daisy Kemp Downing, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Mary D. Hunt, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. J. H. Schooler, Santa Monica, Cal.; Mrs. Elsa G. Bernstein, Bronx, N. Y.
2. Mrs. Jeanette Willer, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Smedley Lee Gery, West Lawn, Pa.; Mrs. W. A. Legwen, Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Paul R. Bennett, New York, N. Y.; Miss Shirley Baetz, Riverside, Ont., Canada.
3. Mrs. R. W. Nichols, Burbank, Cal.; Mrs. F. L. Lichtenfels, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. J. D. Torrens, Moorhead, Minn.; Mrs. Harold H. Hallock, Riverhead, N. Y.; Mrs. Robert L. Smith, West Hempstead, N. Y.; Mr. J. L. Murphy, Jr., New York, N. Y.; Miss Hermina Van Aartsen, Hull, Ia.; Violet Grinols Loper, Honolulu, T. H.
4. Mrs. Jennie M. Stott Manchester, N. H.
5. Miss Erma Richmond, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Frank Kubin, Hartford, Conn.
6. Mrs. R. S. Morgan, Vancouver, Canada; Mrs. James Griner, Forrest City, Ark.; Mr. Fred Marsh, McCook, Neb.; Miss Nona Lee White, Oklahoma City, Okla.

at way. The Texas legislature, for stance, a year ago this spring passed a w stipulating that doctors could write ly 100 liquor prescriptions every 90 ys. The law became effective July 31, 41, and here's what happened that ugust, as compared with August 1940, cording to the Texas Liquor Control oard (forty-three per cent of the state now dry, based on population):

The number of drugstores licensed to l liquor prescriptions suddenly dropped om 484 to 121; the number of physi- ans holding permits to prescribe liquor ll from 1,184 to 95; the number of uor prescriptions filled was cut from 9,288 to 3,592; the number of gallons ld on prescription skidded from 43,147 445.

Coincidentally, the Control Board re- rted that in September, the second onth of limited prescription sales, the es assessed in liquor cases and the mber of seizures of stills were the high- t of any month in years.

Yet the local-option privilege spreads y laws through individual states with e relentlessness and thoroughness of a urishing cancer. The strategy is sim- e. Prohibitionists concentrate on one unty—let's call it A—preferably in the nter of a state. In a ferocious cam- ign they get it to vote itself dry.

How Prohibition Spreads

Business promptly starts deserting the y county. Restaurants, hotels, legiti- ate night clubs and other enterprises st across the line, in adjoining County prosper with trade that has left the w-dry neighboring county. So County joins with the prohibitionists of unty B in another whooping cam- ign, and County B is hypnotized into ing dry. Then the two dry counties en up on the counties surrounding the o of them. Pressure is put on state liticians for help, funds are solicited om unhappy businessmen who don't ant prohibition but who do want all the siness they can get, and the bootleg- rs fatten the ante.

A list of recent local-option votes in entucky intrigues me. In the far west- n end of the state, Carlisle County ted dry on April 12, 1942. The next ptember, Ballard County, bordering arlisle on the north, likewise went dry, ong with 25 precincts of McCracken unty, another Carlisle neighbor.

Butler County, in the southwest cen- r of the state, voted dry April 11th. ven days later, Muhlenberg, Butler's western neighbor, followed suit, and the next September, Hopkins County, on Muhlenberg's western border, also fell in line. Other Kentucky votes on the issue show a similar pattern, with prohibition crawling slowly but surely from one county to the next and the next.

In some cases, we have found retail liquor dealers, usually most helpful in encouraging temperance and wisdom in the handling of alcohol, contributing to dry campaigns in near-by counties, deliberately trying to get their neighbors' business, which shows how much it can mean in dollar terms. Usually such fools find they have thrown a murderous boomerang.

No matter how far it spreads, this crawling disease never reaches a point satisfactory to the drys. I recall a statement made by the general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League shortly after prohibition was adopted in 1918.

"When we had township option, we could do little with wet townships around us," he said sourly. "When we had municipal local option, we could do little with wet cities about us. When we had county option, we could do but little with wet states about us. And now what does it mean to have wet counties around us with the system of transportation now in the world?"

So whatever the drys say in their efforts to keep legal liquor from a town or state or soldier, they have only one objective—world-wide prohibition.

Prohibition is destructive in direct proportion to the size of the territory dried up. Every area containing a military establishment weakens that establishment when it sets itself up as dry. But the prohibitionists have never been particularly concerned about such destruction. Their whispering campaigns alone have hampered the Army in its sincere efforts to keep morale at a peak. Statements printed repeatedly in dry publications fed the grossly false whispers that large-scale drunkenness was responsible for our December 7th tragedy at Pearl Harbor, that liquor was being sold inside Army camps, and that acute alcoholism was widespread among troops.

Yet even a casual study of the truth demonstrates that the last thing we need worry about is the moral, mental and muscular fitness of our soldiers, so long as we leave them alone. The surest way to change that happy state is to forbid them the basic civilian privilege of buying a drink openly and unashamedly on the infrequent occasions they want one.

THE END



"Let's take a seat until we can get standing room"

COLLIER'S JOHN KAY KARAFFA



THE UNIFORMS *illustrated were worn by the First Continental Marines recruited by Captain Samuel Nicholas in 1775, for duty in the Revolutionary War.*

• The original "Devil Dog" (or United States Marine, if you're feeling formal) would hardly recognize his present-day descendant. But watching his modern counterparts in action, he'd soon learn (as have freedom's foes) that the fighting qualities of the U. S. Marine Corps haven't suffered with the passing of the years.

Neither would the business man of Revolutionary times feel at home in today's industrial America. He'd be flabbergasted by the complexity of present-day production problems . . . not least of which is the tremendous burden of figure work necessary to maintain rigid control.

But he'd soon discover that Management has devised means of handling essential figure work speedily, accurately and economically . . . and that Comptometer adding-calculating *machines*, and modern Comptometer *methods*, play a vital part in the handling.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Collier's

THOMAS H BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



The Road Agents Were Sissies

IN THE old Far West, when foot-loose veterans of the Union and Confederate armies were trekking for the Rockies and the Pacific Coast after the Civil War, there flourished for a brief and bloody interval a class of persons known as road agents. The road agents, in plain English, were highway robbers. Their business was that of holding up stagecoaches known to be carrying gold or other valuable cargo.

The road agents were presently put down by organizations of decent citizens calling themselves vigilantes. Collier's recently printed a striking serial novel about the triumph of the vigilantes over the road agents in the old gold camp of Virginia City, Montana. The story was entitled Alder Gulch, was written by Ernest Haycox, and most likely remains vivid in your memory if you read it.

From this prologue, we proceed to tell about a clique of senators whose political behavior in one aspect is at this writing making the old-time road agents look like sissies.

These men are all fine fellows personally. All have done constructive, worth-while work in the public service. Quite possibly they do not realize fully the outrage they have been committing against the war effort of the United States, and hence against the people of the United States—and of the United Nations.

The reference is to the so-called Senate silver bloc—Senators Carl Hayden and Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona, Edwin C. Johnson and Eugene D. Millikin of Colorado, D. Worth Clark and John Thomas of Idaho, James E. Murray and Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Berkeley L. Bunker and Pat McCarran of Nevada, and Abe Murdock and Elbert D. Thomas of Utah.

Here is the story:

These senators represent the chief silver-producing states of the Union. American silver production comes to between 60 and 70 million ounces a year—about 43 to 49 million dollars' worth. The silver-producing industry supports only one and one half per cent of the silver states' total population and only one twenty-fifth of one per cent of the total United States population. That works out to less than 60,000 persons all told. The silver bloc has done handsomely by this insignificant thimbleful of its constitu

Early in the New Deal era, the senators f the six chief silver states made a deal with farm bloc senators: You scratch our s miners' backs, and we'll scratch your farm backs, and vice versa.

Between them, the two blocs got through C gress two key laws on silver: (1) a law requ the U. S. Treasury to buy all the silver minc the United States, paying considerably a world market prices for it; and (2) the Silver chase Act of June, 1934, under which the Trea has to buy foreign silver until our silver res amounts to 25 per cent of our total gold and s holdings; and under which the Treasury is bidden to sell silver at less than $1.29 an ounc

At this writing, the world price of silver i cents an ounce, while the Treasury must pay 7 cents for domestic silver. We have been bu silver all these years in the effort to bring our s reserve up to 25 per cent of our total gold-s hoard. We have not succeeded, because we h also been buying gold at an inflated price. A seldom catches his own tail. Hence, as th written, $1,430,000,000 worth of silver lies bu at West Point, New York.

All this was merely an unusually interes illustration of the way our democracy someti misfires, until we got into the war. Then it g into an issue which the Economists' Nati Committee on Monetary Policy says "has fallen to depths of indecency probably never fore equaled in all its (the silver issue's) disgr ful and scandalous history."

Here is why: Silver is a war material of g importance, being particularly useful in s rather desirable war implements as submari tanks, planes, torpedoes, bombs and antiair guns. Silver can also substitute for tin in a var of war uses; and the Japs have cut us off f most of our sources of tin.

Yet the silver bloc, up to this writing, has fused to consent to the relaxation of the si laws so as to release any of this silver for sil consuming war purposes. It has grudgingly mitted some of the metal to be lease-lent, s speak, for uses which will not consume the si itself, so that the metal can be reinterred at W Point after the war.

By a complicated maneuver between the Tr ury and the OPA, and by paying exorbi charges, industry is able to get newly mi domestic silver for the time being. But our en annual silver production will be nowhere n enough to meet the needs of our war industries year while the war lasts.

The silver-processing industries—makers silverware, jewelers, photoengravers, makers fountain pens or pen parts, etc.—face bankru or near-bankruptcy because of lack of silver because of OPA price ceilings on finished si products.

Senator Theodore F. Green of Rhode Isl has introduced a bill in the Senate, with approval of Treasury Secretary Henry Morg thau and WPB Chairman Donald Nelson, authorize the Treasury to (1) lend 1,168,000, ounces of pledged silver for nonsilver-consu ing purposes, and (2) release 1,350,000,000 oun of unpledged silver for sale and consumption.

This would relieve the desperate wartime sil constriction to a considerable degree. But as is written, the silver bloc has merely comment via the vocal cords of Senator McCarran: " are determined to keep that law on the book

And there you are, folks; take it away. road agents of the old Far West only thou they were big-time operators.

Collier's
TEN CENTS
DECEMBER 26, 1942
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
P. F. COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

BUY
WAR
SAVINGS
STAMPS
NOW

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Floyd Mutson

BEWARE OF FRAUDS IN UNIFORM

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.





On the Industrial Front. As business converts to war work, Esterbrook, the pen preferred by business, helps keep war production rolling. Drafting room, office, production workers — all need Esterbrook service and efficiency.

On the Battle Front. Esterbrook Pens are at the front on six continents, serving wherever fighting needs writing.



In Government Service. Esterbrook products play a leading part in equipping the Government's wartime staff of nearly two and a half million workers with business writing equipment.

Writing is Fighting

IN THIS total war, writing is essential to the fighting. Without writing—and efficient writing tools—war industry production and Government war services would be limited. Without writing, front line troop operations would be handicapped. In every phase of modern warfare, writing is essential.

As the world's leading manufacturer of pens, we expected and welcome our obligation to provide war industries, Government agencies, and the Armed Forces with pens so vital to a million-and-one jobs.

Esterbrook . . . the pen preferred by business . . . today helps business in the biggest job yet—that of planning, carrying through, and winning this war.

Civilian orders for Esterbrook products can be filled only after we take care of Government, military and war industry needs. If your stationer cannot supply immediately with Esterbrook Pens we know understand why. Writing is fighting—and serving in the fight.

THE ESTERBROOK PEN CO.

Esterbrook IS THE WAR BUS

Picture OF THE MONTH

ROBERT TAYLOR • BRIAN DONLEVY
CHARLES LAUGHTON
in
STAND BY FOR ACTION

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

WITH: *WALTER BRENNAN, Marilyn Maxwell, Henry O'Neill, Marta Linden*

DIRECTED BY: *Robert Z. Leonard*

PRODUCED BY: *Robert Z. Leonard and Orville O. Dull*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *George Bruce, John L. Balderston and Herman J. Mankiewicz*

BASED ON A STORY BY: *Capt. Harvey Haislip, U.S.N., and R. C. Sherriff*

SUGGESTED BY: *"Cargo of Innocence" by Laurence Kirk*



CAPSULE REVIEW: Sometime ago the *Reader's Digest* ran a story called "A Cargo of Innocence" which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has produced under the title "Stand By For Action". Evidently the title was changed because the accent of the picture has shifted from "innocence" to "action". Perhaps the pressure of world events, particularly those in the Pacific inspired the change.

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that this is perhaps the first Navy picture that really does the trick. It's one of those "come hell or highwater" films. Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy give yeoman portrayals, or rather seaman portrayals, and there is a heart-throb in the loyalty to the old ship that is shown by Walter Brennan.

The story tells of the good ship Warren which had seen service in the last war. Damaged and gathering barnacles in the bay at San Diego, it was reserviced and placed under Lieutenant Commander Roberts (Donlevy) who had worked himself up from the ranks. Lieutenant Gregg Masterman (Robert Taylor) is Executive Officer under Roberts and a top-drawer education clashes with the realities of a sea dog. Laughton plays the part of Rear Admiral Stephen Thomas with a most convincing sternness.

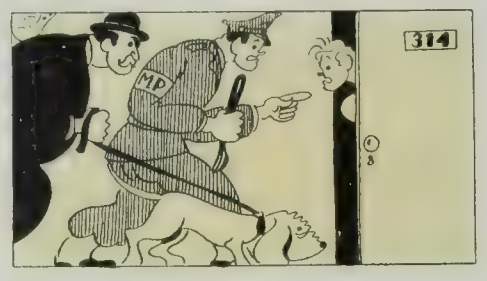
The sea battle with the Japanese is masterful, the dive-bomber attacks make you duck under your seat. During an attack on a convoy the Warren picks up eighteen babies and two women. No precedent for sailors who are assigned to tend children
...o it in ship-shape fashion. The
under the diet of salt with
...ttack on the convoy has
...l as to its authentic
...ho has ever been in
...'ll in all the film

..."makes
now.
cti-
...i-

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE HAVE a nice cargo of vigorous news from our Florida agent. He reports that the Army is so jealous of the morals of its men that it takes about all the courage a fellow can dig up to be seen talking to his wife. Scenes that are more than somewhat reminiscent of what prohibition agents used to do, when sparing neither life nor public funds in pursuit of a half pint of popskull, are daily growing less common. For example, an Army officer and his wife registered at one of Tampa's toniest hotels. At three o'clock in the morning they were awakened by a determined squad of city police and MPs crashing through their locked door. All that the cops wanted to know was whether they were truly married. It took the enraged officer and the understandably shaken lady ten minutes to convince the morals-enforcement officers that they were pretty decent people. Their attorney is now convincing the city that it can take its choice between a damage suit and a promise to stop such outrages—or both. This, we understand, is only a sample. City cops and MPs are invading hotels and rooming houses like commandos. In another first-class hotel, they raided the manager's desk and demanded the keys to a room on the eleventh floor. The manager told them that the hotel had only nine floors. He was told that he couldn't get away with stuff like that and to come across with the keys at once if he knew what was good for him. Presently, however, the Purity Squad, after painstaking investigation, discovered that the hotel ended indeed with the ninth floor. So they galloped out, determined that some hotel with an eleventh floor was going to get its morals polished. And yet, our scout adds, immorality still obtains in Tampa, as elsewhere. He says, too, that you don't have to crash respectable doors to locate it.



AND among the more dismal tidings received this week is an Important-Rush release from the British Information Services. Nine out of ten persons in Britain caught colds during a recent spell of raw weather. The Health Ministry reports this, adding that "a special request that handkerchiefs be taken off the ration was refused by the Board of Trade owing to a shortage of raw material." That this is going to be a tough winter on our ally as well as on the enemy is explained a little further on in the release. "The blackout which now begins at 6 P. M. encourages stay-at-home evenings and earlier bedtimes. The Fuel Ministry, in fact, is advocating bedtime an hour earlier to save light and heat." We who can stay up all night with handkerchiefs in every pocket cannot appreciate all this. In fact, we're having quite a time of it trying to realize that it is democracy as well as late hours and handkerchiefs that we're fighting for.



ANOTHER bit of intelligence from our field forces advises us that a lady who has lived in Memphis a mere thirty years was told recently that Boss Crump, who has been that city's government for the past forty years, was not ideal. Her informant went much further, saying that it would be a most gladsome day when Memphis would be rid of Mr. Crump and his political machine. "Oh," cried the lady, "there must be some mistake. I know Mrs. Crump and she is a very delightful lady."

THREE manuscripts arrive at our desk. They're all about the war. We got as far into the first as the sentence: "Most of his men were decimated." We began to lose interest. The second is a fulsome piece about an aviator. In the first paragraph the writer tells us: "He flew around St. Louis for several years." This endurance flight discouraged us, so we passed to the third manuscript. But we got no further than the author's accompanying letter. He says: "You will immediately notice that my difficulty is that I write too well for your magazine but I soon hope to overcome it."

WE HAVE just received another notification that a member of our Armed Forces is about to write a book. This time it is Corporal Ike Sterebius. He says that "All the war books I read so far are the bunk. What I got to say is the truth. How much do I get for it? I can make it as long as you want. Some of it is very funny and some will be sad but inside stuff." . . . W. D.

Vol. 110, No. 26. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President, Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President, A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collie...

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Manag...

THIS WE...

DECEMBER 26, ...

SHORT STORIES

FREDERICK NEBEL
Wait Till I'm on My Fe... the girl said "no," she m... most.

PHILIP VAN DOREN STE...
Lincoln's Last Christmas. ... understanding to a lovely...

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
The Service Flag. An old ... off her greatest treasure.

ROARK BRADFORD
Old Sergeant Somebody. ... doings down at Little Bee...

THE SHORT SHORT STOR...
Blonde with a Convertible ... Ford.

SERIAL STORIES

GEORGE F. WORTS
Five Who Vanished. The ... parts.

MARY HASTINGS BRADL...
The Hunters. The fourth ... parts.

ARTICLES

J. EDGAR HOOVER and FREDERICK L. COLLINS
Beware of Frauds in ... Wolves and chiselers masq... servicemen.

W. B. COURTNEY
We Must Win the Pacific. ... that's ours alone.

JOE ALEX MORRIS
How to Help a Spy. The ... of America's loose lips.

MARTHA GELLHORN
Holland's Last Stand. Surir... of free Dutchmen.

VERNON POPE
Leningrad Under Siege. ... story of one of the war's r... nificent defenses.

HANNAH LEES
Block That Bloodclot! A ne... in the fight against emboli...

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIAL
The Idea is to Win.

COVER FLOYD H. ...

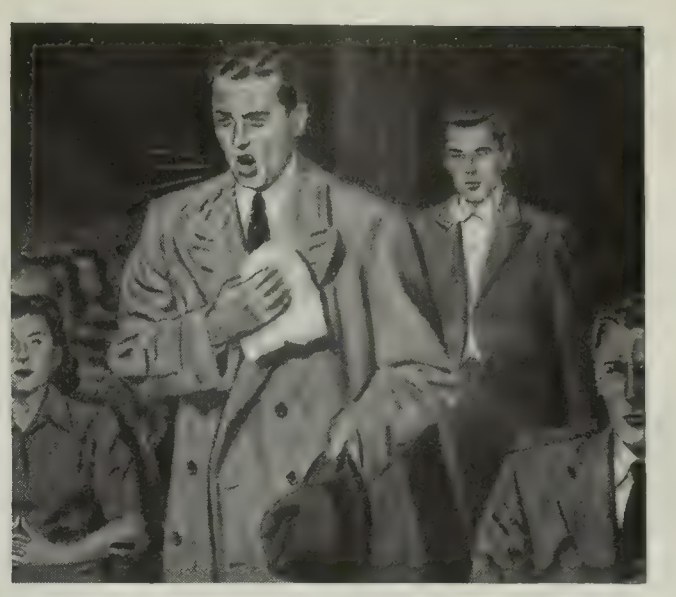
Three Easy ways to invite Pneumonia



1. Run down your health! Insufficient sleep and rest, lack of exercise and fresh air, improper diet, constant overwork to the point of exhaustion—all these undermine your resistance to disease.



2. Get chilled through! Exposure to chilling can lead to pneumonia, especially when you are run down physically or have a cold. A chill followed by fever is one of the early signs of pneumonia.

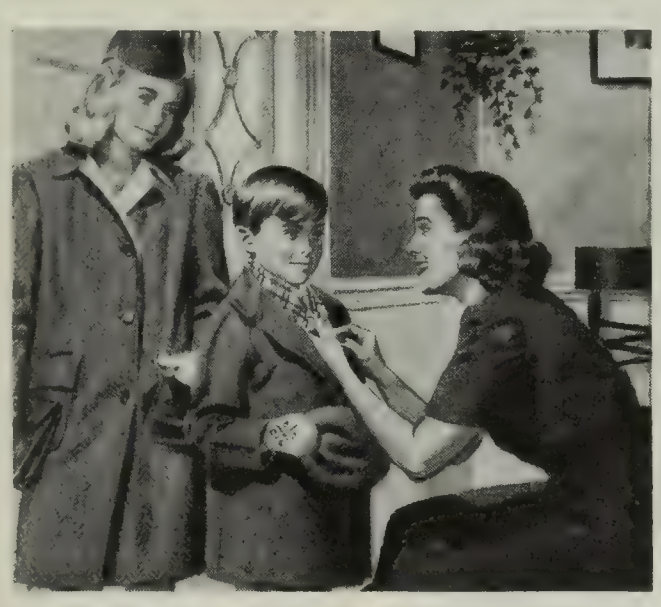


3. Neglect a cold! Although pneumonia sometimes attacks without warning, it usually follows a cold, influenza or infection of the nose, throat or lungs. Early signs are coughing, accompanied by pain in the side or chest . . . thick, rust-colored sputum . . . rapid breathing.

Three Sensible ways to avoid Pneumonia



1. Keep fit! Most adults require eight hours of sleep daily, children considerably more. Regular exercise, outdoors if possible, is important and so is relaxing recreation. Above all, a well-balanced diet, including vegetables, fruits and milk, will help you.



2. Avoid chilling! Dress warmly during the "pneumonia months," early winter to late spring. Lower home temperatures this winter may require warmer dress indoors. Chilling is especially risky when you are over-tired. Change wet clothing and shoes as soon as possible.



3. Watch that cold! Respiratory infections often pave the way for pneumonia. It is best to take seriously even a common cold. If a cold is very severe or lingers on, be particularly careful. The wisest precautions are: *Go to bed . . . call the doctor!*

THE amazing reduction in the death rate from pneumonia in the last few years is due largely to the use of the new sulfa compounds.

The greatest service you can perform for one who develops signs of pneumonia is to call the doctor immediately. The doctor (and no one but the doctor) should be given the earliest opportunity of using the powerful sulfa drugs. In most types of pneumonia his chances are excellent of both hastening recovery and of preventing serious, perhaps fatal, consequences.

Metropolitan will send you upon request a free pamphlet, "Respiratory Diseases," containing valuable information about pneumonia.

COPYRIGHT 1942—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Red Cross Home Nursing Courses. Red Cross Chapters are offering women practical instruction in Home Nursing. Learning to nurse the sick in your own home and to keep your family well is a patriotic service, which will release more medical and nursing aid for the armed forces. Apply direct to your Red Cross Chapter.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your pamphlet, 13-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

"AH, LADS!... THOSE WERE THE DAYS WHEN PIGS WERE PIGS!"



For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes... then along came round-end *PROLON*

Actual Photo-Micrographs

Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

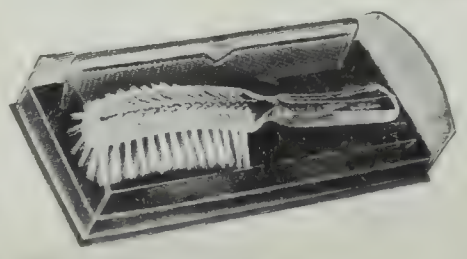
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

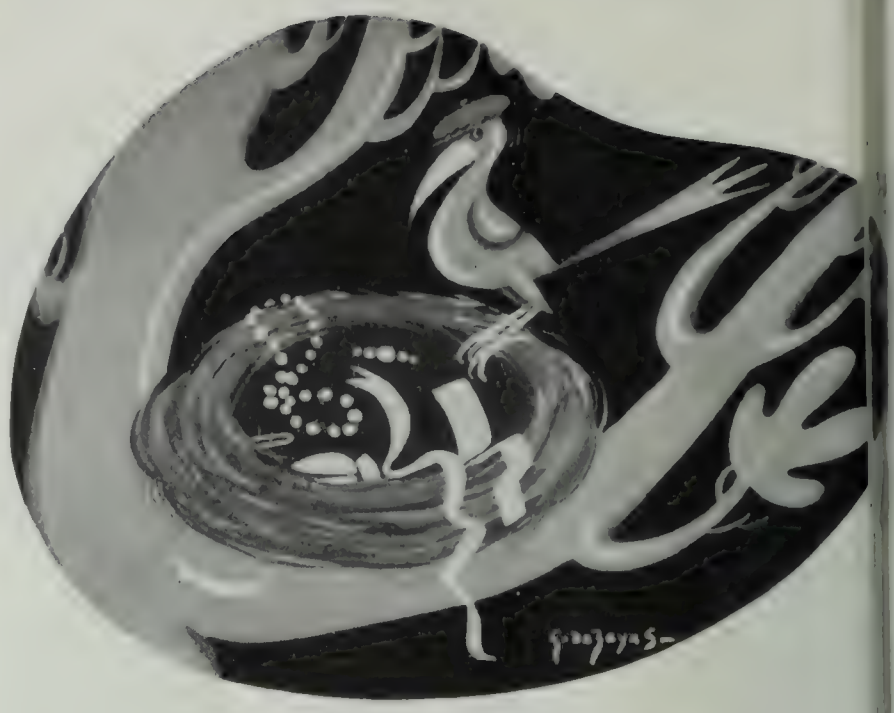
Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush —the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

... and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curves-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A unique habit among birds is the building of a bower or playground by the bowerbird of Australia. Unique also is the habit of decorating it with stolen articles, all of a certain color. One such bower, evidently constructed by a bird that liked blue, contained, among many other blue articles, a blue hair ribbon, a blue railroad ticket, a string of blue glass beads and 178 blue bags, belonging to a near-by laundry.

Between 1933 and 1939, the number of Nazi-Fascist groups in the United States increased from about twenty-five to more than 750, most of them using some patriotic or religious name such as that employed by the American Guards, Christian Front, Christian Mobilizers, Silver Shirts, Crusaders for America and the American Destiny Party.

A recent survey made among almost seven hundred American colleges and universities, having approximately 600,000 undergraduates, revealed that eighty-two per cent of these institutions did not require a study of American history, that seventy-two per cent did not even list it as a prerequisite for entrance and that ninety-one per cent of the students were not taking courses in this important subject.

Since July 1, 1942, the War Damage Corporation has issued 3,800,000 policies covering destruction by enemy action on $95,000,000,000 worth of property and has collected $120,000,000 in premiums.—*By B. A. Butler, New York, New York.*

To make the 2,500,000,000 pounds of aluminum that will be used in this country in 1943 will require approximately 25,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, or an amount that is about equivalent to the present annual consumption of all current in the entire state of New York.—*By Philip Koerner, Brooklyn, New York.*

American military forces contain 4,500,000 men in the A 1,000,000 in the Navy, 200,000 i Marine Corps and 110,000 in Coast Guard. Despite its n smaller size, the Navy gets two of every three skilled men ente the forces today chiefly because Army does not promise specia ratings at once to new personne

Of the Allied ships sunk by enemy since September 3, 1 twenty per cent were destroyed submarines, twenty per cent mines, twenty per cent by sur raiders and forty per cent by l range bombers.

An Army-Navy "E" pin for cellence in war work was rece awarded to Blitz, a six-year-old ing Eye dog, for the faithful gu ing and guiding of his blind ma who works in a war produc plant in Rahway, New Jersey. W his owner inspects manufactu parts through a highly develo sense of touch, the loyal animal beside the bench the entire day.

For every 1,000 one-dollar bill this country today, there are 33 t dollar bills, 400 five-dollar bills, ten-dollar bills and 208 twenty-d lar bills.—*By Grace Smiley, W ington, D. C.*

To send 1,000,000 American diers overseas in the first W War required 400 troopships and cargo vessels, averaging 9,000 t for their equipment and one mont supplies. Today this number of n need no more space for themsel but their matériel takes 730 ca ships, also averaging 9,000 tons, an increase in tonnage of 52 cent.

Five dollars will be paid for each interes or unusual fact accepted for this colu Contributions must be accompanied by s factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Y City. This column is copyrighted by Collie The National Weekly. None of the items be reproduced without express permissio the publisher

PLEASE DON'T CALL LONG DISTANCE THIS CHRISTMAS!



IT MAY be the "holiday season" —but war needs the wires that you used to use for Christmas calls.

Long Distance lines are loaded with urgent messages. Extra lines can't be added because copper and other materials are needed for the war.

So—this Christmas please don't make any Long Distance calls to war-busy centers unless they're vital.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Let's take time out for a bit of day-dreaming with Samuel A. Marx, noted industrial designer. Pictured above is his idea of the radio of the future. Sure . . . it's just a day dream . . . but not nearly as fantastic as you may think. War has stimulated engineering developments of far-reaching importance . . . many of which give promise of revolutionizing completely the radio of tomorrow.

In peace times, Admiral enjoyed the distinction of being the world's largest manufacturers of radio-phonograph combinations with automatic record changers. Today our entire engineering and production facilities are devoted exclusively to the making of radio equipment for the armed services. When victory is won and with it the blessings of peace . . . look again to Admiral, America's Smart Set, for the best in radio entertainment.

TUNE IN... *2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.*



CONTINENTAL RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION ★ CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Ground-unit "brain" of Vultee's new Radio-Recorder, which picks up every reaction of plane on a test flight. Man at microphone can warn pilot of danger before it occurs

FICTION and the movies have painted the aircraft test pilot as a devil-may-care fellow who rips off the wings of a new plane every morning before breakfast, consumes two bottles of Scotch daily. In real life, your modern test pilot is far different. More of a scientist and engineer than a daredevil flier, he is usually the most sober and careful of airmen.

It is important news, therefore, that Vultee engineers have developed a radio-operated mechanism that will take many of the risks out of test-pilot work. The apparatus records and instantly transmits to laboratory crews on the ground a complete picture of the strains and flutters, performance and reactions, that occur too rapidly in today's airplanes for test crews' eyes and hands to record. It accurately gauges and reports impending dangers—such as stresses approaching the breaking point, in time to permit the test pilot to be warned.

The Vultee Radio-Recorder, or "test-flight stenographer," as it has been informally dubbed, largely takes the personal element out of flight test and substitutes an automatic and more scientific method. Under the old method, much depends upon the test pilot's feel of the experimental plane—a matter hard to translate into data for the engineers.

The old system also relies on photography to a considerable extent. Moving pictures are taken of the instrument panel and run off in slow motion for t engineers to study. This has many d fects. As movie cameras are bulky, t other apparatus used in testing fight planes must be curtailed, limiting t value of the tests. The time required develop the film and to study and corr late the data is considerable. If the e perimental plane crashes, all of t recordings are lost.

With the new test-flight stenographe a total of 70 instrument readings a flashed in split-second cycles to t ground crew through the plane's stan ard radio transmitter. The readings i clude not only those of all standard fligh instruments, but also the reaction of sp cial test instruments which calibrate suc things as the internal strains, stresses an vibrations developed within the plan during actual flight. This complete fligh data is recorded on moving tape for th immediate scrutiny of the engineers. is simultaneously registered on bot sound film and wax disks. Then a re markable apparatus automatically ana lyzes each signal and plots its trend giving instant warning of any troubl developing, besides correlating all of th data immediately.

The flow of signals, whether from th stratosphere or from below sea level (a in ground strafing tactics in Death Val ley), is not affected by either static o fading, since the reception is based o frequency modulation. Were enem

(Continued on page 53)

The compact unit installed in th plane is a network of instrument and gauges that transmit thei observations to the ground uni





"THE ROCK," painted by Rudolf Wetterou

Things you can count on . . . In a threatening world of shifting tides and ceaseless uncertainties, what man doesn't wonder—doesn't pause to ask himself, "Is anything the same"? These tough times have changed things plenty, but still there are lots of life's good things—good food, good clothes, lots to do, and freedom to choose.

There's smoking, and there's Kaywoodie Briar. Thanks to prudence and foresight, *we still make these fine pipes from the same sweet-smoking, mellow Kaywoodie Briar we always used.* Fortunately this doesn't interfere with war-needs. It *might* have been different. There might have been no Kaywoodie Briar (world's only source of it is in the Mediterranean).

But that didn't happen. Long before the war, our men abroad warned that sources of Kaywoodie Briar in Greece and Albania were in danger of being lost. We got the briar out in time. More than enough for regular Kaywoodie requirements for several years. We brought it to America before the boats were needed for war-loads.

This fine Kaywoodie Briar, selected from the oldest and best offered by a free Earth, has been mellowing in a safe place. It has been prepared according to our own formula. It will give you the satisfaction you expect, from a Kaywoodie Pipe. It has the Kaywoodie Flavor.

When you feel you should have another Kaywoodie Pipe, you can get one. It will be as good as ever. You can always count on Kaywoodie Briar.

This Kaywoodie Pipe is a "Bulldog" Shape Flame Grain Briar. $10. (actual size)

© 1942, Kaywoodie Co., New York and London. In New York, 630 Fifth Ave.





The town that was born three times



TUCKED AWAY in the mountainous part of one of our Eastern States is a town which, if we can believe the tales that are told about it, had three lives.

The town was started in the early part of the nineteenth century when a pioneer seeking a new home came upon a place where the rivers flowed together. The meadows bordering the rivers were rich and fair, and the mountains beyond were thick with timber and game. Here, he decided, would be the site of another Philadelphia or Pittsburgh.

And so a settlement was founded and grew. Great trees were cut and brought down from the mountains; saw mills hummed; and, using the plentiful bark from the trees, a tannery flourished.

But after a few years the mountains were denuded of trees, the saw mills had nothing to saw, and the tannery failed for want of bark. Discouraged, the people moved away, and what had once been a flourishing community became a place of tumble-down homes and weed-grown streets.

This condition might have continued indefinitely had not a vein of coal been discovered in the stump-covered hills. A colliery was built, miners and their families flocked to the town, and barges waited in long lines to carry the coal down the river. But hardly had the town's citizens become accustomed to prosperity, before the vein of coal was worked out, and again the town became deserted.

But once more Lady Luck came to the rescue. The clay in the banks along the river was found to be excellent for brickmaking, and, as kilns began to dot the hillsides, prosperity arrived once more. Alas, it was to stay for but a few years. Improvements in brickmaking made this method uneconomical, and the fires in many of the kilns went out, never to be lighted again.

Perhaps in your travels you have seen a town like this. But probably you have never seen one which received *three* chances to become prosperous. Unlike the fabled characters who have "won and lost a dozen fortunes" most towns, as well as most people, find it difficult to come back after adversity has dealt them just one really hard blow.

Knowing this, the wise man takes pains to protect his property and his possessions, for the sak of his family as well as himself. He knows tha once his possessions are swept away, it may tak many years to replace them. A devastating fir litigation arising from a motor accident, a serie of costly illnesses in the family, can give any ma a numbing financial blow from which he may neve completely recover.

Almost the only way to protect yourself an those close to you from such a tragedy is throug insurance. Insurance of the right kind. Insuranc in the right amounts.

Your local Travelers representative is an excel lent man to call upon for advice when you take thi important and necessary step. His experience i helping others in your community will stand yo in good stead. He can help you make certain th future of your family will never rest on the whim of chance.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms o insurance and fidelity and surety bonds. Th Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers In demnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insuranc Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Hundreds of bogus heroes have been tracked down, but others still prowl in the uniforms of our Armed Forces. The F.B.I. head tells how you can help catch them

BEWARE OF FRAUDS IN UNIFORM

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

and Frederick L. Collins

YOUNG women are not the only ones fascinated by a uniform.

In my job, I have had the unpleasant duty, these t few months, of tracking down several hundred ung men—and older men, too—so enthralled with e uniforms of the Armed Forces of the United tes that they have dared to don them without hav- any right to them whatsoever.

When I say "Don't be deceived by a uniform," I not referring to the great army of young men for om the uniform is a badge of courage and devotion d honor, nor am I addressing my warning exclu- ely to those younger women who may quite under- ndably have gone, as the saying is, "khaki-wacky" er the brave boys who are risking their lives to de- nd them. I am thinking also of the thousands of ndhearted people—men and women, old and young who may fall victims to the machinations of these gus heroes.

For example, shortly after midnight on the morn- g of September 10th, the telephone rang in the Los ngeles field office of the Federal Bureau of Investiga- n, and a low, carefully subdued voice identified its wner by name and street number.

"I want you to send someone to my house at once make an arrest."

"Who is it you want arrested?" asked the special ent in charge.

"A guest."

What had happened was this: A thoroughly re- ectable Los Angeles man and wife had spent the ening dining and dancing at a night club where ey had met a most personable young man in the niform of a captain in the United States Army Air orps. He introduced himself as a former member the Flying Tigers, that heroic band of American y soldiers who had fought the battle of the Burma oad.

In private conversation with our admiring cou- e, he modestly admitted his daring feats and even owed a citation he said he had received awarding m the "Special Distinguished Service Cross" for eroic bravery and wounds received in battle." Im- essed by these evidences of their new friend's valor- us deeds, the Los Angeles householders invited him come home with them for a good-night snack. But the more realistic atmosphere of the family circle, e play-acting which had got by in the night club iled to stand up under his hosts' aroused suspicions. ence the telephone call.

Questioned by the F.B.I., the "Flying Tiger" roved to be a draft selectee named Ben Breier, who, r from performing feats of bravery, had ignomini- usly deserted from the Army in July, 1942.

These night-club soldiers usually end their social areers as guests of the Bureau. I recall the case of a ttle black-eyed chap named Michael Telesco, the son a Brooklyn bootblack and himself a bus boy with chain restaurant company, who suddenly showed p in wartime Washington as a sergeant in the United tates Engineers Corps.

His "military" career began in July, 1941, with the urchase of a pair of sun-tan pants similar to the regu- ation Army trousers. Two weeks later, he bought a haki sun-tan suit; and as winter came on, he sup- lemented this outfit with a pair of regulation wool . S. Army trousers purchased at a secondhand store. o these he gradually added other items until he had rovided himself with the complete uniform of a line ergeant in the United States Army. So, when war ame to Pearl Harbor, Sergeant Michael Telesco was eady for active duty on the night-club front.

Finding his uniform good for free transportation lmost anywhere by automobile and frequent "eats" long the way at the expense of patriotic citizens, Mi- hael traveled extensively. Sometimes he was an rmy photographer; other *(Continued on page 55)*

Tucked away in the Los Angeles County jail, Mr. Ben Breier looks back with regret upon his impersonation of an Army Air Force captain and former Flying Tiger with 35 Jap planes to his credit

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Until he met the girl, Jason Amboy had only a nodding acquaintance with Death. Thereafter he was to know him well, for Jason Amboy fell in love with the girl, and Death never left her unattended. A hair-raising new serial in ten parts

WITH a whispering of satin, the girl crossed the pebbled roof on tiptoe, holding her blue fox cape snugly about her shoulders against the salty night wind. She approached the edge of the building and looked down. She shivered.

The well of darkness that yawned between the roof on which she stood and the face of the taller building across the narrow court looked bottomless. But the girl in the cerise satin gown was not shivering with fear. She was accustomed to the cozy warmth of another climate. The sharp wind from the Pacific, with its occasional wisps of fog that floated past like wraiths, seemed to penetrate to her marrow.

Off to her left were chains of saffron lights marking the adventurous soaring of the Golden Gate Bridge, and off to her right were the lights of Telegraph Hill, for this was San Francisco—San Francisco at a scandalous hour of the night.



A moon in its final quarter, now t then filmed by a ghost of fog, affor her enterprise pale but ample illumi tion.

Near the skylight from which the had just climbed lay the plank she h seen earlier—a clean, stout-looking pl about a foot wide and long enough her purposes.

She picked up the end of the pl that was nearest the low stone cop and she placed this end on the cop She tiptoed to the other end, picked it and pushed the plank across the nar court, aiming it at an open window op site. It was the only window in that p ticular group that was open tonight. had counted on that. She knew it Jason Amboy's bedroom window.

When the plank reached from the r to the window sill she slipped off high-heeled dancing slippers and tuc them under one elbow.

THEN, with her evening bag tuc under the other elbow, she step on the coping.

"Steady as you go," she counseled h self . . . and crossed the chasm. She tered Jason Amboy's bedroom and st listening with held breath to the ger snoring of the man. She took off cape and put on her slippers. Then opened her bag and removed from a large black chiffon handkerchief an key-ring flashlight.

Jason Amboy was awakened by breath of perfume that was, in the ginning, merely an incongruous note a blissful dream about an airplane gine. He seldom dreamed about wom for his was an engineering mind, trai to grapple with engineering proble so that his brain, even though it w dreaming, could not tolerate the sus cion that the sweetest-running airpla engine ever built was breathing off t gay and reckless fragrance of Toujou l'Audace.

The sweet roar of the engine on t block was replaced by the deathly st ness of his bedroom. Light was shini through his eyelids. He opened th and sat up. "Who is that?" he ask

The answer was delivered to him the heel of a hand. It caught him sharply under the chin, with such a sm impact, that his head flew back, and f an immeasurable space of time he sp like a pin wheel in unnatural blackne

When the spinning stopped, he w lying on his side with his wrists secur bound behind him. His ankles were ti together by a continuation of the co that held his wrists, so that he was hc tied. Something had been stuffed in his mouth and he could not spit it o

And his bedside light was on.

A slim girl in cerise satin stood besi his bed looking down at him with ey as clear and cool as river jade. They we a deep and brilliant shade of green, a their shining black pupils were not co

The girl removed her slippers and sai "I'm sorry I must leave you all truss up, Mr. Amboy," in that low, melodio voice. With her slippers under her le arm and her evening bag in her han she began to climb on the window s

ted but well dilated, attesting, if he ed to weigh such details, that she s not under a nervous strain, but was xed and serene. Nor could it be ied that she was the mistress of the ation.

Her eyes were her only visible features. e rest of her face, including nose and s, was concealed behind a black chif- handkerchief which she wore as a sk, the top of it crossing her face just ow her eyes, the bottom of it ending a point just below her chin.

Her light brown hair fell in a soft wave her shoulders. Jason Amboy saw, as mist cleared from his eyes, that his lacious visitor was most beautifully de. She had a lovely figure and utiful arms, slender and smoothly nded, and they were of an amazing per color. What he could see of her e—her forehead and the smooth, ng skin about her eyes—was the e unusual shade.

"Don't be alarmed," the girl said in a lodious voice. "I'm not going to hurt u, Mr. Amboy."

The man she had hog-tied with such tness made a low, trumpeting sound ough his nose. He wasn't afraid she s going to hurt him. He was afraid e might get away without his finding who she was. He was completely stified.

He made another trumpetlike sound ough his nose. The girl laughed softly, n turned away and began a leisurely pection of the bedroom. She strolled the clothes closet, opened the door, d glanced in. She closed the door and nt to his dressing table. She opened drawers and looked at their contents. e went to the tall chest of drawers and ened and inspected each drawer. Then walked out of the room.

Jason Amboy heard her opening the wers in his desk, and he heard the nd of paper rattling. He wondered at she could possibly find to interest in the contents of his desk.

HE returned presently to the bed- room. She went to the window, ked up the fox cape from the chair d put it about her shoulders. She re- oved her slippers and said, "I'm sorry ust leave you all trussed up, Mr. Am- y," in that low, melodious voice.

With her slippers under her left arm d her evening bag in her hand, she gan to climb on the window sill while son Amboy held his breath.

Her shadow in moonlight lingered a oment on the sill, then it, too, vanished. Jason Amboy released his breath si- ntly through his nose. He heard a faint aping sound on his window sill, and a nt scraping sound farther away.

At the other end of his apartment, a or latch clicked and footsteps crossed hardwood floor. A moment later, his nservant Flack walked in. Flack was rtly dressed. He quickly freed the ung man's wrists and ankles, and he moved the gag, which was the end of a low slip.

"What happened, sir?"

Jason Amboy made several grimaces. is mouth was numb and his jawbone hed. "A girl in a kind of pink gown t in here and clipped me under the chin d tied me up and went through this artment with a fine-tooth comb." . . . His valet's dark eyes were gleaming.

son inspected his desk. The drawers ere all open and papers were scat- red about on the floor. He assured mself it contained nothing of value anyone. Aside from a receipt or two, erything in it could have been burned

Jason Amboy suspected that Flack thought the situation was very amusing. But his tone was respectful: "I thought I heard someone moving about. She went through your desk, sir. Shall I phone the police?"

"No, Flack. I don't think she got anything. She came across a plank from that roof, and she went the same way. She must have come and gone through the skylight over there. Isn't it over the service stair well?"

"I believe so, Mr. Amboy."

"Finish dressing as fast as you can, Flack, and get down in front of that building. She'll be going down the service stairway or the front elevator. She'll have to go out the front door or through that service court."

"Unless she lives in that building, sir."

"We can check on that later. She has light brown hair and green eyes and she was wearing a blue fox cape over her gown. She's very darkly tanned. Follow her. I want to know all about her."

"Yes, sir. Do you know what she was after?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

Flack was an anachronism. In a day of servants distinguished by their indifference to their work, he was a perfect manservant, bringing to his tasks an enthusiasm that never staled. Jason Amboy had had him for almost five years. Flack was obedient and willing, yet there had always been a strange, tacit antagonism between the two men.

JASON AMBOY had secured Flack in a curious way. One afternoon when he was leaving a Market Street office building, deft fingers extracted his leather billfold from his hip pocket. In the pressure of people about him, Amboy had almost not been aware of it. He happened to turn and had seen the pale face, the frightened brown eyes of the short man a little behind and to the left of him.

At the instant that the billfold left his pocket, Jason Amboy grasped the pickpocket by the wrist. A woman saw the tableau and screamed. A policeman happened to be near.

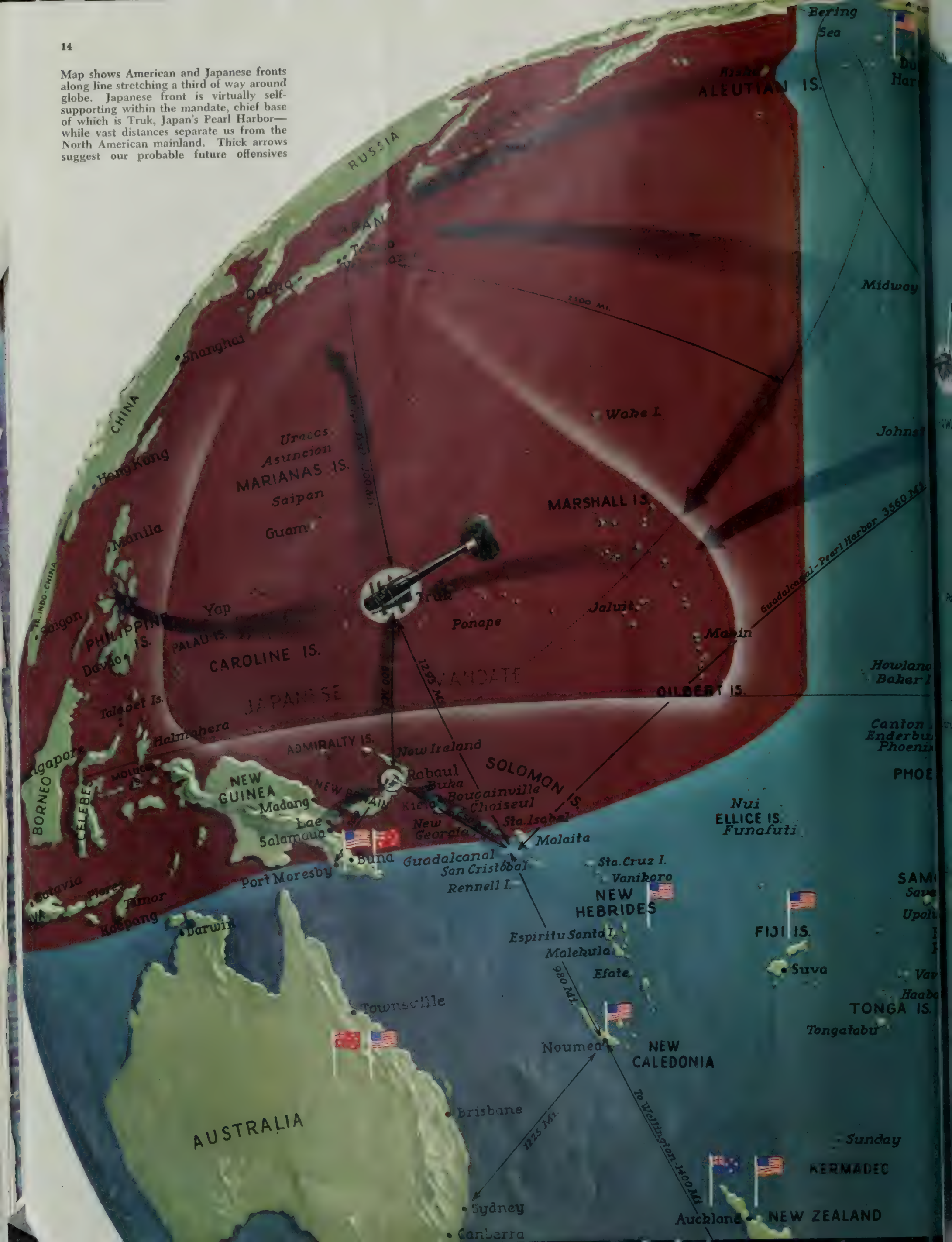
Flack was so frightened, he was such a wistful little man that Jason Amboy's sympathies were aroused. He talked to Flack in jail and Flack told him a strange, touching story: His father had been a butler in an aristocratic San Francisco household. He had raised Flack with the single idea that when he was old enough he was to enter service as a gentleman's gentleman. Flack had become a gentleman's gentleman and had remained one until he was thirty-five. Then two things happened—he lost his job and his father died.

Flack gave in to his old adventurous

(Continued on page 60)



Map shows American and Japanese fronts along line stretching a third of way around globe. Japanese front is virtually self-supporting within the mandate, chief base of which is Truk, Japan's Pearl Harbor—while vast distances separate us from the North American mainland. Thick arrows suggest our probable future offensives



WE MUST WIN THE PACIFIC

By W. B. Courtney

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH THOMPSON

Whatever happens elsewhere, the Pacific Ocean remains our own special show, an unshared front where America's production, her strategy, her skill and valor must stand the acid test alone. Here's why

TO a majority of at-home Americans, a year ago, the Pacific was remote, almost legendary; something remembered from childhood tales of cannibal isles and missionaries' sacrifices. But this war has made its farthest corners intimate and dear to thousands of American families. For already its waters, the sands of its islands and the mud of its jungles have been preciously stored with American blood.

By far the bulk of American casualties have been on the Pacific front; by far the highest number of those we still must unfortunately suffer probably will be there. Further, the American people at large, every reporter knows, hold instinctively the theories that military leaders hold professionally. Our national feeling with regard to the Pacific burns with a purer flame. We seem to realize that here is not a war rooted in the age-old hatreds and grudges of Europe. Here, rather, is a war to resolve new and inescapable problems.

Thus, our hearts as well as our minds today are directed toward the Pacific—its history, its strategy and distances—because, while in Europe and elsewhere we fight in consort, in the Pacific we must inevitably fight alone. It's particularly "our war."

The Pacific Ocean is the greatest natural phenomenon on earth; and, in the light of this war, possibly the most interesting and important.

In this age of the airplane, it is the only ocean that has never been truly flown nonstop; it is the only ocean vast enough to frustrate current air power. The first nation that produces in quantity bombers of long enough range, with big enough loads, may well seize its key. Carriers are but an in-between answer; the heavy losses in carriers of both sides in the Pacific have proved them too vulnerable to counterattack.

The Ocean of Superlatives

The ocean was named by Magellan, the great Portuguese who was the first man to cross it—98 days under sail, from the Straits of Magellan in South America to Guam. He called it "Pacific"—calm and peaceful. In this respect, Magellan was lucky—as many a Yank fighting man could testify, out of his green-faced misery. In its storms, as in all other things, the Pacific drives the most conservative observer to superlatives; it is biggest, widest, deepest, bluest, quietest, grandest and wildest.

Its area is greater than the entire land surface of the globe. You could drop the whole United States in any one of several expanses of the Pacific, and none of its frontiers would touch as much as an islet. Yet its map in places is as salted with islands as the Milky Way is with stars; although even here you may cruise among them for days, as our transport did, and not sight land—so far are they apart. The Pacific is nearly twice as large as the North and South Atlantics combined, and it has more than double their total amount of water. It contains more than half of all the water on earth, including oceans, seas, rivers and lakes. It is more than 9,000 miles long from Bering Strait to the Antarctic Circle; and it is 10,000 miles wide at the equator. It takes the sun ten hours to cross it, or nearly one half of its day's journey. It has the greatest known deeps—the Philippine, east of the islands, and the Nero, off Guam, for instance, both going down six miles or more. Its average depth is over two and a half miles. By contrast, even the latest German U-boats cannot submerge with safety more than 600 feet.

To jaded men of all countries in harsher climes, its pleasant tropic islands—Tahiti, Hawaii, Samoa, Pukapuka, Rarotonga—have been *(Continued on page 66)*

How to Help a Spy

By Joe Alex Morris

FOREIGN EDITOR, UNITED PRESS
BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The success of our African move is an object lesson in the value of curbing loose talkers. Enemy agents didn't get an inkling of the impending invasion despite the fact that Americans are internationally known as notorious chin-waggers. Here are some revealing instances

IT WAS a blazing dawn, and a famous American war correspondent crouched in the bow of a landing barge, watching the coast on which Allied forces from the mighty 850-ship armada had landed for the invasion of French Africa. It was a moment of excitement, of triumph; a moment that climaxed the safe transport of an unprecedented expeditionary force across perilous seas. But the correspondent, waiting to plunge into the warm surf, shook his head despondently.

"What's wrong, pal?" a soldier asked. "Don't you want to get wet?"

"I don't mind water," the famous reporter replied with a sigh, "but I'm paid to know what's what, and I don't like to be fooled. Yet when we left London I was so sure we were going to Russia that I nearly brought my snowshoes! My hat's off to the guy who did it."

That correspondent's hat was off to a little group of men in London and Washington and a few other key spots behind the fighting front, who had camouflaged with amazing skill one of the most massive movements of armed forces in this or any other war. The security of our forces approaching the African coast depended on secrecy and upon confusing the enemy, and one of the Americans who should have taken a bow—but didn't—was a quiet, genial fellow: Brigadier General Robert McClure, who is in the business of fooling the Axis.

General McClure is tops in London in the mysterious American Army organization known as G-2, which is Intelligence. His field is the European theater of operations.

As if that weren't enough, G-2 heads six divisions—counterintelligence, administration, training and operations, public relations and military attachés—in addition to Intelligence.

The result of the labors, probings and experiences of General McClure's departments might be summed up in a few words: "Americans talk too much."

A few careless words, an address on a case of machine-gun bullets, a hint by some small-minded official who wants to show his friends that he is in the know—any of these things might cost the lives of American boys on transports headed for Africa, or might give the enemy an opportunity to trap our forces at landing points. Even so harmless a thing as a fresh lime might have been seen by an enemy agent, who could use it as a key to solve a mystery.

As a matter of fact, a fresh lime scared McClure badly at one tense point in the preparations. An American agent who had helped to prepare the way for the invasion by traveling to Morocco returned to London just as the vast machinery of invasion was set in operation. He brought McClure a lime—an impossible purchase in England at any price—and proudly placed it in the center of his chief's desk, in the busy office while the general was out of the room. Then he sat back to await thanks. Instead, when the chief returned and saw that lime exposed to the view of anybody who happened to be in the office, he almost exploded with anger.

It might have seemed inconsequential to most persons, but to a clever enemy agent, that lime could have provided the key to the whole invasion plan because it was a type that grows only in a particular country and in that way pointed directly to the scene of the greatest Intelligence activity.

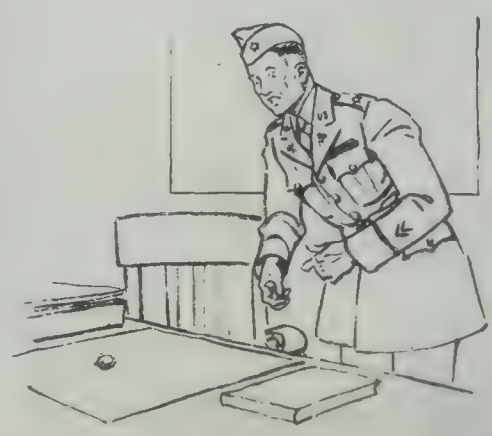
Little Things Are Greatest Worry

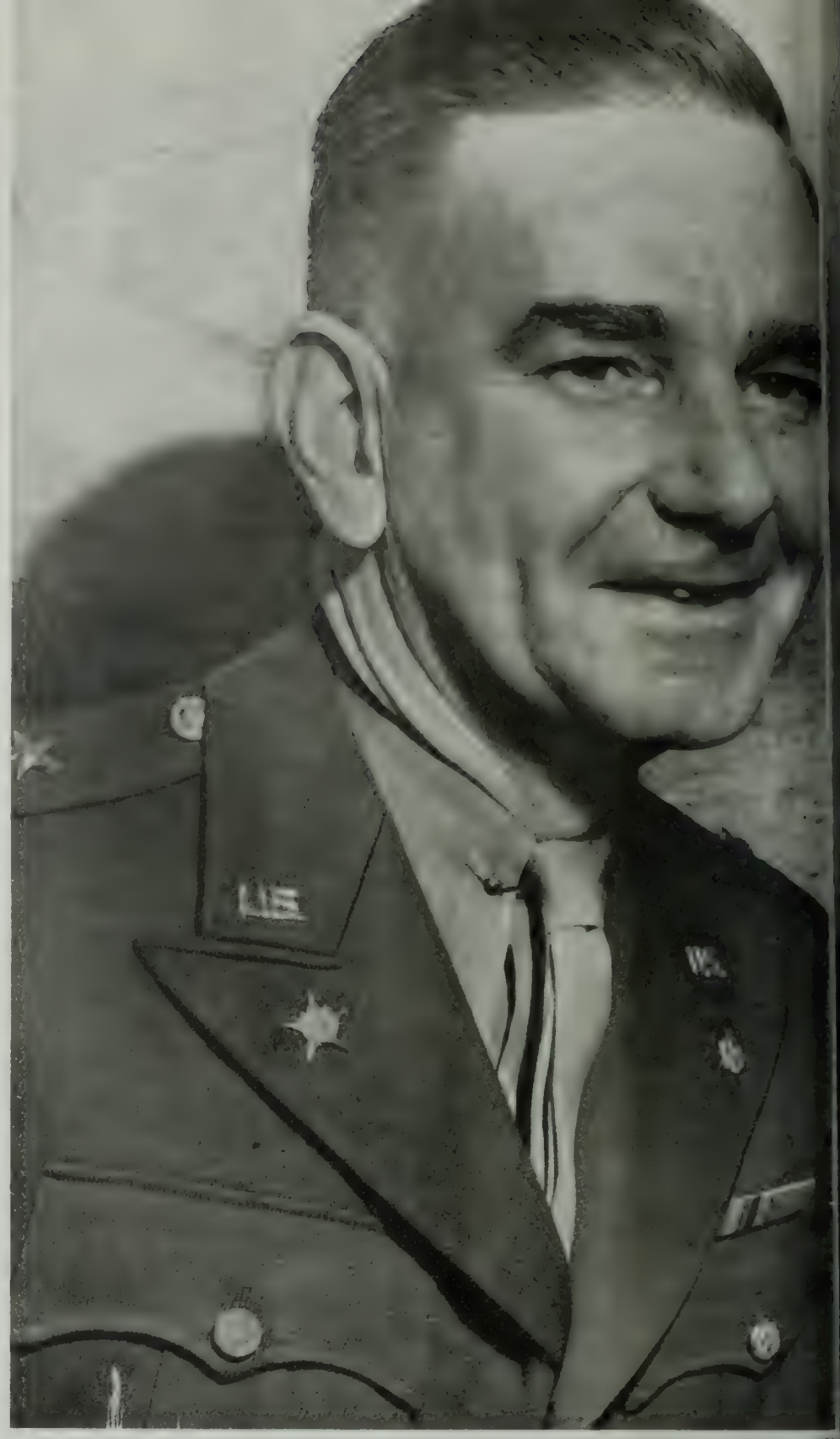
It is little things like peculiar limes that worry our Intelligence officers these days, when the United Nations are swinging out in offensive, and secrecy becomes far more important to us than at any previous time in this war. The spy with the false beard or the beauteous female agent who steals papers from the weak-mouthed colonel at a gay party is among our lesser troubles.

The spying business in this war is just as important as ever, but it is an efficient, routine, hardheaded business in which the most vital roles go to men who collect information from thousands of sources and who know how to piece it all together to make a single picture, as you would work out a jigsaw puzzle.

Bribery, blackmail, theft are all parts of the espionage business, and sometimes glamor and hairbreadth escapes and fictionlike adventures are necessary, under certain circumstances.

In preparing for the African invasion, the political work of American advance agents was of the utmost importance and was in the skillful hands of such men as Robert Murphy, American consul in Algeria, and Major General Mark Wayne Clark, who made a weird, dramatic visit by submarine to the scene of invasion. Others risked their lives in adventures that cannot be related until after the war, but the greatest danger to the success of the operation came in the routine day-by-day occurrences that might have





AC'

The man who fooled the Axis on our African invasion—Brigadie General Robert McClure, head of U. S. Army Intelligence in Europ

Americans question captured French troops near Oran—a situatio that might have been reversed by one break in preinvasion secrec

INTERNATIONA



PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

ed off the enemy to our objective. hat's why Lieutenant General Ike nhower's aide visited the London os two weeks before the invasion, ing warm underwear and other arctic pment. That's why several Ameri- and British units were issued equip- t for cold weather—equipment which changed only on the eve of their de- ure. That's why newspapermen, by s and threes, were given a few hours' ce to report at a secret meeting place h full equipment. They had no ortunity to say goodby to their nds.

heir offices heard nothing of them for weeks, after which their dispatches an flowing from African ports—ch to the surprise of some of Lon- 's best-informed reporters who were e their colleagues were headed for rway or perhaps for France or even kar.

Our Intelligence officers knew that parations for such a huge expedition- force could not be kept from the my, but they could and did execute best plan of this war for confusing enemy as to the objective, and even r the vanguard of the armada had embled at Gibraltar and had been n by Axis agents on the Spanish der, German-controlled propaganda chines could come no closer to the th than to guess that the huge con- was headed for Malta.

t was not all smooth going, either, our Intelligence or for American re- ters assigned suddenly to various ces. The expedition was given the st thorough news coverage of any eration of this war, and, of course, nerican press associations and the wspaper bureaus of London were pledged not to reveal to their New York headquarters the departure of newsmen selected to make the journey.

They were not, however, prevented from appealing to headquarters for reportorial reinforcements, and there must have been considerable indignation in New York offices when well-staffed London bureaus suddenly began calling for help for no apparent reason. But the reason was apparent in London where cub reporters had taken over diplomatic runs, and office managers had to roll up sleeves and return to extra-hour tricks on the copy desk. United Press, for instance, sent six men from London to secret foreign assignments of indefinite duration in the space of six days; Associated Press sent four, and International News Service four.

Impending Vacation Postponed

The strangest case was that of one big American newspaper's London bureau. One staff member was an American on leave, another was ordered by the home office to transfer to Cairo, leaving only a bureau manager, who might be called Jones, in London. Jones was one of the first assigned to the African expedition and, as head of the bureau, he began searching for some way to persuade his foreign editor in America that the Cairo transfer should be delayed. He recalled that during his editor's recent visit to England they discussed the possibility of some Allied expeditionary operation and agreed that Jones should take the assignment. They jokingly referred to it as a "vacation" from London routine.

In a moment of inspiration, Jones cabled his editor urging that the transfer of one man from London to Cairo be postponed and adding the significant words: "Because of my impending vacation." But the editor at home had forgotten. His reply was sympathetic, but suggested that Jones postpone his vacation. Jones read it with a shrug that meant there would soon be one London bureau without any staff.

"Imagine me suggesting that Eisenhower postpone the invasion of Africa!" he remarked. "Somehow I just can't bring myself to do it."

Exaggerated secrecy—attention to little things for which the enemy was watching—made the African expedition a success, but Allied officials had a wide background of experience on which to base their preparations. Some of the thousands of instances of carelessness that cost lives in the past have come to light in recent months, and these served as guides for our Intelligence staff, which operates from headquarters that once was one of the most expensive apartment houses in Britain—a luxury building with the fanciest varicolored bathtubs in the country.

It's a busy place these days. Its luxurious drawing rooms and spacious lobbies have been partitioned with wallboard. Its dining rooms provide space for secretaries' desks. Its walls are plastered with posters warning against loose talk. It's a building that houses many secrets and perhaps some tragedies. But it also houses many amusing stories that may help the public to understand how important it is to get over the American tendency to boast a good deal on the basis of little information.

Our officials here are convinced that Americans are less security-conscious than any other people. We have yet to learn the lessons the British learned the hard way, and which today inspire hundreds of messages from private persons to British officials every day, reporting suspicious circumstances and incidents.

One illustration of the American viewpoint of security, even among the Armed Forces (which receive special instructions), arose soon after American troops began arriving in these islands. In one company there was a soldier of Chinese origin. He wrote a letter home, a handsome letter in Chinese characters painted with the greatest delicacy on fragile paper. It was turned over by the Army censor to a translator and proved to be a shocking violation of all the instructions given troops in regard to security.

It was such a grave instance that headquarters decided it should be used as an example to troops and that the soldier should be severely punished.

The translation was therefore sent to the soldier's captain, with a note pointing out the circumstances and ordering appropriate disciplinary action. A few days later the captain replied: "I have complied with your instructions, and Private Blank has been punished by being required to write Paragraph 40 of Article IX of the Basic Field Manual, regarding security, ten times in Chinese and ten times in English." The captain's idea of punishment was rather typical of the American attitude toward security when we got into war. It's that attitude which our G-2 is forced to fight, day after day.

Frequently, the American habit of talking freely shocks our British hosts into vigorous private protest. One telephone switchboard girl at a post in a London hotel rang up United States Army headquarters and exclaimed: "This place is full of American officers who keep calling one another on the house telephone and talking about things they shouldn't. Why don't you make them stop it?"

She was switched to the proper G-2 officer and was asked for room numbers. Talking over house phones, on which almost anyone might listen, quickly stopped, much to the chagrin of a dozen loose-tongued officers.

Then there was the American Army colonel who worked for months to get an assignment to London. It finally came through, and he was overjoyed. On the day he left Washington, he was given a packet of confidential papers to deliver to General Blank at United States headquarters. He arrived in London, by air, late one evening—too late, he decided, to report to headquarters. So he called an old friend and they dined at a small, popular restaurant to which the colonel took his brief case containing the papers. His friend was charming, and the dinner was good, and it was not until he was back at his hotel that the colonel discovered his brief case was missing.

Missing Brief Case Found

It occurred to him that his companion might not be all that he imagined—or rather might be more—but he could not believe that an enemy agent could be in Britain. He started out to retrace his steps, but the taxicab he had hired was long since gone, and the restaurant where he had dined was closed. He kept at it all night, telephoning friends and reporting his troubles to the police and pacing the streets, but without result. At last, in desperation, he called his dinner companion and was convinced rather coolly that nothing was known of the missing papers.

Despairingly, he went to headquarters the next morning and reported to General Blank. When he had been ushered into the office, the general sat impassively at his desk—in the middle of which was the colonel's missing brief case.

"You've found it!" the colonel exclaimed joyfully. "It's something I brought for you."

"Yes, we found it," the general replied. He stood up and held out a packet of papers. "And I have brought something for you."

He handed the colonel an authorization for an immediate return trip to Washington by slow boat, and orders to make use of it, starting that evening.

The colonel's case was an illustration of the comprehensive nature of the organization built up in the British Isles and vastly extended since the war began. It now has the co-operation of our own Intelligence and the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"The colonel's missing brief case was in our hands an hour or so after he walked away and left it in the restaurant," a high official explained. "If he

(Continued on page 58)



Natives of Oran line the streets to watch the first American troops enter their city. Surprise nature of the move contributed greatly to cutting down of American casualties

ACME





Wait Till I'm on My Feet

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The problem of a convalescent seaman who fell in love with his nurse. It seems the lady had made other plans

BY NOON he was all dressed and ready to leave the hospital but he wanted to see Tracy first. He had something he wanted to give her. It was a silver dollar. It was his good-luck piece. His Uncle Shack had given it to him, saying, "Chip, my boy, it saw me safe and sound through the last ruckus and I hope it'll see you through this one." Chip valued it. It was the only thing besides his papers that he had escaped with when his ship, forty-one days out of the Plata, had been torpedoed off the Florida coast. But he wanted Tracy to have it. He thought that much of Tracy.

Gina Antonelli said she was probably on the floor somewhere and told him to wait on the back veranda and she'd find her and tell her. Gina made it seem like a jolly conspiracy; she even went so far as to squeeze Chip's arm reassuringly.

He paced up and down the back veranda but in a little while his legs began to shake and beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. He sat down and wiped his face. The doctor had told him to take it easy, to rest, to get a lot of sleep; but he was young and restless and as a patient he had been quite a problem, always wanting to get up. The hospital was small, on the outskirts of this small coastal city, but it was strict.

When the screen door clicked, Chip jumped up and said, "Hello, hello!" in his best buoyant manner. He felt a momentary giddiness from having jumped up so abruptly; but he grinned—not convincingly—and smacked fist into palm. "Well, here I am, on my way out, at last. It's wonderful."

"Yes," said Tracy Gibbs in cool, detached reflection. "At last. It's truly wonderful." She gave him a level glance. "Well, what do you want?"

He chuckled hollowly. "Gosh, you're not very friendly."

"Right. I'm not very friendly. Now what do you want?"

"Well, I want—I want to say goodby and—"

"Goodby," she said. She turned and yanked open the door.

He jumped. "Hey, wait a minute!" In his excitement he caught hold of her arm. "Please, Tracy—"

She whirled, wrenching her arm free, and glared at him. The color rose in her face and made her very beautiful in a wild, stormy way.

She said in a low, tight voice, "Look here, Mr. Adams; let's get this straight. When Chip came to he was lying on [illegible] couch. His feet were higher than [illegible] head and he was wrapped in a pat[illegible] work quilt. Tracy smiled at him. "You[illegible] a hopeless case. Here, drink t[illegible]

For two weeks, ever since they drag[illegible] you out of the water and brought y[illegible] here, my life has been a walking nig[illegible] mare. I stood it—I took it all—becau[illegible] you were a patient here and I wasn't [illegible] ing to the super and be a crybaby. I stood your stupid grins. I stood yo[illegible] silly attempts to hold my hand. I sto[illegible] your ridiculous, anonymous lette[illegible] signed Anonymous. And your cra[illegible] telegram, 'Wait till I'm on my feet. C[illegible] boy!' and signed, The Horizontal K[illegible] All that I stood—in silence. But n[illegible] you're no longer a patient here. You[illegible] on your feet, thank the Lord, and I do[illegible] have to put up with you!"

In urgent haste, Chip said, "But I li[illegible] you, Tracy. I admit maybe I did so[illegible] crazy things, but I couldn't help it. Wh[illegible] the first time I laid eyes on you I said [illegible] myself, 'Chip, old kid, there she [illegible] There's the girl for you.'"

She shuddered and closed her ey[illegible] tight. He took hold of her arm aga[illegible] feeling her become instantly rigid.

"Let me go," she growled, not ope[illegible] ing her eyes. "Let me go or I'll screan[illegible]

He patted her shoulder. "There, the[illegible] now don't get upset, Tracy. I know th[illegible] must seem kind of sudden to you. Tw[illegible] people can't see the same thing in t[illegible] same light at the same time. One se[illegible] it first, sometimes, and has to try ha[illegible] to make the other see it. I am tryi[illegible] hard, Tracy. All I ask is a chance."

SHE looked at him with a kind of b[illegible] ter commiseration, saying, "I mu[illegible] remember. I mustn't lose control [illegible] myself. You're no doubt mentally il[illegible]

"I'll find a room in town. When c[illegible] I see you? Can I see you tonight? Plea[illegible] say yes, Tracy. About eight. Okay?"

She put her hand to her forehead. [illegible] am slowly going mad," she said.

"Tracy," he said, "look." He held [illegible] his good-luck piece. "This was my o[illegible] Uncle Shack's. I want you to have [illegible] It's a little thing, I know, but it's broug[illegible] me good luck and I hope it will bri[illegible] you good luck too. You're the only pe[illegible] son in the world I'd think of giving [illegible] to." He took hold of her hand a[illegible] placed his talisman in it.

"I see," she said, glassy-eyed. She he[illegible] it out. "Here."

"But it's for you. It's my own pe[illegible] sonal good-luck charm."

"If I keep it will you guarantee m[illegible] good luck will be such that I'll nev[illegible] see you again?"

He looked miserable. "You must ha[illegible] led an awful life, Tracy. Did someboc[illegible] hurt you once? You're acting now li[illegible] somebody that hates the world and e[illegible] erybody in it. And I'll bet you ha[illegible] yourself too."

Her face grew white. She still he[illegible] out the talisman. "Here, take it."

"No," he said. "If you don't want i[illegible] chuck it out on the lawn."

She threw it out on the lawn and h[illegible] watched it land and bounce softly i[illegible] the grass. A couple of tears ran dow[illegible] her cheeks and her lips shook.

"You're crying because you threw [illegible] away," Chip said. "You do mean thing[illegible] and you cry."

She went out to the lawn, picked u[illegible] the silver dollar and brought it bac[illegible] She said, "I lost my temper. It was a[illegible] ugly thing to do. I apologize."

"Ah, forget it, Tracy," Chip said, tak[illegible] ing heart again. "I guess it was my fau[illegible]

(Continued on page 47)

Calvert shows how—
with holidays near—
To triple your wisdom,
and triple good cheer!



1. "**Give wisely,** my friend," says the Owl,
"You *know* Dad has quite enough ties;
But you'll tickle him pink with this glorious drink—
Give him CALVERT, the grand whiskey prize!"



2. "**Serve wisely,** if friends should drop in
To join in a holiday toast;
Serve CALVERT, whose flavor wins connoisseurs' favor—
You'll be hailed as a *prince* of a host!"



3. "**Drink wisely!**" concludes the Old Owl,
"Drink CALVERT—that's friendly advice!
It's smoother, old fellow—deliciously mellow!
And a word to the wise should suffice!"

GIVE WISELY, SERVE WISELY, DRINK WISELY



Clear Heads Choose

Calvert

THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"



t Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spiri

Lincoln's LAST CHRISTMAS

BY PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN
ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

There is no record of his voice, nor is there a man alive who remembers it. But the pages of time are more than eloquent with his imperishable goodness



FROST laced the edges of the windowpanes, v gnetting the bleak winter landscape. Snow do queer things to places, he thought. In the tw light, the wide mud flats near the ice-covered Potoma looked like the Illinois prairies, and the Virginia hi on the other side of the river might be the Kentuck mountains he had known as a boy. Winter sound were the same everywhere. A guard marching up ar down under the White House windows crunched th hard, frozen snow crystals under his boot; some boy playing in the meadows near the river were shouting- their voices were brittle in the cold air. They we familiar sounds that brought back many memorie

A man in his fifties remembers many Christmase Worst of all had been the one during that first terrib winter in Illinois when his family had been snowed for weeks in the hastily built cabin on a bluff abov the Sangamon. They had stayed in bed eighteen hou a day to keep warm and to forget their hunger b sleeping as much as they could. He shivered when h thought of that desolate cabin where even the fir wood had to be used sparingly because it was almo impossible to go out in the shoulder-deep snow to g more. But he smiled wistfully when he recalled th gingerbread man his stepmother had made for hi every Christmas during the long hard years in Indian

Yes, a man in his fifties remembers many Chris mases. There was that awful day in New Salem whe he had walked for miles to a lonely country cemeter to brush the snow away from Ann's grave. He coul never bear the thought of the rain falling on her, an the snow was even worse. Yet it must be lying dee there now on that deserted hill, and there was no on to brush it away. It was lying on so many graves- thousands and tens of thousands of them made du ing the last four years.

BUT all his Christmases had not been so bad. He r membered the first one after Robert had been bor Mary had lighted a candle at the foot of the crad before there was any sign of dawn in the sky, and th waking child had crowed with delight when he sa the yellow flame. They had stood beside the crad while the shabby room that was their temporary hom lightened with the coming of day. They had let th candle burn down to a sputtering end long afte the winter sun had flooded the room with its snow reflected light.

And then, during the later years, after the othe three children had come, the big house in Springfiel had resounded with their shouts and laughter eac Christmas morning. Some day they would retur there, after all this was over. But only two of the chi dren would be with them. He forced his mind awa from those unhappiest of all times. Bob would b home from Harvard for Christmas, and Tad woul soon be coming in to say good night in his odd child ish lisp.

He left the window and walked slowly toward th long table piled with papers and reports, knowing tha he had to take up the business of the day. Wor should be arriving soon from Sherman, whose ever advancing army had reached Savannah and the sea The war could not last much longer now. The com ing year might see it over, and then there would be th complicated problems of peace to face. Sometimes h thought he dreaded them more than he did the war He sat down wearily in his big chair at the head of th cabinet table and called out to Billy Slade.

The old colored manservant opened the doo noiselessly and came in to light the gas. In the grow ing light, the long white room took on shape and be came more cheerful. Billy told him that Gideo Welles, his Secretary of the Navy, was waiting t see him.

"Send him in," he said gladly. He knew why Welle had come. There would be Christmas pardons to sign

He pushed her written statement away. When h glanced up, he saw that she was smiling at hi



THEY'LL GIVE YOU A FRESH START IN LIFE

THIS is a Nazi court. Maybe none of us will ever have to face one...we hope.

They specialize in giving people fresh starts in fe. All that you've ever had...your home, your ank account, the very clothes off your back, your mily, even your self-respect...they take from you.

They start you off fresh, with nothing. They don't ven leave you the opportunity you have now.

Millions of people have gotten fresh starts at eir hands...millions of human beings who have orked and scrimped and saved all their lives for little comfort, a mere modicum of happiness and ecurity. Millions of men and women in Poland and ussia and France. Millions like *us*.

But this will never happen here...we hope. This is only something that happens to other people... we hope.

Yet how effective can mere "hope" be in *keeping* this from happening here?

Hope can't carry a rifle. Hope can't build a tank. Hope can't finance a war.

It takes action and human effort. Action from *all* of us. Human effort from *all* of us.

For this is a people's war. This is a war in which we, the people, win or lose...in which we, the people, earn the right to live our own lives or to lose them. And you—and we who sign this advertisement—*are* the people.

There is no time to wait to be *told* what to do. *Each* of us must *find out* what to do and *do* it. For with every minute, every precious minute, the decision grows closer. Win or lose. Have or have not. Live or die.

Not just for the other fellow. For *you*...

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. · MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS · GUN CARRIAGES · ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE · STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES



⬅If she's taken in this...

When you're longing for this ➡





⬅TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.



Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

and his face brightened at the prospect. It was a pleasant custom that gave the holiday meaning.

Secretary of the Navy Welles entered, his long white beard making him look oddly like Santa Claus. He seemed quite embarrassed, as he always did under such circumstances. He thought it a weakness on the part of the President to grant pardons so easily, yet he aided and abetted him, even going over Stanton's head to see that they reached his attention.

"I have some papers for you to sign," he began in a brisk voice. "Christmas pardons. We've discussed most of them already. You'll remember this case, I'm sure." He deftly slipped a sheet of paper covered with writing in front of the man at the table. The President put on his glasses and nodded when he recognized the case. "You agreed to commute the sentence," Welles said, speaking rapidly as if to ward off argument. "It's a routine matter now, needing only your signature to make it official."

The President reached for his pen, wondering whether the commutation of a death sentence could ever be a routine matter. He marveled, as always, at the power that flowed from the fine steel point. The words "A. Lincoln" would set unseen wheels in motion; telegraph wires would carry the good news to a distant family; and somewhere a boy in a prison cell would be told that he did not have to die. He glanced at his signature with pleasure. There were some advantages in being President—especially on Christmas Eve.

THEN Welles gave him other pardons to sign. When they were duly inscribed and dated, the august-looking Secretary of the Navy stood anxiously folding and refolding a small sheet of letter paper that was obviously not an official document.

"I have a favor to ask, sir," he said hesitatingly. "Or rather Mrs. Welles has. It's a bit difficult to explain." His eyes wandered to the burning gas jets, and his voice died away. The President waited patiently.

"It has to do with a Rebel female," Welles blurted out at last.

"A Rebel female?"

"Yes, sir. A young one. A friend of my wife."

Welles stood shifting about unhappily under the President's gaze. "I know what you're thinking, sir. That the family of a cabinet officer shouldn't have such friends. We don't make a practice of it, but this case is different."

Lincoln's expression was quizzical. He leaned back in his chair and put his f ger tips together. "And what does t Rebel female want?" he asked in amused voice.

"Well, to put it bluntly, sir—she wa to get married."

Lincoln grinned. "She doesn't ne my help for that. There's no law forb ding marriage—even for Rebel femal Whom does she want to marry?"

"That's just the trouble, sir. So Rebel whelp in Richmond. She can't through the lines."

"So you want me to give her a pass Welles nodded vigorously.

"Has she taken the oath of al giance?"

Welles frowned. "I've talked to her and so has my wife. But she's stubbo I regret to say that she refuses to take t oath. Says she owes her allegiance Virginia, and not to the United State

"Yet you want me to grant her a pa That might be interpreted by some giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

"Yes, sir, it might," Welles said grim

"But you still want me to do it?"

"I don't think it would do any gre harm, sir. We have never recognized t Confederacy, so Virginia is still part this country. There still have to be ma riages—and children. We have to thi of the future. The nation has been se ously depopulated by this war."

"Perhaps you'd better tell me mo about this Rebel female," the Preside said quietly. He motioned toward chair. Welles sat down uneasily, sprea ing out the letter which he had folded often that it looked like an accordi pleat. He glanced at it with surprise if he had never seen it before.

"She came here at the beginning of t war," Welles began. "Her mother w sick, and she had to take care of her. T mother died, so she's been stranded he ever since. As she says herself, the yea of her youth are passing away. She nearly four years older now, and—"

"Just how old is she?"

"I don't know for certain, sir. Abo twenty-three, I'd say."

"H-m. Twenty-three. Practically s perannuated for a Southern girl. We have to do something about it, Welles

"I suggest you read her own statemen first. It's rather intemperate, I'm sor to say." He handed the letter to th President, who laid it face down on th table and shook his head.

"I'd rather not read it," he said, smi ing. "It might prejudice my decisio Tell me more about her, Welles. Who she, and where is she now?"

"Her name is Laura Jones—and she



COLLIER'S "My sons are in the Service, too. Soaring Eagle is in the Navy and Fish Under Water is in the Air Corps" ERIC PETERS

ng right outside the door this min-
t."
he President looked startled. "Does
t want to talk to me?"
She said she ought to be here in case
u wanted to talk to her." He studied
President's face. "Do you?"
I don't think it will be necessary. But
ould like to see what she looks like.
u can tell a great deal from a person's
e."

VELLES checked the impulse to say, "Especially when it's young pretty." Instead he stood up and ed rather doubtfully, "How do you t to arrange it?"
You might go out to ask her some stion," the President suggested. "You ld leave the door open acciden-y."
Velles' face was properly sober as he nt to the door. Before he reached it, President spoke again. "And then might find some errand down the

NOT WANTED
for the Duration



QUITTER

Man who caves in because his own petty ambitions are stalled by the war. He whines, "What the hell," and gets drunk

ll to keep you busy for a minute. I nt to get a good look at her."
The girl in the visitor's chair half ose when she saw the impressive-oking figure of the Secretary of the avy advancing toward her. He mo-ned to her to remain seated and spoke her in a whisper. Then he was gone, dding softly down the hallway.
They sat looking at each other through e doorway for a long moment, the ging man at the cabinet table and the ung Confederate girl who had refused take an oath of allegiance to his gov-nment. They were supposed to be emies, he thought sadly. Her people d his were engaged in a death struggle n battlefields that covered half the na-on. Yet she was as American as he was, th citizens of a republic that had been rn in war and revolution. The state Virginia to which she gave fierce alle-ance had provided Washington and efferson as his predecessors in office. hey had many things in common, she nd he, and not the least of them was the heritage Virginia had given the nation.

Hostility between them was unthinkable, he decided. His eyes sought her written statement, but he pushed it resolutely away. When he glanced up at her again, he saw that she was smiling at him.

Her thin, forlorn face was transformed. He was tempted to get up and speak to her, but he heard Welles' footsteps coming down the hallway. He sank back in his chair and assumed a stern, Presidential look. The girl was murmuring something to Welles. A moment later the secretary entered the room and closed the door behind him.

"What do you think, sir!" Secretary Welles inquired.

"I think she should be allowed to return to Richmond."

Welles smiled. "I thought you would. But don't you want to read her statement first? She makes no bones about her Rebel sentiments."

The President picked up the sheet of paper lying before him on the table and deliberately tore it into pieces. Then he took his pen and wrote out a pass. "I don't suppose it matters if I date this tomorrow?" Without waiting for a reply, he wrote the words, "Christmas Day, December 25, 1864," and appended his signature to the document.

"That makes it a Christmas present," he said, handing it to Welles.

His Secretary of the Navy bowed and put the paper carefully in his pocket. "I thank you, sir," he said gravely. "The young lady just whispered something to me which I think I may repeat." He cleared his throat. "She said you weren't at all like the monster you had been pictured. She said you reminded her of her father. And she wished you a very merry Christmas."

"You told her I was going to sign the pass?"

"Yes, sir." Welles' face was expressionless. "I didn't have any doubt of it—even from the beginning." He bowed again and went to the door. "Mrs. Welles and I wish you a very merry Christmas, sir. A very merry Christmas and many of them.

HE SHUT the door silently and was gone. The President got up from the table and went to the window. It was dark outside now, and there was a faint glow of light on the snow from the gas lamps on the lower floor. He could hear the steady crunching of the guard's booted feet. Somewhere a church bell was ringing, calling worshipers to vespers on Christmas Eve.

Yes, a man in his fifties remembers many Christmases. What was it the girl had said? "The years of my youth are passing away." They had already passed for him, he knew. Suddenly he felt very old, as though he had lived out all his life and there was nothing left. In a few weeks he would be fifty-six. He had seen many Christmases come and go, three of them in the White House—and tomorrow would be the fourth. But by this time next year, the war should be over. In another four years, he and Mary could return to Springfield to stay there in peace.

As he stood looking out at the darkness, the melancholy that had haunted him all his life returned. The brief glow of happiness that had come from signing the Christmas pardons was gone.

The frost was riming the windowpanes again, reaching out with icy fingers to shut the world away. His hands and legs felt cold, as they so often did these days. He shivered. Tomorrow would be his fifty-sixth Christmas. How many Christmases could a man in his fifties expect to see?

THE END



How American it is... to want something better!



MAYBE we have to wait till the war is over and television comes from around the corner before we can all have this *particular* "something better." But how American it is to *want* such things. A better camera or a better watch or a better baking potato—it makes no difference what the product is—we are forever looking for "something better."

ONE OF THE "BETTER THINGS" America discovered long ago is a moderate beverage, an Ale in fact, with a trade mark whose 3 Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." Since 1840 this Ale has been acclaimed by many. *So* many, that in this land of something better it has become . . .



PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale



To speed the day when we can have more "better things" ***buy war bonds and stamps***

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Holland's Last Stand

By Martha Gellhorn

Collier's correspondent finds Americans and Dutchmen working hand in hand in the lonely land of Surinam, gathering precious war material in the last outpost of Dutch freedom



INTERNATIONAL

Above: Bayonets and more will welcome any attempt at an Axis landing on Surinam. Mosquito-netted helmets protect faces from insects



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Dutch troops aiding U. S. forces in guarding the Zandary air base line up for rifle inspection before Lt. Col. R. L. Wood

WHEN the American soldiers write home saying that they are in Surinam, they get letters back saying that it must be very exciting in Australia or that it must be terribly hot in West Africa. Surinam is the kind of outpost that practically nobody can place.

The Dutch themselves, who own it, spent $1,600,000 a year on it and forgot about it. Surinam was just 3,000 square miles of matted jungle and stale, coffee-colored rivers, with a capital, a very few so-called towns, a strip of coast more or less chopped free of jungle, 1,900 Europeans who lived there to administer the colony or make money, 162,000 other folk ranging in color from amber Javanese to the soft-black Bush Negroes, gold mines, bauxite mines, cane and coffee plantations, balata trees, other oddments in the way of agriculture and small local industries, and a climate that you just about cannot stand but which you finally get used to.

It lies, hot, unknown and unimportant, between British and French Guiana on the northeast coast of South America. The Atlantic, which is usually gray or blue or green, stretches along the pancake-flat coast and is pure brown mud for twenty miles out. On the south are the jungles of Brazil. By air, Dakar is 1,500 miles away and Miami is 2,323 miles.

The inland country was mapped mostly by guesswork, because no one has been able to survey it. Some of the rivers are navigable for a certain distance into the interior, in case there is any reason to navigate them. There are, in all Surinam, 120 miles of railroad and, since the war, 117 miles of road. If you want to get anywhere else, you can cut your way through with a machete.

You would not think such a country would be interesting to anyone except explorers and those people who collect native music and measure the heads of native tribes. But Surinam is now, since the war, intensely interesting to the Dutch and to us. For the Dutch it is no longer a forgotten colony but the last big piece of land that remains their own and free. For us, it means aluminum from the bauxite mines—an enormous percentage of the aluminum we must have for our war industries.

The Dutch territorial forces and the U. S. Army and Air Forces divide the work, and it is as fine an example of cooperation as you could hope to see. The Dutch have learned from disaster, and nothing any longer seems too bad to be true.

They do not imagine that invasion is a near possibility, but they believe in being ready for anything, including the worst. Dutch officers and men who have seen service in Europe and the Netherlands East Indies are training a native army. The Dutch do not believe that anything is going on next door in French Guiana except a growing brutality to the convicts, and starvation and intrigue. But they take nothing for granted, they prepare against what could happen, not against what is now happening.

Now, in the flat, blanketing heat, you cannot believe that Axis forces would ever get this far; nor can you imagine a couple of enemy bombers roaring through this hard blue sky. Even though you know it is true, it is hard to believe that the submarine pack, moving south as it is harried down the Caribbean, operates fatally outside the quiet band of mud-colored sea.

But one thing everyone has learned from this war: Anything can happen and no place is too far off. An outpost is meant to guard, warn, put up a fight and delay.

There are not many men and not many tools: they must work with what little they have, making something out of nothing. Only those who have lived in an outpost can know the strain of this long readiness and this long wait.

You get out of the silver passenger-plane, and you are on a white sand airfield. There are big thatch hangars and the jungle has been pushed back until it forms a wall around the outer edges of the sand. The jungle, called the bush, looks like a solid snarl of green ropes. There are no trees on the field and the heat rises around you in solid layers. You stand, a little sun-blinded with the heat folded around you, and a dry wind picks up the sand and rattles against the white office building and against the gas drums that grow all around the office. A man says, "You better not walk in the sand with those shoes; you'll get chiggers under your toenails. Some sort of local chigger you have to cut out." You are the only passenger getting off and everyone is very surprised that you have done so.

The only people who get off planes here are Army personnel or civilian engineers working for the government. The airline manager takes you to town in his car. You drive through the Air Forces camp, where there are duckboards over the sand between the buildings, most of the time. You see men coming back from the showers with a towel wrapped around them and wearing good solid shoes (the chiggers again); you see a jeep looking as if it were afloat on a sea of sand; you see men in khaki with sun helmets or forage caps, walking briskly from one identical boxcar to the next.

There is a bareness and a hard, final, end-of-the-world quality about the camp that makes it seem unreal. Later, when you have been there often, you stop seeing it and just feel happy to be there. The officers sleep in barracks, as do the men; the officers' club is a wooden building with ten easy chairs (of the least easy, cheapest variety) and some card tables and a bar; the officers' mess is separated from the men's by an unpulled sheet. The C. O. is twenty-nine and the squadron commander is thirty-one and it is a very fine outfit, all of it. They have the planes to fly and to keep in repair; they



Wings over the WORLD

"That Their Sufferings Will Not Have Been in Vain"

by THE LEADER of FREE ITALY, CARLO SFORZA (former Italian Foreign Minister)

What kind of post-war world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by such leaders of thought as Dr. John Dewey, Dr. Hu Shih and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Foreign Minister and now leader of the FREE ITALIANS throughout the world, tells you what he sees—for the future.

THESE ARE TIMES when certain problems, once faced, are rapidly solved. During two thousand years, philosophers asserted that slavery was a "law of nature"; and yet more was done towards its abolition in the half-century around the American Civil War than in the whole preceding Christian era.

That is why I declared, in a recent speech at Montevideo, that the first duty of a free Italy will be *"ardent support of an organized world with no more place for the anarchical independence of the nationalistic States."* I was not surprised when this statement met with cheers from Italians who had assembled to meet me from all parts of Latin America.

What is true for Italy, which has bitterly learned the folly of aggressive wars, is equally true for America. No American should forget that in the coming world even the Ocean will be no more than a big river; and that, if only for that, the era of isolation is gone forever. Those who cannot see this are like certain *dannati* in Dante's *Inferno*—people walking eternally with their heads turned backwards.

The highest duty of the present generation of Americans is to fight in order to make impossible a repetition of the Nazi-Fascist plot against peace. This American duty was foreseen by the Declaration of Independence when it stated in 1776: *"... that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive* [*of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*] *it is the right of the People to alter or to abolish it."* In Jefferson's mind, *"right"* meant *"duty"!*

War always means suffering. But our sufferings in this "toughest of all wars" will not have been in vain since we are beginning to learn:—

(a) INDIVIDUALLY: that Liberty is a right which must be won anew by the common people in each generation;

(b) NATIONALLY: that the previous complete independence of Nations must cease. They must submit to a superior international law which will make it impossible for peaceful nations to be again at the mercy of adventurers. Never again must it be possible for a Nation, having first destroyed Freedom at home, to prepare satanic aggression behind its closed frontiers.

We must resolve that frontiers will no longer mean what they meant up until 1939. I foresee a Peace Conference at which we might agree to draw in frontiers very lightly—with a pencil and not in indelible ink.

Sforza

THE DAY THAT VICTORY is earned by the United Nations, aviation must be ready to demonstrate that it is a great *con*structive, as well as a great *de*structive, force.

Air transport travel costs will, we believe, be brought within the reach of common men everywhere. Two weeks' vacation in Italy? Certainly, since Rome will be only 16 hours from New York by air. Round-the-world air cruises in two weeks? Nothing will prevent them when Victory comes except the barriers of habit and disbelief.

When peace comes, Pan American looks forward to playing its part, through technological research as well as with trained personnel and flight equipment, in providing widespread distribution of the world's culture, science and goods.

Today, of course, everything that we can offer—120 million miles of over-ocean flight experience, trained personnel and service to over 60 foreign countries and colonies—is at work for the government and military services of the United States.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM



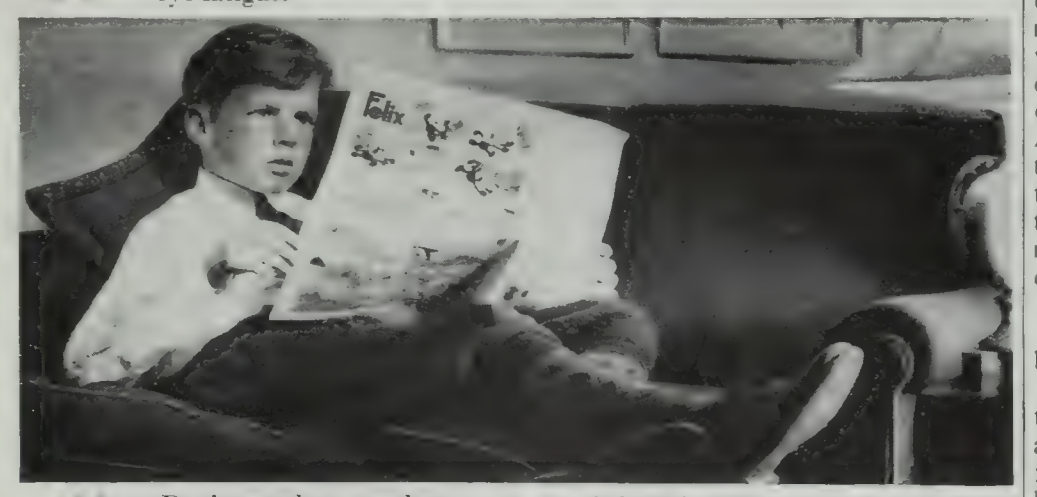
The right way to read the funny paper



This is the way to protect young eyes. Keep them bright and alert. Sit up straight when reading. Place the lamp so that it shines fully on the reading matter, and so that there are no shadows on the page. The pages should be held at the recommended distance from the eyes —from 14 inches for younger children up to 18 inches for adults.



The wrong way to read is with the paper spread on the floor, with shadows falling on the paper. This causes eye strain and unnecessary eye fatigue.

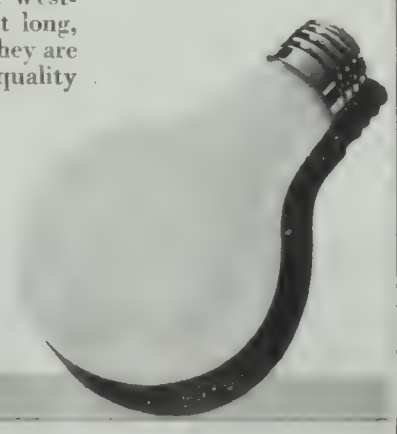


Don't put the paper between you and the light. Sit next to the lamp so that the light falls on the page you are reading. Then there will be no cause for frowns and eye strain.

BUY PROTECTION for eyes and purse with Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright, last long, and give utmost light for your money because they are designed and built to the highest standards of quality and performance.

Westinghouse

MAZDA LAMPS



have the sand and the heat, a movie, couple of radios, something to drink, one another to talk to, canned food, and they know what a good station it is, except that everyone would like to be where the action is. The camp has the goodness of all real places. But that comes from the men who are there and the way they handle their work and their lives.

You pass the sentry at the camp gate and are on a new narrow road made of bauxite clay, bright red and swirling with dust. After an hour or more of good solid bumping you get to the capital, and it is wonderful. Paramaribo is shabby and needs paint; wooden houses with fretwork balconies line the dusty streets. There are shops everywhere: Javanese cobblers, Hindu drygoods shops, Chinese restaurants, Dutch department stores, a bar saying, "Drink California Fruit Wine, the Best," a store saying, "Jonas Home Industries," where you can purchase every local product from preserved tarantulas to honey and Bush Negro combs.

Capital by the Jungle

The small women of the East—Javanese and Hindu—pad around barefoot in the dust; there are colored policemen in green uniforms; a lovely white lady on a bicycle, with a wicker basket on the handle bars holding her chubby blond son; Creole women, enormous under their starched dresses, with baskets balanced on top of their bandannas; American soldiers; an occasional staff car; an occasional shining black limousine; the Navy station wagon; government clerks with white suits and brief cases; girls who have Malay and Chinese and Negro blood (which makes a handsome mixture), dressed as nearly like the last movie magazine as possible. The town has everything; it comes straight from a book about how a city at the edge of the jungle, lying along a flat brown jungle river, ought to look.

There is one hotel and when the soldiers have two days' leave they come to town and stay in this hotel. They sit in the lobby and listen to the radio and drink beer; at night they go to the movies or play poker. These wild and varied pleasures are all obtainable at camp; but in town there is always the chance they will meet somebody new. And if they meet somebody new they can talk about their home town and what they used to do there, and a little later they can take from a breast pocket the now dog-eared snapshot of wife or girl or child and show it to the newcomer.

"She's lovely," you say.

"Yeah," smiling, and the picture goes back into the breast pocket.

The lobby is dark and soiled; the matting is torn on the stairs, the tablecloths are spotted; everything needs paint; the food is awful. It is a dreadful hotel, run by wonderfully kind people, and we all liked it very much. It was the center of excitement; you have no idea how much goes on where nothing happens, where there is nothing to do, where everyone knows everyone else; in a place that does not even offer an escape to the country because the country is bush and you cannot walk four feet into it. You cannot imagine how jolly and good a place can be even if the mosquitoes ("Union mosquitoes," the ensign said) come out at five P. M. and settle on your arms and neck and legs, mosquitoes as big as ducks armed with knives. Everyone has to make some sort of life, and everyone does: you have a lot of friends in Paramaribo.

At five in the morning you are wakened by the Dutch army. On the square, white noncoms are drilling native troops. You do not understand the orders b you can lean out of your window a watch the small Javanese and Hind stepping along with wooden, conce trated bodies. It is cooler at five anyh and you might as well get up. It is very cozy and boarding-school at t hotel, with two showers at the end the hall for everyone. The censor is si across the hall, so you stop in to see he needs any more books; you bow p litely to the consul as you pass each oth going to the showers, the soldiers (u quipped with dressing gowns) duck th towel-clad bodies into their rooms wh anything female passes; you can change badinage with the Navy (whi is also getting up) on your way dow stairs.

Downstairs in the lobby is a tired-loo ing young Air Forces major, who has n been able to sleep because he had a b with a mattress and some sort of sprin "Just couldn't get used to it, after all t time," he says sadly. You watch t Dutch army through the window. "Tho boys sure work," he says admiring And how they work! The Marines ha turned tankists; every officer, no matt what his previous service was, is now r sponsible for drilling and training a ce tain number of raw native troops (a for doing his other work besides). Th work all day, and at night the lights bu in the Territorial Command offices. Th work with that fierce and patient dete mination that the Dutch had in Jav Anything that will keep the rain off good enough quarters.

And they have wives and children Holland, and they do not hear fro them. They write via the Red Cro through Switzerland, and if they get letter back it can tell them nothing, b as long as a letter comes in the know handwriting it means that the wife, t child is alive. It is just the handwritin that counts; an empty envelope wou be proof enough. Meantime they wor They are a tough race. And it is wo derful to see what the Americans ha done to them; the solid, thoughtful fo mality of the Dutch gets blown sky-hig under the impact of these quick-talkin quick-laughing guys from home.

The War Comes First

Of course, here as everywhere in t Caribbean, American money has ca sized all local economics. Wages an prices rocket up, there is a labor shor age because of all the war constructio the Americans being in a hurry and ha ing the money will pay what is asked t get what they want. Someone will or day have to tidy this up. It certainly ca not go on as it does. But that is not th concern of the American soldiers or off cers, nor is it now especially the concer of the Dutch. The war must be won firs The Dutch think the Americans are oka and the Americans think the Dutch a okay, and what social customs the Ame icans do not understand they laugh a and the Dutch treat American oddit with understanding and laugh too.

We went up to the biggest bauxit mine by boat, the only way to go. Bein lucky, we got a ride on the Army cras boat which patrols the river. Th river is coffee-brown, like all the other and winds through walls of jungle. W stopped off at a Bush Negro village, a there was an officer along who had neve seen one. He had thought it would b something like a native village by a wa terfall in a Dotty Lamour movie. He wa not prepared for the smell. The Bus Negroes rub themselves with rancid oi and that, combined with sweat and th nonuse of soap and whatever smell the naturally have, makes an odor (shall w

say?) which is pretty nearly unbearable.

The village came out to see us and cluster round. Bush Negroes are small, the men with well-developed shoulder muscles (from paddling native canoes and lumbering) and with spindly legs. The women are small, too, and after they are fifteen years of age, they are old and increasingly ugly. They wear tattooing on their faces, between their breasts and on their backs. This tattooing is short black marks cut and burned into the flesh. They wear little flat sacks tied around their necks to keep off evil spirits, and a piece of checked cloth wrapped around them as a skirt, and they part their hair as if they were cutting a pie, in segments from the crown of the head, and they are full of giggles.

I asked one serious-looking savage what they thought of the war.

"War?" he said, very puzzled.

"You know," I said, "all the fighting that is going on."

"No, no, no," he said; "we no fighting. We do nothing bads."

"Not you," I said; "the war in Holland."

There was grave thought for a while. Then the type said, "We sorry for Missy Wilhelmina."

"Why?"

"She cannot go home."

That was as far as I ever got on the subject of the war. Beyond the queen, whom they regard as a personal friend if not a near relative, the Bush Negroes are as innocent about war and politics as they are about life, love and clothing. They are very nice, amiable people, if you like savages, and I am told you can get used to their smell.

When the Bush Negroes' ancestors were brought here as slaves two centuries ago they escaped. These descendants never paid taxes, never obeyed rulers other than their own, never grown dependent on the white man. They set out to be free men and so they have remained.

Close-up of a Bauxite Mine

The lieutenant and I did the bauxite situation up brown, in no time at all. He showed me the mine. It looked like an open gravelly field, dug at, chewed, plowed: a mess. You picked up some of the clayey mud, reddish with white streaks in it and it crumbled in your hand. We looked at it. The driver looked at it. "That's what we're here for," he said with resignation. He came from Alabama, I think. The plant was the same thing: it looked like a collection of silos and barns, red with dust and silent. A soldier marched steadily around.

"Interesting?" the lieutenant said.

"Oh, very." We did not get out of the command car.

"You've seen the river?"

"Yes."

"We've got the skin of an eighteen-foot boa in the P. X.," the driver said.

The day before, with the major and this driver, I had gone over the narrow road to Albina, which is the Dutch frontier post opposite French Guiana. Albina is a row of faded houses facing the silent river and French Guiana. It is a trading post—gold and balata are paddled down in native canoes from the upper reaches of the Marowijne.

On the Dutch side of the river, near Albina, there are Javanese and Arrowak Indian and Carib Indian and Bush Negro villages. (The Caribs were all drunk as goats that day, either lying in their hammocks or sprawled in the shade under their thatched roofs. They had had a bang-up funeral and you could smell the cassava brew on their breaths. They were friendly and embarrassed and not working and very, very tight.) Across the river is the penal colony of Saint Laurent. It looks quite pretty until you get there. Just in front of the French pier there is the rusty hulk of a German freighter, which was sunk there in 1923 when the captain (like the Caribs) was feeling fine. Little trees have grown up on the lopsided deck. Behind these little trees are two little machine guns pointing across to the Dutch.

Behind the dock, two convicts are sawing wood. They look seventy, and are probably about fifty years old; their bodies are all bone, with the arms no bigger than your wrist and the ribs like the ribs of starved horses. The men's stomachs are bloated on the skinny, sick bodies. They pant out numbers to each other: One, two, one, two, trying to pull the heavy saw through the hard wood. There is no one else to be seen.

The Walking Skeletons

The Dutchman who got me in (I was a tourist from Paramaribo wanting to buy convict-made trinkets) warned me not to speak English, so we spoke ungrammatical German loudly and everything was fine. We passed convicts in red-and-white-striped suits and straw hats, dead-faced, starved men, walking slowly as if they had no strength to walk faster.

One wall of the prison faces the river and is considered escapeproof. On the town side, there is an iron fence, ten feet or more high, iron rods tipped with spikes. At dusk the guards come out like hunting dogs, armed with Mausers, and range up and down the street in the shadow of the trees across from this fence. If anyone comes near the fence, they shoot. The guards have faces suited to their work: it is a horrible town. You would not think a town could really look like starvation and cruelty and loneliness and the slow rotting of wood and men, but that is what it looks like and feels like.

I had talked with escaped convicts in Albina. They said that since the Vichy government, the authorities were simply wiping out the convict population, by starvation and overwork and punishment. The prisoners estimate that, once the punishment starts, a man can live about three months. Since the Vichy government, half the prisoners in the penal colony of Saint Jean de Maronie (about 700 men) have died. Seeing Saint Laurent, that afternoon, I wondered that anyone could escape from these guarded morgues-for-the-living. The prisoners who escaped came to join De Gaulle's forces, but it's a long way from Surinam to West Africa, and there is no transport for them. They do odd jobs and wait and hope and are grateful to the Dutch, who treat them like men, and not like fierce animals who must be tormented before they are killed. French Guiana is a shameful country and always has been and it is worse now.

The soldiers were listening to the radio as usual, in the hotel lobby at Paramaribo. The President is talking about what victory will mean: the Four Freedoms: "Freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, freedom from fear."

One of the soldiers said, gravely, seriously, "Just freedom would be enough."

And, of course, without thinking about it or talking about it or bothering to know it, that is why they are here—and why there is an outpost, this or any other.

So you beat off the mosquitoes and call for another drink, and a boy says, "You know how it would be in Georgia now? Say . . ." And then they are all started.

THE END





The suitcase was full. There were four pairs of dungarees, an overcoat, shoes, socks, and three caps marked with a swastika

THE SERVICE FLAG

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Her heart was as big as all outdoors, and by her lights, too much was too little to give to her adopted country

IF IN the late winter or early spring twenty-three years ago you had driven north along the coast of Maine, and if chance had led you to leave the Atlantic Highway and make a loop toward the coast about twenty miles from Bath, and if at a certain four corners by a small white schoolhouse you had turned aside to drive down to the village of Easterly Cove, you would have passed, a mile or so from the schoolhouse, the barn where that winter Marm Schwefel lived with little Kurt.

Strangers passing there unwarned were apt to check and stare. For in the end of the barn toward the road there were two windows hung with neat white curtains, and in one of these windows there hung a service flag of the sort which people used to fly during the last war, and this flag bore four gold stars.

Those who saw the flag for the first time sometimes exclaimed in wonder; but then they were apt to fall silent, looking back respectfully as they passed, finding it deeply moving that people so poor they must live in a barn had still been rich enough to give the lives of four sons to their country's cause.

MARM SCHWEFEL was born in Bavaria; so she was a German-American, or as people said in the last war, a hyphenated American, or—even more scornfully—a hyphen. Fritz Schwefel came from Bavaria to the United States in 1889, and somehow turned northward into Maine, and went to work for old Ethan Wentworth; and when he had saved enough money he sent for Sophie, the sweetheart he had left behind. Ethan was an embittered old man, hating all his relatives; and Fritz and Sophie tended him, and when he died he bequeathed to them the farm.

Sophie was a compact little woman, chunky and strong and brave. She bore Fritz four sons and two daughters, not counting the daughter and the son who died as babies. The daughters who grew up, married and went to far cities and seldom returned; but of the four sons only Kurt, the second, was married when in 1917 the United States went into the World War.

Kurt and the other boys all went away to war. They did not wait for the draft, but went together to the recruiting station in Bath, after a family council in which they and Fritz and Sophie had agreed, with no dissenting voice, that they should go.

After they were gone, Mrs. Jeff Penrod told Mrs. Schwefel that she should put up a service flag with four stars, and she did so.

During the months that followed, Marm Schwefel carried her cross to Calvary. In December, the War Department notified them that their youngest son, Hans, had died of influenza in France. It was again at Mrs. Penrod's suggestion that Marm Schwefel bought a bit of gold cloth and neatly cut out a star and sewed it over one of the stars on her service flag. In January, Kurt's wife, who lived with them, gave birth to Kurt's son and died. Marm Schwefel sewed two more gold stars on the flag in June. In August, a lightning stroke killed Fritz and set the house afire. Only the luck of wind and rain and the combined efforts of every man in the neighborhood saved the big barn. They were able to get a few sticks of furniture out of the nouse, and the first thing Marm Schwefel saved was the service flag.

Neighbors were quick to offer Marm

(Continued on page 42)

Be of good cheer!



You can get a good Martini!



TRY ALL SIX POPULAR KINDS

Dry Martini, 71 proof
Martini, 60 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof
Side Car, 60 proof
Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Daiquiri, 70 proof

If you think really good Martinis are *out* for the Duration, you're in for a joyful surprise! Heublein has saved the Martini situation for you by preparing a holiday supply of the smoothest, mellowest cocktails that ever warmed the cockles of your heart!

Already mixed—with scarce and precious Milshire gin—the genuine pot-still gin—and the world's finest vermouth for Dry Martinis. Serve these cocktails to the discriminating—give bottles as gifts to the deserving—and keep out of the drought yourself!

Order a bottle—or a case—from your local liquor store—today!

FREE—We have a recipe booklet of good and clever cocktail snacks that many people rave about. Address Box D . . . G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

ALWAYS READY • ALWAYS RIGHT

The Milshire Gin used is 90 proof, distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.



THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

A GOVERNMENT employee, in Africa, Michael Garrick, learns that Claire Alloway, his English fiancée, has jilted him to marry a wealthy older man: John Winston. Desperately hurt, he becomes a hard drinker, plunges into various "affairs:" and he is soon forced to resign his position.

Meeting a charming girl, in Cape Town, he marries her—although he does not love her. After which, drinking steadily, he tries to forget Claire on a coffee plantation in Uganda. . . . Among the Garricks' neighbors is a young Englishman: Robert ("Bob") McNare. During one of Michael's sprees, he and Michael's wife ("Tommy"), who is far from happy, confess to each other that they are in love.

That is as far as they go. . . . Bob inherits a baronetcy. He goes to England to claim it. When he returns, Tommy (still in love with him) soon discovers that he is infatuated with a blond young widow, who had come out on the same boat with him!

The young widow is Mrs. John Winston! Meeting, neither she nor Michael gives any sign that they have ever before seen each other. So, Tommy and Bob—now "Sir Robert McNare"—are unaware of their former relationship.

Bob wants Claire to see something of real African wilds. He asks Michael, a veteran lion man, to arrange a hunt, a safari. Michael is aware that Bob attracts Tommy: he knows that Claire Winston, free of civilization's restraining influence, may cause trouble. But, telling himself that he no longer cares for the woman who had hurt him, he organizes the safari; and they head for the Congo's lion country.

They have two small cars, a truck and five black boys. As they move along, Michael makes an interesting discovery: he is still in love with Claire! And she? He is not sure. But once, in a weak moment, he kisses her. . . .

The party reaches its camping place. There, Tommy observes that Bob is becoming jealous of Michael. Alone with Bob, she breaks down, admits that she is unhappy with her husband. Bob—remembering how he had once loved her—feels sorry for her. But he is crazy about Mrs. Winston—what can he say to Michael's wife? So, without a word, he turns on his heel and leaves her.

Her hand went softly to the back of h
neck. His skin trembled under her ligh
fingers. The joy in him was almost to
fierce to be borne. He breathed, "I
sick of everything in the world but yo

IV

MRS. WINSTON had moved t
ward her tent, and Mich
strolled across her path.

"Sweet dreams, Circe. . . . And a ni
walk with Sir Robert."

She made a little face at him. I
laughed. Then their eyes on each oth
grew intent.

"He's too darned possessive," said M
chael slowly.

There were porters about but no boy
and the porters did not understand En
lish.

Claire's lips curved. "So are you."

"Haven't I the better right—?"

She said, in a low voice, "Your wi
might not think so."

"I'll take care of that."

He was thinking that if his dream can
true he would be taking care of Tomn
very nicely indeed. Tommy would
glad to be free of him, glad to comfo
Bob.

But he could not tell that to Claire. H
had a queer honor about Tommy ar
her love. And he was too shrewd, t
distrustful of all women, to introdu
any element of rivalry into Claire's co
sciousness. She found Bob dull con
pany. Let her think that every woma
found him dull.

She was glancing at a porter diggin
a thorn out of his foot. She said, with
little exasperated laugh, "This camp
a goldfish bowl!"

He agreed. "Worse than the car."

"Rather!"

"That car—had its moments."

They looked at each other and laughe
softly. He had raced his car, when sh
was with him, to keep ahead; they ha
stopped for snatched kisses, quick em
braces. The young Michael and th
young Claire again, on holiday.

The porter stopped digging at his thor
to watch them; he did not know Englis
but he knew voices and he knew men an
women and he showed his white teeth i
an understanding grin.

"I'll manage something," said Michae
"We might have a look at the moon to
night."

Her eyes consented, then grew doubt
ful. "Not if it's too obvious, Michae
Be careful."

"Right."

He walked away, confidence high i
him. She was as eager to be with him a
he with her. The old magic had not die
for either of them. She owned that. Sh
had said, with a little, uneasy laugh, "
think I have you in my blood, Michael."
She must, in her mind now, have looke
ahead, as he had looked ahead; she mus
be averse to separation, to frustration
They had had enough of that. . . . O
course she might hesitate, but he could
urge her past her hesitation.

Tommy could get a quick Uganda di-
vorce. He'd sell the place, give her half
the money. Bob would marry her then,
like a shot. . . . Claire and he would live
in England. It would be rotten, living
on your wife's money, but why not?
Winston owed him something. He and
Claire belonged together. They always
had. They would have a fine life, as long
as it lasted, and if he felt himself crock-
ing up he'd make a quick end to it. But,
by George, the way he felt now, he was
good for years. He was through with
drink. He'd take care.

He thought, "Give me even one year!"
Life was a good show, after all. . . .

Tommy was surprised that Michael

s in such good humor when they went t after buck. She put it down to the ep he'd had. He joked about Bob's ution; he said, "We'll go far enough r old Never-Take-a-Chance!" and led ward the woods, pushing through ickets and across gullies at such a pace at when he had climbed one steep slope flung himself down, panting.

Tommy sat down quickly, hugging her hees; her mind was churning with oughts of that miserable flare-up in the ess tent, and she forgot how long she as sitting there, unstirring, till suddenly e was aware of Michael's black eyes oking up at her derisively. "Not much od, am I, Tommy? . . . The last time I as here I ran up this slope after a buff."

"You're fine, Michael. You just go too st." She said with sincerity, "I haven't en you look so well for years."

He seemed to think seriously about at, then he gave her a quick grin. "Must e the sobriety. . . . They say the crocks lways live the longest, if they take care. Who knows?" He jumped to his feet. Come on, young thing."

BOB McNARE and Mrs. Winston were walking back to camp, gun boys nd guides trailing behind them. The un was gone but a splash of blood-red rightness gleamed on the high face of he cliff ahead of them. That would go uickly; there would be only a few min-tes more of this soft, shadowless clar-ty, then everything would grow dimmed, s if you were seeing it through depths f water, and suddenly darkness would lack all out.

It had been a futile lion hunt. Bob said encouragingly, "We'll get up very arly tomorrow and have a proper scout. . . . You're not too tired, are you?"

"Oh, no. I think it's very jolly." She turned a bright face toward him. "I expect it's all rather a bore for you, though. You've done it so much."

"Oh, no, I haven't." He wanted to say that even if he had, he hadn't done it with her, but he got no further than, "Even if I had—" and hoped she'd know the rest. He explained, "I haven't had a lot of time, really, for hunting. My place keeps me busy."

Her gaze wandered off, across the plains. The tall grass was beginning to look silvery, like wheat in moonlight; a fresh-sprung breeze was rippling it. She said, as if speaking out an impulsive thought, "I wonder if it will seem enough now—?"

"Enough—?"

"Your farm. With your position now."

He said nothing for a moment, then, "I don't see that I have any different position."

"Oh, but you have! You're a baronet, and though you may laugh at titles—you did on the boat—they do make a difference."

He turned that over. "I don't see it," he said, with an uncertain laugh. "It's just a handle."

"No, it's more." She hesitated. "It's something rather—special. Something handed down. Something to be lived up to."

"But—I don't see—"

"Perhaps I shouldn't say this. It's not my *shauri*, as you say here. But it seems to me that this life out here, all very pleasant for a young man, is a sort of exile, as a permanent thing. And for you—! I can't help but feel that what you've learned out here, in the Colonies, ought to be used at home. They need people with experience like yours. You ought to come back and take your place—"

"I haven't any place."

"Oh, but you have! Not in the House of Lords"—her laugh dismissed the House of Lords—"but you could get into Parliament."

He said, incredulously, "You think I ought to go home and stand for—"

"I do. I think you have a real responsibility. I don't think you ought to leave it to other people. These aren't such easy times, you know."

"But—look here—I don't know the first thing about politics. And I wouldn't like it, at all. I wouldn't know the first thing about getting elected."

"It's very simple. That borough where your uncle lived—or the one where you were brought up—you could stand for either one of them."

"I wouldn't know the first thing about it."

"You get a hundred and fifty names,'

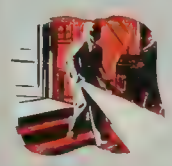


"I can't understand this. Our appearance is supposed to throw the populace into a panic"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY



FOLLOW THESE COMMON SENSE RULES OF CONSERVATION:


Use your flashlight sparingly. Make sure the switch is on only when needed.


Keep your flashlight in a dry, cool place — excess heat will dry out batteries.


Don't let children play with it. A flashlight is a highly practical utility, not a toy.


Unless batteries are LEAKPROOF, be sure to remove "dead" cells to prevent possible corrosion damage.


Don't throw away a broken flashlight. Minor repairs may make it good as new.


Don't hoard batteries. If everyone buys only what he needs, the supply may be enough to go around.

CONSERVE YOUR BATTERIES

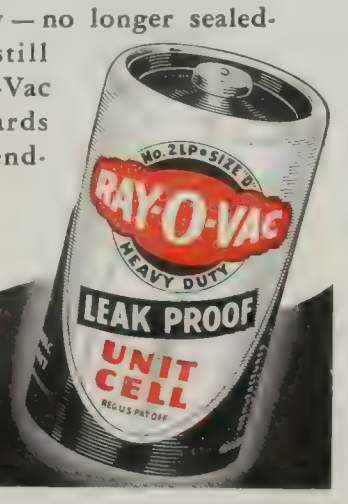
Flashlights and flashlight batteries are made of materials needed for war. The supply for civilian use is limited.

For your own protection in times of emergency

TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE FLASHLIGHT YOU NOW HAVE

★

Ask *First* for Ray-O-Vac Leakproof Batteries. The best battery you can buy is a Leakproof—*sealed-in-steel* to safeguard your flashlight against corrosion. If your dealer still has them, you're fortunate. If not, it's because every Leakproof battery we can build is now reserved for the Army and Navy. In place of Leakproofs, dealers will carry the new Ray-O-Vac civilian battery — no longer sealed-in-steel but still made to Ray-O-Vac quality standards insuring dependable service.



RAY-O-VAC COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

said Claire gaily. "That would be easy."

"Oh—that. That's not getting elected. And I haven't the cash. You have to put up a bond or something."

"Three hundred pounds. That could be—arranged."

"I'm not that sort, really I'm not. To go about kissing babies—"

She laughed, amusedly. "Your secretary—or your wife—could do that for you. And I rather think that the constituents now like a more intelligent appeal."

"I couldn't make it. I hate speeches."

"You made a very good one on the boat."

"Oh, about that fund! That was simple—there was something to say."

"There's something to say about the issues of the day. You'd soon know all about them."

"It's not my line at all," he said earnestly. "I'd be no good at it."

She said slowly, "I think you are too modest a man, Sir Robert."

Her voice was sweet and sincere.

She went on earnestly, "No, don't stop me—I know I'm saying what I have no right to say, but let me finish. I don't think you appreciate how much you are needed at home. There are too many old men. And there are eager young men, but not enough experienced young men. You have good sense and you think a thing through and face what has to be done. People at home aren't facing what is happening—at least they aren't taking any line about it. Not even after Czechoslovakia. You know how Uncle went on about that on the boat. He thinks there wouldn't be any Polish question now if we'd stood firm, then. But you've heard all that."

"BUT what could I do? How do I know what to do? Poland—"

"You could put your mind on it and take a line! I do think you are needed. And the fact that you are Sir Robert McNare does mean something."

She paused, then said, in a voice that sounded as if trying to say serious things lightly, "I have a notion that if you don't do this now you may be sorry—later on. Because you aren't—fundamentally—an escapist. . . . Please don't think that's a hard word."

He was staring ahead of him, at the bright path of color on the cliff's face. It was a thin band now and the air was graying about them.

"Just think about it," she urged gently.

"I haven't the choice."

"Oh, yes, you have Where there's a will, you know. . . . And you might not dislike it, after all." She gave him a tentatively smiling look. "London can be rather nice, you know."

"I dare say."

He was speaking mechanically. He was thinking a good many things at once. He was not a dense young man and he was not deceived by Mrs. Winston's presentation; she was telling him that the only life she would consider was the life at home. She was undoubtedly quite sincere in thinking that his duty, but that was, perhaps, a little because she wanted to think it. There were two sides to that, and she did not see the other. He was no "escapist." He was doing a good job out here; he was making his own way, standing on his own feet, helping to settle the country. It was a good life for any man.

Perhaps he was deceiving himself; perhaps he thought it was a good life because he enjoyed it so much. Perhaps a man owed something more to his name. . . . He didn't know. . . . He would hate to leave this country. But if it was his only chance with her—

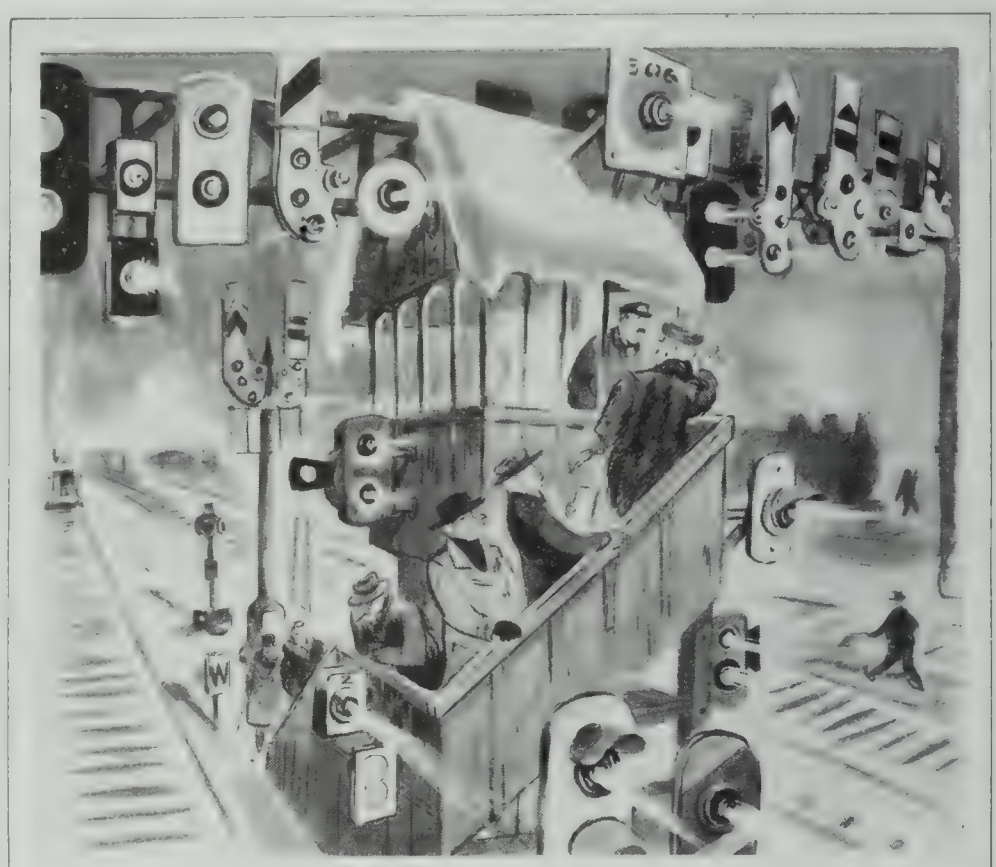
He wished he could ask her straight out: "If I go home and take this on, is there any chance for me?" But that had a bargaining ring. And it was dashed presumptuous. Or was it? She had said his wife could kiss the babies, and who did she think his wife would be? She knew he wasn't interested in any other woman. (The thought of Tommy struck him fleetingly, but the pang was faint now.) Did she mean—?

She had said the money could be "arranged." He'd hate to have his wife fork up to get him a seat in Parliament. That was what it amounted to. But he could pay it back. . . . Perhaps she did not mean all that. Perhaps he was misreading her kindness.

He almost hoped so. He did not know what he wanted. So he kept still.

Dinner was rather a silent affair for the four whites. The porters were hilarious about their campfire with the meat Michael had shot and the *pombe* they had brought on from the village.

The moon was under a cloud. Michael remarked on that to Mrs. Winston and she said something back in French and they both laughed. Bob McNare glanced quickly at them, and Tommy watched him covertly. She had been desperately afraid that something decisive would happen on that walk of theirs. She was living from moment to moment now, apprehensive, then reprieved.



"As judges of the Christmas Outdoor Lighting Display Contest it gives us pleasure to inform you that you have won first prize!"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

THEY all went out next morning, going early, while the moon was still up, sending their shadows ahead of them. Then the east grew light, a pale green lightness, and a red sun shot up in it, and the moon shadows fled, and sun shadows unrolled behind them, thin and long. The plains grew clear and they saw antelope and crane, lovely golden-crested crane whose topknots glistened in the sun, and a jackal scuttled through the grass. They found where a lion had feasted during the night, the vultures black on a branch above the kill, and they beat the bushes all about, but there was no glimpse of the lion.

Then, sharply, the guide froze in his tracks. One black arm went out back of him in warning. A buffalo got up out of a thicket and stood staring at them. He was so near that they could see the stupid-looking astonishment in the staring eyes. He looked enormous, and his horns looked enormous, swooping down, then up. Their guns went up and Michael fired.

The roar of the gun shattered the stillness and a bellow from the buffalo roared with it. The buffalo crashed down, thrashing horribly, and Michael sent in a blind shot, ran forward and fired again. When the noise of the shooting died away the thrashing and bellowing had stopped.

He turned back to Claire with a faint smile. "Sorry not to give you the chance. Too near."

Her face still looked astonished. She started forward but Michael said sharply, "Stay there! Wait till we're sure."

"*Kufa, Bwana!*" his gun boy said, triumphantly.

"All right. Let him have plenty of time to *kufa* thoroughly. I smashed his shoulder, that first shot, to bring him down, and sent the last into his heart, but these chaps are the devil of a time in dying."

But the buffalo was quite dead. "Quick work," said Bob, as they finally stood about him. He spoke with an approval that tried not to sound grudging. Then he added, "I had my gun on him, but—"

"No time to waste," said Michael, carelessly. "You know, those are uncommon horns. May I present them to you, Mrs. Winston?"

"Thank you, Mr. Garrick, I should love them."

Tommy was sorry for Bob. She did not want him to be a hero in Mrs. Winston's eyes, but she was sorry for him, just the same. He was getting to have an inferiority complex about Michael on this trip, she thought; Michael did everything too easily.

Bob was trying to make it clear why he had not fired sooner. "I waited to see if Mrs. Winston—if you had given her just an instant—"

"I didn't want an instant," said Claire positively. She stared down at the great horns. "I wanted that buffalo killed."

"He might have barged away," said Michael. "But we couldn't wait to find out. And it's meat for the pot. . . . We might as well go back now, and let the men come out and bring this in."

They went back, though McNare walked slowly and scanned the plain hopefully. . . .

That afternoon they heard a lio grunting early in the distance and M chael said negligently, "There you ar Bob." Bob and Claire quickly mad ready; to Tommy's surprise, Bob aske her to come, too. "Might run into tw you know." She thought, very gladly that he wanted to show her he was n angry about her outburst the day befor

The fact was, he did not want to b alone with Mrs. Winston, not till he knew more clearly what he meant to say. H felt harassed. He wished he didn't hav to commit himself just yet. He wante to enjoy the present, which could be s jolly. . . . If only Michael would let Mrs Winston alone. His distrust of Michae made him tense. He told himself that hi distrust was warping his judgment, tha he saw things in an exaggerated way, bu the distrust persisted.

"WE'LL have to try the *boma*," Mi chael declared. "It's folly t waste this moon."

They were sitting out, their cigarett tips bright gleams in the shadow. Th moon he spoke of was high, sending wash of whiteness over the world befor them. A little thorn tree stood out i that light as if done with chalk and char coal. Far out on the plain they heard lion's hunting grunt.

"We ought to be out there now," h said.

Bob said slowly, "Perhaps you'r right—"

"I'm jolly well right. It's an extra sho in the locker. Try everything." Michae jumped to his feet, walked over to Mrs Winston, and spoke down to her:

"How's for using this moon for a look at hippo? May I have the honor, Mrs Winston, to present to you, Monsieu l'Hippopotame?"

"Why, thank you. . . . Just for a mo ment, then." Those words, over her shoulder, seemed as much for the others as for him.

Tommy said quickly, "Sing out, if they're worth seeing," and Bob called after them, "Take a gun!" and Michael called back, "I've got my revolver, *mon brave*."

They were out of sight of the others now, walking down a path between thickets. Claire said in a doubtful voice, "I don't know that we ought to do this."

"Why not? He had you this afternoon, didn't he? That's a jolly lot more than he's entitled to."

"But your wife, Michael. She won't think—?"

He could not tell her that Tommy was more than grateful to be with Bob. It was rather curious, he thought, that Claire had no inkling of the undercurrents there, but then, Tommy had played up well. She had had years of practice.

"No, she won't think," he said aloud. He was walking first, holding back branches for her. The light ran like quicksilver along the edge of the branches; it touched the contours of her face to an almost unearthly loveliness. His throat felt choking. He said thickly, "Come this way."

They were in a little glade on the edge of the river, sheltered by thick growth. The water was white in the moon with black zigzags of ripples where something had suddenly gone down. "Watch," said Michael softly, drawing her close to him.

Out of the whiteness shot a dark head, outlined in light. The silhouette was comic, the long head and aggressive, perky ears. Then there was a snort, ludicrously expressive, and the head was gone.

"He'll be back," said Michael. "They're curious beasts, when they've not been shot over."

His arm was about her, now; he was



Winter emphasizes the fact that
there is no substitute for air
transportation in our war effort....

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

BUY WAR BONDS

A MESSAGE OF

WE NEVER quite realize how much we lean on the brand names and trade-marks of the things we use in our daily life, until we begin to miss them.

We see them every day in our drugstore, grocery, delicatessen, or liquor store. The labels and wrappers get to be old familiar faces. And we get to know just what to expect in price and quality and satisfaction.

But when war steps in . . . and there have to be new types of packages to save tin . . . and new labels, new sizes, new prices, perhaps even substitutes because of material shortages, we can't escape a little sense of uncertainty.

To every user of fine whiskies the familiar names and labels of OLD GRAND-DAD, OLD TAYLOR, OLD CROW, OLD OVERHOLT and MOUNT VERNON speak a message of confidence.

Even in war-time the strict U. S. Government regulations specifying how bottled-in-bond whiskies shall be produced, are not changed.

And as long as there is fine whiskey, these five labels will loom up as landmarks to say, *"Here is superlative quality, unchanged and unchanging!"*

You may have to pay a trifle more as war-time taxes are added to the price . . . but if it was worth more before to have that quality, it's *doubly* worth it *now!*



OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

BURL.
PUBLIC LIB.
Burlingame, Calif.

CONFIDENCE



A typical National Distillers plant. No other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made here.



nd she turned, in each other's ghtly; he kissed her , her throat. Her hand the back of his neck and ere. His skin trembled under gnt fingers.

The joy in him was almost too fierce to be borne. He breathed, "I'm sick of everything in the world but you."

"I know."

"To find you again—like this—"

He held her close against him, against his pounding heart. He must have been happy like this before, he thought, but he had forgotten that a man could be so happy.

She stirred a little, as if wondering at his stillness.

He said, "You'll marry me, Claire? . . . Tommy will let me go at once. Then you and I—"

He felt her stare up through the dark, and a cold premonition went through him before her laugh came, soft, amused, gaily cynical.

"Not *marry*, Michael! You never thought I'd do that!"

THE shock was profound. For a moment he was almost that younger Michael, standing in the dusk of his Congo camp, staring at a wedding announcement while his boy held the lantern to the white page, but that moment passed so swiftly it might never have been, and every instinct in him rallied to deny his feelings, to deny to her what he had hoped. His voice, when it came, was empty of everything but a light irony:

"I thought you'd want marriage. Gesture to the *mores*. You come of a strait-laced stock."

"You donkey!"

Claire said it softly, teasingly, caressingly, her laugh inviting him to share her amusement. Marry him—a penniless planter, a seedy chap of forty-one, with nothing to recommend him but his worn good looks, his rakish air?

A burning mortification seared him; her words and accent had stripped him of every pretension.

"You're marrying Sir Robert?" he asked.

She ignored the ironic inflection of his "Sir Robert," and said serenely, "That's as may be."

"You'll get bloody sick of him," Michael said.

"Oh, no. He's nice."

"You don't know him. He can be set as the devil and strait-laced as your mother."

She smiled. The moonlight showed him that smile, its suggestion of a cool, feminine confidence. It was a smile that scoffed, "As if I could not manage men!" Then she murmured, "Do we have to discuss him now?"

Michael was shaken with fury, sick with humiliation. Treating him like a gigolo, was she? Taking what she wanted. Cuddling up to him behind Bob's back, meaning to marry Bob. . . . Twice she had done this, married one man while wanting another, but this time she meant to have what she wanted first.

Now he hated her! Now he—

"Circe, Circe," he muttered.

Her lips clung to his. Something unregenerate in him grinned up through his anger, asking him, "Why can't you enjoy this?"

But he felt only smarting chagrin and the fierce compulsion to hide that chagrin, to cover his egregious blunder as best he could. He wondered that she did not taste his despair on his lips. He wrenched himself back from her. The sickness in his heart was choking him.

"I can't stand this," he said thickly.

Let her think he was dying of passion for her! Let her think he adored her too much. Anything so that he could draw back, could get himself in hand.

"I know," she said breathlessly. She flung out, irresolute and resentful, "But we've got to go back. . . . This abominable camp!"

He managed a grim smile. "It's a rotten cage, isn't it? . . . But I'll fix up something."

"But what—? It's just a huddle."

"Leave it to me." Mechanically his voice pretended confidence.

She warned, "Michael, you be careful!"

"I'm always careful."

"You weren't with Mrs. Roniff."

"I was younger then. And she was—importunate."

"You blackguard!" said Claire in a fond voice. She smoothed her hair, straightened her dress. She said, "Wipe off your mouth, Michael. I had color on my lips."

He wiped his mouth, his face. He gave her a sidelong look. "Gad, you sound competent!"

She glanced at him with a curious expression. There was a touch of amused surprise in it, a subtle but almost arrogant affirmation of competence in all possible situations. It was the expression of an extraordinarily initiated and self-satisfied experience.

HE KNEW, then. He thought, "Of course. I wondered, that first night." But that first night, at the club, she had been unreal, an apparition. It didn't matter what her life had been. Since then she had become Claire again, his long-lost love. She had been Claire to him ever since that moment in the car when he had kissed her.

He put his hands on her shoulders and spun her lightly about. From the chalky whiteness of the river two dark heads were fixedly regarding them.

"Now you've seen hippo," he said. "Talk about them when you get back."

He led the way, holding, as before, the branches from her.

She began talking vivaciously about the hippo as they neared the camp: "I'm spoiled for zoos now. After seeing the creatures like this, in their own wilds—"

Bob McNare and Tommy Garrick were still in their steamer chairs, with no pretense of conversation between them. Bob looked up, as the two approached, but did not speak.

"We saw two hippo," Claire told them gaily. "Hippo or hippos—which do you say?" She sank into the chair on the other side of Bob, her voice running on animatedly: "First there was one—a huge beast, wasn't it, Mr. Garrick?—and he kept going under and coming up, and at last he came up with another, not quite so vast. Do you suppose it was his wife?"

"Let's suppose so," said Michael. He smiled sardonically down on them from the shadow where he stood. "Let's suppose the very kindest things about the hippo's night life."

"*Méchant!*" said Claire swiftly up at him. There was irrepressible laughter in her voice. Then it took on childlike sweetness. "I mean," she protested, turning the loveliness of her face toward McNare, "do you suppose he'd been keeping her down there until he decided it was safe to let her come out and see the strange white intruders?"

"I wouldn't know," said Bob briefly.

He had the offended voice of a man who knows and resents that he has been excluded from the stroll his lady had taken with another, and who doesn't propose to be appeased by any trivial chat.

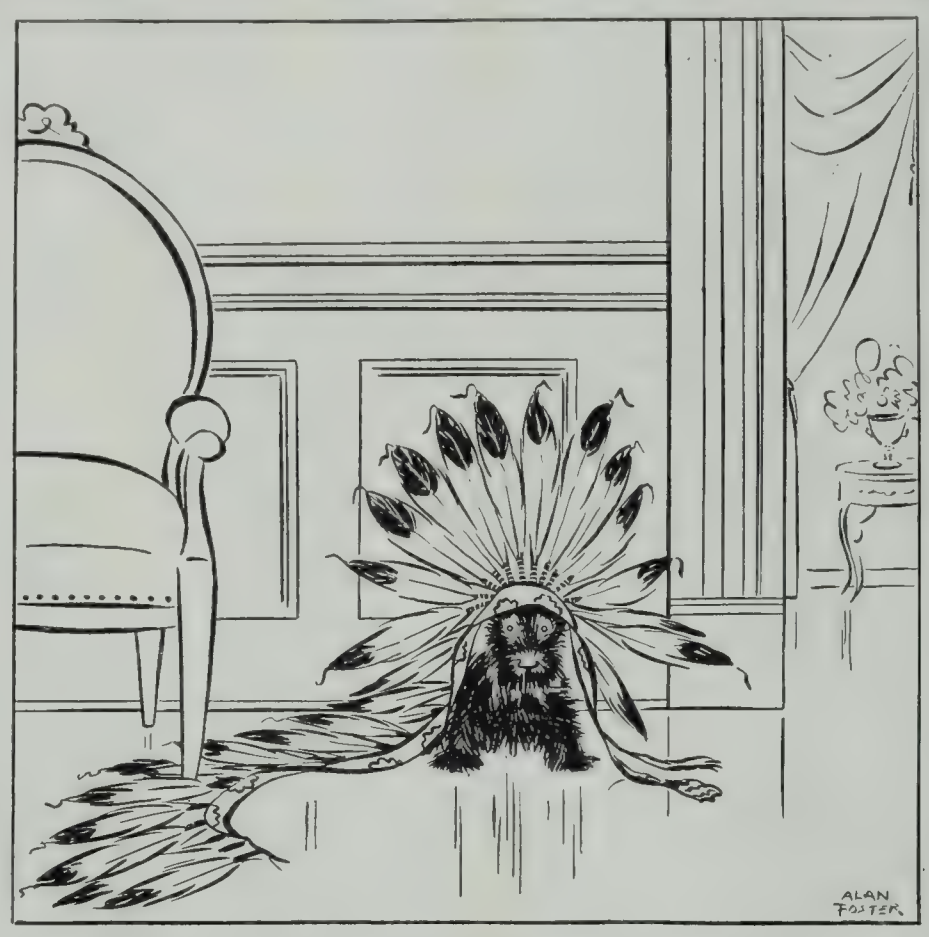
"They're frightfully curious beasts," said Tommy, her voice stoutly maintaining that there was no tension at all in the air, that it was quite natural for her husband and Mrs. Winston to stroll off in the moonlight to the river.

"I expect we're as much of a show to them as they to us," said Claire.

"What would you say were their conclusions?" queried Michael.

Claire ignored his question. "How long can they stay under water, Sir Robert?" she was asking.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "They've just made me an 'Honorary Seminole'!"

That was a mistake, Michael thought critically. If they had been chatting hippo she would have been sure to a that. It was a mordant pleasure to hi to feel Bob's suspicion in his stiff, "Fiv minutes, I believe."

Abruptly Michael swung about an went into his tent. The Garrick tent wa the nearest to the circle of steamer chai and though the porters were makin their usual racket about their campfir talking and guffawing and strumming ou their music, he could hear the voices his companions, though not their word Claire was keeping up her animation bright arrows of it against Bob's tacitu nity—and Tommy was playing up, fillin in the silences that Bob did not fill in.

Michael thought of his wife in the li tle yellow dress she put on for dinner t look feminine for Bob, sitting ther knowing herself unwanted, pretendin not to know, desperately afraid to leav those two together in the moonlight.

The little fool. They were a pair o fools. Stretched out on his cot, his hand clasped behind his neck, he stared up a the dark roof of his tent.

He felt deathly sick of everything. Hi fury had burnt out, leaving a dry ash o chagrin and mockery. Why should h trouble to hate Claire for taking what sh wanted? He did not hate her. She di not matter any more. Nothing mattered

IT WAS all very funny. There was Bo McNare, sulking jealously out in th moonlight, thinking her a silver saint worrying for fear that scapegrace, Mi chael, would contaminate her, and ther she was, exquisite as Diana, faithless a Becky Sharp, smiling inside her at Bob' moodiness, smiling at memory of Mi chael's passion, meaning to marry Bob to make herself Lady McNare, meanin to have Michael first, if it were quite saf and convenient.

She wouldn't want him after she go back to the world. He wouldn't stack u well against the Brass Hats, against me rich and successful and well placed. I was only here, on safari, under the wil and lonely African moon, that he seeme desirable.

It had not always been like that. The young Michael could have won agains odds in any drawing room. That con fident young Michael . . . that brillian young career man. . . . What had he done to himself? . . . Never before had Michae Garrick felt so sharply the finality o time. A shudder went through his thi body.

Time was remorseless. Year after year, making its mark . . . pushing you along. No going back to the crossroads. . . . There was no going back for her, either. The years had left subtle traces on her, too. . . . Her face when she had looked at him in that wise way. . . . The look of a shrewd wanton. . . .

It was funny! A joke on him. He had started out to be so jaunty and aloof, to pique her vanity, and feed his own by keeping untouched, indifferent. And then that kiss. . . .

He'd been a fool. The same fool of sixteen years before. No, not the same fool. Sixteen years ago he would have gone mad at losing her—he had gone mad. Now it was quite all right. His ironic judgment applauded her. Feeling was dead. It was only his pride that writhed in its ashes.

He wondered if he had carried it off. She was too acute to be completely fooled. Still, he'd done rather well, he thought. And if he went on with it, kept after her—

He didn't want her. . . . Why not? Ah, he flinched from looking into that, did he?

(To be continued next week)



"What on earth has a battleship got to do with my cooking?"

JACK: Plenty, Mom . . . plenty! They tell me down at the Navy yard almost everything that goes into making those babies is cooked with *Gas.*

MOTHER: *Cooked? What do you mean cooked . . .*

JACK: Heat-treated . . . to give the metal proper toughness. For instance, Gas cooks armor plate so it will shake off big shells and not shatter under gunfire. And the steel for tanks, guns, planes and bombs . . . they're all cooked with Gas!

MOTHER: *But why Gas?*

JACK: Why Gas! You ought to know . . . because it saves time and money makin' a battlewagon—just as it saves you time and money cookin' a meal!

MOTHER: *So that's why they say we may be asked to conserve Gas for home uses this winter.*

JACK: That's it, Mom . . . Gas is mighty important stuff, and they need lots of it to win the war!

MOTHER: *Well, if I can help . . . I'll be glad to do my bit.*

JACK: Now you're cookin' with Gas . . . Mom!

★ 85,000,000 Americans depend on Gas to save time, money and food in cooking . . . to preserve food safely in silent Gas refrigerators . . . to heat water and homes. That's why they've made the Gas Company community headquarters for cooking and nutrition information! If you want the latest advice on these all-important subjects . . . consult your Gas Company.
AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

GAS

is vital to war production . . . use it wisely!

Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.

LENINGRAD UNDER SIEGE

A people's struggle against cold and hunger and disease. This how Russia's second city survived these enemies and the impact 6,000 cannon, 4,500 trench mortars, 1,000 planes, 19,000 machi guns and nearly one million troops hurled against it by the Na

LENINGRAD has become a synonym for endurance and a symbol of valor. Here workmen laid down their tools, took up rifles. Women and children replaced men. With the city's supply lines cut, the harbor facilities disrupted, and the city's water supply severed, hardship became a common lot. Five thin slices of bread a day was each defender's ration. Only hospitals and factories received what fuel and electrical energy there were. People worked eleven hours a day but found time for military training.

Behind its barricades, 90,000 children went daily to school. Colleges graduat 2,500 pupils. Publishers brought many books. A best seller was Tolsto War and Peace—100,000 copies. H Auxiliary Fireman Dmitri Shostakov wrote his Seventh Symphony, a probat immortal work.

The pictures here tell the story of s rifice and courage and faith of the R sian people, of the indomitable will victory which has aroused the admi tion of the whole world. They are clusive prints from a new Soviet fil The Siege of Leningrad.

VERNON PO



THE PEOPLE Their houses bombed, the people remove their possessions, 3,000,000 people barricade themselves, hold off an army of 800,000 Germans

EXCLUSIVE COLLIER'S PICTURES FROM SOVFOTO-ARTKINO



STREETS Death was commonplace. A volunteer army cleaned the city, carted away their dead in rough coffins, placed on sleds (above)



DEFENSE Women soldiers haul a barrage balloon through streets. Anti-tank traps were built on every street, every house was a fortress

WATER City's reservoirs and water mains bombed, water for drinking, cooking, washing, was drawn from Neva River (left) and canals (right), carried in containers.

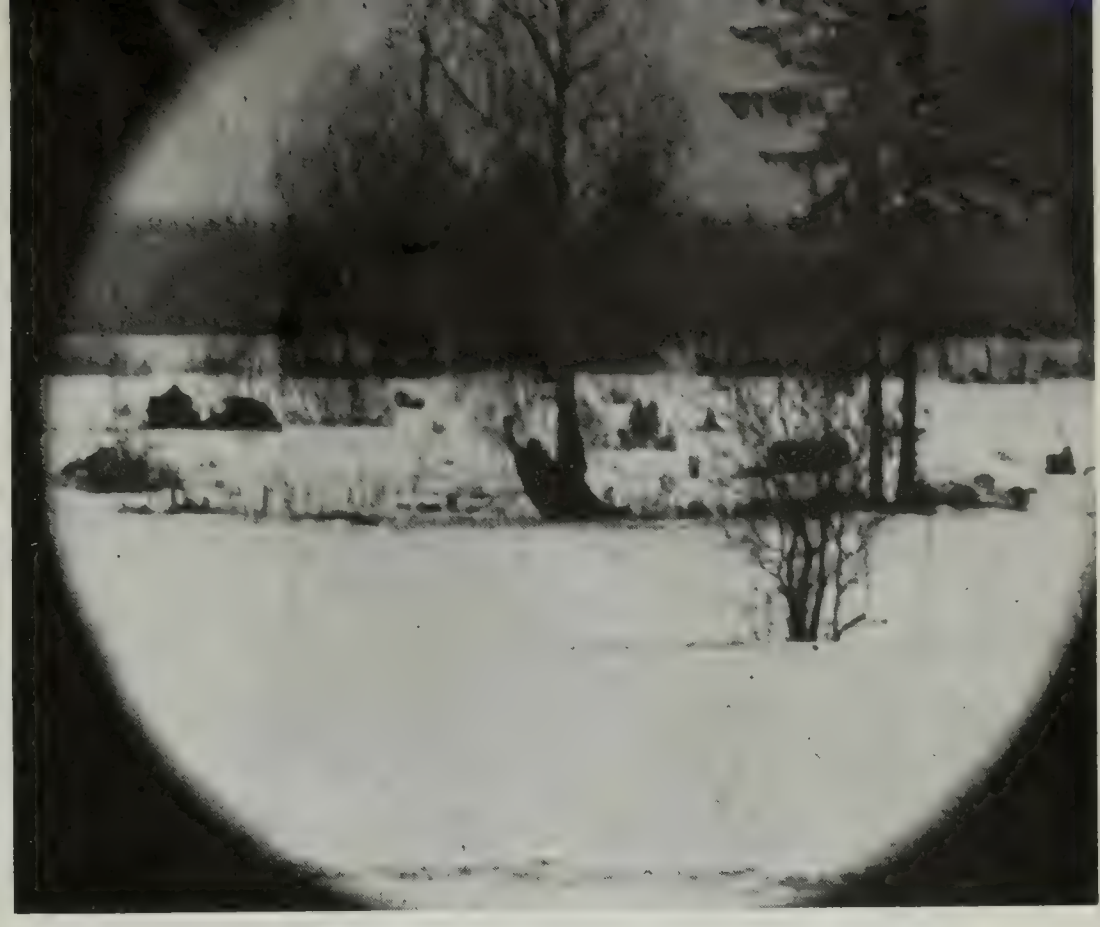
2,000 children carried 4,000 pails to supply bakeries with water for city's bread. (No child had strength to carry more than two pails)











NIPERS Uniform camouflaged, armed with telescopic sight, Russian sniper (left) takes careful aim, kills German (right) fleeing in field outside city. German price on snipers' heads is high, but few are caught. Pictures taken after 6 months' siege, help explain Leningrad's stand today after 17 months



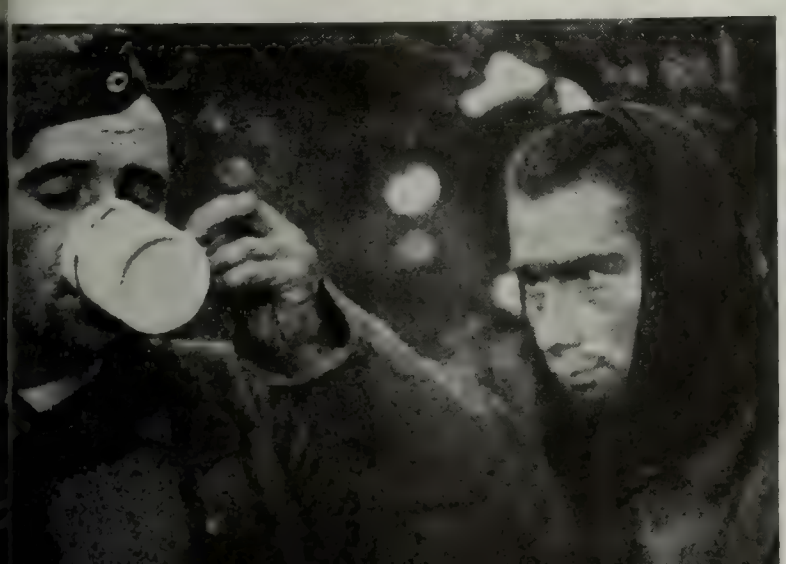


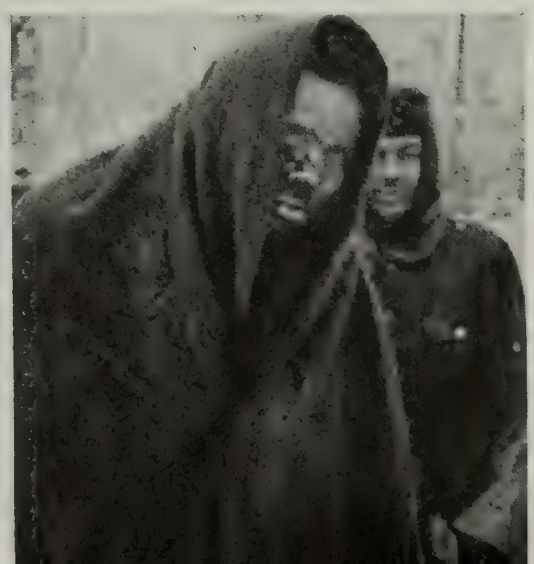
ACTORIES Limited wood was doled out to factories. Here, at 30° below zero, worker repairing 42-ton Russian tank warms hands

AIR RAIDS Against 1,000 German planes, 6,000 cannon, 19,000 machine guns, Leningrad held. Above, factory worker douses incendiary bomb

RISONERS Guerrillas and Leningrad militia captured tens of thousands of German prisoners. Starved, frozen, fear-crazed "supermen" (below) were fed, jailed.

Despite encirclement, Russian guerrillas smuggled a 200-car trainload of fuel, clothing, farm produce into city, all taken from Nazi-held territory







The Service Flag

Continued from page 30

Schwefel and the baby a home; but she elected to move into the big barn, partitioning off two rooms in the front part of it. She was sure that she would be all right till Kurt—he was the son still fighting in France—came home. His death was not reported to her till after the Armistice. She left the service flag flying till the treaty of peace was signed, then took it down and folded it away with a scrap of gold cloth which she had had left over, and packed it safely in the trunk she had brought with her from Germany.

Marm Schwefel's insistence on living in the barn was, everyone agreed, completely in character; and so was her refusal to accept from the government the war risk insurance on the lives of her sons. She could never quite explain that refusal even to herself, not in words; but she was deeply sure that she would never take the money. She had given her boys as a free gift and without reservation, and she would not have that giving marred.

She continued to live in the barn for a year or two, tending little Kurt and yet finding time to keep the farm a going concern. Walter Frame took her milk to the creamery in Carvel every morning, and she sold eggs and butter, so she made enough money for taxes, and spent little for anything else. There had been some small insurance on the house; but she did not touch it until she was sure she could support herself and Kurt. Then she hired Wilbur Tempest to build a small house big enough for her and for Kurt and moved out of the barn.

WHEN Kurt was six, he trudged away up the road to the school at the four corners. He was from the first a good student, and as he grew older he showed in many ways a ready ingenuity. He was always fascinated by the lobster boats that put out from the cove every morning, and before he was old enough to take the bus to Carvel and high school he knew more about two-cycle engines than the men who owned them. He worked before school for Jeff Penrod, rising early to go out with him to pull his pots, returning in time to help Marm Schwefel with the chores, working till dusk every evening after he came home from school.

But he found time too, to explore the countryside in every direction with fishing rod or gun; and one day when he was still short of his teens he led Marm Schwefel down across the pasture and into the swampy woodland beyond to show her a secret cave he had found there. The old glacier had tumbled together three huge slabs in a sort of tepee. It was necessary to crawl to enter the cave, but inside there was room to stand erect. For the rest of that summer and all of the next, the cave was Kurt's greatest delight. He leveled the ground inside it and built a bed and a fireplace, and half a dozen times he slept there alone, a fearless, towheaded youngster lying wide-eyed in the dark and silent wood. He blazed a trail that ran near the cave, but the way to the cave itself he hid from every eye, and he took no one there except Marm Schwefel.

The year he was twelve years old he shot his first deer, and after that, he killed many another. The day he shot one out of season and brought the best cuts and the liver proudly home, Marm Schwefel thrashed him, calmly and without heat, but thoroughly for all that. "We're good people, Kurt," she explained, finding it hard, as she always did, to put her thoughts in words. "We're good people, and we want to do the way we ought to." She went further, notifying the game warden of Kurt's crime, and requiring Kurt to pay the fine out of money he himself had earned. She found it impossible to make Kurt understand her point of view; but it was clear enough to her. A man—or a boy—had not only rights but duties and obligations too; and if he failed to meet them he must face the consequences, no matter how painful they might be.

When Kurt graduated from high school in 1935, Marm Schwefel sat proudly in the audience of admiring parents and grandparents, watching him through swimming eyes, so happy she could scarce endure it. She had decided that he should go to college, and he was eager to do so. To celebrate his graduation from high school, she gave him a wonderful suitcase with a combination lock which he could take with him when he went away.

Kurt's four years in college immediately preceded the outbreak of the war in Europe; and during these years Marm Schwefel began to be increasingly troubled by the boy's opinions. He declared that if the United States became involved in the approaching conflict—which everyone foresaw—he would not fight. "None of the fellows will," he said. "The Allies made suckers out of us last time, but they won't again." But he went further than this, declaring that Germany had been maltreated at Versailles, that she deserved the sympathy of the world. When Marm Schwefel protested, he reminded her that she was German born. "You ought to be proud of it," he said, "and proud of Germany now."

She tried to tell him her heart. "We are Americans now for a long time, Kurt," she urged. "Your father and your uncles fought for this country against Germany in the other war. That was because they were good Americans, and we are good Americans too. I think Germany is different since I was a girl there. In Bavaria we were good friendly people then."

But she could not hold her own with him in any argument; and she heard him sometimes argue too with Walter Frame, or with Jeff Penrod, till it seemed to her there was something suspicious and unfriendly in the eyes of these her old neighbors when they spoke to her. Once she pleaded: "I wish you wouldn't make arguments with them, Kurt. You might be right, but they don't think so, and they are mad when you say the things you say."

The year after he graduated, the first year of the war, he stayed at home, putting into effect on the farm the scientific methods college had taught him; but when it became clear that a draft bill would be passed by Congress, he told Marm Schwefel strongly: "They're not going to draft me. I'm going to get myself a job in a preferred occupation—war work or something."

She was more troubled than she could say, but she was helpless. The Bath Iron Works was hiring men to build destroyers, and Kurt's old interest in engines made him turn that way. He found a job there and came home triumphantly. "I'm all set, Grandma," he cried, embracing her. "They won't get me into their damned Army now."

SHE told him that he was a bad boy to talk so, and he laughed at her fondly; but she was troubled and unhappy then and thereafter. He worked at Bath all that winter and next spring and early summer; but in August, 1941, he came home one night so abstracted that she asked him what the matter was, and he hesitated and then said he had quit his job. "I had a row with the foreman," he told her; and she thought he was telling her less than the truth. "I told him where to get off," he said.

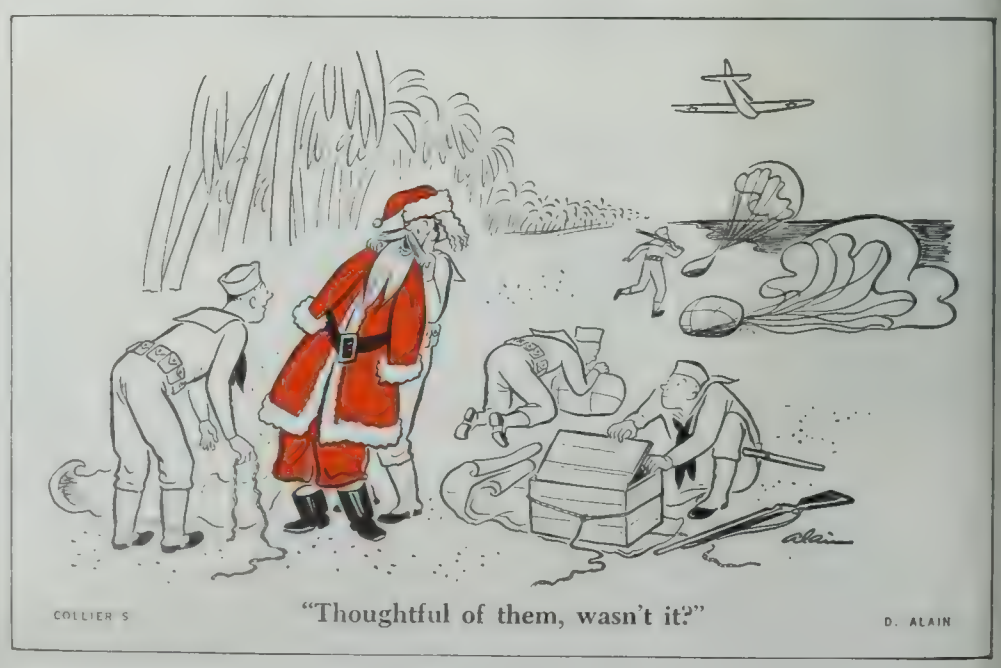
"Maybe you can go into the Army now," she suggested hopefully; but he laughed.

"Not me, Grandma," he assured her. "No, I'm going to Boston, get a job on some ship, go to sea."

She tried to comfort herself with the assurance that even as a sailor he would be helping to beat Germany; and she tried to shut her mind to the dangers of the sea. But when he was gone, when she read day after day of ships torpedoed, of drifting boats picked up at sea half full of dead men, she trembled with dreadful fears for him.

He had not written her the name of his ship, so she did not know whether he lived or died; and through the long winter after Pearl Harbor she seemed to grow visibly older day by day. When spring came, she had begun to give up hope. Surely, since he never wrote her, never came home, Kurt must be dead.

She would soon be seventy years old, and her hands, from many years of hard, long toil, were knotty at the joints, and they ached with fatigue when she



"Thoughtful of them, wasn't it?"



EXTRA DRY * BRUT * SPARKLING BURGUNDY

TABLE WINES
SAUTERNES · RHINE · BURGUNDY · CLARET
DESSERT WINES
PORT · SHERRY PALE & DRY · MUSCATEL TOKAY

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY * ST LOUIS, MO



DO YOU need extra money, now more than ever? Then, try our profitable plan for looking after new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine. For full details, just mail the coupon or send a penny postal *now*.

Independent Agency Division,
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
PLEASE send me your money-making plan.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....



COLLIER'S "I saw the same thing in the movies. The butler did it" LEO GAREL

orked. Milking was hard, for instance; ut Walter Frame stopped at her door t a quarter past seven every morning o pick up her milk and take it to the reamery, so she still rose early to get er milking done. Usually she made her- elf a bite of breakfast first, so she was p and around by five o'clock almost very day.

This June morning she waked a little arlier than usual, and the kettle on the tove was beginning to simmer, and the itchen door was open to let in the dewy horning air when someone stepped oldly up on the porch. She turned and aw a tall young man, and thought for minute it was Kurt, so that her eyes illed and she took an uncertain step hat way; and then he swung the screen oor wide and caught her in his arms, and t was Kurt indeed!

THE unbearable bliss of this home-coming made her tremble and go veak and weep helplessly in his arms, nd she uttered small wordless cries, pat- ing his cheek, pulling his face down to ers, lapsing into the almost forgotten ongue of her childhood in Bavaria; and e too spoke in German, reassuring her nd comforting her and loving her, till he remembered to be surprised and said n wonder:

"But, Kurt, it is German you speak. You have not done that since you were a little boy."

"I never forgot it, though, Grandma," e told her. "The mate on our ship was a German, and we used to talk together, nd it came back to me quickly."

She wept again in gladness that he was alive, and pushed him away to look at im through her tears, and cried de- ightedly: "Just the same, you are. Even he very suit you wore when you left."

He laughed teasingly. "I saved it to come home again, so you'd be sure to know me."

"You, now!" she cried in merry re- proach. Then she remembered that he was the little boy she had tended so long. "But so early, you must be hungry. Sit down while I give you breakfast." Then she remembered the cows. "Only I must hurry to milk before Walter Frame comes to take it to the creamery."

Kurt helped her with that milking, an- swering her questions while they worked together in the warm and steaming tie- up, fragrant with the sweet breath of the cows. He told a tale of long voyages and a hard homecoming when they kept watch every day for the plume of a peri- scope. It was an enemy raider, he said, which sank his ship off the Chilean coast; and he was eleven days in an open boat before they made port, and there were long delays on the homeward way till he reached Boston and took the bus for home and walked the last mile from the four corners this morning.

And now he would stay with her? Yes, he said; but first he must go to Boston again, just for a day or two, to collect his pay. When Walter Frame stopped for the milk he too asked questions; and he was one who had never liked Kurt.

"Guess the draft board will be want- ing to see you," he said maliciously. "You ain't in no shipyard now."

"I'm going to be a farmer," Kurt told him. "Grandma needs me here."

Walt shook his head. "She's got along all right up to now," he pointed out. "When'd you git here? Last night?"

Kurt's eyes narrowed. "You ask a lot of questions. I'll let you know I'm com- ing, next time, so you can meet me."

But Marm Schwefel protested: "You hush, Kurt! Can't Walt be neighborly?" And she told Walt: "He came on the early bus, got here this morning." When Walt was gone she said: "But, Kurt, you can go in the Army as well as not if you're a mind to. You don't have to stay home account of me."

He kissed her smilingly. "Don't you worry, Grandma. I'll take care of you. They're not drafting farmers yet a while."

So there was this cloud on his home- coming; but she did not urge him, savor- ing the great happiness of having him here. When next day he left to go to Boston she gave him a brave goodby. "But this time, come back to me, Kurt," she pleaded. "Or, if you're not coming back, tell me now, before you go. The not knowing is hard to bear, when you're so long away."

"I'll be back," he promised. "A day or two, a week at the outside, that's all."

She watched him tramp away up the road to the four corners, and as long as he could see, she stood in the barnyard, waiting to wave to him with a lifted hand. But he could not see, from that distance, her streaming eyes. When he went out of her sight she turned indoors, moving blindly; and she sat down in a dreadful passivity, her knotted hands idle in her lap, staring at nothing. Kurt was gone. She had an aching certainty that he would not return.

THE Jersey heifer was about to come in; but when the other cows came up to the bars that night she was not with them. Marm Schwefel put them in the tie-up and then went down into the pas- ture to try to find the heifer. Dark came and stopped her search, and she was wor- ried that night for fear the heifer would, as they say, steal her calf. If the calf were

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE



1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO



For Instance . . .

. . . from Hawaii came news that Lieut. Gen. Emmons was to discuss maneuvers and defensive plans with officers and men by radio. . . . Brig. Gen. Boyd commenting in a radio broadcast said: "The use of commercial radio by the commander to contact his troops spread over many square miles . . . is a new and important means of communication." (news item)

. . . during the Dieppe raid, Gen. Roberts commanded from headquarters on a destroyer. . . . along a nine-mile front wireless [radio] messages could be heard coming in . . . for troops on the "west beach" . . . a smoke shield was ordered . . . the [radio] order was given to the Fighter Command . . . two hundred miles away . . . WITHIN A FEW MINUTES Douglas Bostons were dropping a heavy pall of concealing smoke . . . (news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

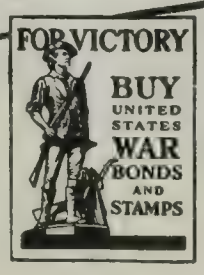
One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.



—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER



You Have Always Wanted Them!
Now You Can Have Them!

Read how you can have The Harvard Classics at an extraordinarily low price and on most liberal terms.

HERE is your great chance to own Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. Now this supreme library can be had at a cost per volume one-third the price of current fiction.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS (THE HARVARD CLASSICS)
Dr. Eliot, Harvard's most distinguished President, has brought together in The Harvard Classics from his lifetime of study the pure gold of the world's literature. Dr. Eliot realized the need of a library offering everyone the culture which a university strives to give. THE FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS is the magnificent result of his inspiration and knowledge.

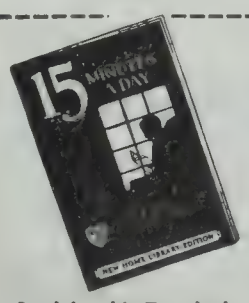
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A BARGAIN
Brentano's, the famous booksellers, recently stated that for only the partial contents of The Harvard Classics in ordinary clothbound editions, the cost would be $402.00 —yet in a beautiful edition, handsomely printed and illustrated, and uniformly bound, you can obtain these superlative writings at a fraction of that cost. This is the rarest of opportunities. Here are the complete marvelous contents of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. Fifty volumes, 22,407 pages of superb reading, 418 of the world's masterpieces, the Lecture Volume, Daily Reading Guide, and Index of 76,000 entries, costing $50,000 to prepare is the key to the treasures of The Harvard Classics.

AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD
Today, for only a small initial payment, you may have a complete, luxurious edition in your home with all shipping charges prepaid by us. But we urge you to act at once as manufacturing costs are rising rapidly.

FASCINATING BOOK—FREE
A most interesting book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," furnishes you with full information about The Harvard Classics . . . tells about Dr. Eliot's fascinating Reading Courses . . . and how you may have this priceless library for little more than the average person spends for newspapers.

Send for the famous book, FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY. It is yours without obligation and without cost.

OWN THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK—*FREE!*



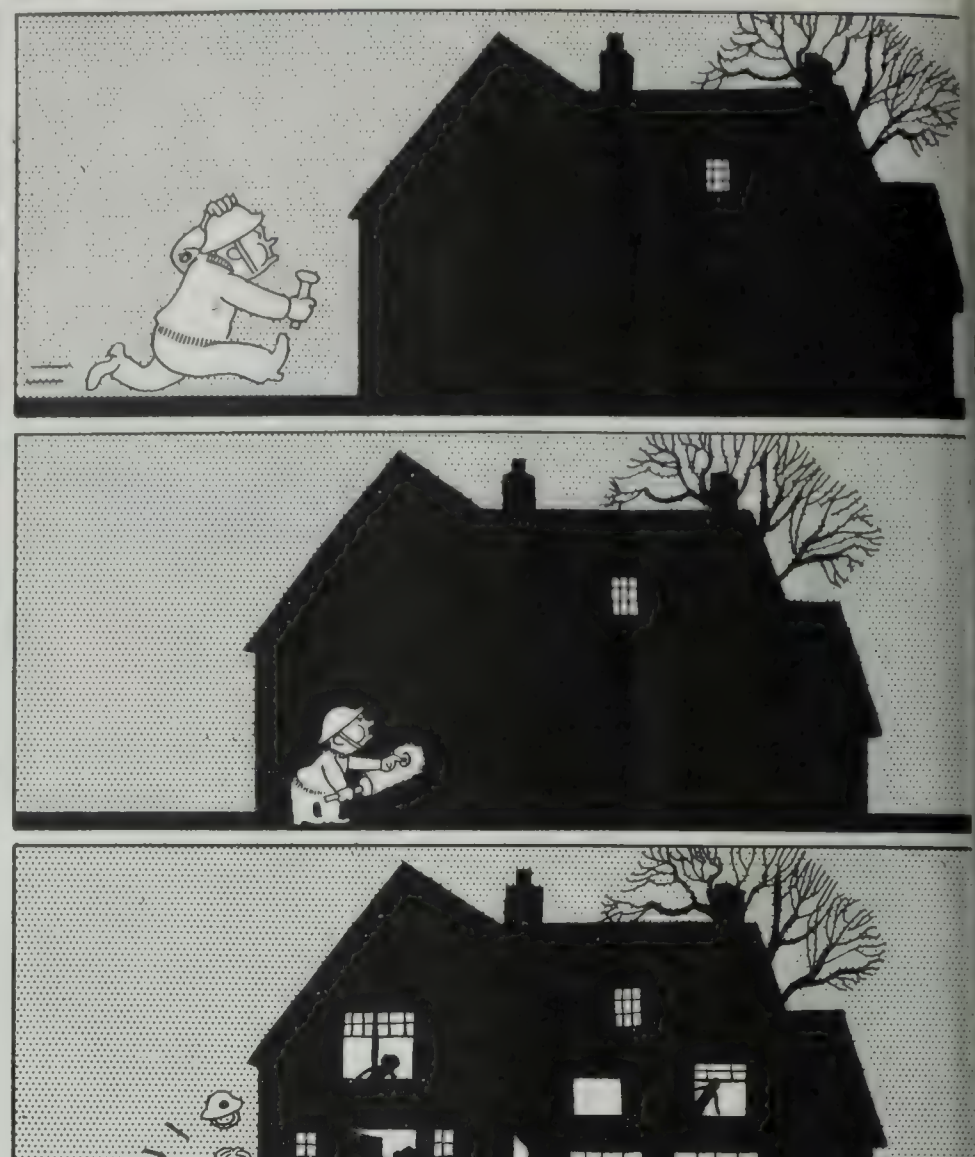
Send for this Free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.

P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading HCP 801

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

Address .....



COLLIER'S G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

born down in the pasture somewhere, the heifer would hide it; and the calf and the heifer, unless they were captured quickly, would soon go wild and be useless forevermore. In the morning when Walt Frame stopped for the milk she told him what had happened.

"So I've got to hunt her up today and get her into the barn," she said.

He nodded understandingly, and he said: "See here, ma'am, you told me Kurt come home on the early bus, but he didn't. I talked to the bus driver yestiddy afternoon, the one that drove the early bus that day, and he says Kurt wa'n't on it."

SHE looked at him in a sort of wonder. "Walt Frame, you trying to tell me Kurt would lie to me?" she demanded.

So Walt grinned. "Guess the bus driver made a mistake," he admitted. "You need any help finding that heifer, let me know."

When her chores were done, Marm Schwefel set out on her search. The pasture lay across the road from the house, running down to the spruce woods that clad the point above the rocky beach. The spruces on the point were young trees and they made a tangled fastness through which the cows in search of shade had broken narrow paths. Marm Schwefel began to search this thicket as the most likely place; and she routed the heifer out of its hiding. It plunged through the spruces to escape, and the little old woman, following its trail, came to a place where its hoofs had cut deep into soft soil under a carpet of spruce spills. She herself went ankle deep there, and that was strange, because the point was all ledge or shale, dry and hard. She paused to look around, and at once she forgot the heifer.

For clearly someone had dug a hole here and then filled it up again and swept the spruce needles over it to hide th traces; and Marm Schwefel could thin of no reason why anyone should dig hole here in this almost impenetrabl spruce tangle a few rods above the beach Someone might have shot a deer or moose and cut away the good meat an buried the carcass here. But for that can tankerous heifer, the spot might hav gone unvisited for years on end.

Marm Schwefel did not like these mys terious goings-on on her land, so she too a dead stick and began to dig, scratchin away the needles and gouging into th soft earth to find what was buried here At the depth of a foot or so she struck wood, the top of a box. She worked ou to its edge and found another box buried beside it; and eventually she made sure that there were at least four boxes here nested corner to corner.

And on the top of the boxes she found some stenciled letters and numerals. The characters were German.

When she made this discovery, Marm Schwefel stopped digging, trying to understand; and she wished she had brought her ax with her, so that she might smash open the boxes and find what was inside them.

She left the boxes partially uncovered and looked around for other traces of the movements of the men who had buried them here. She discovered a sort of trail down to the beach—a trail that had been covered, after it was used, with a sprinkling of spruce needles. Among the rocks on the beach she found traces of booted feet. Whoever had brought those boxes had come by boat; and they had presumably departed in the same way. But then she saw, on rocks along the shore, faint muddy imprints. A few rods away, the dried course of a little stream came down through cedars to the beach; but no water flowed there except in time of rain. The imprints led to the mouth

of this watercourse and followed it upward, away from the beach.

She took that trail, intent and stern, stooping to pass under overhanging branches, watching the rocks in the stream bed for traces; and once she saw where a booted foot had stepped on a narrow gravel bar. Mosquitoes and black flies harassed her, but she brushed them heedlessly aside as she pushed on. She was an old woman, but she had been a lone woman on a farm for many years, and not much escaped her eyes. After half a mile of circuitous progress she found where the men she followed had left the brook bed.

THEY left it at a faint path which had gone a long time unused, but Marm Schwefel recognized the path. It was the way by which Kurt, long ago, used to come to his secret cave.

Marm Schwefel watched for traces which would suggest that these men had gone to the cave and she found them. The entrance to the cave had been concealed by throwing a dead spruce across it, but she drew this aside and tucked up her skirts and crawled in. There was enough light for her to see the things hidden here.

She found a roll of some material like rubber, tied up with rope; and there were four pairs of heavy canvas boots coated with rubber. But the thing which fixed Marm Schwefel's attention was a battered leather suitcase with a combination lock; and she had no need to look for the initials on the end to know that it was Kurt's, which she had given him so proudly and so happily long ago.

She even remembered the combination. 1-6-8. That meant January 6, 1918—the day Kurt was born. She set the lock at this combination, and the suitcase opened.

It was packed full, and she examined the contents. There were four pairs of muddy dungarees, a mud-stained overcoat which Kurt had bought while he was in college, a pair of shoes, some cigarettes in a cardboard box with a German label, two or three pairs of socks, and three caps marked with a swastika.

The little old woman looked at these things for a long time, handling them one by one. Then she put them back into the suitcase and closed it. She crawled out of Kurt's cave and once more concealed the entrance and went slowly homeward. She had forgotten the heifer long ago. She was sorely troubled, for she did not understand.

When she came back up through the pasture toward the house, Walt Frame was returning from his trip to town; and he saw her as she approached the bars, and he stopped, for he had a tale to tell.

"Hear the news, ma'am?" he called, as soon as she came within hearing; and before she could do more than shake her head, he was telling his story: German spies had landed from submarines on Long Island and in Florida, coming ashore in rubber boats, with boxes packed full of explosives which they buried in the sand. Eight of them had been arrested, and they had admitted that they planned to strike at vulnerable points in America's war industry.

"The most of them was Americans born in Germany," Walt declared. "They be'n in Germany right on to a year, learning how to blow things up and all." His eyes were shrewd. "Wouldn't surprise me a mite if there'd be'n others land too, in Maine like as not." And he asked: "Kurt got back from Boston yet?"

Her heart felt like a lump of ice, and she found it hard to breathe. Kurt, speaking German easily and naturally, although he had not spoken it here at home for years; Kurt saying he had arrived on the bus, when the bus driver said he did not; Kurt's suitcase and his overcoat hidden down there in the cave of which only she and Kurt knew. "Not yet," she said thickly. "Who caught the Germans, Walt?"

"The F.B.I.," he said. "They're watching out for all that sort of thing, specially where there's any war work going on. There's some of them over't Bath Iron Works right along."

Kurt exulting in Germany's victories. Kurt working at the Bath Iron Works so he wouldn't be drafted.

"That heifer stole her calf," she said in dull tones. "I'll have a time of it to catch her."

"I'll get Jeff Penrod and come up this aft'noon and help you," Walt offered; but she shook her head. She didn't want anyone down in the spruce woods on the point, not now.

"Likely she'll come in tonight," she said, and moved on toward the house, and Walt drove away.

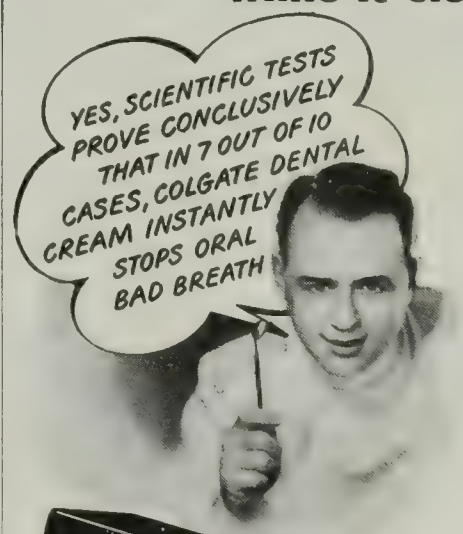
Marm Schwefel went into the kitchen



"Son, it isn't right for you to pick on boys who are smaller than you, or who have fathers bigger than I am!" COLLIER'S BILL KING



That's right, men—
and she may mean YOU!
So here's a tip
on what to do . . . Use Colgate Dental Cream—
the toothpaste that cleans your breath
while it cleans your teeth!

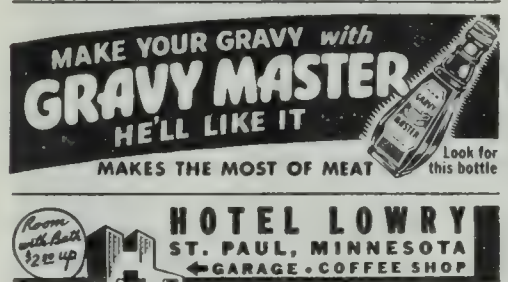


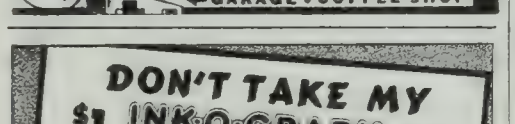
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that *cause* much bad breath.

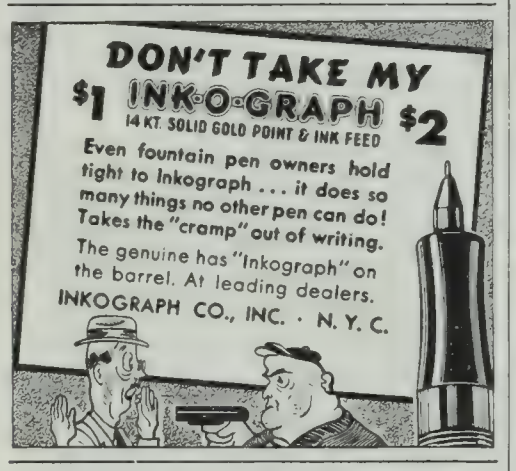
And Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! Besides, Colgate's delicious, wake-up flavor makes it a favorite with children and grownups alike.











WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

and she chunked up the fire and then sat down in the rocking chair by the window, rocking slowly to and fro, thinking of many things. Presently she leaned her head back against the chair and closed her eyes and stopped rocking; and after a while, tears squeezed out between her closed eyelids and rolled down her cheeks.

The house was still, except for the whisper of the fire and the quiet murmur of the kettle on the stove, and she was conscious of the stillness and of her own loneliness. She was thinking back through the years, remembering Kurt's boyhood, remembering his sympathy for Germany. There was no doubt of the truth in her mind; and while she sat there alone in her empty kitchen, with the kettle softly purring on the stove, her heart broke quietly.

She sat there for a long time, and the day drifted away. Toward sunset she stirred at last and went to her bedroom, and from the little trunk she had brought when she came to this country, she drew out a folded packet and unwrapped it, and sitting on the edge of her bed she smoothed across her knees that service flag with the four gold stars. She touched the four stars gently one by one; this for Hans, and that for Johann, and that for Karl and this one for Kurt, for her own Kurt who was this Kurt's father. He had died as they all had died for this country of her adoption. She had been born in Germany; but birth was an accident. She had chosen to live in this country, and for the country of her choice her sons had died.

But Kurt, this Kurt had made another choice. To choose was his right. If he had chosen to go back to Germany, to fight for Germany, she would have been unhappy, but that unhappiness she could have borne. This secret, shameful treachery was another matter altogether.

There was stern strength in old Marm Schwefel still. When Kurt was a boy, if he did something that was surely wrong—like killing the deer out of season long ago—she had punished him with an even-handed thoroughness, ignoring her own suffering for his sake.

Now again he must face stern, inexorable justice, even though she too must suffer unbearably. The stars on the flag across her knees demanded this of her.

She put the flag away, her resolution taken. When Kurt killed the deer, she had reported his offense to the warden, made him accept his punishment. This offense was different only in degree. She would go to Bath in the morning, find the F.B.I. men there, tell them what she knew.

Dusk was falling, but she was not hungry, and she went supperless to bed.

MARM SCHWEFEL slept little that night, slept lightly when she slept at all. She was awake when toward three o'clock in the morning there was a brief spatter of shots from the direction of the spruce wood on the point below the pasture.

She got up and lighted the lamp and went to the door to listen, but she heard nothing more. She returned to her room and dressed and carried the lamp into the kitchen and lighted the fire and put the kettle on. But she was not hungry, and it was too early to go milk the cows, so she sat down in the rocking chair and waited. Somewhere she heard a rooster crow, and then she heard the first bird song, so she knew day was near. She sat rocking quietly, waiting in an infinite patience for whatever was to come.

After a while a car stopped beside the road in front of the house, and she rose and opened the door. A man came toward her from the car. He paused and took off his hat, stood facing her.

"Is this Mrs. Schwefel?" he asked, after an instant, in a low tone.

She nodded. "Come you in," she said. When he did so, she bade him sit down. "I'll make you some coffee," she told him. "You must be ready for it."

"Don't bother."

"It's no bother," she said. "A body needs something, up this time of day."

"My name's Sloan," he explained. "I've heard your grandson speak of you, Kurt Schwefel."

SHE turned, the coffeepot in her hand, to look at him slowly. Then she set the pot down on the stove. "How come you to know Kurt?" she asked quietly.

"I'm in the government service," Mr. Sloan told her. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation. My job has been, for months, at the Bath Iron Works. Kurt used to work there. It was reported to me that he talked like a German sympathizer." She sat down, her hands tight on her knees. "So we kept an eye on him," he said. She rocked slowly to and fro, not speaking.

"Then one night last summer he came to me, secretly," said Mr. Sloan. "A man in the plant had made friends with him, had proposed to him that—since he was clearly a friend of Germany—he might serve her. The proposal was that he should go to Germany. Kurt said to me: 'I guess he picked me out because I've shot off my mouth a good deal. I just did it for the sake of argument, at first; but after he began to try to get on my good side, I kept it up. Now he wants me to go to Boston and sign on a ship that's sailing for Portugal, and go from there to Germany.' He said he thought we might like to know about this. He said if we wished him to do so, he would pretend to fall in with the man's proposal, go to Germany, play a part. He had decided that we might soon be fighting Germany. He thought he might find out something useful."

The coffeepot came to a boil and Marm Schwefel tended it. There was a brimming thankfulness in her. She did not yet fully understand; but she understood that she had been wrong in her judgment of Kurt.

Mr. Sloan said quietly: "We advised him to fall in with their plans. We warned Kurt that he might be killed and he said his father had been killed in the last war, and that he would be glad to help beat Germany now. So he went to Germany. We heard nothing from him for months, not till two or three days ago, when he came secretly to me again. He had returned to this country in a submarine, and he and three others had landed on the point down below here, and buried four boxes of explosives among your spruces."

Marm Schwefel nodded. "I found them yesterday afternoon," she said. "I didn't know what they were. I found where they'd hid their clothes in a cave Kurt had when he was a boy. His suitcase that I gave him was there; and he'd come home talking German; and I heard about the other men landing and I thought he was working for Germany. I was coming to Bath to see you and tell you about it today."

He looked at her in a sort of wonder, and she said, more to herself than to him: "But he was doing right all the time." Then she asked: "Where is Kurt?"

"He met the other three men tonight, brought them here," he said. "They had a truck to take the things away. But we were posted, waiting for them. He had told us where to be."



COLLIER'S "He wants to marry me, but his fiancée won't let him!" BO BROWN

Her eyes settled on his. "I heard the shooting," she said. Her knees failed her, and she sat down hurriedly.

"Yes," he admitted. "There was shooting. Kurt led them here, and when we turned on our flashlights and they swung to face us, Kurt was behind them. He drew his gun and told them to put up their hands; but one of them drew and turned and Kurt shot him. But the man as he fell shot Kurt."

FOR a moment there was silence. Then Marm Schwefel said simply: "Killed him, I sh'd judge, or he'd be here."

"He was a brave man. You have a right to be proud of him."

Marm Schwefel rocked quietly. She said at last: "I wish't you'd go bring him home."

So she was left a while alone. The cows were waiting to be milked, but she did not go to the barn. Instead she went to the trunk in her bedroom and took out that treasured packet and found the little gold-starred flag. There was a bit of gold cloth left over. She sought her sewing basket, scissors and needle and thread.

She cut another gold star and basted it into place. There would be time enough to sew it neatly and properly, with proud small stitches, later on. She hurried now so that she could hang the flag in the window before Kurt came home.

THE END

Wait Till I'm on My Feet

Continued from page 18

more than yours. I guess I kind of goaded you. I apologize for everything."

She was silent for a minute. "I'm awfully glad to see you take that attitude. We understand each other, then. Right?"

"Absolutely."

"I'm so glad," she said, holding out her hand. "I hope you'll be well and strong soon again. Take care of yourself. And look out for those submarines. Goodby, Mr. Adams."

She pivoted abruptly and walked away down the corridor, her arms straight against her sides, her fists clenched.

CHIP hitchhiked a ride into town on an ice truck. He went to a barbershop, got a haircut, a shave, a shampoo and a massage. The only clothes he owned were the trousers and shirt and sneakers he wore; but he had two months' pay in his pocket and when he left the barbershop, feeling like a new man, he bought the cheapest suitcase he could find—with the thought in mind of some future sinking—and filled it with new clothes. He bought a pair of slacks and a tweed coat and a pair of shoes and put them all on in the store. Then he found a clean, well-lighted room above a cigar store.

He had written Tracy's address and telephone number—wheedled out of Gina Antonelli—on the inside of a match cover. He knew that Tracy would leave the hospital at five and he gave her half an hour to get home. At half past five he went downstairs to the cigar store, entered the booth and phoned.

But Gina Antonelli answered. He knew Gina's voice. Gina told him to wait a minute but it was two minutes before she came back on the wire. Gina stumbled around saying Tracy was hurrying to go out on a date and didn't have time. Chip walked around the block, re-entered the booth and phoned again. This time there was no answer at all. He found a florist shop and bought a pretty little corsage for seventy-five cents.

He inquired the way of a policeman and it was a longer walk than he had thought it would be. By the time he reached the garage apartment he was winded and paused at the foot of the outside stairway to mop his face. Then he climbed the steps. Before he had time to knock on the door, Gina opened it. Her black hair was disheveled and she looked ridiculously happy.

"You must come in," she said, pulling him in. "The most wonderful thing happened. Lefty got twenty-four hours' leave."

"Who?"

"Flew down," a male voice said from the kitchenette. "Got to fly back. Bingo—a month's pay. For what, I ask you? For what?" A seaman first class in Navy blues came in from the kitchenette shaking cocktails. There was lipstick smeared all over his face. "For a little nurse. Hello, Jack. I been hearing about you. I hear you're a radioman in the merchant marine."

Gina said, "Chip, this is William. William Higgins. Lefty. Isn't he cute?"

"Hello, Lefty," Chip said.

"Glad to know you, Jack. Just in time to wet the whistle."

"It'll probably stand me on my head. I'd settle for a beer or orange juice."

Gina said, "Gee whizz, no beer—and Lefty just used all the oranges for the cocktail."

"Well," Chip said, "I haven't been stood on my head in a long time. Besides, it looks like a celebration."

"I like you, Jack," Lefty said. "I like your spirit. Anything I hate," he added, looking at a closed door, "is a pill. Male or female."

THE door opened and Tracy cut him with a cold, blue look. Chip's heart jumped into his throat, she looked so beautiful. Other times he had always seen her in her nurse's uniform. Now she wore a flowing, flowered print and high-heeled maroon slippers. Her hair was the color of red mahogany and drawn in a clean way back and above her ears. Her long slenderness was lithe and vibrant. Her color was high.

Gina said, "Oh, Tracy, you look lovely."

"Wonderful!" Chip murmured.

Tracy said distantly, "Good evening, Mr. Adams."

"An iceberg," Lefty said, "wired for sound. A portable air-cooling system. Do you folks notice the sudden change in temperature too?"

Chip was still entranced. "Gosh, Tracy, that's a pretty dress."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams."

He opened the little square cardboard



"Let's not start playing any game, Wallace. Mother can only stay a minute"

COLLIER'S DAVID C. GERARD

DANGEROUS TO BRUSH FALSE TEETH

WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



Dental plates are much softer than natural teeth. That is why the "fitting ridges" of a denture are worn down by many "makeshift" cleaners.

Instead of cleaning plates properly, "makeshifts" actually scratch the polished surfaces, causing stains to collect faster and cling tighter. Continual use of "makeshifts" may ruin dental plates.

PLAY SAFE . . . USE POLIDENT!

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident *dissolves* the daily accumulation of cloudy film and ugly stains . . . *dissolves* food particles from hard-to-reach places. The purifying action of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of dentures—without danger of scratching them or wearing down the important fitting ridges.

Soaking in Polident means less handling and therefore less chance of breakage than when old-fashioned brushing methods are used.



Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know if you have it—*but others will!* Yet POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

POLIDENT IS APPROVED

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢; Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug stores. Costs less than a penny a day for regular, safe cleaning of dentures. *Your money back if not delighted.* Today—get Polident!

BUY WAR BONDS

POLIDENT

BUY WAR STAMPS

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

box and took out the c[illegible] yo[illegible] think this'll go with it?" he said [illegible]ly.

Gina said, "Now, Chip, isn't th[illegible]t too sweet of you? Look, Tracy. [illegible] Lefty. Wait, I'll get a pin."

"You—you really oughtn't to ha[illegible] done it, Mr. Adams," Tracy said. Her voice seemed far away and it shook a little. She looked down, her body drawn up, as Gina pinned the corsage on her dress. Gina gave it a little pat.

"Pretty," Gina said.

"Yes," Tracy said thoughtfully, "it's very pretty."

Gina started. "There's Arthur now."

Tracy opened the door and said, "Arthur, I'm just this minute ready."

"Good, Tracy. I'm on time." The newcomer looked at his watch. "To the minute. Six sharp."

He stepped in, nodding with polite gravity around the room, holding his straw hat against his thigh. He was crowding forty years in a sound, solid and complacent way—a rather good-looking man, heavy-set, with a square jaw, thick black hair and thick rectangular eyebrows.

Tracy looked the slightest bit harried. She said, "Arthur, you know Lefty. This is Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams, Mr. Hasbrook."

"Delighted," said Arthur gravely.

Chip wrung his hand. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hasbrook."

"I'll get my things," Tracy said, sweeping into the bedroom.

Lefty said, "How about a snort, Arthur?"

ARTHUR held up his hand. "No, thanks. I take only one and I'd like to take that with Tracy, where we're going. We're going to the Beachway. The music there is nice."

"If you like that kind of music," Lefty said.

Arthur nodded. "I like that kind of music. I like the atmosphere there. Tracy and I go there every Saturday night."

"No!" said Lefty.

Chip was waiting at the bedroom door and when Tracy came out he grabbed her hand. "Have a good time, Tracy," he said. He led her over to Arthur and slapped Arthur on the back. "Have a good time, old man."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams. We always do." Arthur turned to Tracy. "Ready, my dear?" He held the door open, and they went out.

Chip turned around and said, "Quick, Lefty—a drink."

Lefty handed him a cocktail and Chip drained it at a swallow and held the glass out for more.

"Take it easy," Lefty said. "I like you, Jack."

"I like you too."

"Well," Lefty said, "I have never seen a man stood on his head yet. How do you do it—with or without hands?" He poured another drink, saying, "Watch this, Gina. It's going to be good."

Chip drank it down and winced. "What did you put in that?"

"Rum. We had a little orange juice, so we put that in for coloring. Maybe if we tie a mattress on your back you won't hurt yourself when you fall."

"I have a confession to make," Chip said. "I have never before touched liquor. I am twenty-three years old. Last August. August twenty-first. Will two do it?"

"Do what?"

"Lay me out." He sat down heavily and blew out his breath.

Gina sighed. She took hold of Lefty's arm. "It's on account of Tracy. He's mad about her. Every day in the hospital he sent her love letters. My heart aches for him."

"Tell me frankly," Chip said, looking [illegible]"at has Arthur got that I haven't [illegible] you got a hundred grand?" Lefty said.

"No."

"Arthur has. Arthur's mother has more. Arthur's two maiden sisters have more also. They all live together. Put them all together, they spell money, a word that means the world to Tracy. To me that dame is poison."

"Don't say that!" Gina said. "It's not that at all. It's just that Tracy is a girl that sets her mind to a thing. Underneath it all she's dear and loyal and very affectionate."

"Is she?" Chip said. He stood up. "Now I'll beat it."

"Come on; stick with us, Jack. We'll all go out and kick the gong around."



"Hey, Mom. . . . Here's somebody selling brushes. Hey, Pop. . . . Wow!"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

Chip shook his head. "I wouldn't think of it. You two want every minute to yourselves."

"He's so sweet," Gina said, "I could kiss him."

Chip kissed her on the forehead.

"I feel as though I want to cry," Gina said.

CHIP slept fifteen hours. When he got up he stuck his tousled head out the window and inhaled deeply. Then he put his trousers on over a pair of swimming trunks, pulled a tennis shirt over his head and walked five blocks to the beach.

In an open-front café where glass wind chimes tinkled he ate his breakfast and watched the waves roll in on the beach. He thought how much pleasanter all this was than spending long days at sea, with the U-boats everywhere on the prowl. But then he thought how lucky he'd been the last time—only fifteen hours in the water, and in warm seas. The time before that it had happened in the North Atlantic, in winter; twelve days in an open boat and a month and a half in a Liverpool hospital. He hoped his next ship would be clean and fast, with good food; and it would be nice if they didn't carry high explosives.

Walking up the beach to settle his breakfast, he saw Gina sitting on the sand, her legs drawn up and her arms wrapped around her knees. She was hollow-eyed. She didn't smile.

"He's gone," she said.

Chip lay down beside her and tossed some shells into the water. She looked small and beaten and so terribly alone. She was huddled in a knot, the wind blowing her hair this way and that. It blew it over her face but she didn't pay any attention.

"He cried," she said. "We both cried. I cried and then that got him crying and we had so much to say to each other but we couldn't say a thing. We were up all night. We went dancing and we ate hamburgers at Riley's at four in the morning and we sat in the park till a cop came along and told us to move. Then we came down to the beach to watch the sunrise. It was beautiful. We took our shoes and stockings off and walked in the water. It was such a beautiful sunrise. We stood in the water there holding hands and watching the sun come up. Then we had to rush to the airport. Then we cried. That big lug crying—it almost broke my heart!"

"You don't want to take it so hard, Gina," Chip said. "He'll be back soon."

"How soon is soon? It's a hundred years since he went."

"Well," Chip said hearteningly, "you've got your work. It's fine work. And you've got Tracy."

"No," Gina said bleakly. "That's part of it. It isn't enough that Lefty had to go away—"

Chip sat up. "Is Tracy going away?"

"No. No, Tracy isn't going away. It's just that we aren't living together any more. Since this morning. Since about three hours ago. It was such a lovely little apartment."

"No!" Chip said, wide-eyed with concern. "You don't mean it. You mean you left?"

"This morning. I packed in half an hour flat, dead on my feet and miserable as I was. When I feel up to it, I'll look for another place. It was such a lovely place, and plenty of hot water. And I think so much of Tracy."

Chip reached over and pushed her hair away from her eyes. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me Tracy put you out?"

Gina shook her head. "It was my own idea. No, Tracy didn't put me out. I guess if I hadn't run into Arthur on the way home this morning, it might have been different. But I ran into him as he was walking to church with his mother and his sisters and I suppose I did look terrible, with my hair stringing and Lefty's sailor hat on my head. He wanted to give me something when he left, but he didn't have anything, so he gave me his hat. I said, 'Good morning, Arthur,' and he just stared at me, as if I were a ghost. And I had only one shoe on, because while we were wading, a dog ran out on the beach and stole my other one. Then when I walked in I saw Tracy hang up the phone and her face was white and I knew, I could feel it in my shoes, that Arthur had phoned."

"Good old Arthur. And anyhow, why should he phone?"

"I don't even know if he did. But there was Tracy, white and staring at me. 'Gina,' she said, 'you've been out all night. What will people think?' And I guess I was just tired and mean enough to say back at her, 'What do you mean? Do you mean what will Arthur think?' And she said, 'Suppose we leave Arthur out of this.' And I said, 'Okay; fine. And we'll leave people out of it too. What do *you* think?' And she said, 'I think Lefty ought to be ashamed to show his face around here again.' So I hit the roof. I said, 'Don't worry, my fine lady; he won't. Because I'm getting out—right now.' And I did. But I'm so fond of her. Poor Tracy—she doesn't understand!" She sniffled. "I'm so hurt. I'm so terribly hurt."

"You poor kid," Chip said.

He went up to the boardwalk, bought a hot dog, a large slice of pastry and a container of coffee. All these he carried down to Gina on a cardboard plate.

"What have I done to deserve such kindness?" she said. "You know, Chip, I'm very much tempted to let you in on a secret."

Chip was intensely preoccupied. "H'm?" he said. He gave her a quick smile. "You mean about Tracy?"

BY THE time he turned into the walk leading to the garage apartment Chip was perspiring freely. He saw Arthur Hasbrook sitting on the top step but this did not in the least slow him down. Arthur was wearing a blue coat, white flannels and white shoes, and he was dangling a very expensive-looking panama between his knees. He looked glumly introspective.

"Excuse me," Chip said.

"Certainly," Arthur said, rising and picking up the handkerchief upon which he had been sitting.

Chip rapped on the door. He waited and rapped again, harder. He said over his shoulder to Arthur, "Anybody home?"

"Yes," Arthur said, folding his arms.

"Hey!" Chip yelled. "Open up!" He pounded the door with his fists and kicked it. He was hot and excited and impatient and in his eyes there was a windy truculence.

Arthur tapped him on the shoulder. "You'll attract attention in the neighborhood, pounding that way."

"I don't care!"

"Let us be reasonable," Arthur said, taking his hat off and fanning himself.

"All right; let's. You take a walk."

Arthur put his hat on again and folded his arms. He looked quite obstinate. "I'll do nothing of the sort. Not until you stop trying to break the door down."

Chip put his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "I guess we're both a little excited, old man." Perspiration gleamed on his face and neck, and his hands were sticky with it.

"I am not excited," Arthur said. "I'm completely cool and collected. I always make it a point to remain so."

"I'm young yet," Chip said. "Give me time."

The door opened and Tracy said, "If



AMERICA *Makes the Best* OF EVERYTHING!

THIS HOLIDAY SEASON finds us giving up much—ready to give up *everything* needed to bring victory and lasting peace.

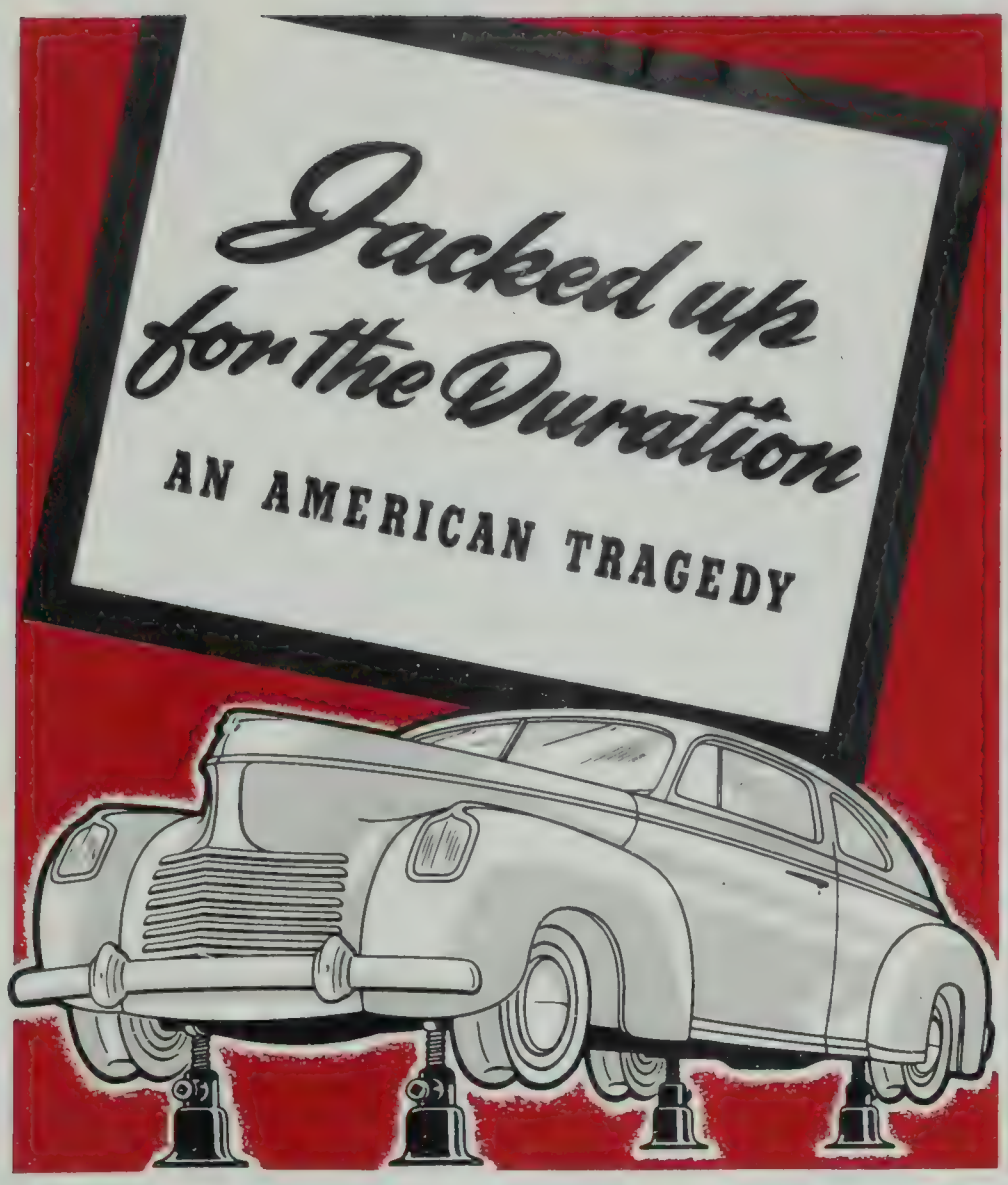
Our gift to free peoples everywhere is this high spirit of sacrifice, the winning morale, that will achieve victory. Many a *Schenley* man has left us to do his share in the war effort; *Schenley*'s distilleries are now on a war footing—turning out vast quantities of war alcohol, needed by the nation.

The *Schenley Royal Reserve* you enjoy today is drawn from our reserves—the largest in the U. S. A.—made and laid down in years gone by, and blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness.

As in every crisis, America makes the best of everything. That is the "Spirit of '43"—and America's spirit until victory is achieved.

SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof.

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y. C.



● Too bad, but this motorist is through for the duration. He drove too fast . . . he didn't keep his tires properly inflated . . . and he thought small nail holes and cuts in his casings "didn't amount to much." Now . . . he is through.



"IT DOESN'T HAVE TO HAPPEN TO *You!*" SAYS . . .

Bob Bowes

President and Founder of Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation, Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs

Our years of experience in the tire repair field definitely convince us that the average motorist throws away at least half of his possible tire mileage.

Cutting down your speed and proper inflation is important, of course, but the great tire destroyer is the failure of the average motorist to recognize that small cuts, nail holes and bruises are the "starters of blowouts."

If repaired when small you won't get blowouts. If they are not repaired while they are "young" they will get larger every day . . . then . . . BANG . . . a tire is *gone.*



Look FOR THIS SIGN

Beware of inexpert, careless tire repair men. The Bowes Sign on a Service Station is your guarantee of careful inspection and safe tire repairs by factory-trained Bowes "Seal Fast" Tire Repair Experts—using world renowned Bowes Tire Repair Materials.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION • INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

both of you don't get out of here, I'll phone the police."

"Tracy," Arthur said, "I at least deserve a chance to explain—"

"I mean both of you," Tracy said. She stamped her foot. "Now!"

Arthur colored. "Very well," he said coolly, "if that's how you feel about it." He descended the steps with a measured tread and walked calmly, with great composure, up the street.

Tracy was tapping her foot. "Well," she said, "are you going?"

"Why, no, Tracy," Chip said. "Call your cops. It'll take them five or ten minutes to get here and in the meantime I can talk to you. It won't take me long, sweetie pie, to tell you what I think of you."

SHE wheeled about and strode across the room and Chip went in, picked a cigarette out of a humidor, struck a match and lit up. He felt a little dizzy. The blazing sun seemed to have come indoors with him. He put the cigarette aside. He felt a great desire to sit down but there seemed to be some point in rejecting this desire.

Tracy picked up the phone. She slammed it down again. "No," she said. "If you have something to say, I'd like to have time to get my licks in too. The cops can't do anything that I can't do. State your case, my fine-feathered friend."

He felt perspiration oozing down his chest inside his shirt. "It's not my case," he said doggedly. He had a slight suspicion that he was swaying, so he pressed his back against the wall. "I've got no case. It's about Gina, I'm here. I met her on the beach. She's all busted up. She laughs one minute and cries the next. I can't stand it."

"And why is Gina of such great concern to you?"

He made a derisive grimace. "Haven't you heard? Her man went back to the Navy. Her best girl friend gave her the old brush-off. She is a little girl. Just so big. She is crushed and bewildered."

"Gina left. She left of her own free will."

"Well, well, well. How nice a proper you sound. Do you feel pro and virtuous this fine Sabbath day?"

Tracy picked up a pillow from couch, punched it and threw it back the couch.

"It's not what I think or how I fe She has her reputation to think of—a just as much, just as important, her j It's a thing a girl can't get away from. my heart I know that when she stay out all last night she did it because sh Gina and that the two of them were innocent as a couple of babes in arr But other people don't know that."

"Old Arthur?"

Tracy's eyes flashed. "More impo tant—Arthur's mother. Arthur's moth is on the hospital board. She has a l to say about the personnel. She s Gina this morning—limping along min one shoe, with a sailor's hat on h head."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Arthur phoned m He was upset. He was shaken. He w shocked."

Chip was beginning to feel an i mense fatigue. A chill swept over hi His hands felt clammy. He said drowsil "The world and Arthur Hasbrook. H was shocked. Why? Is Gina any of h business?" he demanded.

TRACY was grimly silent for a mi ute. "His mother didn't think it w nice that a girl who went with him shou room with a girl like Gina. That's wh he phoned about. He wanted to know I would do him the great favor of tellir Gina—in a nice way, of course—that wanted to live alone. He meant we He was earnest and considerate. H said his mother said Gina would recei her notice at the hospital tomorrow. H said his mother said young girls wh work at the hospital simply have t watch their morals."

"Gina," Chip said weakly, "is n longer a young girl. She is now a bi girl. She's a woman. In fact, she's married woman."

Tracy's jaw shook. "She's what?"

"Last night. Among other things the



"You better widen the door, Kennesaw. The house cools off too quick when you let Betsy in like this"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



"Look, mister. . . . Please call this number when you get in there, and explain why I couldn't call and say I'll be right home!"

COLLIER'S A. SCHUS

ke up a justice of the peace and got oked."

I don't believe it. Why didn't Gina me?"

Apparently you didn't give her time. u jumped on her the minute she came so just for spite she didn't tell you. almost didn't tell me. She said it s too sweet and wonderful to tell any- dy."

Tracy cried out, "I've been hateful! , how hateful I've been!" She looked d and distraught as she charged aim- sly about the room. "Poor Gina!"

"Tracy," Chip said feebly, "stand l." He couldn't see her very clearly. ere seemed to be two of her, one slid- back and forth across the other. ssing his hand over his eyes didn't p any.

Tracy said bitterly, "I tried to show , to prove to her, that a girl could get ead—by using her head. I played up Arthur. I played up to his mother d his two fishy-eyed sisters. I did erything that Arthur wanted to do— stuffy Beachway on Saturday nights, tures on alternate Wednesday nights, eldest sister on the harp Sunday eve- ngs, and Arthur's stamp collection. t I finally got licked. When he phoned out Gina, everything went smash. erything. I told him if they fired Gina y could fire me, too. I told him to y away from me. Everything—all at ce—crash! And I was never happier my life!"

"Tracy," Chip said, moving away m the wall, "you're wonderful. I ew you were. Tracy, you're my girl." He fell down, his arms and legs clat- ing on the floor.

WHEN he came to, he was lying on the couch. His feet were higher an his head and he was wrapped in a tchwork quilt and his body felt limp d boneless.

Tracy said, "I don't wonder, tearing ound in the hot sun, exciting yourself. dn't the doctor tell you to take it sy?" She smiled at him. "You're a peless case. Here, drink this."

She sat down beside him, raised his ad, held it against her breast and put a ass of something hot to his lips. He ank it. It tasted strongly of salt. She brushed his matted hair back from his forehead and touched the back of her hand to his cheeks. He closed his eyes and smiled.

He opened his eyes quickly and saw her smiling down at him in a tender reflective way. She didn't seem to notice that he had opened his eyes. There was a rosy flush on her face.

"What are you looking at?" he said.

"You."

HE CLOSED his eyes again and snuggled his head against her. He was very, very tired. He tried not to think about having to go away soon. But then he thought it wouldn't be so bad if he had Tracy to come back to.

"Tracy," he said.

"What?"

He opened his eyes. "Would you consider being my girl?"

She ran her finger down his nose and lightly tapped his lips. "Why don't you hate me?"

"Why should I hate you? It's like I told you—two people can't be expected to see the same thing at the same time. Sometimes one has to tear the place apart to make the other see it."

She combed his hair back. "I wasn't even decent and civil to you."

"That's why I figured I had a chance."

"You've got nice hair," she said. "I was mad at you because the things you did, the things you said, were all fresh and honest and a little crazy. They showed me how dishonest I was. With Arthur. With myself. They thrilled me, really—but I was determined not to be thrilled. I thought I knew what I wanted. But when Arthur asked me to marry him last night, I got chicken-hearted. I couldn't say yes and I couldn't say no. He didn't persist. He suggested I take time to think it over. He said there was no sense in rushing into things."

Chip said, "I'm certainly lucky about Arthur."

"I don't know," Tracy said. "I guess I'm pretty awful."

"Wait till I'm on my feet, baby."

She smiled down warmly at him. "I like your mouth," she said, and bent down and kissed it.

THE END





Blonde with a Convertible

By Corey For

ILLUSTRATED B
JAY HYDE BARNU

A SHORT SHORT STOR
COMPLETE ON THIS PAG

ALL you had to do was go see the Date Bureau, they said. The Date Bureau would fix you up. They had the names of a lot of girls in Montgomery, and you could pick out any name you wanted, and call her up, and if she wasn't dated already, you could date her for the dance. G.I. date, they called it. On Saturday night an Army truck would pick up all the dates in front of the Montgomery City Hall and bring them out here to the post, and somehow you would find her in the crowd, and her eyes would be like stars as you introduced yourself to her. . . .

It was an exciting thought: the big lounge in the Rec Hall emptied of its wicker furniture, the rugs rolled back and the floor polished, the Cadet Orchestra playing and the lights soft and her shoulders cool and white against your tan uniform. Chick tasted the thought deliciously in his mind as he hurried through the Rec Hall. Already the light fixtures had been wound with red, white and blue streamers for Saturday night; the Cadet Orchestra was tuning up for its afternoon practice.

He hesitated outside the door of the Date Bureau in momentary panic. Maybe he was too late, maybe all the dates were gone already. The door was half open on a bare, efficient office, with a bare desk and an efficient girl behind the desk. He cleared his throat: "Is this where you come to . . . ?" and his voice trailed. The girl behind the desk looked up with level gray eyes.

"You want a date for Saturday night?"

"I . . . yes," Chick breathed in relief. It was as easy as that. The girl had pulled out a desk index and was running through the names in her file; the very flutter of the cards seemed to whisper of soft lights and romance. She inquired matter-of-factly, "Anything special in mind?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Blonde, brunette, redhead?"

"Why . . . I don't know, exactly." He hadn't thought it out that much. "I'm not really particular."

The girl's gray eyes seemed to be amused at something, but she flipped the cards briskly. "Height?"

"What?"

"Tall or short?"

"Well, not too tall, I guess, or not too short, either. . . ." Somehow it was hard to describe her in flesh-and-blood terms. "I don't know."

"Do you want her to be able to talk?"

"That's a funny question."

"I mean, how intelligent should she be?"

Chick's frown increased. "I'd just as leave she didn't sit down in the middle of the dance floor and try to catch her finger."

"If you could give me some idea of what you want," said the girl a little severely. "Like a blonde with a convertible . . ."

"How can I?"

"Don't you know the kind of girl you want, even?"

"Why, sure, I know when I see her, but until I see her, how can I tell what she's like?"

"That doesn't help me much."

"A girl isn't like getting a suit of clothes," he explained impatiently. "Didn't you ever think that maybe a fellow gets lonely around here sometimes and wants to know a girl he can be with and not be lonely, and who likes the same things he does? It doesn't make any difference if she's got a car or is beautiful, because if he likes her enough, she'll be beautiful, anyway." He challenged: "You couldn't tell ahead of time the kind of a fellow you'd like, for instance."

"Couldn't I?" the girl murmured; and then she caught herself and began turning over the cards intently.

IN THE lounge, the Cadet Orchestra blared three or four notes, the leader rapped with his baton and the music stopped.

The girl pulled a card from the file. "Now, here's one you might like, blond, twenty-one, five foot six, weight one eighteen, lots of personality, name of Celestine Hicks."

"Celestine?" incredulously.

"She's very attractive, nice Southern family. I know her; she lives near us."

"You from around here?" asked Chick. "I mean, your accent isn't—"

"I'm originally from Illinois."

"Illinois?" He stared at her in amazed delight. "Well, what do you know! I'm from Michigan."

"Oh, I know Michigan," she said. "I used to go there fishing every summer."

"Where?" eagerly.

"Up around Ausable."

He shook his head with the wonder of it. "Why, I bet I know every inch of that country. I used to fish around there all the time, when I was home, or I tell you —something else I used to do a lot is sail. Do you like sailing?"

"Sailing!" She laughed aloud. "That's

The girl pulled a card from th file. "Now, here's one you migh like—blond, twenty-one, fiv foot six, lots of personality-

practically all I ever do. We have a c tage here on the lake, and sometime even go out all alone on a week end stead of to a dance in town. I don't li a lot of people, do you?"

"I hate a lot of people," said Chic "What I like is to be alone with just o person, and maybe go for a sail, or ta or if there's a moon, not even talk, ma be."

"I'd rather do that than go to a dan any time," she said.

"I don't like big formal dances," Chi confessed. "Do you?"

"I hate formal dances." Suddenly t Cadet Orchestra in the lounge beg playing very determinedly. "He we ears a pair of sil-ver wings. . ." The was a curious smile on her face. "I write a name down, and you can see she's doing anything Saturday."

He was looking at her thoughtfull You wouldn't call her beautiful. H hair wasn't blond, it was a sort of da brown and tied in a little knot at t back of her neck, and she wasn't ta either. She was small and almost plum and she had a funny upturned nose a freckles. Dream girls don't ha freckles. . . .

She handed him a slip of paper. "H name is Marjorie Willis."

"Look, Marge," he grinned, witho glancing at the paper. "You doing an thing Saturday night?"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

ts able to intercept this stream of revealing America's future war- e developments, the results, of se, would be disastrous. But Vultee neers have taken care of that. The flight recorder's signals cannot pos- be decoded.

he most important result of the v ratus is that it should shorten the lopment period of new bombers and ers considerably. Vultee engineers are that, in effect, it enables them to a stethoscope on new planes and get heir defects more quickly. "Bugs" ery hot new airplanes have often de- d their appearance on the fighting ts by many months, due to a lack of t performance data. The new devel- ent is to be made available to the re aviation industry.

AVE you heard of the Brotherhood of Aerial Hitchhikers? It is com- ed of members of the Army Air ces Troop Carrier Command who plete a certain number of hours of y glider flying. When an Army air- qualifies for this informal organiza- , he is given a handsomely engraved ificate which declares that he has cessfully ignored horsepower and pletely relied on thumbpower for requisite length of time."

he certificates are signed by the head he order, Brigadier General Fred S. um, chief of the Army Troop Carrier mmand. He bears the title of Big mb, while the other officials of the therhood of Aerial Hitchhikers sign- the certificates—also ATCC officers re known respectively as Ring Finger, ddle Finger, Little Finger, and Index ger.

HOSE Japanese attack bombers you saw in the movie Wake Island were lly Ryan SC low-wing monoplanes, nted up for the part. Paramount prop n discovered that this cabin job, for- rly turned out for private owners, was ost a dead ringer for the Jap Naka- a 97. They scoured the country and ally leased five of the Ryan planes the air battles in the picture.

The movie was filmed over Antelope and in the Great Salt Lake. Machine gunners at the Army Salt Lake airfield, where the planes were based, said they always got itchy fingers every time the fake Nips were sighted.

AMERICAN airmen had a lot of fun guying their British brothers-in-arms about the landing one of our veteran Air F cers made in England some time

Th —we can't tell his name, but he's o our ranking generals—took up a ne model British fighter to try it out. The airplane was just out of the factory and lacked complete installations—radio, direction-finder equipment, etc. That didn't seem to matter, however, as the weather was perfect for flying—for a while. Then one of those sudden English fogs blanketed the Channel and the shore line.

Our American pilot found himself completely lost out over the water. He headed in the direction he thought was west, hoping it would thin out. Finally, there was a break ahead and he could see land below. Luck was with him. It was not only land—but an airfield. He breathed easier, for his gas was getting low. Swooping low over the field once, he turned about and headed in—only to find several men on the ground frantically waving him away. He pulled up, wondering. Was he over the Continent instead of England, and were these Frenchies giving him a warning?

But his gas indicator now showed empty, so it was here or crash. Down he came again, in the face of the signals, and landed safely. Then he learned where he was.

He was in England, all right. But it was impossible. It couldn't have happened. It wasn't conceivable that he had landed safely.

The airfield was no airfield at all, it seemed. It was a dummy, built to fool the Jerries—not only to trick them into dropping bombs there instead of on real airdromes, but to lure the Boche to destruction in case he tried an air-borne invasion. It was a booby trap. Any airplane attempting to land was supposed to crack up without fail.

Note to Reichsluftmarshal Goering: Please, *you* try it! J. G. N.



COLLIER'S "We're the people from two blocks away" HERB WILLIAMS

WAIT, LADY!

Don't Blame his Pipe . . .



It's his tobacco that won't meet the INDOOR TEST

Call BOND STREET to the rescue—quick!

It's *genuinely* aromatic. Delightfully fragrant. Leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Wins even the ladies' praises!

The Indoor Test proves it!

Smokers by the thousands are switching to BOND STREET—because it's mild—like a custom blend. Truly bite-free . . . and doesn't lose its flavor.

BOND STREET *contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture.*

Get wise—get BOND STREET—today!

15¢

POCKET TIN

Convenient folding Pocket Pouch—10c



BOND STREET PIPE TOBACCO

A product of PHILIP MORRIS



Old Sergeant Somebody

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Tate was a mighty brave soldier, but he had to do a powerful lot of talking before the folks on Little Bee Bend would believe it

UNCLE HENRY, the lot man, handled the mule clippers on Tate's head, while Riley turned the handle. Usually Riley turned the handle and worked the clippers too, but Uncle Henry insisted this time the job had to be done right.

Tate was seated on a box in front of the barn, flanked by a solemn group of men, women and children. The Widow Duck, assisted by a half dozen other women, was sewing gussets in a 1917-model olive drab uniform. The mule clippers whizzed through the kinky hair on his head.

"I'm fixin' to make dis special, Tate," Uncle Henry said. "I'm fixin' to leave you a ridge er hair right 'crosst de front. You kin stick yo' comb in some er dat number thirty tractor oil and bresh hit back rale nice and hit'll stand up good."

"I c'd put a wet rag on dat hair and steam hit wid a hot iron," suggested Easter, "and hit'll stay back for a month."

Easter was a tall, rangy woman, past forty, but still good-looking. Tate had wooed her spasmodically for twenty-odd years with no success.

"No mind de hot iron, Easter," snapped Uncle Henry. "I'm skinnin' dis hyar cat."

"Git de hot iron and de wet rag," Bobo put in. "You can't burn a bone wid a hot iron."

The Widow Duck flung a pair of scissors at Bobo but she missed. "You'se a scan'lous shame, Bobo," the Widow Duck told him. "Dat ain't no way to talk to Tate, jest cause you's skeered he'll take Easter away f'm you, quick as he gits back f'm de new wars."

Tate had a warm feeling that was almost happy when the Widow Duck said that. The idea of taking Easter away from Bobo was not unpleasant. Two times before, Easter had almost been his.

The first time, when Easter was a long-legged, big-grinning girl of seventeen, and Tate was a somebody-man in an Uncle Sam soldier uniform, just home from the other war with tall tales and big talk, he had almost lured her to the preacher.

But not quite. Tate had strutted about the plantation, overwhelming one and all with tales of his experiences as a private in a labor battalion. His stories, at first, seemed incredibly exciting. But Tate's imagination was not vivid enough to make his tales bigger and better, and as time went along, everybody not only knew all of them, but got tired of them.

Easter was his last audience. Tate selected her from all the young women on the place to be his bride. Long after other people walked away from Tate or passed him by like an evening breeze, Easter sat and listened.

"Tell me 'bout dem airy-planes you and Mister Sergeant shot and kilt?" she asked.

"Oh, dem?" Tate recalled. "Well, us was totin' freight offn a ship at a place name er Baw-doo, and hyar come de airy-plane, jest a-flyin' and a-droppin' bombs, and goin' on. So I grabbed up my rifle and took a bead on de man and shot him right betwixt de eyes!"

"Yeah?" coached Easter. She'd heard it a hundred times, at least.

"SO," Tate continued, "de sergeant say, 'Private Tatum'—dat's my fightin' name, 'Private Tatum'—he say, 'Private Tatum, you can't fight dis war all by yo'-sef. Lemme git de next one.' So 'bout dat time another airy-plane come a-zizzin' over and de sergeant tuck a shot."

"Did he git him?" Easter asked dutifully.

"Jest winged him," Tate stated. "He tole me to finish him off, so I did."

About that time, Bobo came to Little Bee Bend. He was big and stout, and the tales he told about the goings-on in the

Everybody on Little Bee Bend kne how to march. Even the women ar children joined the column and Gil tooted the horn every second st

public works made Tate's old war stori seem dull.

Tate "drapped by" one evening an found Bobo sitting on the porch wit Easter.

"Drag hit on off," Tate said.

"Me or you?" Bobo challenged. "Yo drag me or I'll drag you." He stood u and Tate suddenly realized that Bob was a lot taller and probably twice stout.

"I ain't lookin' for no trouble," Ta said, "but Easter is my gal and I don 'low nobody else—" he looked appea ingly to Easter, but she just gazed acro the fields.

"Well, I'm looking for trouble," Bob said threateningly. "And ev'y time ketch you hangin' 'bout Easter I'm go ter find hit. Now, you git on down th road befo' I beats yo' haid off."

Tate retired, somewhat bewildere "Bobo talk bad as a sergeant," he mur bled to himself.

So, at last, Tate took off his uniform washed and pressed it carefully and lai it away in a chest. To keep out th moths, he pulled handfuls of youn

(Continued on page 67)

Beware of Frauds in Uniform

Continued from page 11

times, he was a member of a convoy headed for Texas; but all times he accepted the many favors a grateful populace hastened to bestow upon him. Then he made the grave mistake of digging in for a while in the boardinghouse of an experienced Washington landlady, who knew enough about soldiers' routines to suspect the genuineness of an Army sergeant, supposedly on active duty, who slept every day until 12:30 or 1:00 P. M., and stayed out every night until 12:30 or 1:00 A. M. A good American as well as an observant one, she reported her lodger to the F.B.I. Telesco pleaded guilty in federal court. He was only twenty years old.

A masquerade of a much more bizarre character was staged, appropriately enough, in Hollywood by a man who was old enough to know better, a thirty-nine-year-old impostor known as the "Icebox Commando."

In his youth, he had been a professional tennis player, and when he showed up in Hollywood last winter in the blue- and gold-braided uniform of a lieutenant commander of the United States Navy, his athletic ability plus his alleged rank gained him entrance to various social organizations from which at other times and in other clothes he had been barred. One of these was the swanky Beverly Hills Tennis Club, where he met, among other celebrities, the great Bill Tilden.

Wounded—"In Action"

One day, after the "Commando's" return from an absence of several weeks, Tilden, according to newspaper accounts, called him up and asked him to join him in a friendly match.

"I can't," replied the lieutenant commander. "I've been nicked in a Commando raid."

Rumors of the presence in town of their "distinguished" colleague reached naval authorities in the area, who lost no time in getting in touch with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It developed that the only raids the "Commando" had ever participated in were midnight raids on the iceboxes of his acquaintances.

This man's fraud had been so complete that it fooled even his wife, who firmly believed him to have received a commission as a lieutenant commander. Charges against him were dropped when he enlisted in the Army.

All three of these cases belong in the showoff, or silly, division. So far as is known, counterfeit heroes Breier, Telesco and the self-styled Commando planned no deliberate fraud other than the obtaining of attention and adulation —especially from girls—and as much free food and drink as they could comfortably absorb. But the menace to the public welfare was very real just the same, for no one can tell when such deluded creatures may jump the fence from make-believe to crime. The first deception successfully accomplished, or seemingly so, the second and the third come all too easily. That is the story of nearly all criminal careers.

Such a case was that of Harry Hubbard, a veteran of the first World War, who is now known to the authorities as "the Nocturnal Colonel," from the fact that he worked all day at the new War Department building in Arlington, Virginia, and emerged from his home each evening in a colonel's uniform resplendent with Air Corps insignia and several service medals.

This man's masquerade, like the others I have so far mentioned, stemmed from exhibitionist tendencies inherent in the individual. He especially wished to impress a certain lady friend, with whom he, a married man, was conducting an undercover affair. But by the time he was reported to the F.B.I. by a justly suspicious officer of the Regular Army, his impersonation was taking on a far more sinister aspect.

First he used his uniform and supposed rank to obtain various materials and products which he might not otherwise have been able to purchase. Then he took the next logical step: obtaining money under false pretenses. Indicted on evidence uncovered by special agents of the F.B.I., the Nocturnal Colonel was sentenced by a federal court to wear a less-becoming uniform for the next four years.

A really seasoned criminal, however, has been known to get away with everything but murder under the protection of a genuine uniform and a fraudulent military title. So far in this war we have not uncovered any scoundrel of this type, but if it hadn't been for a set of false teeth, one Richard Thomas Rollins, posing as a lieutenant senior grade of the United States Navy, might have developed into one. This swindler, a Virginian of some thirty adventurous summers, started his "naval" career by posing as a ship's engineer with eleven years' experience in the merchant marine, who was suffering from nervous shock from having sailed on two ships that had been torpedoed during the first months of the war.

Arriving in Chadbourn, North Carolina, on a hitchhiking trip, Rollins told this story to a hospitable couple who can be called Mr. and Mrs. John Lang. After accepting $55 from the Langs to go to Texas to collect an alleged claim from the Gulf Oil Company, and a brief absence—which he spent, not in Texas, but in New Orleans—he returned to the Lang household and dug in apparently for the duration. Soon he was calling his involuntary hosts "Mom" and "Pop."

Having won his way into the affections of these good folk, he began to exhibit an apparently praiseworthy urge to do something for his country. He told the Langs that his years of service in the merchant marine made him eligible for a commission in the Navy, and obtained from them the money to go to Washington for the ceremony of induction and to purchase a uniform for the occasion.

The Best Wasn't Too Good

To make sure that the contribution was sufficiently generous to assure high-class tailoring, our incipient naval officer threw in the statement that President Roosevelt wished him to visit the White House, to be decorated for his bravery in saving the lives of persons on ships that had been torpedoed. The Langs came through handsomely.

Thereafter, from time to time, communications arrived at the Lang home from Rollins, supported by quotations from alleged "orders of the day," explaining that he had now been officially accepted for service, but that his salary would be held up until he had finished preliminary training and acquired still more uniforms.

Meanwhile, tiring of hot and crowded Washington, Rollins sought the health-giving breezes of the boardwalk at



The gift that hits the spot...

because it's **PRIME * MATURED**

Give . . . not just whiskey this holiday season . . . give the whiskey that's prime*matured! Let the smooth, clean taste of Ancient Age be a flattering quality-tribute to the one you would impress. Through a scientific duplication of the old "top-racking" custom, Ancient Age is *prime* in quality, Ancient Age is evenly *matured* to make a gift that hits the spot for the most worldly-wise of drinkers. So, give the gift that pleases *experts* ...and be prepared with it yourself, when friends troop in!

Have *you* tried

Ancient Age

straight ... or in a highball?



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 Proof. This whiskey is 5 years old.
Copyright 1942. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City
tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Carnival." Your Mutual station every week (consult your local newspaper for exact time).



Ocean City, New Jersey, where a doubtless admiring sun beat down on a newly acquired, Lang-purchased, blue and gold uniform. Emboldened by his success in passing as a Navy lieutenant at his hotel and in the boardwalk cafés, Rollins ventured to make friends with another Navy man who was, unfortunately for Rollins, the real thing.

Every time "Lieutenant" Rollins opened his mouth he didn't exactly put his foot in it, but he did stick his false teeth out of it, and every real Navy man knows that the presence of such excess cargo usually bars a man from a commission in the U. S. Navy. So Rollins' chance acquaintance, his suspicions aroused, summoned a passing Coast Guardsman, who helped him chart the spurious lieutenant's course to the Ocean City police station, where special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation obtained a full confession.

I have mentioned several typical cases of mock-military scoundrels, some of whom sought chiefly public acclaim with a modicum of mooching and chiseling along the way, others who were deliberately out to swindle patriotic citizens of their hard-earned cash. To me, however, the most despicable uniformed impostor is the one who uses his military finery and alleged rank to prey upon young girls and susceptible older women.

Such was the young Philadelphian, who posed as an officer of the Royal Canadian Air Force serving as gunnery instructor at the Essington Rifle Range. This cheap Lothario, under his own name, ostensibly lived with his wife in a modest Philadelphia apartment house, but under various aliases he made what can only be described as a mass attack on the nurses of a Philadelphia hospital.

Bolstered by the possession of a small bar of wings with "R.C.A.F." inscribed on it, which he wore conspicuously on the shoulder of his uniform, he secured an introduction to an unsuspecting nurse, who accepted unquestionably the genuineness of the name he gave her, Larry Wagner, and his Canadian army connection.

When the romance with Nurse No. 1 waned, he transferred his addresses to Nurse No. 2, this time as Captain Eugene Lawrence of the R.C.A.F. And, under the name of Edward Callahan, he was just moving in on an attractive young woman doctor at the same hospital when the F.B.I. got him, and both his military and amatory careers came suddenly to an ignominious end.

Just how much devastation this brazen young scoundrel left in his wake, nobody will ever know. John Phillips Matthews, on the other hand, left visible evidence of his chicanery in the comely persons of at least nine wives.

The Marrying Chaplain

The Matthews case is typical of hundreds we have had in which the money motive and the girl motive are combined, the classic example of which was that of Morton Joseph Kramer, the handsome, bushy-browed, broad-shouldered "Marrying Chaplain," who, in the years just before we entered the war, left a trail of broken hearts and bouncing checks wherever he went. Kramer was a more experienced and a more skillful criminal than Matthews.

Our records show that this Public Bluebeard No. 1 was married in New York City; Tampa, Florida; St. Joseph, Missouri; Alton Bay, New Hampshire; Woodstock, Illinois; Alexandria, Louisiana; Brooksville, Florida; and Chillicothe, Texas!

But to get back to John Phillips Matthews. This incipient Kramer came from an old German family of indubitable respectability.

Born in Berlin, Germany, twenty-seven years ago, he was well educated and in his youth traveled through most of Europe. In Germany he served four sentences for fraud, then moved to Brussels where he soon became a guest behind iron bars for ten months.

Next he moved to Italy, but did not fare so well. When asked to leave, he turned to Canada, then the United States and then to Shanghai, China, as a cabin boy on a Greek steamer. That try ended with a year's sentence for larceny. By this time, Matthews was ready to settle down.

Back in the United States he assumed the role of a Chicago newspaperman, gained admittance to the apartment of a socially prominent British expatriate and gave her his worthless $500 personal check for the history of her life. Then he became an F.B.I. special agent running down fifth columnists. Under this guise, he won another wife and $300 and

ORDERS

Six soldiers, stationed in the Midwest and ordered to a training camp in Mississippi, packed their barracks bags and went down to the railroad station where they tried to purchase train tickets. No one, it seems, had ever heard of this particular place. They consulted postal guides, maps, almanacs. No soap. In desperation a superior officer finally wired Washington. An hour later he got this reply: "Sorry. War Department says location of camp is a military secret."

then moved on to Texas. Now he was an intelligence officer of the U. S. Navy, and an attractive Texan schoolteacher succumbed to his winning ways, leaving the little white schoolhouse for Los Angeles, where the self-appointed naval officer left her for other theaters of operation. This time it was San Francisco and a beauty culturist, who readily left her job and began traveling—now with an international journalist surveying the world for material on fifth-column activities. He succeeded in getting her rings and the proceeds from two life insurance policies which she turned over to him until his check could arrive. Again he turned to greener pastures.

On one occasion, Matthews secured $3,200 from a lady acquaintance to secure the departure of her fiancé from occupied France. He disappeared, of course. His twenty-one aliases were as awe-inspiring as the tales he told his victims.

But Matthews' number was up. A dozen field offices of the F.B.I. were on his trail, and at last special agents in New York caught up with him as he was preparing to assume a new role and a new victim. His versatility was rewarded with a four-year prison sentence for impersonation of a federal officer.

Imagine the distress of those grieving parents, the blight on the happiness of those tricked and deluded women—but I must not become preachy in these paragraphs. My job is to see that the Matthewses and the Rollinses are brought to the bar of justice, and I am glad to say that they and many hundreds like them have been made to realize that crime, even when decked out in resplendent uniforms, still does not pay.

I should be lax in my duty, howeve if, having the information I do hav about this growing evil, I did not dis close enough of it to put innocent cit zens on their guard against othe uniformed impostors of the same o similar type.

In the first place, I want to assure yo that my own office in Washington an the fifty-six field offices of the Federa Bureau of Investigation are open and a your service twenty-four hours a day The Washington telephone number i National 7117. The numbers of the fiel offices are in the local telephone books If you are not close to one of thes offices, your local police departmen will investigate promptly and communi cate if necessary with the Bureau.

What You Can Do

But there is much that you can do o your own. Every soldier and sailor an airman, every officer, even if he has t general's stars on his shoulders, is at tached to some military unit. Men i uniform just don't wander around th country by themselves—that is, if they are genuine. Every man in the United States service is able to identify himself beyond doubt and the unit to which h belongs, either by credentials on his per son or by reference to his superior offi cer. He does not resent your asking questions and checking references. He welcomes it. If he doesn't, get to the F.B.I. as fast as you can. You've caught a crook.

Be especially wary of credentials flashed before your eyes without opportunity for examination. The fact that a uniformed man has an envelope or letterhead in his pocket marked War Department or Navy Department is no guarantee of his genuineness. Take any credentials that are shown you into your own hands.

If the credentials do not show the regiment or ship or Army camp or naval station to which the bearer is attached, get those details from him, write them down, and, before you lend him money or cash a check or introduce him to anyone you love, check them by telephone at the U. S. Army or Navy post nearest to your home.

Take the same attitude toward women in uniform. Not all impostors are men. The organization of Waacs, Waves and now Wafs, the Army and Navy nurses' corps and the many semiofficial volunteer women's forces have opened up a new field to the female adventurer and crook.

We apprehended one bogus Navy nurse working two shifts: promiscuity by night, shoplifting by day; also an alleged woman captain in the Army Air Corps, who claimed to have flown in China under General Brett and to have been decorated for her services by General MacArthur, and, for good measure, said she was a niece of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

Women in uniform, like the men, can and should identify themselves and the unit to which they belong. They should be asked to show their credentials and to give the name and location of superior officers who can vouch for them. Don't be soft because of their sex.

What I have said about members of the Armed and Auxiliary Forces applies to all government officials in or out of uniform, including, of course—and perhaps especially—representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Every citizen interviewed by an agent of his or her government has a right to examine that agent's credentials. Don't fail to exercise that right.

THE END

"It's the first Christmas I haven't cried . . ."



YOU always said I was a sissy. And I guess I was.

But I couldn't seem to help it. Christmas just made me feel choky, somehow. And when I opened your present . . . that did it! Then you'd dry my face, and make me blow my nose. And start teasing. Say you were going to take the darn thing back if *that's* the way it made me feel.

Know why I didn't cry this time? When I unwrapped the War Bond, with your sweet note pinned to it, I was so proud of you I couldn't *remember* to cry.

Your note was so like you: "*Merry Christmas . . . from a dope! Sorry I couldn't think of anything else. I did shop the stores. But then I'd see a bunch of guys marching off with their duffle bags on their shoulders. And that would get me thinking. So finally I said, the heck with it; a War Bond's the easiest thing to buy anyhow! Forgive me for being practical.*"

Forgive you? Darling, I adore you for it. And *I'm* going to be practical too. I'm going to put that U. S. War Bond aside in an envelope marked: "*My new Easy Washer . . . Not to be opened till Christmas 194-.*" And darling . . . this is the first time I'm not going to scold you for spending too much.

O, darn! Where's my hanky?

I *am* going to cry!

Buy War Bonds for tomorrow's washer . . . take care of today's!

Take good care of the washer you have now. And buy War Bonds with the money it saves you each washday! Easy is 100% on war work. But your Easy Dealer is ready to give you Easy Certified Wartime Service. For Easy Washer Lubrication Chart (covers all models) send 3¢ in stamps to Dept. C-12.

EASY
AN ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

ASY WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

How to Help a Spy

Continued from page 17

had left it in the taxicab, we would promptly have had the same result. Nine times out of ten, the papers would be returned, but the danger is that tenth time when they reached the wrong hands."

There are of course plenty of secret agents in disguise circulating behind the war fronts. They are waiters in restaurants, they are dock workers at ports, they are phony refugees in colonies of exiles. They also pose as soldiers, sailors or airmen in our Armed Forces. But fortunately most of them are on our side. These counterespionage agents have done a job that one day will make a thrilling story of combating the enemy, but most of their time is devoted to steady routine checking on the man whose mouth is too big.

A major now in the American Intelligence division in London was a bit skeptical of spy stories when he started out by plane from New York. He smiled to himself at a little State Department courier with a big, heavy diplomatic bag which he kept attached to his wrist day and night, even parking it under the blanket by his side in bed.

The major had a small sealed bag of diplomatic papers, but it was a minor nuisance, and when he landed in a neutral port in Europe, he had become so accustomed to it that it was almost forgotten. He was in civilian clothes, although there was an American airline tag on the diplomatic bag. With another passenger, he wandered along the streets of a city he'd never seen before, looking for a restaurant that might provide real native food. They finally turned into an unimposing café.

There were only two other customers, but shortly after they had ordered, another man of Scandinavian appearance took a near-by table. The Americans chatted, and the major fished out a cigarette. Before he could light it, the waiter dashed across the room with a book of paper matches and struck a light. As he did so, he held up in front of the officer the paper match-book cover on which was drawn a crude arrow pointing toward the Scandinavian. Beneath it was lettered in English: "That man is a spy." The startled officer tried to say something, but the waiter scurried away and served the rest of the meal in complete silence.

The Americans never knew whether they were sitting next to an Axis agent or whether the waiter was trying to wangle a big tip, but in that little restaurant they



had quickly been caught in the swirl of Europe's intrigue—and the major picked the diplomatic bag off the floor and held it in his lap throughout the meal.

The dinner table seems to enter into a large percentage of spy stories, perhaps because that's when men relax and drop their guard. And that's why a considerable part of our counterespionage covers restaurants and night clubs, as one American girl volunteer of an auxiliary organization discovered to her sorrow.

This girl, in uniform, was in a night club one smoky midnight. She raised her glass to her boy friend and remarked, "Cheerio! My last chance for a drink in Britain!" As she drank, an unobtrusive man at the next table paid his bill and wandered out into the blackout.

An hour later, returning to her temporary billet, the American girl was informed that she would have plenty of chance for another drink in Britain. There have been so many hints dropped by volunteer service girls celebrating their impending departure that the sailing of a great liner was postponed, at heavy cost to the Allied war effort.

The man at the next table was from G-2. Other counterespionage agents had been making similar checkups all over London. They do not doubt that a large part of what they heard was also heard by enemy agents. At least, they decided that the risk that a U-boat pack would be lying in wait for the liner was too great.

News travels fast these days, and Intelligence officers never forget it—or almost never. There was one G-2 officer in London who could—but won't—write a firsthand report on the speed of news, as a result of a harrowing experience.

If he addressed it to his superior in Washington, it might read like this: "Sir: You will recall that I recently asked you to order Major X's return from Seattle to London. This, of course, was highly confidential, known to only a few persons in the War Department. Three days later, by accident, I encountered a lady friend of Major X in a hotel lobby in London, and she exclaimed, 'Isn't it thrilling? The major's coming back.' I replied that it was news to me—as it was. But she produced a cable from Salt Lake City to prove that he was en route. The following day, another lady flourished a cable from Denver to prove the same thing. My luck held and by the end of the week I had seen cables from Chicago and Pittsburgh.

"Today I received your coded cable (presumably dispatched after due consideration of the question of security), advising me that the major was en route by air from New York and would arrive tomorrow. In reply, I might say that I know what railroads he traveled on, what the weather was like, and what his attitude is toward several young ladies. Furthermore, his plane has been delayed en route from New York, and he won't be here until the day after tomorrow. Yours respectfully, etc."

Not all Americans are so indiscre One who wasn't might be called Serge Jenks, who was aboard the transatlan liner Dash when a minor accident curred while enroute to England. T ship's company was assembled a warned that anybody who mentioned incident after landing would be subj to court-martial. But when Jenks a his captain stepped ashore at a big po the first stranger they met was an incre bly stupid Allied colonel who exclaim "I say, old chap, exactly what *did* happ aboard the Dash?" The captain was e barrassed by the presence of his superi officer, but the colonel made it worse adding, "Oh, come, come! I have oth means of finding out. What *did* happen

At that point, an American cor spondent standing near by saw Jen edge forward. The sergeant seemed most to be shouldering his captain out the way. Only the corner of his draw down mouth moved, as he leaned fo ward without relaxing his rigid positio "Not a damn' thing, buddy," Jen growled into the startled colonel's teet "Not a damn' thing!" Jenks hasn't be court-martialed yet.

He Lost His Shamrocks

One dignified British general, howeve had an experience that might well ha caused him to prefer to face court-ma tial. He barged in Colonel Blimpi fashion through a crowded hotel lobb checked his brief case in the cloakroo and proceeded to a table adjacent to th occupied by three young Americans.

"He was a most pompous fellow," on of the Americans explained later. "H immediately informed his companion that he could delay only long enough fo one drink because he had to rush alon to a very important War Office confe ence which was depending on him to de liver important documents.

"Well, I had leave because I had ju returned from Ireland and I'd brought brief case full of fresh shamrocks to b used at a party that night. To avoid vulgar display, I had taken everythin out of my brief case and simply filled with shamrocks. You can guess wha happened. I saw the general leaving wit a brief case tucked under an arm.

"When I went to get my brief cas from the cloakroom, the attendant of fered me the general's brief case. Ther wasn't any doubt about it. I had lost th precious shamrocks which I had carrie so tenderly from Ireland. But I alway wondered what happened when the gen eral opened his brief case at the War Of fice and spilled Irish shamrocks all ove the green-topped council table."

THE END



American troops, unhampered by enemy action, drag their field guns up a North African beach



"A Real Blend for a Real Friend"

FOR generations, G & W Whiskeys have been the "spirit of Christmas" in countless American homes . . . lighting the plum pudding with flickering blue flames . . . lending rare flavor and authority to such time-honored holiday drinks as the spicy Tom and Jerry or the nutmeg-scented eggnog. ★ So when you seek a gift for someone whose friendship you value, what could be a more appropriate symbol of good cheer than a tall bottle of G & W Five Star or William Penn? ★ To G & W's distinguished base whiskeys, special "rounded spirits" impart a matchless smoothness . . . as mellow as the candle-shine on an old-fashioned Christmas tree. ★ Opposite every masculine name on your Christmas list write the letters G & W. The price is moderate . . . the pleasure immeasurable. Gooderham & Worts, Limited, Peoria, Illinois.



HOW TO MAKE G&W TOM AND JERRY

Beat whites of 6 eggs and whip 1 pint of cream separately. Mix. Add 1 cup of powdered sugar. Add beaten yolks of eggs. If possible add mixture of ½ cup rum, ½ cup sherry and 1 pint G & W Five Star or William Penn to above. Or, if rum and sherry not available, add 1 quart Five Star or William Penn. Mix in 1 tablespoon nutmeg and a small sprinkle of cinnamon. Serve 1 part resultant batter with 1 part boiling water and dust top with nutmeg.

G & W 5-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits
William Penn Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits

G&W Five Star Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED . . . FOUNDED IN CANADA 110 YEARS AGO

Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 13

longings. He became a crane operator on a big construction job. When that job was done, there was no demand anywhere for crane operators. Then Flack turned pickpocket.

The judge who tried his case was a stern man. It was not Flack's first offense. He sentenced Flack to five years at hard labor, then, perhaps moved by the same wistful quality that had touched Jason Amboy, suspended sentence and paroled Flack in Jason's custody.

In the four years and some odd months in which Flack had served Jason Amboy, he had served him dutifully and well. Jason Amboy wondered what Flack would do when his time was up. He had noticed, especially since war had broken out in the Pacific, a growing restlessness in Flack, and a growing tendency on Flack's part to differ with his opinions and to make slurring references to what Flack had once called "your machinelike preciseness, sir." Flack also objected to Jason Amboy's carelessness in all matters not pertaining to the Amboy airplane engine.

Jason heard the front door open and close. And he believed that Flack would enjoy his assignment of tracking down the girl in the cerise satin gown.

With her perfume still in his brain, Jason Amboy went into his living room and inspected his desk. All the drawers were open, and papers were scattered about on the floor. He reassured himself that it contained nothing of the slightest value to anyone, not even to himself. It was a catchall. Aside from a receipt or two of dubious value, everything in it could have been burned.

HE WENT on into the dining room. His collection of Georgian silver was undisturbed. She had evidently taken nothing. Then why had she come here? The thought of blackmail crossed his mind, but he dismissed it. He was not in a position to be blackmailed or to blackmail.

The telephone rang. When he picked up the receiver, a girl's crisp voice said, "Are you Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"Honolulu is calling. You are instructed not to discuss defense projects, Army or Navy movements, evacuations, or dates of sailing. You must not talk about the weather. You may mention means of transportation, but you are to give no dates. You will be cut off if you violate any of these rules. . . . Go ahead, please, Mr. Durkin."

Across some two thousand miles of ocean, the rasping voice of Pete Durkin, riding the mystery of a radio wave, leaped into Jason Amboy's left ear: "Hullo, boss. Are you awake?"

"Yes, Pete. Go ahead." Pete Durkin was a machinist who had, until about a year ago, worked in Jason Amboy's experimental airplane-engine factory, in Oakland. He had since been working at his trade in Pearl Harbor.

"I'm just back from Kauai," the machinist said, "I went over to look up your brother."

There was a bubbling and a hissing in the circuit, then Pete Durkin's harsh voice was saying, "Ain't there. Gone."

"What?" said Jason. "I missed that."

"I said he was working at that clerk job in the company store of the Kokala plantation up till the night of December third. Then he just vanished. I couldn't find out much, but what I found was plenty fishy. When did you hear from him last?"

"About the end of November. What happened?"

"I don't know, Jason. Nobody knows. He just disappeared."

"But what happened?"

"I'm tellin' you, nobody knows. Nobody saw him go. He just disappeared, Jason. There's only two ways to get off Kauai unless you swim. You take a plane or you take the Interisland steamer, and I checked both passenger lists from December fourth to the sixth. When war broke on the seventh, both services were suspended for several weeks."

JASON sat down slowly on the arm of a chair. "He might have taken a fishing sampan or an outrigger. He could sail an outrigger as well as any Hawaiian."

"I don't think he took a sampan, or an outrigger either, Jason. There was a kona wind blowing and you know what the Kaieiewaho Channel is like even when there ain't kona weather. I hate to alarm you, but I'm afraid something has happened to that guy.

"He was living in a company bungalow with a mill clerk named Blake. Blake went out that night with a girl, and he said your brother said nothing to him about pulling out. When Blake got in, along about midnight, your brother was gone, bag and baggage."

Jason's legs felt weak. "Did you check with the police?"

"I sure did—the Kokala plantation police and the town police. The plantation police don't know anything, and the town cops don't keep track of plantation employees unless they have criminal records.

"And here is the bad news, Jason: Your brother's bedroom hasn't been used since he left. I went over every inch of it. Jammed between the head of the bed and the wall I found his wrist watch, and there was a smear of dried blood on the back of it. The strap was torn straight across one of the buckle holes."

There was a film of cold perspiration on Jason's forehead. He said huskily, "Are you sure it's Wayne's watch?"

"It's a thin curved gold one," the machinist answered, "with engraving on t back. I've got it right here. It sa 'W. H. A. from J. B. A., Christmas 193 And under that it says, 'No fair hoc ing.' Ain't those his and your initials

"Yes," Jason said in a dry voice. "I a watch I gave him." He hesitate "Hang onto it until I get there. I'll g over as fast as I can. It's almost impo sible getting a Clipper priority now, a I understand there are thousands on t convoy waiting lists."

"I'm sorry, Jason, but I can't wait, I sailing at—"

The connection was broken. A won en's stern voice said, "You are not pe mitted to mention dates of departures

Pete Durkin's voice came in agai ". . . I'll leave the watch at the Pan A office. . . . How's the new engine con ing?"

"The Army," Jason answered wryl "just finished a week of block tests and turned it down."

"Why?"

"They claim it's too radical—woul take too long to get the bugs out."

"They're nuts!" Pete Durkin said in dignantly.

"So I told them."

"What are you going to do?"

"I've had to shut down. I'm trying t raise more capital."

"You ain't dropping it?"

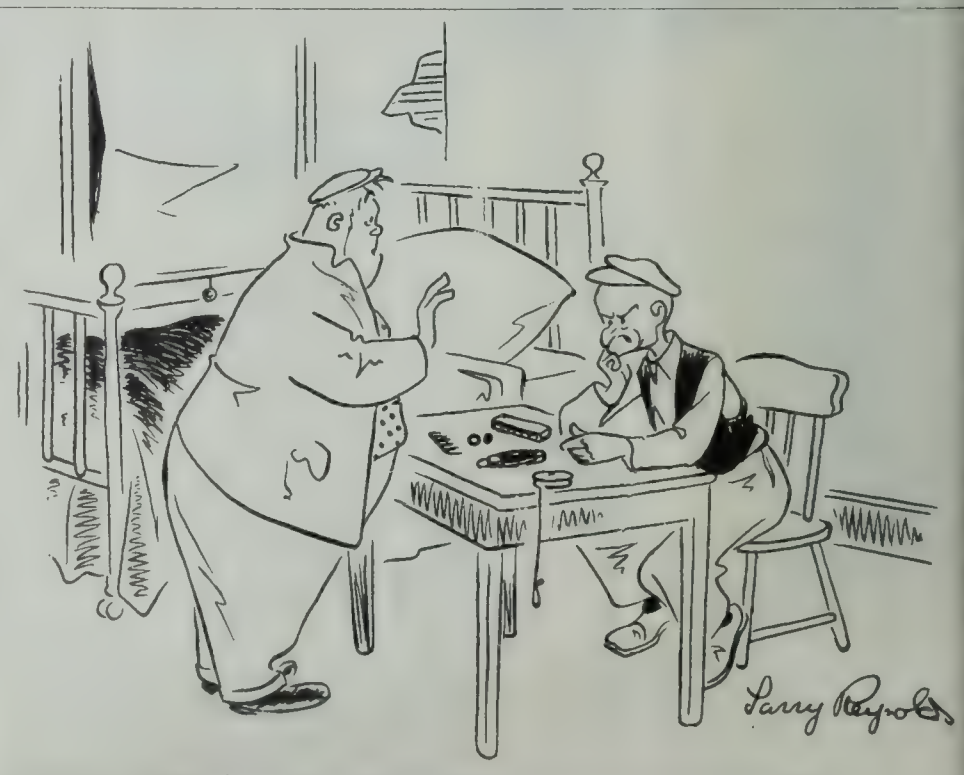
"No, Pete; I certainly am not. I kno it's a great engine. But first I'm going t Kokala to see about my brother. Thank for going to all this trouble."

"It wasn't any trouble. I hope yo locate that wild man."

"Thanks, Pete. Reverse these charges.

JASON slowly lowered the telephon into its holder. He was trying to as sure himself that this evidence Pete Dur kin had collected meant nothing serious that there was really nothing to b alarmed about. He tried to drive off the sensation of coldness that had settle about his heart by arguing that thi wasn't the first time Wayne, a hard drinker, had mysteriously disappeared— during a "bender." There was that time he had disappeared so mysteriously from Cleveland. And there was the time he

BUTCH by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "It was so crowded I could only pick my own pocket!"



hl vanished from Havana after a
ater-front fight with a Cuban who had
ost died. Wayne had refused to dis-
s it. He refused to account for any-
ng he did.

Wayne had always fancied himself as
enigma. His confidences were rare
d always given with an air of sly
mor, as if you must not, no matter
at he said or how confidentially he
d it, take him too seriously. He had
ne to the islands about six months ago
d he had told Jason, with that slyly
morous air, that his trip had some-
ng to do with the family fortunes,
ne suspected irregularity connected
th the will of their uncle, Hiram Graz-
rd.

Wayne was ten years older than Jason
nearly forty now—and he had always
ken the amused, patronizing attitude
at older boys sometimes assume with
eir younger brothers. Jason had a deep
ection for Wayne and a secret admira-
n for this reckless older brother of his
o came and went so mysteriously.

They corresponded irregularly. In the
months Wayne had been in Kokala,
had written Jason five letters which
w comprised a thin packet in his desk,
apped around with a rubber band.

A few months from now, Jason
asoned, there would be another letter
from some out-of-the-way place. Or
would turn up unexpectedly, with
at mysterious smile of his, as he had
rned up those other times.

BUT it was no use. That wrist watch with its smear of blood and its oken strap would not be argued down. son felt cold and ill. There was no estion in his mind that disaster had nally overtaken his brother.

He needed a drink. He was halfway cross the dining room when he sud-enly stopped. He returned to the living oom and looked in the second drawer f his desk where he kept that packet of Vayne's letters.

The letters were not in the drawer. He ooked through the other drawers, then mong the papers the lady burglar had o heedlessly scattered on the floor. But e letters were gone.

"This," Jason thought, "is very inter-sting. She came here to get those letters nd she got them."

The tantalizing mystery of her visit as explained. But what, actually, was xplained? Why had that girl taken such risk to steal that packet of letters? hey told of Wayne's going to Kauai nd of his taking a job as a clerk in the ompany store at Kokala. They were ardly more than brief notes, amusingly ritten, describing the slight changes hat had taken place on the little island ince he and Jason had left for the main-and with their parents twenty years ago.

The telephone rang again.

"Mr. Amboy. It's Flack. I'm still on er trail, sir."

There was an excitement in his valet's oice that Jason had never before heard. And it occurred to him that Flack was inally doing the sort of thing he really preferred.

Amused, he said, "Where are you?"

"I'm phoning from a booth in the obby of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. I followed a young lady here—at least I followed the young lady who answers the description you gave me: slim, darkly tanned, light brown hair, wearing a pink satin evening gown, a blue fox cape and silver slippers. Her name is Miss Luana Topping, and she's from Kokala, Kauai, T. H."

"This is very interesting," Jason said. "Isn't Kokala where your brother is, Mr. Amboy?"

"It's where he was. And that's why it's so peculiarly interesting. Does she know you're trailing her?"

"No, sir. She had a taxi waiting down the street from that apartment house. I followed her here in another. My securing a cab at that time of night was sheer luck."

"Is Miss Topping registered at the Drake?"

"Yes, sir. And she came directly here, got her key at the desk and went up to her room. My suggestion is that I wait a while. I have the feeling she is coming back down again."

"Very well, Flack," Jason said. "Now listen carefully." He outlined what Durkin had told him; he spoke of the missing letters. Then: "In case Miss Topping doesn't come down in the next couple of hours, phone me again."

"Very well, sir. . . . I'm sure your brother is all right."

The sun was well up in a clear blue sky when Flack phoned again.

"Flack reporting, sir," the valet said crisply. "I am now at the airport. Miss Topping came down about a half-hour ago, looking very beautiful in a gray hat and a gray traveling dress, and she took the airline limousine to the airport. She has no luggage. She is taking the seven o'clock plane for Los Angeles."

"Can you get a seat on that flight?" Jason asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How are you fixed for money?"

"I have ample funds, sir."

"All right, Flack. Keep on her trail."

When he had shaved, showered and dressed, Jason telephoned an old friend, a colonel in the Transport Service, and said, "How do I get out to Honolulu? It's very urgent."

Colonel Nordstrom said dryly, "You might swim. You can get a special Clipper priority only by act of God through the Navy Department, in Washington. Your only hope is a convoy. San Francisco is packed with island people clamoring to get back home. Have you a military reason?"

"The Army," Jason said promptly, "is testing three trainers powered with my engine at Wheeler Field."

"That may help. Can you leave on twenty-four hours' notice?"

"I can leave on an hour's notice."

"Very well, Jason. Departures are a deadly secret, as you know, but I might suggest that you get packed. Stand by. Don't leave that telephone. I'll get to work on it."

JASON next telephoned several people he knew who had lived until recently in Hawaii.

None of them knew Luana Topping, although three of them knew her by reputation. She was a famous island beauty who was employed by Mrs. Hiram Grazzard of the well-known Grazzard clan which owned extensive sugar and pineapple properties on Kauai and other islands.

Miss Topping was evidently a ward of Mrs. Grazzard's and served her in a somewhat anomalous capacity. She was part secretary, part companion. She lived with Mrs. Grazzard in the big old plantation house near Kokala. There were rumors that Luana Topping was engaged to Berth Grazzard's son Lorrin.

It was probable, Jason reasoned, that Wayne's disappearance was explained by some of this. Wayne had slyly said that he was going to the islands in the interests of the family fortunes. If he hadn't been joking, what had he meant? Twenty years ago the two boys had left Kokala with their mother and father when Mr. Amboy had been discharged by his cousin's wife, Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, from his position as superintendent

SAVE precious fuel!



Blackie: "See, Whitey—we can still be warm without using too much precious fuel."

Whitey: "Yes, Blackie—but what should people do who have no fireplaces?"



IMPORTANT

The less fuel we all use this winter, the more tankers, trucks and manpower will be available for the nation's war emergency! You can save up to 50% of your fuel: 1. by checking your heating equipment—to make sure it runs properly! 2. by making sure your home is *heat-tight*—to prevent leakage! For a practical list of fuel-saving suggestions, consult your local heating expert.

EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



of the Kokala sugar mill. It seemed unreasonable that Wayne would have returned to Kokala because of that ancient wrong, if it had been a wrong. Yet he had mentioned Hiram Grazzard's will.

It was much more likely that Wayne had followed the Topping girl to Kokala and had become involved with her. And if it were true that she was engaged to Lorrin Grazzard, then it wasn't hard to understand why Wayne had left Kokala hurriedly, or why Miss Topping had come here to steal his letters.

This seemed, to Jason, the most logical explanation for his brother's disappearance, the somewhat grisly evidence of that wrist watch to the contrary.

AT a little after three, Flack phoned again. He was back in San Francisco, he said, in a booth in a department store on Sutter Street. Miss Topping was, at the moment, buying lingerie, and she was buying great quantities of it.

"I am beginning to see a pattern," Flack said. "She's been shopping ever since we returned. Hat stores and shoe stores and beauty shops and department stores. Unless I'm mistaken, Mr. Amboy, she is buying a trousseau."

"When a girl from the islands goes shopping in San Francisco," Jason said, "she always seems to be buying a trousseau. What happened in Los Angeles?"

"We went to a church wedding," Flack said, "in Hollywood. A Miss Joy Pembrook was married to a Mr. Rodney Fulbertson, and Miss Topping was the maid of honor. Miss Topping went directly to Miss Pembrook's house in Hollywood, and from there she and several carloads of other people went to the church.

"That was all Miss Topping did in Hollywood. The moment she had thrown the last of her rice, she jumped into a cab that was waiting and it was a race with time to catch the noon plane. Fate was smiling on me again, Mr. Amboy, and I got a seat."

"Does she knew you're trailing her?"

"She's growing suspicious. She's tried several dodges to escape me, but I've managed to keep up with her. Does the name Grazzard have any significance, Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"One of Miss Topping's stops was the ticket office of the Matson Line. As you know, sir, the Army Transport service has made Matson the official agency for handling all civilian applications for bookings to Honolulu. I heard a clerk advise Miss Topping to tell the Grazzard party to stand by for immediate notification. I rather suspect a convoy is sailing immediately. You will be going to Honolulu as soon as you can, won't you, sir?"

"It's a military secret," Jason answered, "but that's my intention. You can stop following Miss Topping."

"And, of course, you won't be planning to take me?"

"I'm afraid it's impossible in these times, Flack."

"I hate to be left behind, sir. They tell me it's a very exciting experience. I'm sure I would be of great use to you, Mr. Amboy. You may be in great danger. With your carelessness, anything may happen to you. You really need me to look after you."

"I appreciate your feelings, Flack, but I'll have to get along without you."

"Very well, sir. Have you applied for a booking?"

"Yes. Colonel Nordstrom is working on it."

"That means you will probably be given a 1-A priority, Mr. Amboy. Do you mind if I attend to some personal matters for the next hour or so?"

"Go ahead."

"Thank you, sir. If, in the future, I should see you under strange circumstances, I think I should warn you that I will be using a different name. My name will be Rodney K. Kitchener, sir. I've always been a great admirer of Kitchener of Khartoum. I used that name when I was an operating engineer. My union card is made out in that name."

Jason said suspiciously, "What's this all about, Flack? Why are you being so darned mysterious?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand, Mr. Amboy," Flack said stiffly. "And another point: If you should happen to see me in the near future wearing a disguise, I hope you will understand."

"Understand what?" Jason cried. "Flack! What are you up to?"

"I can't explain it over the phone, Mr. Amboy. Please take my word for it that I am using my best judgment and thinking only of your interests. Goodby, sir," Flack concluded somewhat ominously, "until later."

"Flack!" Jason yelled. But the line was empty.

He had little time to speculate on the mysterious attitudes and activities of Flack. A telephone call came a few minutes later from the Matson Line, requesting him to call at their office.

PIER 32 was in a state of bustling military activity. Troops guarded it. Troops were filing aboard the liner tied up in the slip beside it. Baggagemen with handtrucks were wheeling field lockers and equipment to a pile that was being hoisted aboard, a ton at a time, in a cargo net. And over all the scene hung the smell of old cargoes and oakum and the deathless smell of the sea.

The Tasmania, once a famous snow-white ship in the transpacific luxury trade, now loomed dull and gray against the reddening afternoon sky. She looked grim and warlike. The long barrels of deck guns in her bows and the large-caliber machine guns on her bridge wi looked black against the sky.

Jason showed his ticket to a milit policeman. A man in dungarees as him his stateroom number and took suitcases.

Jason had paid his driver and star to enter the pier shed when he saw girl in gray who had just alighted fro cab ahead of his. Her purse was o and she was searching through it. back was partly turned to him, so all he saw of her face just then was curve of a darkly tanned cheek. wore a gray hat. She had light bro hair that fell in a soft wave to her sho ders.

THE next moment he heard her voi and he remained no longer in dou for it was the same melodious voice t had said to him, the last time he h heard it, "I'm sorry I must leave you trussed up, Mr. Amboy."

She was saying, in dismay, "It's fun I can't find it here. It just isn't here."

She was gazing with a helpless air the taxi driver and the taxi driver w gazing back at her with unrelenti firmness.

Jason said, "May I be of any assi ance?"

Turning, the girl had flashed him dazzling smile and a grateful glance fro dark green eyes. For a moment h smile was fixed as she recognized hi as if it were frozen. Then she ran h eyes slowly down the length of him, his shoes, then slowly back up to h face, considering this tall, grave-ey young man with his slow grin, his qui purposeful air.

She said in that low, melodious voic "Oh, thank you so much. Are you ta ing this ship?"

Jason nodded. "Yes, I am," he sai watching the play of light in her gre eyes.

"Well, I was told not to tell it to soul, but so am I," she said, and sl laughed apologetically. "And I seem have lost my money."

He wondered for an uneasy mome if Flack had, on some whimsical in pulse, picked her pocketbook. It w possible, although it seemed a pointle thing to do.

"Let me attend to it," Jason sai "We'll balance our books when we' aboard."

She gave him a quick, narrowin glance, but Jason was blandly smilin

"Thank you!" she said. "It's a dolla Will you give him a dollar and a hall I feel so silly."

"Won't you need more for tips an things?"

"Oh, thanks, no."

A man had taken charge of her lug gage. She waited for Jason to pay he driver and, when he had, they started t enter the pier shed.



was saying lightly, "I'm so care- with money—" when they were sur- led by a group of men.

ell! Mr. Amboy!" one of them boisterously. "You aren't doing a honeymoon on us by any chance, ou?"

e've barely met," Miss Topping

hat a pity!" the first reporter led. "It would have been so nice. t you Luana Topping?"

am. And I'm engaged to Lorrin zard."

ut how wonderful. Is he aboard?"

m sure I don't know." Miss Top- pushed her way past them and ran he pier shed.

's too bad, Jason," one of the re- rs said. "I hope we didn't spoil ning for you."

ou heard what she said," Jason "All you did was waste some time."

lot," one of the reporters said, "if don't waste yours on the way to olulu. By the way, why are you go- o Honolulu? Is it hush-hush? There ots of rumors flying around town t you."

What kind of rumors?"

hat you've sold your engine to the sh government."

hat one hasn't caught up with me Jason said.

OLONEL NORDSTROM had inter- rupted Jason by a telephone call in midst of his packing to tell him he extremely fortunate in being as- d to a stateroom with exclusive oc- ncy—a last-minute cancellation by igadier general.

son did not appreciate his good for- until he had looked about the ship ttle and had found his stateroom. cocktail room had become a sick The huge lounge room, the music n and the ballroom were packed with e-decker steel bunks. He had heard the Tasmania had been converted a troopship, but he had not quite ized what that meant.

lmost all of the staterooms into ch he glanced had been stripped of r luxurious beds and other furniture now contained triple-decker bunks. oms originally intended for two occu- ts now housed six, nine, or twelve. tateroom 327 was one of the few that not been violated. It was spacious. ad twin beds, twin dressers, large portholes painted thickly with blue t, and a bathroom.

is two suitcases were at the foot of of the beds. He went out, and wan- d about the ship, looking for Miss pping. Corridors and decks were wded with men in uniform and with r men, civilians, whom he took to defense workers—mechanics, carpen- , plumbers, electricians, heavy-ma- nery operators, all being rushed to islands.

He could not find the girl. Because afternoon was growing cold he re- ed to his stateroom for his topcoat. He opened a door that he thought was stateroom door and found himself e to face with a slender blond girl in hite terry-cloth dressing gown. They ed at each other a moment, then she ered the white robe more securely ut her and said gaily, "Well, isn't this ! Are we sharing this cabin?"

ason glanced quickly about the state- m. It was his own, or identical with own, even to the luggage that was ked near one of the beds. At least, ooked like his luggage.

He was blushing. "I'm sorry," he said, ut are you sure this is your state- om?"

"Quite sure," the girl said, "or reason- y sure." Her mouth was cynical, but y her large round blue eyes were laughing at him. She tossed up her head, and blond curls danced. "By the way," she said amiably, "do you happen, by some outside chance, to know the num- ber of your stateroom, or are you just going around opening doors until you—"

"It's three twenty-seven."

"Then you're just ten numbers off—really not bad for a beginner! This is three thirty-seven."

"I'm terribly sorry," Jason said. His face was hot. He had the curious feeling that he had met this girl somewhere, or it may have been that she was a type. She was a type, anyway—the type of whom you are sure to meet at least one at every large cocktail party, the type that, a few evenings later, you find your- self taking to some expensive place for dinner and dancing.

He found his stateroom without fur- ther adventures, secured his topcoat and went on deck. He tried A-deck, and when he didn't find Miss Topping there, he tried B-deck. And there he found her, leaning out of one of the wide win- dows with which the side of B-deck was lined. The window was wide enough for the two of them.

She was crying. She was dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

Jason stopped beside her and said gravely, "Sailings are so sad."

She turned and looked at him with one eye and held her handkerchief over the other.

"Oh," she said, "it's you. Yes, aren't they? And on top of that I've got some- thing in my eye. Will you look?"

Jason looked. He held down her lower eyelid and he found the cinder. He made a spill of a corner of his hand- kerchief. Miss Topping held her head back. She kept her eyes closed. She was helpless and appealing and her mouth was sad.

"You always seem to come along at such opportune times," she said.

Jason's hands were clumsy, but he ex- tracted the cinder. "There," he said.

She held her eyes shut against their watering. She opened them a moment and tried to look at him.

"That was awfully thoughtful of you," she said. "You're awfully efficient, aren't you?"

"Well, so often a person's hands are tied when he wants to be useful," Jason answered. When she kept her eyes shut, he said quickly, "Isn't it a pity? You need a drink. We both need a drink. But we can't drink. The bar is now a hospital."

"Sometimes," the girl said, "a ship will anchor in the bay for days until the rest of the convoy is ready. You just stay out there and look at the city lights."

A DEEP metallic voice boomed from a loud-speaker on the wall behind them: "Attention, all passengers! The captain of this ship is speaking. You are instructed to wear your life jackets at all times. You will find your life jackets under your bunks. Wear them at all times. Do not take them off and use them as furniture.

"The portholes and windows of this ship are not to be opened at any time. Complete blackout will be observed from sunset to sunrise each day. No smoking will be allowed on deck during blackout. All passengers are forbidden to go near the guns at the bow and the stern. Do not throw anything overboard at any time."

Miss Topping was looking at Jason. Her expression seemed to contain no alarm or fear. She seemed to be won- dering about him.

"If anything happens," she said, "I think I'll decide to be near you. You're so efficient."

(To be continued next week)

Now you can shop for "Him"... *with Confidence*



Give Him a Gift Certificate for a

LEE HAT



Lee Pre-Blocked $5.00

The Lee Pre-Blocked hat is made already creased just the way he'll want to wear it—ready to put on! Lee also makes the Pre-Blocked hat in the Water-Bloc* at $6.50.

LEE HATS

358 Fifth Avenue • New York

Buy War Bonds

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ROLLS RAZOR



SORRY, but we won't be able to solve any more CIVILIAN shaving problems until after the war.

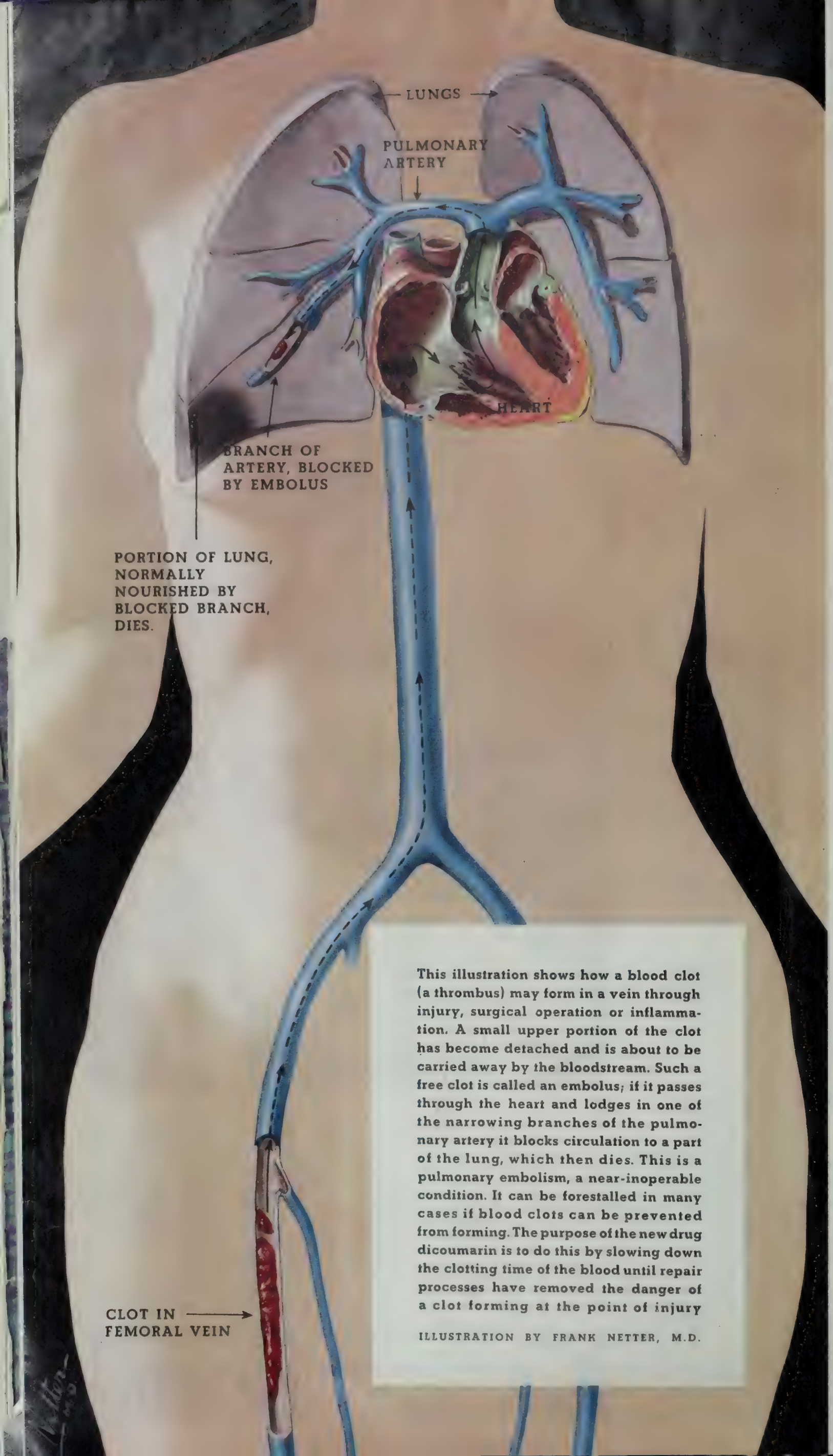
The Rolls Safety Razor, with its ONE hollow-ground, Sheffield Steel blade, is now available only to U. S. Post Exchanges and Ships Service Stores.

We regret that this restricted output will disappoint many thousands of civilians. However, the demand on the part of our soldiers, sailors and marines for this complete shaving instrument, with its hone and strop in a compact, convenient case, is constantly growing. We are sure you would want us to serve our armed forces first.

When your Rolls Razor needs service or adjustment, send us your complete instrument. This will enable us to check all parts and operations, thus assuring many more years of trouble-free shaving.

ROLLS RAZOR, INC. — *Sales & Service* — 342 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

A lifetime of shaving pleasure in ONE blade!



This illustration shows how a blood clot (a thrombus) may form in a vein through injury, surgical operation or inflammation. A small upper portion of the clot has become detached and is about to be carried away by the bloodstream. Such a free clot is called an embolus; if it passes through the heart and lodges in one of the narrowing branches of the pulmonary artery it blocks circulation to a part of the lung, which then dies. This is a pulmonary embolism, a near-inoperable condition. It can be forestalled in many cases if blood clots can be prevented from forming. The purpose of the new drug dicoumarin is to do this by slowing down the clotting time of the blood until repair processes have removed the danger of a clot forming at the point of injury

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

Block that Bloodclot!

By Hannah Lees

Because some cows died after ing spoiled sweet clover, your tor will have a new weapon aga the dreaded embolism. It's so i in fact, that it's a medical ra still unfamiliar to most physic

THIS is a story in which the villa also the hero, in which a drug a completely unpronounceable started out looking like a simple wild fl (when, oddly enough, it was the villain) ended up looking like a little pile of guette diamonds (when it became the l It's a story of scientists spending learning how to keep our blood from ing one of the most valuable things you I would say it could do—clot; and how only succeeded with the help of a co of bright veterinarians and a few hun tons of sweet clover.

It starts with the sweet clover. Thirt so years ago, this little plant was just a as highly valued by farmers as ragwee goldenrod. Then some of the more th of them, watching their cattle browse l pily on it in the fields, began raising s clover for winter fodder. Cheap, eas grow, good for the cattle, it seemed to l everything. All the farmers in the nort cattle country began adding it to their cr

But then things began to happen took their minds off sweet clover. A co of new diseases broke out among the ca One mysterious disease seemed alway attack the finest and healthiest cows in herd. They would develop huge swell under their skin, sometimes as big a football, sometimes twice as big. When punctured these swellings they would full of blood. The cattle would die. Vet narians couldn't understand it. When t autopsied the cows, all they found w profuse hemorrhages all through the b of the cow, but no other sign of diseas account for it.

Then a new problem came along. Ca with too much temperament freque have to be dehorned, bulls frequently castrated; relatively simple operations b that had always been performed with difficulty. Suddenly, now, animals begar bleed to death after dehorning or cast ing. Cows began to bleed to death a calving. Yet no tests either on live ca or by post-mortem could find any cause this strange bleeding except that their blo just didn't seem to clot.

Something had to be done. Veterinari all over this country and in Canada set work to find the answer. And then in 19 at just about the same time, a Canad named Schofield and a North Dakotan h named Roderick discovered that all the c tle that had developed any of these m terious bleeding troubles had been feed on that fine new fodder, sweet clover.

They studied the pretty little plant w the pink or white flower, looking for so poison in it. They studied it, looking some food deficiency, some vital missi vitamin. For a while they were sure it m be a microorganism causing the troub because it had developed by now that or cattle which fed on spoiled clover (clo that had been improperly cured and drie

developed these bleeding troubles. But they couldn't grow any significant microorganism from clover, no matter how spoiled and moldy it was. The only thing seemed to be to keep your cattle away from spoiled clover and forget about it.

But, of course, they couldn't forget about it. The farmers maybe, but not Doctor Schofield and Doctor Roderick. Gradually other experts got curious about it, too, and finally, after about fifteen years of trial and error and slowly piling fact on fact, a Doctor Link at the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station found that the stuff in sweet clover that caused the hemorrhaging among cattle was a coumarin.

A coumarin is one of the many chemical substances that make up the complex chemical compound we call sweet clover, but this wasn't just any coumarin of which there are some sixty or more. This was a very special coumarin which only developed in the presence of mold from a mixture of coumarins with oxygen and hydrogen and a touch of methylene. This was a coumarin with an unpronounceable name which science shortened to dicoumarin.

From Cattle to Humans

Now whether Doctor Link was strictly cattle-minded, or whether it was in the back of his mind that he might be doing something useful for humans, too, I don't know. But I do know that all the while he was working on clover and cattle, another group of scientists, by odd coincidence, had been working on human blood to try to find something that would keep it from clotting.

They had succeeded, too. There was a substance which could be extracted from certain tissues, particularly the lungs and the liver, called heparin. It was a fairly unsatisfactory substance, but when injected into the blood in sufficient quantity, it did actually lengthen the clotting time from around five minutes, which is normal, to as much as half an hour.

This wasn't just idle curiosity. It was extremely valuable. There are times when you want your blood to clot. When you cut yourself shaving or when you get a nosebleed, you want it to clot, and fast. But there are other times when you very much wish that it wouldn't. Or if you're not informed enough to feel this way, your doctor may be.

Whenever a blood vessel is cut or injured, often when a blood vessel simply develops an inflammation, a clot of blood collects at the spot of the injury. This is a thrombus, necessary at times, of course, to keep us from bleeding to death. But if the clot gets too big, a piece of it, an embolus, is apt to break off and go swimming away through the blood stream.

Veins are fairly roomy, so if an embolus gets loose in a vein, it is likely to keep right on swimming till it reaches the heart and right on through the heart and into one of the pulmonary arteries. But the pulmonary arteries become smaller in the lungs, so eventually the embolus will stick, blocking the blood supply to a large part of the lungs and causing no joy to anyone.

Thrombi may also form in the veins of our legs if we have to stay in bed a long time. The blood circulates much more slowly in our veins than in our arteries and much more slowly in our legs than in the rest of us, because they're farthest away from the heart. If the circulation gets sluggish enough, an inflammation may develop somewhere in a vein, a clot is likely to form, and you have thrombophlebitis. Your leg will swell and hurt, but what's worse, there is danger of an embolus breaking off and starting a little trip that may end up in your lungs.

It is almost impossible to operate and remove an embolus from the lungs. The thing to do is put you in an oxygen tent and pray that the embolus will absorb in time—which it may or may not. But if you could be given something to keep your blood from clotting too readily, you'd be a lot less likely to get an embolism. That is where heparin came in. They tried it and, with all its drawbacks, it worked.

A thrombus, of course, can also form in an artery if a patient has arteriosclerosis, or right in the lining of the heart if one has certain kinds of heart disease. When this happens, an embolus breaking off will go tearing through the artery till it comes to the first spot narrower than it is. There it stops.

When that happens, there's no question of waiting for the embolus to absorb. You haven't time. The artery has to be opened and the embolus removed before the arm or leg becomes gangrenous—before, in fact, the patient dies. Doctors have found heparin remarkably useful here, both to prevent the embolus from forming in the first place, and if one has formed and has to be removed, to keep fresh thrombi from forming where the artery has been injured by the operation.

I know at least one man who is contributing a good deal to sulfa research today just because of vascular surgery and heparin. He got a coronary thrombosis followed by an embolism in the large artery that branches off to both legs. The blood supply was cut off from his legs completely. He would have lost the legs and probably died if it hadn't been for some swift and brilliant vascular surgery. He might still have been killed by one or more thromboses following the operation, if it hadn't been for heparin.

But heparin hasn't been used as widely as all this might sound and for a very practical little reason: It has to be extracted by such a complicated and elaborate process that the average daily dose for the average patient costs something like twenty dollars.

Heparin Has Its Drawbacks

Another difficulty in using heparin is that it has to be given right into the vein, where it begins to do its stuff at once and is soon used up. So either it must be given by the continuous slow-drip method, which is inconvenient and uncomfortable, or else the coagulation time of the blood will not be slow enough to do any good, part of the time, and will perhaps be dangerously slow, the rest. And that brings us to dicoumarin, which also slows the clotting time of the blood—as you and a good many farmers up in the cattle country may remember.

Dicoumarin would probably also be a luxury item if it had to be extracted at length from spoiled sweet clover. But it doesn't. Doctor Link and his lads in Wisconsin can now make a bunch of handsome white crystals—that's where the diamonds come in—right in the laboratory, that are just as good anticoagulants as if they'd grown and flowered out in the field, and a lot easier to use, just as good anticoagulants as that luxury drug heparin and easier to administer.

How do they know? They've tried it—first on rabbits (because dicoumarin is still very, very new) and then cautiously on patients. They tried it hypodermically and they tried it by mouth, and it worked just as well by mouth, slowing the coagulation time of the blood down to as much as thirty minutes, which is as slow as any doctor would care to see it. What's more, a single dose of dicoumarin didn't cause danger of hemorrhage the way a single large dose of heparin sometimes did, because, being absorbed through the intestines, most of it apparently stayed there and was used up as needed. This is important because individual susceptibility to these anticoagulants varies tremendously. The same dose of heparin will slow the coagulation time of one person's blood only ten minutes while it will slow another person's as much as thirty or forty minutes—which is right up to the danger point of spontaneous hemorrhage all over the body.

It takes from twenty-four to seventy-two hours for dicoumarin to begin to be effective, and this isn't really a serious drawback. It can be given preoperatively for postoperative results, and a doctor wanting immediate results can always give heparin and dicoumarin together for the first day and then keep on with dicoumarin alone.

There haven't been many reports yet on just how valuable dicoumarin is in preventing embolism. There can't be, you see, till it has been given to thousands of patients, and the incidence of embolism compared with the previous incidence. But there have been reports of it being given to people with thrombophlebitis, to people after vascular surgery, and as a preventive after major operations. As far as doctors can tell, it does everything good that heparin does and doesn't do quite a few of the bad things, including the draining of the bank account.

Some scientists believe that it may eventually be given routinely after all major operations because, though the incidence of embolism isn't terribly high, it is serious enough, when it does happen, to make any effort to prevent it more than worth while. And that makes dicoumarin particularly important today, with thousands of large-scale injuries looking like inevitable news in the next few years. Dicoumarin may bring a good many soldiers back to civil life, who otherwise might have died as soldiers.

Of course, there is always the delicate little balancing trick of giving enough dicoumarin to prevent embolism and not enough to cause danger of hemorrhage, but doctors seem to be proving equal to this. If, as occasionally happens, they run into beginning hemorrhage or into abnormally long coagulation time, they have found that stopping the dicoumarin and transfusing fresh whole blood speeds the clotting mechanism right up again.

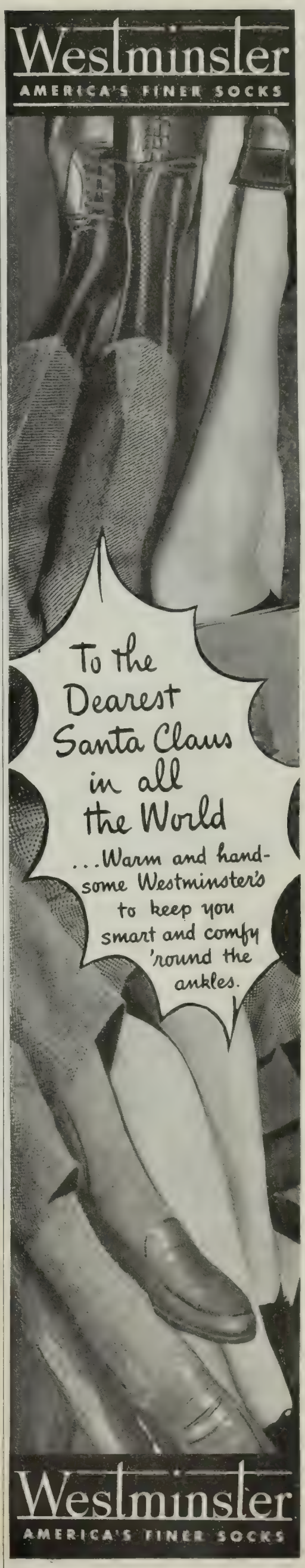
But out at the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, they're not so much interested in dicoumarin as an anticoagulant any more. What they want to do now is grow a new strain of sweet clover that is sufficiently low in coumarins so that it won't make cattle hemorrhage no matter how spoiled it gets. ★★★

SOLE MATES

My shoes are definitely old . . .
So often have they been re-soled
That now I'm trying to arrange
To get new uppers for a change.

The income tax that's due to be
Our lot in nineteen forty-three
Has made us all appreciate
The aged and the out-of-date.

Margaret Fishback



AFTER VICTORY—
ACE COMBS

Rubber, including hard rubber required for Ace Combs, is critical war material. No more hard rubber combs may be made until Victory. Take care of the Ace Combs you now have. Keep them clean by rinsing in warm, soapy water after use.

ACE COMBS



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

WANTED:

100 Men—Women!

IT'S EASY to increase your income by looking after new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine. For full details, *address a penny postal to—*

Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FEET HURT, BURN?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion, fatigue. Soothing, refreshing. *Send it to boys in Service.* 35¢.

Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

We Must Win the Pacific

Continued from page 15

symbols of idyllic "escape." Famous writers have found homes and inspiration there: Stevenson, Maugham, Grimsshaw, Hall, Nordhoff, Loti, Melville.

America's noted clipper ships made their reputation on the Pacific. The whaling off New Zealand and in the North Pacific made New England fortunes—and widows. Even in its animal life, the Pacific is unrivaled. Zane Grey's world-record catches were made there. You can't swim with safety from any of Australia's renowned beaches except behind wire nets—so big and fierce are the sharks.

The Pacific is the only ocean upon whose shore all the races of mankind are at home—brown, yellow, black and white.

Many economists see around the Pacific our greatest potential markets of the future. In recent years, Japan was our third best customer, following the United Kingdom and Canada. Add the possibilities of a free China, the peoples of southern Asia and the East Indies now being stirred to national consciousness, Australia, New Zealand and South America, and the Pacific becomes our own version with limitless prospects of what a Mussolini would call "Mare Nostrum."

The Lure of Mariners

The Pacific, though greatest of oceans, is youngest in white culture. Balboa, so far as is known, was in 1513 the first European to sight it; although Cortez took the poetic rap. Renowned mariners followed Magellan upon it—Legaspi, Drake, de Neyra, Quiros, Torres, Lemaire, Schouten, Tasman, Cook, Bligh, La Perouse and Wilkes, the American who discovered Wake Island.

The Pacific's actual settlement was largely by desperate men—the convicts of Australia, naval mutineers and deserters, adventurous European riffraff seeking easy pickings from weak and trustful peoples. For the Pacific, among other things, is the richest area on earth.

Centuries ago its spices, teas, sandalwood, teak and silks were resources for which greedy men of an unrefrigerated and crude Europe killed one another—and the natives. Spices were useful both for the preservation of meats and for making your palate think it was still good after it had spoiled. Now, for this mechanized age, the Pacific holds a wealth of oil, rubber, minerals, drugs.

General MacArthur has pointed out a danger to our whole Pacific strategy, which we may consider inherited from the sins of the white men in Burma, Malaya, Java and the outlying islands: The longer the Japs are permitted to retain what they've conquered, the harder it will be to drive them out because in their cunning they will have won native populations to their side (always a considerable military advantage) by claiming racial kinship—"Asia for the Asiatics"—as well as by drumming on exploitations and cruelties of the former masters.

But it's modern Pacific history that concerns the lives of our boys, the security of our homes today. A bitter side note is the fact that islands taken from Germany and put under the protection of Japan after the last war are now being used in Germany's favor against Japan's old friends. Mandates are trusteeships of sacred international honor. Under the mandate agreements, following Versailles, the islands were not to be fortified, rights of natives were guaranteed, the League of Nations was to have supervision; and, in the case of Yap, an important cable station, the United States was to have access.

Japan lived up to none of this. Her mandates, extending south from Japan to just above the equator, and eastward from Mindanao in the Philippines, covers a water expanse as large as the entire area of the United States. Although the actual land surface of the 623 islands in the mandate is less than 1,000 square miles, she has in one generation of treachery and dishonor turned the area into the most strongly fortified segment of geography on earth.

On it are huge stores of guns, ships, naval and land and air bases; over it is an enormous umbrella of air power that gives her Pacific supply activities the advantages of interior lines of communication. The whole, an almost unbroken front—in the shape of an inverted T—is just across the 180th meridian, where each new day begins. It shuts the United States completely away from the Philippines. Guam, home of the gentle Chamorros, most devoted of America's stepchildren, was snared in this net; Wake Island lay exposed on its edge.

Japan developed her greatest base, cannily, in the middle of this sprawled citadel, protected on all sides and above, the key to her Pacific strength, her Pearl Harbor. This is Truk Island. It's the place that must be reduced before Japan can finally be humiliated.

It is Japan's terrific advantage in Pacific strategy that under this umbrella, screened and unimpeded, she can consolidate what she's got, forge new blitzes. Only venturesome Yank submarines penetrate there now. A major victory will be required to get the weight of all our forces in. The Solomons, New Guinea, the naval raids on the Marshalls are but nibbles at the fringe. The whole problem of American success and security in the Pacific is tied up right there in that infamous mandate.

The Two Fronts

You can understand what's going on in the Pacific, interpret for yourself the communiqués from the Solomons and elsewhere, appreciate why the problem out here is different from that in Europe or elsewhere, if you bear this simple general picture in mind:

1. There are two enormous fronts, ours and theirs, facing each other along a line that stretches more than a third of the way around the globe, drawn straight down the middle of the Pacific Ocean, from the Bering Sea and the Aleutians, across the tropics, to the cold waters of the Southern Ocean. Truly, global war.

2. The fantastic distances of the Pacific Ocean work in favor of the Japs against us.

A. The Japanese front is virtually self-supporting, from within the mandate, also from the tapping of comparatively near-by sources—the Philippines, the Indies, Japan itself.

B. The United States front has to be supported from the North American mainland, throwing an enormous burden on shipping and upon naval measures to protect that shipping over thousands of miles of waste seas.

3. The myriad islands of the Pacific, "anchored carriers," provide the only means by which air power of *present range and capacity* can overcome the frustration of the Pacific's vast distances.

A. All Pacific islands are not suitable for air bases. That's why Guadalcanal is of supreme importance to us—for it's a very good air base, just outside the Jap umbrella.

B. Unfortunately for our problems, most of the Pacific islands lie on the Japanese side of the Pacific; while our side is practically islandless. For example, it is more than 2,000 miles of the emptiest of seas from our mainland to Hawaii, our primary base. On the other side, 2,000 miles from Japan will take her anywhere under her umbrella, past Truk, her primary base, to the useful limits of her mandate.

That is the main canvas. It shows distances, strategy and islands fundamentally entwined in the Pacific.

Our 7,000-Mile Life Line

Our basic life line, United States to Australia, down the Pacific, is more than 7,000 miles. It takes from eight to eleven tons of shipping to send each fighting soldier and his equipment to the field. Then it will take two or more tons of stores and matériel *every month* to keep him there. At average convoy speeds, each round trip, if regularly maintained, would take us ten to twelve weeks *at best.*

Yokohama to Truk is about 2,000 miles. The Japs, thus, on their life line, can make almost four round trips to our one.

From Truk, Jap primary base, to the scene of the fighting in the Solomons is about 1,000 miles, direct, over protected waters, with good Jap bases intervening, Rabaul, Kieta, Buka.

From Hawaii, our primary base, to the scene of fighting in the Solomons is about 3,500 miles direct. We cannot make it straight. The Gilbert Islands intervene, and they are Jap strongholds. We must go round about, via the Fijis; say a good 4,000 miles.

The romantic concept of an incredibly vast concerted pincers offense by us in the Pacific, with the Aleutians as one jaw, Australia the other, and Hawaii in the center, the fulcrum that would crush the upstart little cherry seed, is simply beyond the shipping capacity of any single modern nation.

Inevitably, this must break up into many little pincers that will crunch bites out of the Jap defenses at vital places, always snipping toward the heart.

It is now obvious beyond the point of military secrecy that the Solomons are one jaw and New Guinea the other jaw of a pincers in which Rabaul—the big Jap base on New Britain Island—can be squashed. From Rabaul, we will be in a position to bomb—with planes of sufficient capacity now available—Truk, the Jap mandate heart, while we formulate new pincer moves. But Rabaul *must* be taken before we can get at Truk. Meanwhile, by holding Guadalcanal and Tulagi only, we are as far from practical conquest of the Solomon Islands *alone* as an attacker of New England would be from his objective if he held only Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard.

The islands of the Pacific Ocean, then, because they provide the "stepping-stones" whereby we can get at the Japs, constitute the far-flung and much splintered battlefield of this war. It's a true figure to think of the Pacific as a chessboard with each player using islands as pawns to counter or to attack the other. The Japs, with their mandate, had their game all set at the opening. We had,

with Hawaii, Wake, Midway, Samoa, Canton and a few others, only the beginning. We had to grab our pawns in a hurry.

This we did, but still had the disadvantage of having to organize them and set up supply lines; we were compelled to take by decent means, in a few months, measures to punish villainy that had been twenty years in the brewing.

The full, thrilling extent of our accomplishment cannot be revealed here, beyond the naming of those islands on which the presence of Yank troops has been officially announced—New Guinea, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Solomons, the Fijis.

The actual number of Pacific islands is unknown; it would be almost as impractical to try to count the sand grains of its beaches. One named atoll may be divided into a thousand unnamed islets. Some may be awash at high tide. Even today new islands crop up, old ones disappear, through submarine volcanic activity.

There are more than 7,000 gems in the Philippine brooch, dangling from the breast of Asia. Brigham's Index names 2,650 islands in the central and midwestern part alone. The East Indies add hundreds more to the fabulous totals.

Once, in a village church in the Philippines, I heard a Spanish priest seek to convey the mystery, the beauty, the wonder of eternity to his simple-hearted listeners through familiar surroundings of their everyday lives. Across the benches of reverent heads, through the open windows, you could see the Pacific, blue and endless.

Always these people had looked at that ocean; so had their parents and their grandparents before them. And you could look and look forever and never see anything out there but the boundless water. They knew it was impossible for their fishing boats to cross it; the father had often told them it would take even a great ocean steamship weeks to reach another land as big as their own. Now the father was saying:

"If God made it possible for you, Pedro Sanchez there, never to die on this earth; and if once in each 100,000 years, you would take half a coconut shell and go down to the shore and fill it and carry the water away, when you had at last emptied out the whole of the great ocean like that, half a coconut shell full each thousand centuries, eternity would be just beginning!"

Afterward, before lunch, the priest and I walked to the beach and talked of things to come. This was in 1939; already there were terrible portents.

I said, "Father, you've given me a cure for insomnia better than counting sheep. I'll count Pedro ladling out the Pacific Ocean with a coconut shell."

The priest's eyes matched the color of the ocean that his Basque forbears had been among the first to brave. He mused, "The Pacific, of itself it may not be eternity. Yet certainly you can find in it the scale, the pattern of the coming days of man. The Mediterranean was the sea of destiny of the Ancient World; the Atlantic, of what you call the Old World. I have thought much about this, and I believe the Pacific holds the destiny of your New World. Men now living will see the shape of the future rising from its waters."

Today, that priest, if he is still living, tells his consoling tales to his good people despite the men of strange gods who have come among them. The Japs would have to kill him to keep him from carrying onward his trust. And I know that each bright tropical Sunday morning, his eyes and the eyes of his devoted ones stare eastward through the open windows, beyond the long slope of palm and pine, to the Great Ocean with simple faith that over it will come, bearing freedom, the brave young men of destiny—long before Pedro takes his second coconut shell full of the blue Pacific water.

THE END

Old Sergeant Somebody

Continued from page 54

sassafras leaves and folded them in with his Army clothes. From that time on, Tate did nothing but wear overalls and make cotton crops. His war was over.

On occasion, Tate considered making another bid for Easter's heart. One time when Bobo abused her so bad she went back to her mamma, Johnny T suggested to Tate that maybe the time was ripe to offer comfort. But the word got back to Bobo. He told Tate, "Efn I ketch you messin' 'round Easter, I'll bus' yo' haid."

AS THE years passed, Tate sank deeper into obscurity. And then, one day, Uncle Sam started writing him letters, and once more Tate became a somebody. Giles read the letters for Tate and word spread all over the place. It seemed that the word had got back to Uncle Sam about what a good fighting soldier Private Tatum had been and Uncle Sam had passed a law saying if Tate would sign his name on a piece of paper, Uncle Sam would give him a bonus.

"Hit's twenty-one hund'ed and ten dollars," Giles read to Tate. "Boy, dat's mo'n two thousand dollars! What you fixin' to do wid all dat money?"

Tate did not hesitate. "I'm fixin' to take Easter away f'm Bobo and marry de fire outn her," he declared.

Giles laughed. "You kin do jest dat, too," he said.

The news came on a Wednesday and spread rapidly. The details lost nothing by repetition. By Saturday noon, Tate had won the war singlehanded and he was a rich man. And he was going to take Easter away from Bobo.

"Ev'ybody thought Tate was sech a quiet man," said Mamie T, "and hyar Uncle Sam got done checkin' up and found out he had done kilt off ten thousand er de enemies."

"Nawp, dat was Samson," the Widow Duck said. "But f'm de news I got, Tate kilt off twenty-one hund'ed and ten haid of 'em and Uncle is payin' off a dollar a haid. Hit wan't ten thousand, but neither Tate ain't Samson. But Tate was a good shot and dat's a heap er enemies."

"And a heap er dollars, too," Mamie T said. "I swear to my soul, Mis' Duck, efn I didn't love Reub so good, I'd run him off and marry up wid Tate, myse'f."

When Saturday noon came around, Tate turned his team into the lot and headed for his cabin. He bathed quickly and then took his old uniform out of the sassafras leaves. He discovered he had gained so much in girth and chest during seventeen years he couldn't get into the olive drab. Undiscouraged, he wore his Sunday suit and with shoulders back, just as the sergeant had instructed, he marched to Easter's house.

It didn't occur to him that Bobo would be at home. "Efn you puts foot in my house to git my 'oman," Bobo warned, "I'm gonter tear you up in little pieces."

Tate hesitated. "Don't mind Bobo,"



The Fastest-Selling Items in Any Retail Store Are Advertised in MAGAZINES



"George always flies home the minute he hears we're having mince pie made with Borden's NONE SUCH—the eatingest, spiciest mince meat of them all." *Costs a few pennies more... and worth it!*

© Borden Co.

Easter said hospitably. "I'm divo'cin' him off, right now. Come on in."

As Tate stepped up on the porch, Bobo grabbed him and wrestled him to the floor. He was in the process of tearing Tate "in little pieces," when Easter swung a heavy chunk of ash stovewood. Bobo was still dizzy when Easter and Tate left for B'r Charlie's house to get married.

Halfway through the ceremony B'r Charlie remembered something. "Seem like to me," he told Easter, "dat I married you and Bobo up wid a pair er cou'thouse licenses."

Easter beamed. "I got 'em right hyar," she declared, withdrawing the document from her bosom. "O' cou'se dey's secondhand but efn Tate don't mind ontwell he git his bonuses, you kin pitch in wid dese."

The old one-legged preacher shook his head. "'Twon't do, sister," he ruled. "You can't marry up wid nobody but Bobo, long as dat licenses is got any stuff to hit."

Easter was disappointed. B'r Charlie drove home the moral. "Now you see, daughter," he said. "When you got married up wid Bobo, you wan't satisfied to be humble and git married up like ev'ybody else. You was proud, so you had to git yo'se'f a fancy pair er cou't-house licenses. So now you's fixin' to git humbled. You got to stay Bobo's wife, jest cause you was too proud."

"Maybe us kin tear up dem licenses?" Tate offered.

"Nawp," B'r Charlie objected. "Y'all kin tear up de paper. Dat ain't nothin' Hit's de sperrit in dat paper dat you can't tear up."

"COME on, Easter," Tate suggested. "Le's us go git us another preacher, somewhars."

"Now, hold on," B'r Charlie cautioned. There was no point in refusing a parishioner who had just come into great wealth. "Hit don't say in de Bible, but f'm de way I figgers, hit's like dis. Ain't no p'int in punishin' Tate jest cause Easter got proud. And you, Easter, ain't gonter keep on gittin' punished when you reppent yo' sins. But at de same time—" He looked at the marriage license and weighed his own responsibility in upholding the dignity of the church. "Hit's a way to do dis thing right."

Easter's hopes rose and Tate relaxed.

"When a man git messed up wid de Law," B'r Charlie said, "efn he kin git hisse'f up in Arkansas befo' de Law ketch him, den dat breaks de spell and de Law can't do him a think. Now dis paper comed f'm de same place dat de yuther law comes f'm, and I don't see why a trip up in Arkansas wouldn't break dis up."

"Goin' up in Arkansas costs money," Easter said, "and I don't hold dime one."

"Tate got plenty," said B'r Charlie.

"Not yit," Tate pointed out. "I ain't got my bonuses yit."

"Den you jest got to wait ontwell Tate git his bonuses. Easter, you go on back to Bobo, and Tate, you stay away f'm Easter ontwell she gits up in Arkansas and back. Y'all bofe good members, and I ain't gonter have no 'bominations goin' on amongst my members. Onderstand?"

Months passed. People forgot about Tate and his heroism, and again he was a nobody man.

Then, one day, there was a flurry of excitement as a long brown envelope without a stamp on it was handed to Tate. But in less than an hour the news had spread all over the plantation. It wasn't money, after all. Just bonds. Maybe, the people figured, Uncle Sam had to put up all those bonds for the killings Tate had done; or maybe the whole thing was just some more of Tate's old rusty lies. Giles said the papers stated in about ten years Tate would get the money.

"Humph!" Easter snorted. "I'll be 'cropit and died off by dat time."

Tate, the nobody man, went back to the fields.

When the New War came and all the young men had to ride over to Benton to register for the draft, Tate tried to give advice out of his experience, but the younger generation jeered. They had seen airplanes by the thousands, flying right over Little Bee Bend from Barksdale Field. More, they could tell the kind of plane it was and how fast it could fly.

"You might kill a fie'lark wid a shotgun, efn you ain't but fifty feet off. But you couldn't hit a fo-motor bomber, two thousand feet up."

"I seed him miss a hoot owl a hund'ed yard off with de two-seventy owl gun. I hyared about dem ole war lies er hisn."

"Same as dat bonuses humbug. A dollar a haid for all de mens he kilt! Well, you got hit. No dollars. No cents."

Tate ignored the jibes. "I'm tellin' you chilluns de natchel," he warned them. "Y'all better let me learn you how to drill. Hit's a heap to learn and hit ain't a sergeant in de Army which ain't twice as hard to git along wid as Giles. Y'all better let me learn you."

They would have none of Tate's drilling. They registered and came back home; they began to get calls and a lot of them went away.



"He must have lots of money in the bank. He keeps lighting his cigars with fifty-dollar checks"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

THEN came the big day in Tate's life when he got word that Uncle Sam wanted him again. True, it was not a personal call for that fighting Private Tatum of the other war. The word was that Uncle Sam wanted everybody forty-five years old or older to go over to Benton next Saturday and put his name down for the war.

Tate knew he was not really a fighting man. The only shots he had fired in Uncle Sam's army were at a target on the rifle range. And he had done only fair. On his way to France, they said a submarine was shooting torpedoes at his ship and everybody had to put on life preservers. But Tate was so seasick he didn't care whether his life was preserved or not. He had witnessed several 1917 versions of bombing attacks on the debarkation depot at Bordeaux, but he was usually so tired from heavy freight-toting, he hadn't really got much war out of it. Even his talk-war had brought him in the end only ridicule and scorn.

Yet, Tate felt good when he heard the news.

"Tate," Giles had told him, "Uncle Sam say ev'ybody forty-five years old or better got to git over to Benton and reddish. Reckon maybe de young'ns ain't doin' so good, so dey sont for you?"

Tate gulped, and squared his shoulders. "Yassuh," he said. "Dey ought never send a boy to do a man's job. And, Mist' Giles, I'm hyar to tell you, fightin' a war is a man's job!"

"You ought to know," Giles said. "You fit one war purty good, I reckon. Leastway, yo' bonds is layin' in de commissary safe, drawin' interest, ev'y day."

IT WAS then that the good feeling entered Tate's heart. It was a sort of holy feeling, like it had been that night over at Old Ship of Zion Church when the Lord had struck him dead and then resurrected him by pouring salvation into his soul. He felt humble before the heavy responsibility of being Uncle Sam's soldier again, but he felt strong and equal to the task. He went to talk it over with the Widow Duck who always understood.

"Mis' Duck," he explained, "I been 'buked and I been scorned. And I done a little false witnessin' about de war."

"And you had a little he'p wid dem lies," the Widow Duck put in. "Speak on, son."

Tate fumbled. "I ain't proud," he said. "I ain't shot nobody outn nothin', and maybe f'm de way de sergeant was all de time raisin' sand wid me, I wan't much good at bein' a soldier. But—" and he stood straight and proud— "I was a soldier and I wants to go back at de wars dressed up like a soldier!"

"Amen, son!" the Widow Duck said. "You got de right."

"My soldier clothes," he explained, "well, I got 'em laid away in sassafras leaves. Ev'y spring when de sap was strong I went out and picked new leaves and stuck 'em in de box. Not on account er I ever figgered I'd need dem clothes, but—well—"

"Speak on, Tate, I knows what you's sayin'."

"Well, I done outgrowed dem clothes. I got too big around in de belly and de chist and de laigs."

The Widow Duck wrinkled her forehead. "Dat soldier overcoat you brung back?" she asked. "Seems like you 'bout wored hit out de first winter."

"Hit ain't too good," Tate admitted.

"Wid dis spring weather and summer ahead," she pointed out, "you won't need no overcoat ontwell way next fall. Maybe by dat time Uncle Sam would be givin' you another. What time you all leavin' for Benton to reddish?"

"Giles say he reckon ev'ybody git together 'bout de middle er de evenin'. Three o'clock, maybe."

"Go git yo' soldier clothes and yo' overcoat," the Widow Duck said. "I'll cut up dat overcoat and make gussets I kin fit clothes on a elephant efn you gives me enough gussets."

And so the Widow Duck gathered a crew of sewing women and altered Tate's uniform, while Uncle Henry cut Tate's hair with the mule clippers, and Grant's little boy, Triple A Parity, rubbed saddle soap into Tate's heavy work shoes.

Tate felt so good he didn't even mind Bobo's gibe about the hot iron. He sat serenely when Mamie T rubbed motor lubricant into the fringe of hair Uncle Henry had left, nor did he flinch when Easter brought a hot iron and a wet towel and steamed the grease into his hair.

Meanwhile, more and more people had quietly congregated at the barn. Even the children looked on popeyed and wondering.

Tate retired to the gear room with the retailored uniform and when he emerged he was a soldier from top to toe. An old overseas cap with Engineer Corps piping sat at just the right angle on his head. His blouse was buttoned and hooked. His breeches were just large enough in the principal areas and his spiral leggings ended in neat tucks four inches below each knee. He stood dramatically at the door and there was a moment of silence.

THE emotions of the people on Little Bee Bend bubble to the surface easily and explode suddenly. The Widow Duck was the first to speak. "De Lawd bless you, son!" she shouted. "March on like a child of God!"

Mamie T started to sing:

"Oh, do you think
He'll make a soldier, soldier?"

And Easter screamed and fell out.

"Y'all stop dat snivelin' and goin' on," Tate said sternly, and his voice carried authority. "Just git quiet and stay like dat. I'm got things to git done."

"Well, amen," agreed the Widow Duck. "Say on."

"Mist' Giles," Tate said, turning to the foreman, "hit's too many of us to ride in de truck. So you take de sick, lame and lazy and ride 'em over to Benton. I'm gonter line up de yuthers and hike 'em over."

"Jest like you say," Giles agreed readily. "Dis is yo' rat killin'." He called for the older and less able men.

Although Bobo's name was not called, he started to climb aboard the truck.

"You, Bobo," Tate said. "Climb outn dat truck and fall in wid de yuthers. You gonter hike." Bobo eased to the ground without a word.

"We gonter cut through de woods," Tate told Giles. "We'll ketch you in Benton in about a hour."

"I'll wait to you git started," Giles said.

Tate proceeded to get the men in businesslike double rank. "Keep yo' years open and yo' big moufs shet," he ordered. "Now straighten out—git yo' elbow up like dis and git yo' distance. Amos, you de tallest. You git over hyar and be de right guide."

"How dat go?"

"Don't argy. Jest git. Buckanoo, you and Little Willie git back er de line and be de file-closers. And don't do nothin' but jest pay 'tention to what I tells you."

Tate found himself with some two dozen men, lined in double rank in front of him. They were waiting for him to tell them what to do.

"Next off," he explained, "is what dey calls 'squads right.'" Tate tried to recall how it was done. He had never understood the complicated maneuver himself, having always hopefully followed the man in front of him.

"Now," Tate continued, "dat's too hard for me to learn y'all now. So we's fixin' to do what you calls 'right face,'" Tate experimented by rising on heel and toe a few times, and discovered he had lost the knack of pushing himself around.

"Dat's too hard for y'all, too, widout a heap er practice. But I'm gonter make de command anyhow, and y'all turn yonder way."

The command was given. "Now, den, y'all gonter git 'forward march' and when I say 'forward', y'all git set. And when I say 'march,' start out on yo' lef' foots first."

EVERYBODY on Little Bee Bend knew how to march, and even the women and children joined the column.

Mamie T began again:

"Oh, yes, I said
He'd make a soldier, soldier,"

and Giles tooted the truck horn every second step. It might have been a procession in church for the others, but it was a three-mile hike for ex-Private Tatum. After a while, the women and children began to drop out, the singing stopped and the regular marchers were straggling.

"Cover in file f'm front to rear and dress to de lef' in sets of fo's," Tate barked, just as he'd heard the sergeant a quarter of a century before. But nothing happened. Tate was not surprised. He had never found out what the sergeant meant by it, himself.

At Benton, Giles steered Tate's command to the courthouse. "'Toon halt," Tate called. "Fall out and follow me and Mist' Giles."

Inside, Tate was motioned to a table presided over by an elderly white gentleman. "Sit down, Sergeant," the man said. Almost businesslike with pride at the courtesy title, Tate sat down.

"You were in the Engineer Corps, I see," the old gentleman said.

"Yessuh," Tate said proudly.

"When I saw that uniform coming in, I thought perhaps you might have been a member of the old Ninety-third Division. I was a colonel in that outfit." The old man began to fill in Tate's registration blank and when it was finished and Tate had been handed his card, the ex-colonel spoke again.

"Now, Sergeant," he said, "us old-timers won't get into the shooting this time. But we've got to soldier just that much harder. We've got to supply the food—corn, grain, cotton—everything we can make. And it's up to us—us old soldiers who know how to command and lead—to see that everybody else hits it hard. You know—heads up, eyes to the front, cover in file from front to rear and dress to the left in sets of fours."

"Yassuh, Colonel, suh," Tate said. He stood up and saluted smartly. Tate knew how to do that, all right. The old colonel got up and returned the salute solemnly.

And then, some side-tracked cell in Tate's memory functioned. He executed a perfect About Face and marched out of the courthouse.

"I didn't tell him I was a sergeant," Tate explained to Giles. "But he called me a sergeant and he ought to know. 'Cause God knows de colonel is a somebody-man, plum to de ground."

"Hit makes you a sergeant for all er me," Giles said.

"But you's de cap'm," Tate said, remembering his discipline. "Sergeants got to do what de cap'm say, same as ev'ybody else."

"Satisfied wid me," Giles agreed.

After the registrations were finished, Tate rounded up his command. "Whar Bobo at?" Tate asked.

"Hyar Bobo at," called the absentee from the shade fifty feet away.

"Whyn't you fall in line?" Tate demanded.

"Whyn't you come and fall me in line?"

Tate looked at Giles. The foreman slipped a tall standard from the truck bed and handed it to Tate. It was a two-by-four hardwood scantling, six feet long. "Go git him," Giles said.

The stick held in both hands, with the left hand well forward, Tate advanced in the prescribed military manner. "Efn I had me a bay-nick on dis thing," he said, "I'd stob a hole plum through you."

Bobo drew a knife from his pocket and flipped open the long blade. "Well, I'm is got a blade on dis thing and I'm is gonter stob yo' heart out efn you come any closter wid dat stick."

His memory working smoothly now, Tate advanced cautiously. He thrust his stick forward, end first. "Dat's what you calls a charge bay-nick," Tate said.

Bobo sidestepped and drew his knife back for a lunge.

Then Tate shifted forward, whirling the back end of the stick in a half circle. The blow caught Bobo off balance and sent him sprawling. "Dat is what dey calls de butt strike," Tate said. "And dis"—he raised the timber high over his head ready for a down swing—"is what you calls club rifle."

"Aw, Mister Tate," Bobo pleaded. "Please don't—"

"Hold ev'ything, Tate!" Giles yelled. "Dat'll kill him and I don't want no killin' hyar." He grabbed the stick from Tate. "Efn I hadn't grabbed dis club you'd be number twenty-one hund'ed and 'leven on Tate's books, right now," Giles told Bobo. "Now you git up and git in de line."

Bobo got to his feet, though his legs were still wobbly from fear.

"You ailin?" the foreman asked.

"Nawsuh," Bobo said. "But you know, Mist' Giles, you always say a man kin quit and leave off, any time hit suits him."

"Dat's right," Giles admitted.

"Well, I b'lieve I'm leavin' off and quittin'," Bobo said. "I b'lieve I'll like de public works mo' better'n raisin' cotton. Easter, she kin handle de crop and de commissary bill, efn hit's all satisfied wid you."

"Satisfied wid me," said Giles. "Efn hit suit you."

Bobo looked around for a moment. "Well, goodby, all," he said.

Tate marched his command home. He was a sergeant now and what orders he gave were obeyed promptly.

AT THE barn, the women were waiting. Tate dismissed the men and looked about. "Whar Easter?" he asked.

"Long gone," said Mamie T.

Tate bit his lip and said nothing. Then Mamie T laughed and explained.

"She went to Vanceville to grab de five o'clock bus for Ringgold, Arkansas. She jue back home on de one o'clock, tomorrow."

"Arkansas, hunh?" Tate repeated. "Did she take her cou'thouse licenses wid her?"

"Yeah," said Mamie T. "And a match to burn hit up wid."

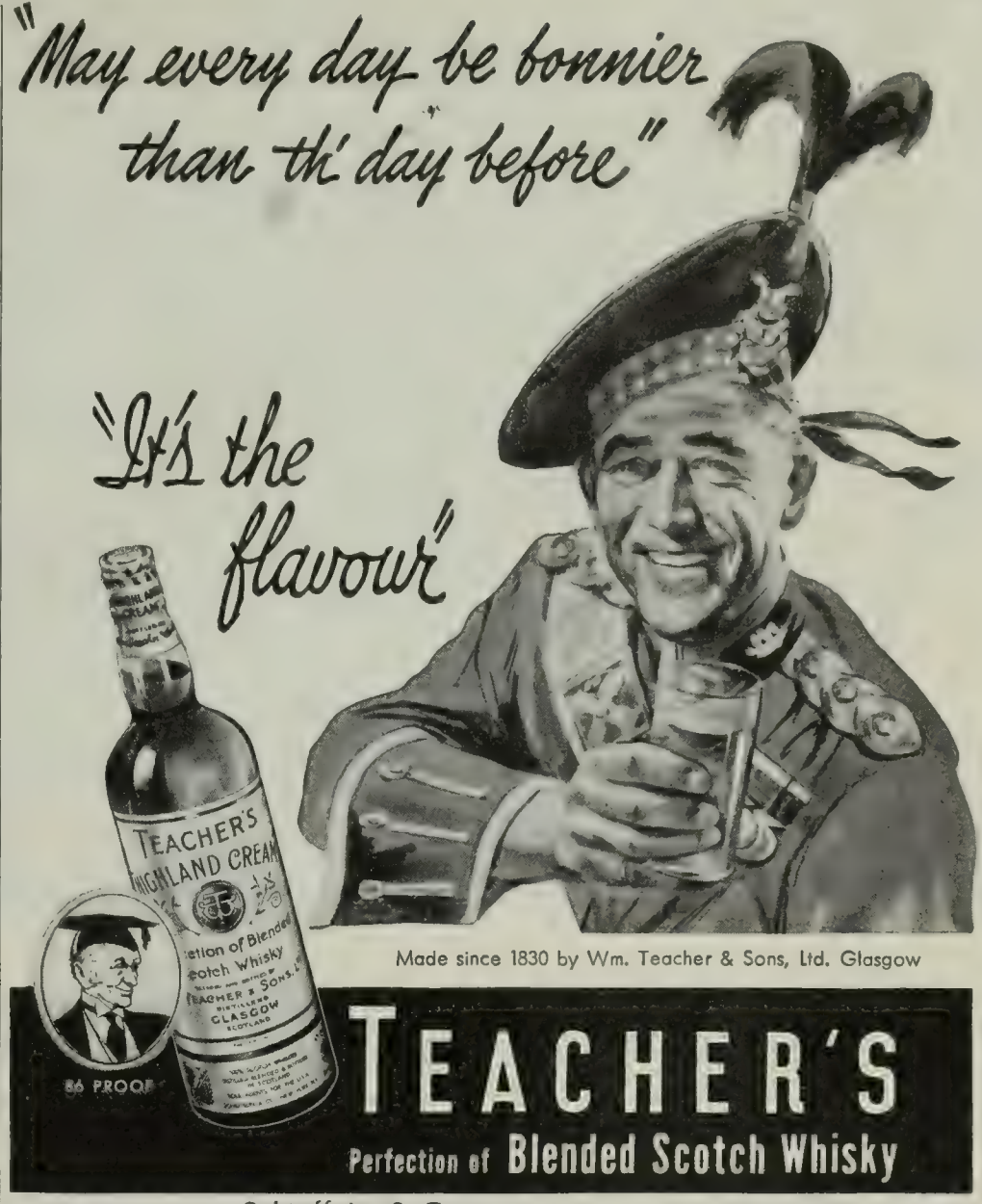
"Comin' back tomorrow?"

"Efn she don't," said Mamie T, "well. I and Reub ain't married wid no cou't-house licenses, and I'll marry you, you big ole Sergeant Somebody, you."

Tate knew her offer was meant for a joke, and he liked it. He went home, grinning and talking to himself:

"Ole Sergeant Somebody Tate! Hot dog my ole rusty hide! I'm a case!"

THE END



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



"Oh boy!—Sir Walter Raleigh!"

HERE'S HOW to make your pipe smell sweeter (and free it from tongue bite, too). Just clean it regularly and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh, the choice burley blend that's extra-mild and burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own. Switch now! Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America!"*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells



UNION MADE

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



THE IDEA IS TO WIN

WE DON'T claim to be prophets, but we feel constrained to agree with the numerous prophets, analysts and commentators who are saying that the first two weeks of November, 1942, in all probability, were the turning point of the war.

It was in those two weeks that General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's British Eighth Army blasted Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps into a running rabble; that Lieutenant General Dwight D. Eisenhower pounced on the Northwest Africa coast with the first American offensive of our war against Germany and Italy; that Admiral William F. Halsey, aided by General Douglas MacArthur's bombers, sent the Japs reeling back like stricken water spiders from their third attempt to retake Guadalcanal's airfield from our Marines.

This triple Allied triumph opened up, for our side, vistas of hope and opportunity which previously we had seen only in our dreams.

It put Hitler on the defensive everywhere; shifted to his sagging shoulders the intolerable burden of having to guess where the enemy was going to strike next. Though Mussolini managed to conceal his feelings from the outside world, the Allied smashes must have made him realize at last how Napoleon felt when the shooting drew toward its close at Waterloo.

Hopes of Mediterranean reconquest and an invasion or invasions of Europe's soft underside were presented to the Allies by this coup; Hitler had to spread his forces more thinly than ever over enslaved and fermenting Europe; some of the pressure was taken off Russia; Mr. Churchill felt justified in explicitly promising the Allied world that it could now count on an Allied frontal assault on Western Europe sooner or later.

Our war in the Pacific took an immediate turn for the better, as a result of the great Solomon Islands victory, after eleven months of extremely ticklish sparring with an enemy whose sea power was just about equal to all we could muster in that theater of war.

We are not out of the woods yet. Unquestionably, our enemies can still spring many a trick and trap on us. But there is daylight ahead; and this time it isn't just spots before the eyes.

This brings us to an aspect of the whole affair which pleased us a great deal; and goes on doing so. We refer to the triumph and the vindication which the northwest African punch brought to Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

"Judge" Hull, as most of us will remember, was cursed constantly for more than two years by various persons who think they think. The trouble was that he went on, during all that time, playing ball with France's Vichy government. His attackers insisted that he ought, in all right and conscience, to call off this alleged appeasement, hand Vichy's ambassador his walking papers, and let Vichy do whatever it felt like doing in reprisal.

As soon as Eisenhower's men barged and blasted their way onto various strategic points along the Northwest Africa coast, it became apparent what the judge had been up to ever since the fall of France.

He had been keeping his pipe lines open throughout the French empire, especially in North Africa, and he had been building up an American fifth-column network whose operations, when the day came, made Hitler's cleverest fifth-column work look just a bit sick.

Some of the details are known to all of us now; more of them doubtless will not trickle into general circulation until after the war. The secret preinvasion trip of Major General Mark W. Clark and seven other American officers, to do some plain and fancy bribing and planting of espionage time bombs where they would do the most good, was but one of these details.

As a result, our boys' conquest of Morocco and Algeria was almost a victory parade among friends prepared to welcome them. Those territories fell to us almost as easily as Denmark fell to Hitler, and far more easily than did Norway. Had the State Department broken off with Vichy long ago, as advised by the serious thinkers, our casualties in Algeria and Morocco might have been enormous, assuming we had been able to invade at all.

From all this, Secretary Hull emerged as a shrewd international poker player and a man whose integrity could not be called in question by any sensible person who knows what the big idea in fighting a war is.

The idea is to win. The idea, further, is to win with as little loss of time, blood and treasure as may be.

To do this, you have to use every trick you can think of and invent new ones if possible. Espionage, fifth-column work, the planting of friends and helpers in enemy territory—all this is as old as war itself, or at any rate as old as the Trojan Horse. Hitler didn't invent it, though to hear some people tell it, you would think he did and that therefore it is somehow wicked of our side to use such tactics.

The same goes for our dealings with Admiral François Darlan and various other Vichy appeasers and semiappeasers in the days following the invasion. The Fighting French faction of General Charles de Gaulle was and is a nobler crowd than the Vichy bunch, and should share in all the rewards of victory when victory comes. But the Vichy crowd had control of the French fleet, and it was our duty to get hold of that fleet ourselves or to keep it out of Hitler's hands as long as possible.

Again, the same thing goes for the State Department's long kid-glove treatment of Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Spanish dictator. Franco is no lily. But why take on additional enemies until you have to, when you are already fighting a lot of dangerously capable enemies?

That is the common sense of these matters. It is too much to hope that the alleged thinkers, with their absolutist ideas of right and wrong, will ever come around to the common-sense viewpoint. The rest of us, however, understand it already, and are willing to give Judge Hull, Sumner Welles and their associates virtually a blank check in the matter of handling the diplomatic end of our war.